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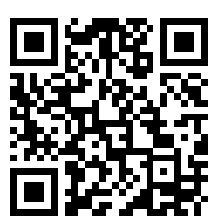

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THE CENTURY

ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

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VOL. LXXXIII
NEW SERIES: VOL. LXI
NOVEMBER, 1911, TO APRIL, 1912

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INDEX

TO

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXXIII NEW SERIES: VOL. LXI

PAGE

ALPHABET, DOT AND DASH, THE ..... *Edward L. Morse* 695
Pictures from portrait, facsimiles, etc.

AMERICAN ART AND THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM ..... *Kenyon Cox* 204
Pictures from paintings by Abbott H. Thayer, George de Forest Brush, John La Farge, T. W. Dewing, and Winslow Homer.

ANTI-TRUST LAW, THE, THE ENFORCEMENT OF ..... *George W. Wickersham*.. 616

ARBITRATION TREATIES, THE PENDING. AN APPEAL FOR THEIR RATIFICATION ..... *William Howard Taft*.... 459
Portrait of President Taft, printed in color, from the painting by Sorolla.

ART. See "American Art," "Artists," "Cole," "Color Print," "Conquerors," "Decoration," "De Vinne," "Dickens," "English," "Felicia," "French," "Lincoln," "Millet," "Mona Lisa," "Monuments," "Peasant," "Portraiture," "Prynne," "Simone," "Tinnie," "Whistler."

ARTISTS SERIES, AMERICAN, THE CENTURY'S.
Frederick C. Frieseke: The Parrakeets 301
Printed in color.

AVIATION. See "Fliers."

BARBARY ALLEN," "HARD-HEARTED ..... *Lucy Furman* 739
Picture by F. R. Gruger.

BRER RABBIT. Pictures by ..... *Carton Moorepark* 286

BRITTANY, IN. Paintings by ..... *Lucien Simon* 123

BURDEN, THE, OF THE LINE. ..... *Robert Dunn* 585
Pictures by Clifford W. Ashley.

BUSINESS, BIG, THE FIGHT TO PURIFY ..... *Editorial* 630

CALL, THE GREATER ..... *Mary Knight Potter* 231

CARTOONS.
The End of Summer ..... *L. S. Green* 157
The High Cost of Dying ..... *F. R. Gruger* 159
The Spirit of Christmas ..... *G. J. Perrett* 317
"Dooty Calls Me, Agoness" ..... *J. R. Shaver* 317
Caught! ..... *J. R. Shaver* 320
A Christmas Question ..... *J. R. Shaver* 482
Enterprise ..... *Hy. Mayer* 640
A Standard of Musical Value ..... *C. F. Peters* 795
Etiquette of the Jungle ..... *J. S. Anderson* 800
Speed Logic ..... *C. F. Peters* 958
The High Cost of Living ..... *J. R. Shaver* 960

CHARITY, ON THE HOLD-UP FOR ..... *Marguerite Merington* ... 792

CHILD, THE, THAT IS DIFFERENT ..... *Rheta Childe Dorr* 924

CHINESE CHILDREN, THE TRAINING OF ..... *Harriet Monroe* 643
Pictures by Thornton Oakley.

CHINESE TEMPLE, AT A. Three pictures by ..... *Thornton Oakley* 653

CHRISTINA OF DENMARK, DUCHESS OF MILAN ..... *Julia Cartwright* 707
Portrait of Princess Christina from the painting by Holbein.

CHRISTMAS, A PURITAN. Painted by ..... *F. E. Schoonover* 162

"CHRISTMAS GIF'!" ..... *Virginia Frazer Boyle* ... 305
Picture by Irma Dérèmeaux.

CLERGY, THE, IN THE WRONG BOX ..... *Editorial* 789

Digitized by Google

PAGE

CLUBS, ON THE RECALL FOR ..... *Sylvester Menlo* 954

COCKATOO, THE WHITE ..... *Mary Austin* 549
Pictures by Arthur I. Keller.

COLE'S (TIMOTHY) ENGRAVINGS OF MASTERPIECES IN AMERICAN GALLERIES.
Lady Hamilton as "Nature." By Romney 257
Lady Peel. By Sir Thomas Lawrence 365
Portrait by Rembrandt of himself 547
The Mill. By Rembrandt 642
Lady Skipwith. By Sir Joshua Reynolds 921
See also p. 103.

COLOR PRINT AND ENGLISH SOCIETY, THE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ..... *Royal Cortissoz* 3
Pictures from color prints, one printed in color.

CONQUERORS," "THE. Mural Decoration by ..... *Barry Faulkner* 388

COOKERY ..... *Henry T. Finck* ..28, 220, 439
Ungastronomic America.
Decorative pictures by E. Wallcousins and Norman Price.
Multiplying the Pleasures of the Table.
Pictures by Norman Price and Stanley Davis.
The Future of Cooking and Eating.
Pictures by Frederick Gardner, Stanley Davis, and Frank Wiles.

CORONATION, THE, MR. PENNELL'S PICTURE OF ..... *Editorial* 153

CRADLES AND CAREERS, ON ..... *Maude Wilder Goodwin*.. 155

DANCES, SOME SPANISH ..... *Arthur Stanley Riggs*..... 389
Pictures by W. M. Berger.

DECORATION FOR A MURAL PANEL. Painted by ..... *Maxfield Parrish* 802

DELILAH, THE SHEARS OF ..... *Pearl Wilkins* 596
Pictures by E. L. Blumenschein.

DEMOCRACY AND MANNERS ..... *Charles W. Eliot* 173

DE VINNE, THEODORE LOW, PORTRAIT OF. From the bronze bust by ..... *Chester Beach* 95

DICKENS.
Dickens Characters in Real Life ..... *Harold Begbie* 323
Pictures by Frederick Gardner.
Dickens, Charles, Portrait of. Painted by ..... *William B. Meyers* 322
Dickens, Charles: "The Man Who Cheers Us All Up"... *William Lyon Phelps* 334
Dickens, The Obviousness of ..... *Samuel McChord Crothers* 560
Picture by Albert E. Sterner, portrait of Dickens as a young man, drawing by Cruikshank, etc.
Dickens, Old Friends from. Illustrations by ..... *S. J. Woolf* 229, 339

DRAMATIST, TRYING A ..... *Sir William S. Gilbert*.... 179
Pictures by Frederick Gardner.

ENGLISH ART, EXAMPLES OF CONTEMPORARY.
"Tinnie." From the painting by ..... *Walter Greaves* 908

ENGLISH SOCIETY, THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY COLOR PRINT AND
See "Color Print."

EPHUM FIDDLED, HOW, AND JIM DANCED ..... *Abby Benham Hill* 938
Pictures by C. J. Post.

ESTIMATES OF WELL-KNOWN MEN ..... *Walt Whitman* } 250
From Memoranda by ..... *Horace Traubel* }

EXTRAVAGANCE, TARIFF REFORM AND ..... *Editorial* 788

FARM!" "BACK TO THE ..... *Harvey W. Wiley* 623

"FELICIA." In color, after print by ..... *J. R. Smith* 2

FLIERS, THE, FATALISM OF ..... *Edward Lyell Fox* 841
Decoration by George Varian.

FLORIZEL AND FORTUNATUS, OR THE UNINTENTIONAL HUMOR OF ILLUSTRATORS ..... *Wallace Irwin* 753

FRENCH ART, EXAMPLES OF CONTEMPORARY.
The French Actress Madame Simone. From the painting by ..... *Henry Caro-Delvaille*..... 140

FRITZ, JOHN, IRON-MASTER. ..... *Thomas Commerford Martin* 578
Portrait from a photograph.

FRUSTRATE ..... *Mary Austin* 467

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PAGE

GHOST, HIS UNQUIET ..... *Charles Egbert Craddock*.. 127
Pictures by Remington Schuyler.

GHOST-SHIP, THE ..... *Richard Middleton* 931
GILBERT, SIR WILLIAM S. See "Dramatist" and "Hooligan."
GRACE BEFORE LAWLESSNESS ..... *Editorial* 790
HANDEL'S "MESSIAH," ILLUSTRATION OF. Painted by ..... *Norman Price* 271
HANDKERCHIEF, THE BLUE ..... *George Madden Martin* .. 290
Picture by F. R. Gruger.

"HEROINES OF FICTION" SERIES.
Hester Prynne of "The Scarlet Letter." Painted by .... *Sigismond de Ivanowski*.. 484
HOUND, HOW THE, GOT HIS MOUTH ..... *Harry Stillwell Edwards*.. 574
Picture by Carton Moorepark.

HOUSEHOLD, THE, ON A MUCH-NEEDED REVOLT IN ..... *Margery Bianco* 636
HOUSEWORK "BEFO' DE WAH" ..... *Riley M. Fletcher Berry* .. 960
HOOLIGAN, THE ..... *Sir William S. Gilbert* ... 97
Pictures by R. B. Birch.

ILLUSTRATION. See "Florizel."
IRISH GENTLEMAN, AN, AT DINNER, HOW TO TALK TO ..... *Marguerite Merington* ... 634
JAPANESE LETTERS, SOME ..... *Margaret Perry* 158
JEFFERSON, JOSEPH, THE STAGE WISDOM OF ..... *Mary Shaw* 731
Picture by René Vincent, and portrait from photograph.

JOURNEY'S END, THE ..... *Jeffery Farnol* 15
KIOTO, THE FAMOUS GARDENS OF ..... *Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore*. 803
Pictures by Alfred Brennan and C. D. Weldon.

LABOR, BLIND LEADERS OF ..... *Editorial* 151
LABOR"? WHO ARE THE "BETRAYERS OF ..... *Editorial* 474
LAFAYETTE.
Lafayette's Château ..... *Lida Rose McCabe* 54
Pictures by Alfred Brennan and from print and photograph

Lafayette's Imprisonment at Olmütz ..... *Cornelia Cruger* 61
Pictures from miniature, paintings, and medallion.

LETTER, A MODEL, FROM A CONTRIBUTOR ..... *John Kendricks Bangs* ... 317
LEVANT ..... *Hugh Johnson* 73
LIBERTY AND LAW, ON ..... *Agnes Repplier* 154
LINCOLN MEMORIAL, THE PROPOSED ..... *Leila Mechlin* 367
Pictures from designs by the architect, Henry Bacon, and from photographs.

LINCOLN, FRENCE'S. From the statue by ..... *Daniel Chester French*.... 693
LORDS, THE, AND THE SENATE ..... *Editorial* 309
LOVING, ON THE HIGH COST OF ..... *Louise Herrick Wall* 793
LUTHER, MARTIN, AND HIS WORK. (Concluded from Vol. LXXXII) ..... *Arthur C. McGiffert* 78
Pictures from a painting and from photographs, miniature, carbon print, facsimile, etc.

LYING AWAKE O' NIGHTS, THE NEED OF MORE ..... *Editorial* 949
MACAWS, THREE. Painted by ..... *Paul Bransom* 71
MAETERLINCK, MAURICE ..... *Editorial* 313
MAETERLINCK AND A KEY ..... *Margaret Widdemer* 482
MANGO-SEED, THE ..... *Katharine Fullerton Gerould* 422
MANILA, THE NEW 237
Pictures from drawings by the consulting architect for the Philippines, William E. Parsons, and from map.

"MANNER IS A GREAT MATTER" ..... *Editorial* 310
MANNERS, DEMOCRACY AND. See "Democracy."
MASTERPIECES, ON RENTING ..... *E. V. Lucas* 475
Drawing by R. B. Birch.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM. See "American Art."
MIDDLE WEST, THE ..... *Edward Alsworth Ross*
I. The Fiber of the People 609
II. The Reassertion of Democracy 686
III. State Universities and Their Influence 874
MILLET, RECOLLECTIONS OF ..... *Karl Bodmer* 862
Pictures from originals by Jean-François Millet.

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INDEX

		PAGE
MONA LISA ("LA GIOCONDA"). Engraved by	*Timothy Cole*	
"MONA LISA," THE ADVENTURE OF THE. Drawing by R. B. Birch.	*Carolyn Wells*	103
MONUMENTS, TWO ITALIAN.		478
The New Campanile at Venice		
The Victor Emmanuel Monument from the Forum. From lithographs by Joseph Pennell.		757
MORSE, SAMUEL F. B. See "Alphabet."		758
MOUNTAIN-LION, A, DRINKING. Painted by	*E. Roscoe Shrader*	
MUSE, THE, IN EXILE	*William Watson*	893
MUSIC, ON CERTAIN OBSTACLES TO THE HIGHEST ENJOYMENT OF		944
NAPOLEON. See "St. Helena."	*Daniel C. French*	
NATIONAL EFFICIENCY, STEPS TOWARD	*Editorial*	956
NEGRO, ON THE NEW-TIME. Drawing by Oliver Herford.	*Mary White Ovington*	951
PARTY CROSS CURRENTS	*Editorial*	476
PEASANT, A SPANISH, HEAD OF. Bronze bust by	*Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney*	150
PENNELL'S, MR., PICTURE OF THE CORONATION		595
PERU, PICTURESQUE. Four photographs by	*C. L. Chester*	153
PLEASURES OF THE TABLE, MULTIPLYING THE. See "Cookery."		37
POETRY, MR. WATSON'S DEFENSE OF	*Editorial*	952
PORTRAITURE, AMERICAN, EXAMPLES OF.		
Portrait of Miss F. B. From the painting by	*John C. Johansen*	738
Portrait of William M. Chase. From the painting by	*Annie T. Lang*	923
PRESIDENTIAL TERM, ONE SIX-YEAR, ADVANTAGES OF	*Editorial*	949
PRESS, THE SENSATIONAL, A CURB FOR	*Editorial*	631
PRESTIGE, AMERICAN, AS A NATIONAL ASSET	*Editorial*	471
PRYNNE, HESTER, OF "THE SCARLET LETTER." See "Heroines."		
RAGNAROK. Pictures by W. M. Berger.	*Clarence Stone*	432
"RENTIN' HENS" Pictures by F. R. Gruger.	*Florida Pier*	214
ROAD, THE OLD NATIONAL. Pictures by F. C. Yohn.	*William Bayard Hale*	163
RUSSIAN "MOUSE-TRAPS"	*George Kennan*	745
SAMPLERS. Pictures from samplers in collection of A. W. Drake, two printed in color, and from photograph of J. M. Barrie's "Peter Pan" drop-curtain, and drawings by Alfred Brennan.	*Alice Morse Earle*	676
SAUCE ROSEMONDE. Pictures by Henry Raleigh.	*Marie Conway Oemler*	190
SENATE, THE, AND THE LORDS	*Editorial*	309
SHAKSPERE.		
Shakspere on the Stage. VI. The Merchant of Venice. (Concluded from Vol. LXXXII). Pictures from paintings, old prints, photographs.	*William Winter*	104
Shakspere his own Stage-Manager. Pictures from drawings by George Varian, Jay Hambidge, and from old prints.	*John Corbin*	260
SIMONE, MADAME. See "French."		
SKANSEN IDEA, THE. Pictures from photographs.	*Mary Bronson Hartt*	916
SKULKER, A	*Elizabeth Moorhead*	909
SOCIALISM, THE WARNING OF	*Editorial*	472
SODOM, A GUEST IN. Pictures by Thomas Fogarty.	*Mary Wilkins Freeman*	343
SOUTH AMERICA, ACROSS. Pictures by the writer.	*Charles Johnson Post*	
I. Across the Andes		41
II. Shooting the Cañons of the Eastern Andes		273
III. From Frontier to Frontier through the Rubber Country		352

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PAGE

STELLA MARIS ..... *William J. Locke* 449
Pictures by Frank Wiles. 535, 662, 849

ST. HELENA, AT, NEW RECORDS OF NAPOLEON BY BRITISH OFFICERS.
I. Diary of the Interment of the Emperor's Body ..... *Major-General A. Emmett* 401
II. Record of the Exhumation ..... *Captain Charles C. Alexander* 404
Drawings by H. A. Ogden, Harry Fenn, Malcolm Fraser, and from photograph.

ST. HELENA, THE RETURN FROM. HOW NAPOLEON'S BODY WAS RECEIVED IN FRANCE 409
Pictures from lithographs.

ST. HELENA PORTRAITS, NAPOLEON'S ..... *A. M. Broadley* 824
Pictures from unpublished sketches and portraits.

STRAIGHT GOLF ..... *Anna Alice Chapin* 22

STUDENT, THE WESTERN, AS SEEN BY HIS INSTRUCTORS ..... *William Stearns Davis* ... 118

SYNDICATING SARAH ..... *Edith Orr* 141
Picture by Thomas Fogarty.

TAFT, PRESIDENT, PORTRAIT OF. See "Arbitration."

TARIFF REFORM AND EXTRAVAGANCE ..... *Editorial* 788

THINGS CHILDREN LEARN WITH EASE, ON ..... *E. S. Nadal* 313

"TINNIE." See "English."

TOBACCO, THE INJURY OF ..... *Charles B. Towns* 766

TRADE OF THE WORLD PAPERS, THE ..... *James Davenport Whelpley*
IX. Germany's Foreign Trade 485
Pictures by Joseph Pennell and Fred Gardner.
X. Italy's Economic Outlook 895
Pictures from photographs.

TRAVELING ABROAD, THE TARIFF PENALTY FOR ..... *Editorial* 150

TREASURES OF GOOD, OUR HEREDITARY ..... *Editorial* 633

TRIPOLI, AS AN AMERICAN SEES IT ..... *Richard Norton* 416
Pictures from photographs and map.

UNDERGRADUATE, THE AMERICAN ..... *Clayton Sedgwick Cooper*
Pictures by Henry Raleigh, Thomas Wood Stevens, and Malcolm Fraser.
I. General Characteristics 377
II. Education à la Carte 514
III. The College Campus 720
IV. Reasons for Going to College 881

UNGASTRONOMIC AMERICA. See "Cookery."

VIRTUE, NO SUBSTITUTE FOR INDIVIDUAL ..... *Editorial* 312

WANHULL, MR., BOUNDER ..... *J. W. Muller* 781

WATSON, WILLIAM. See "Muse," "Poetry."

WHISTLER AS DECORATOR ..... *Joseph and E. R. Pennell* . 500
Pictures from original sketches, paintings, and decorations.

WHITMAN. See "Estimates."

WICKES OF MAISON WICKES ..... *Grace Torrey* 816
Picture by Harry Townsend.

WIDOW'S STRATEGY, THE ..... *L. Frank Tooker* 773
Pictures by Charles Johnson Post.

WIDOWS, THE TWO ..... *Eden Phillpotts* 836

WOMAN'S CLUB, THE, "CONCENTRATES" ..... *Frances R. Sterrett* 759
Picture by F. C. Yohn.

WOMEN RANCHERS, THE WAYS OF ..... *Mary Gay Humphreys* ... 525
Pictures by J. N. Marchand.

YOSEMITE, THE, THREE ADVENTURES IN ..... *John Muir* 656
Picture from photograph.

VERSE

ALL SOULS ..... *Alice Corey* 139

ALLY, HIS ..... *William Rose Benét* 203

APRIL ..... *Anna Glen Stoddard* 907

"AS A MATTER OF FACT" ..... *Robert Emmet Ward* 480

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PAGE

ATTHIS, THE WHITE FEET OF ..... *Henry Anderson Lafler*... 718
Decorations by Oliver Herford.
BARCH: A SODDET ..... *Deems Taylor* 795
BELLS AT EVENING ..... *Harriet Prescott Spofford* 584
BOB WHITE ..... *Leroy Titus Weeks* 27
CHAFING-DISH, DOLLY AT THE ..... *Julia Boynton Green* 157
CHILDREN'S THEATER, THE ..... *Arthur Stringer* 872
Picture by W. T. Benda.
CHRISTMAS SONG, A. Music by ..... *Horatio Parker* 303
Words (reprinted from this magazine) by ..... *J. G. Holland* 303
CHRISTMAS, THE WEEK BEFORE ..... *Carolyn Wells* 318
Pictures by Reginald Birch.
COMRADE, THE ..... *Richard Wightman* 77
CONTRIBUTORS, THE, L'ENVOI OF ..... *Carolyn Wells* 795
DELICATESSEN MERCHANT, LINES TO A ..... *Deems Taylor* 958
DOUBT ..... *Anna Glen Stoddard* 513
EYES, AS TO ..... *Franklin P. Adams* 958
GUEST, THE PARTING ..... *Edmund Clarence Stedman* 351
HOURS, THE ..... *Horatio Winslow* 116
Decorations by Oliver Herford.
JENKINS, THOUGHTFUL CAPTAIN ..... *Berton Braley* 796
Pictures by Reginald Birch.
KEATS, TO ..... *Nancy Byrd Turner* 524
Decoration by Oliver Herford.
LABOR, THE NEW DAWN OF. (Los Angeles: 1911) ..... *James W. Foley* 629
LAMB, THE ..... *Edith M. Thomas* 448
LIMERICKS:
Text and pictures by Oliver Herford.
I. In the Style 160
II. The Provident Puffin 319
III. The Oracle 481
IV. The Erudite Ermine 639
V. A Personal Experience 799
VI. The Misanthropic Condor 959
LINOTYPER, LOVE-LYRIC OF A ..... *Deems Taylor* 638
LOVE-SONG, A ..... *John Hall Wheelock* 290
LÜTZEN, THE ROAD TO ..... *Leonard Bacon* 943
MOTHER DRIVES THE CAR ..... *Augusta Kortrecht* 797
Picture by C. F. Peters.
MANUSCRIPT, SONG OF THE ..... *Corinne Rockwell Swain*.. 638
MASTER CRAFTSMAN, THE ..... *J. W. Foley* 800
OUTLAW, THE ..... *Alfred Noyes* 333
POET PASSES, A ..... *M. E. Bühler* 772
POORHOUSE, THE ..... *Sara Teasdale* 685
PRETENSES, FALSE ..... *Edwin L. Sabin* 640
PURITANS, CHRISTMAS SONG OF THE ..... *Amy Haslam Dowe* 259
Pictures by F. E. Schoonover.
RESIGNATION ..... *Edwin Meade Robinson* .. 118
RIPER YEARS, THE ..... *Titus Munson Coan* 640
SING, YE WHO ARE TO ..... *Olive Tilford Dargan* 936
"SO I MAY KNOW" ..... *Edith Miniter* 249
SPELL, QUITE A ..... *Frank Hill Phillips* 156
ST. ANDREW'S BANQUET, TO MY HOST AT A ..... *Sylvester Menlo* 798
TIME FOR LAUGHTER AFTER TEARS," "A ..... *Clare Giffin* 737
TIME-TABLES ..... *F. H. P.* 320
TROUBLE ..... *H. D. Stone* 798
Drawing by R. A. Cameron.
TSCHAIKOVSKY ..... *H. G. Dwight* 765
VERSE-FORMS, THE, BALLADE OF ..... *Deems Taylor* 798
WATCH-NIGHT ..... *Florence Manvel Schauffler* 338
YULE FAIRIES ..... *Edith M. Thomas* 285
Decoration by Ruth Clements.

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THE HOOLIGAN
A COMPLETE PLAY BY THE LATE SIR. W·S·GILBERT

THE JOURNEY'S END
A STORY BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BROAD HIGHWAY"

WHOLESOME FOOD AND GOOD COOKING
BY HENRY·T·FINCK

ACROSS THE ANDES
BY CHARLES·J·POST

MCMXI

THE CENTURY CO-UNION SQUARE-NEW YORK

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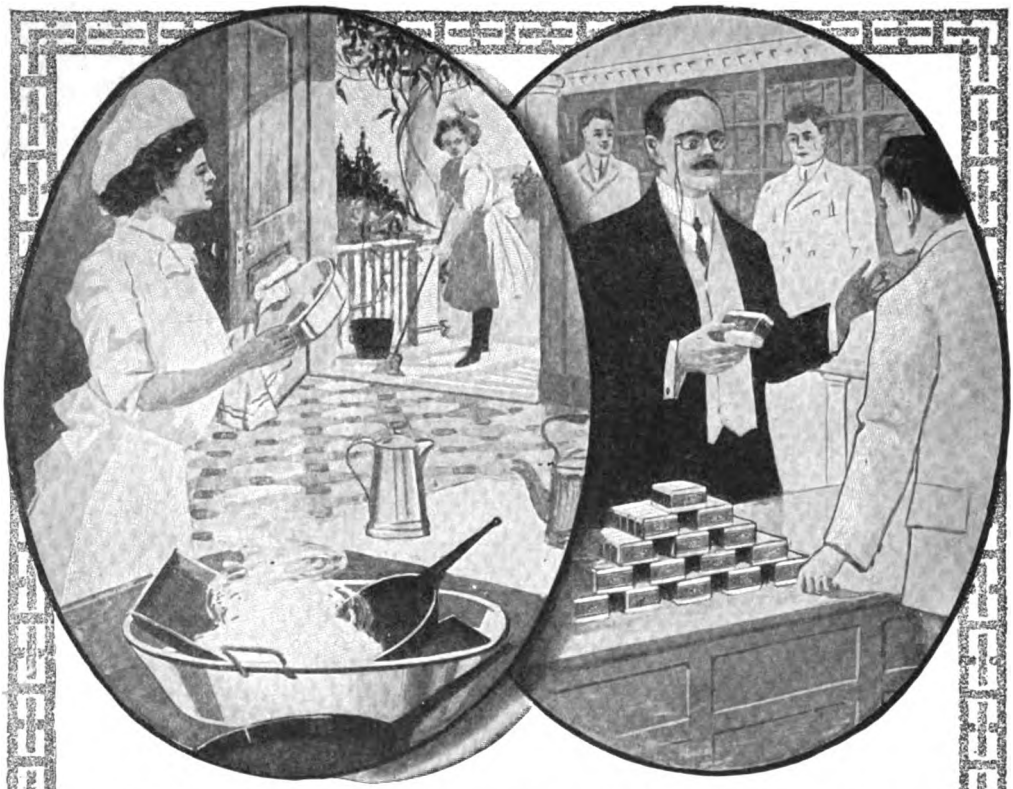

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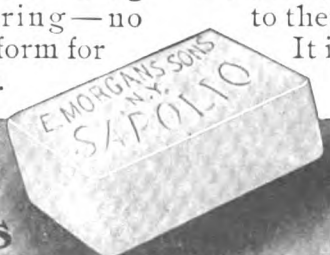

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"FELICIA"

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THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXXIII NOVEMBER, 1911 NO. 1

THE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY COLOR PRINT AND ENGLISH SOCIETY

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

IN Hazlitt's essay on the collection of pictures formed by John Julius Angerstein,—the collection which provided a nucleus for the present National Gallery in London,—there occurs this saying:

A capital print-shop [Molteno's or Colnaghi's] is a point to aim at in a morning's walk—a relief and satisfaction in the motley confusion, the littleness, the vulgarity of common life: but a print-shop has but a mean, cold, meagre, petty appearance after coming out of a fine Collection of Pictures. We want the size of life, the marble flesh, the rich tones of nature, the diviner expanded expression.

A lot of water has gone under the bridges since the famous critic thus blew hot and cold upon the print—how much may be judged from an anecdote about the great portrait of Eliza Farren, once a popular actress and later the Countess of Derby, which hangs in the London dining-room of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan.

When Sir Thomas Lawrence painted that portrait in 1790, it involved him in some little trouble. He put his sitter in a "John coat," gave her a fur muff to carry, and then set her in a landscape redolent of summer. Naturally he was taken to task. "Never mind," said Burke—"never mind what little critics say, for painters' proprieties are always the best." But still the unhappy artist was not out of the woods. They hung the portrait at the Royal Academy, labeled "An Actress," wherefore, in deference to the gifted Eliza's high renown, Lawrence was judged guilty of an error in taste, for which he had to apologize, and two years later there were still other complaints with which he had to reckon. We find Miss Farren writing to him in this wise:

Mr. Lawrence, you will think me the most troublesome of all human beings, but indeed it is not my own fault; they tease me to death about this picture, and insist upon my writing to you. One says it is so thin in the figure, that you might blow it away—another that it looks broke off in the middle: in short, you must make it a little *fatter,* at all events, diminish the *bend* you are so at-

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tached to, even if it makes the picture look ill; for the owner of it is quite distressed about it at present.

It is that captious owner who brings us to the point of our anecdote. He was that Lord Derby whom you may see pursuing on horseback the coach of Miss Farren, bent upon making his wife the "lass that was froward and shy," and he was perturbed about the portrait for more reasons than one. When Eliza had sat for it, Lawrence had told her that it would cost sixty guineas, but Lord Derby was slow about buying it, and so, when he finally made the purchase, he was compelled to pay one hundred guineas. Now, that was in 1792. Early in the present year a color print engraved from the portrait by Charles Knight was sold at Sotheby's. It sold for five hundred pounds! What would Lord Derby have said to that? We know what Hazlitt would have said. He would have recanted, saying that a capital print-shop was not only a point to aim at in a morning's walk, but a place suffering not the faintest diminution of its charm through comparison with any Collection of Pictures.

It has been turned into a kind of Mecca within the last twenty years, to a great extent through the activities of American collectors. When it became fashionable among the latter to adorn their galleries with examples of eighteenth-century English portraiture, the masterpieces of Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, and the rest, the print shared the vogue of the painting. Plain and colored, it soared to unprecedented heights in the auction-room. The mezzotints of the period, if offered in fine impressions, excited a competition which ran their prices up into the thousands, where for generations they had commanded only the most modest sums. The color prints likewise gained enormously in value. Some twenty years ago "The Cottage Door" and "The School Door," engraved by the Irishman, George Keating, were sold for about thirty shillings each, while now the pair would fetch from two to three hundred dollars, according to quality and condition. "The Months," done by Bartolozzi and Gardner after Hamilton, used to sell for two hundred dollars and even less. In 1907 a set fetched something over a thousand dollars. Not so very long ago you could buy Morland's "Dancing Dogs" and "Guinea Pigs," in the prints by Gaugain, for fifty dollars the pair, but to-day you are lucky if you can get them for six hundred dollars. Anybody could once own a set of Wheatley's celebrated "Cries of London," in the thirteen plates by Cardon, Vendramini, and Gaugain, but the prize has since been reserved for the collector who can afford to pay some five thousand dollars for the gratification of his taste. We might go on indefinitely citing these figures. They have, to be sure, nothing to do with art, but obviously they throw a flood of light upon the history of the color print. They show how a thing, which was once, for all its popularity, considered of comparatively slight value, has in our own time come to be regarded with far more enthusiasm and to be sought with next to no thought of expense. If this is explained in a measure by a whim of fashion, it is also explained by our modern interest in the social life of the great historical epochs. The color print is a document.

It is interesting to reflect for a moment on the part which the print in general has played in English life. We collect prints in the first place as works of art, just as we collect china, for example; but it is important to remember that the print, like the tea-cup now left in a cabinet, was once a thing in common use, so to say. If the English print was a work of art, it was something else besides. For one thing, it was a kind of substitute for our illustrated journalism. It served up the foibles of the world of fashion, hot and hot, to the doting commoner. It made the populace acquainted with the faces and figures of everybody of importance, from princes, duchesses, generals, and bishops to artists and the people of the theater. Moreover, portraiture left the function of the print only half begun. The print was a moral agent, with a mission akin to that of the religious plates which Albrecht Dürer had long before disseminated throughout Germany. Hogarth preached sermons in his engravings, assailing idleness, extravagance, and darker vices in designs that took the town by storm. The caricatures of Rowlandson and Gillray had an immense influence during the Napoleonic wars, the broadsides of these artists stirring the passions of the people like some brutally

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clever editorials in one of our modern "yellow" journals. It was almost literally true in those days that he who ran might read, the prints in the shop-windows being so many books through which the people swiftly seized the most vivid possible impressions of current affairs. If, in turning over a portfolio of eighteenth-century color prints, we neglect the purely human interest in them, we miss half their significance, and it is, indeed, tempting to dwell almost entirely upon this phase of the subject; yet something we must say about technical processes and historical origins, so that we may the better grasp the color print "in its quiddity."

From the print owned by Mr. F. R. Halsey

"ARTEMIS AND CALLISTO"

ENGRAVED IN COLORS BY T. BURKE AFTER ANGELICA KAUFFMANN

What is a color print? It is an engraving printed in colors. How is it made? You take your copperplate, on which you have mezzotinted or stippled your design, and, having beside you either the painting that you have reproduced or a scheme in color for the original composition you have worked out, you proceed to lay over the plate the ground tint that you have decided to use. This, probably, is a brown or a black or a gray tone. Then, with a brush or a stump, or what the engraver calls a *poupee,* you go over the details and paint them blue or rose or green or whatever you mean them to be. Virtually you paint a picture on the cop-

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per. When at last it is just right, you put it in the press, cover it with your piece of paper, and print yourself one impression. Having got that, you begin all over again, repeating the process I have described, and presently printing another impression. There are minutiæ, shades of manipulation, on which, if this were a technical treatise, it might be profitable to linger, but I do not ask the reader to pursue this rather esoteric matter any further. I would ask him only to think of the delicate and difficult nature of the process. It is hard to get just the right colors and then to lay them on in just the right way. And here is where the eighteenth century achieved a great distinction. There are artists living to-day who make admirable color prints, but they themselves, I dare say, would be the first to admit that the old English school knew how to get results more exquisitely finished, more delicately beautiful, than any which have since been secured. They took in hand all that had been accomplished by their predecessors and gave to an old art a new life.

Just how that art arose it has taken the historians some time to find out. Ten years ago, when Mrs. Julia Frankau wrote the elaborate work on "Eighteenth-Century Color Prints" which has placed many a student and collector in her debt, she declared that she had found the subject enveloped in "a cloud of mystery and misunderstanding." She has done much to dissipate the cloud, and other authors, notably Mr. R. M. Burch, in his recently published "Color Printing and Color Printers," have also made helpful researches. We may glance at the salient figures whose contributions to the art have been placed in a clearer light. There was a process of printing from wood blocks, known as *chiaroscuro,* which one Ugo da Carpi developed in Italy early in the sixteenth century—a process foreshadowing the eighteenth-century color print. But the most important of the pioneers was Jacob Christopher LeBlon, who was born at Frankfort in 1670, and after many wanderings and adventures came to London. LeBlon was a character. There are picturesque stories about his romantic exploits, his careless and extravagant ways, and his gift for causing the fair sex to fall in love with him. Not long after his arrival in England he persuaded a number of noblemen there to interest themselves in his mode of color-printing. They formed a company for the reproduction of pictures and prints, calling it "The Picture Office," and the story of their experience, as Mrs. Frankau relates it, is very amusing. The shareholders in "The Picture Office" were sanguine souls and hugely tickled with what it was going to do. One of them, Lord Percival, is quoted as follows: "Our modern painters can't come near it [LeBlon's invention] with their colors, and if they attempt to copy, make us pay as many guineas as now we give shillings." How beautiful was the prospect! An "old master" for sixpence! But poor LeBlon was no business man. He spent £5000 in producing 4000 prints, which, if they had all been sold at the prices fixed, could only have landed "The Picture Office" in a loss of £2000. Exit LeBlon, naturally. But do not let us forget him. He wrote "Coloritto," a diverting and useful book on his process, and he was of substantial service in getting the English into the habit of liking color prints.

Then along came William Wynne Ryland, who developed the process still further, fell in love with Angelica Kauffmann, tried to be a dandy, by and by got into debt and other bad habits, was accused of forgery, and cut his throat, but did not cut quite deep enough, and so was comfortably hanged. Francesco Bartolozzi came, too, and divers others—John Raphael Smith, William Ward, Thomas Watson, John Jones, and F. D. Soiron. They were all of them good craftsmen, and some of them, like Bartolozzi, were personages in their way, whose biographies are worth reading. To Ryland's wretched little drama I have already referred, but I must return to it for the sake of a passage in the "Reminiscences" of Henry Angelo, the fencing-master, which evokes the very spirit of the time. One is aware of the color and movement of eighteenth-century London in this grimly pathetic story:

Poor Ryland! After his condemnation he petitioned for a respite, which was not only granted for the time required, but renewed. The circumstance which urged him to do this excited universal sympathy. He made this request to enable him to finish a very fine engraving which he had begun, the last of a series, from the paintings of Signora

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From the print owned by Mr. F. R. Halsey

"CUPID SLEEPING"

ENGRAVED IN COLORS BY W. NUTTER AFTER R. WESTAL

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Education

From the print owned by Mr. F. R. Halsey

"EDUCATION"

ENGRAVED IN COLORS BY WILLIAM BOND AFTER H. SINGLETON

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"THE FORTUNE-TELLER"

ENGRAVED IN COLORS BY JOHN K. SHERWIN AFTER SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

Angelica Kauffmann, and I believe the subject was Queen Eleanor sucking the poison from the arm of her royal consort, King Edward the First. However that may be, he was indulged with the permission, as he alleged that his object was not to prolong his wretched existence, but to enable his wife, after his decease, by this addition to his stock of plates, to add to her support and that of his fatherless children. It is said that he labored incessantly at this, his last work, and that when he received from his printer, Haddril, who was the first in his line, the finished proof impression, he calmly said, "Mr. Haddril, I thank you, my task is now accomplished"; and, resigning himself to his fate, was executed within a week from that day.

The episode is characteristic of a period in which men lived at the top of their bent and faced death as blithely as they danced a quadrille. When the eighteenth-century Englishman was not carrying himself like a hero on the battle-field, or bearing himself sturdily in the House of Commons, he was cheering on a dog-fight, gambling furiously, drinking himself under the table, fighting a duel, or carrying his lady-love off in a coach and four. He could be coarse, deplorably coarse, but this did not keep him from having brains and culture. His wife and his daughter were not at all out of sympathy with him in his more sportive tastes, either. But the whole family was wont to wear its fine clothes with an air and to have good manners. If there is one thing more than another that these color prints do, it is to remind us that the eighteenth century was the century of

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grace. Deftly his lordship used his sword, his cane, or his snuff-box, and gallantly he cocked his hat. Her ladyship, in her ineffable hats and her voluminous draperies, was merely adorable. They were genuine folk, but there was an immense amount of artifice in the social fabric, and with this the painters and engravers were in the fullest sympathy.

There is a letter of William Hamilton's, written to Lawrence when he had received a commission to paint the portraits of the Queen and the Princess Amelia, in which the Scotch artist offers the following odd advice to his friend: "In your portrait of the Queen I hope you will be careful of individual likeness; in the Princess you have more scope for taste, as the features will soon change from what they are at present." In other words, it was a time for taking liberties with nature, so as to bring that arbitrary dame into proper relation with the mode. The court ruled, and fashion erected a standard of taste whereby all things were to be ceremonious and polite, and all men, but especially all women—and children, too, for that matter—were to be types of stateliness and elegance. The temper of artist and patron alike, profoundly sensitive to the charm of the drawing-room, of feminine loveliness, and of dainty costume, is well brought out in another page of Angelo's. He visited Windsor once, with Gainsborough and the musician Abel, and before Vandyke's portrait of Queen Henrietta in white satin Gainsborough delightedly began the conversation which is thus reported:

"That woman had taste," said he; "why do not the Frenchwomen dress with that exquisite simplicity now? But she was the daughter of Henry the Fourth! Ye gods! how the French have degenerated!"

"Yes," said Abel, who was a man of observation; "but howsomdever dat may be, vot a strange degeneracy of your gountry-

From the print owned by Mr. F. R. Halsey

"THE STRAY'D CHILD"

ENGRAVED IN COLORS BY B. PYM AFTER J. WARD

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From the print owned by Mr. F. R. Halsey

"THE CREDULOUS LADY AND THE ASTROLOGER"

ENGRAVED IN COLORS BY P. SIMON AFTER J. R. SMITH

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vomans for to imidade all the drumpderry fashions from France!"

"True," replied Gainsborough; "I once in conversing with his Majesty upon the subject of modern fashions, took the liberty to say, your painters should be employed to design the costumes."

"Vell; and I should tesire to know vot observations his Majesty redurned, as he is a brince of gultivated daste."

"What observation, man! Why, the King said, 'You are right, Mister Gainsborough, I am entirely of your opinion. Why do not you and Sir Joshua set about it?' adding, 'but they are bewitching enough as it is—hey, Gainsborough, hey!'"

"And what did you rebly to dat?"

"Why, like a saucy dog as I am—what our gracious King listened to—and only answered with a smile. I said (faith I am ashamed to repeat it), 'Yes, and please your Majesty—it were as well to leave the dowdy angels alone.'"

Of course they could not really leave the dowdy angels alone, for the latter were not infrequently among the very elect in English society; but there was a quite practicable way out of the difficulty. By some delightful hocus-pocus the artists managed to make everybody look presentable without making them look absolutely alike. At the most they risked what might be called a strong family likeness, the "family" being understood to mean the dominating caste. It may be heresy, but I must confess that the feminine portraits, at least, done in eighteenth-century England, have always seemed to me to have a good deal of the courtly formula about them. At all events, it is hardly credible that every noblewoman at that time was extraordinarily tall and slender, had an impeccably beautiful throat, a hand like a fairy's, and the gait of a goddess. The artists must certainly have been in a sort of half-unconscious conspiracy to make their sitters beautiful. But we may be sure that the ladies met them half-way, for, in the first place, if old memoirs are to be believed, many of them were indeed radiantly fair, and, furthermore, the walk and demeanor imposed by the court were favorable to the development of just such harmless insincerities as we may divine in their portraits. The Georgian great lady wore her semi-classical robes with a dignity on which she kept careful watch, and when she stood up before the portrait-painter to be painted with an antique urn beside her and the trees of her ancestral park in the background, it was, after all, easy enough for her to assume a majestic attitude. Nor was she a stranger to a certain languishing sentimentality; she was privileged to have her "vapors," and so there crept quite artlessly into the atmosphere of the studios a feeling for softness, gentleness, sweetness. It is all in rather entertaining contrast to what we know of the crass materialism of the eighteenth century. It was permissible to be coarse, but it was forbidden to be vulgar. The color prints, not only those reproducing portraits, but those dedicated to genre and to "fancy subjects," took their cue from the prevailing social habit.

You observe the play of the grace of the eighteenth century where you would least expect to find it. We have all heard of those famous old cries of London, the cries of the itinerant vendors: "Pretty maids, pretty pins, pretty women!" "Lily white vinegar, threepence a quart!" "Buy a white line, a jack-line, a clothes-line!" I dare say that the people who sounded these cries in the streets were not invariably images of beauty and high-bred demeanor; but there must have been something engaging about them, and, anyway, when the artists and engravers delineated them for the public, they did it with the most beguiling taste. The girl with her primroses at "Two bunches a penny," in Schiavonetti's engraving after Wheatley, is the sprightliest young thing imaginable, and the knife-grinder in that sketch is the very pink of respectability. The people of the farm-yard are like the people of the vicarage or of the fashionable boudoir: they are everything that they should be in dress and deportment. And what a pretty sentiment enwraps them all—the Venuses and Cupids that Bartolozzi loved to engrave; the city ladies in their laces; the rustic damsel and her swain! Who would not melt over the lines that go with Stothard's "Sweet Poll of Plymouth," whom he depicts sorrowing by the shore as her lover sails away?

"And have they torn my love away,
And is he gone?" she cried.
My Poll, the sweetest flower of May,
Then languished, drooped, and died.

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There is a curious paradox to be noted here. Lines as saccharine as the four just quoted point to a maudlin humor, and there are other signs, as I have shown, that the art of the color print was infected with the artifice of society. But I have spoken, too, of the genuineness of all these people. At bottom they had the wholesome traits of the true Briton, and as you explore these many prints, you are struck with the fact that there is virtually never anything morbid about them. At the worst, in some of the allegorical subjects of Cipriani and Angelica Kauffmann, they are somewhat insipid; but even then they have a certain innocent and debonair quality which compels us to like them. It is as though everybody concerned were gaily playing at life in a world all smiles and ribbons, with just such occasional hints of romantic sorrow as might serve to induce a tender emotion. The artists knew the stern truth when they saw it, and they knew how to draw it. When De Loutherbourg was employed to paint the siege of Valenciennes, Gillray went with him, to get the likenesses of the officers in the field, a task for which he was well equipped. Quoth he, "As the bullet *whizzes,* so I caught their *phizzes,*—flying." What he caught he kept. With Gillray and Rowlandson, the swashbucklers, the stark truth was all-important. There is a magnificent drawing of Rowlandson's in which "Old Q," the redoubtable Marquis of Queensberry, is portrayed with the pitiless realism of a Goya, and beside the hard-bitten nobleman there walks a blooming creature whose beauty is limned with the same masterly touch. But such candor was for the satirists alone. The designers of the color print had no idea of rivaling Hogarth,

> Whose pictur'd morals charm the mind,
> And through the eye correct the heart.

What they wanted to do for eye, heart, and mind was to please them all, and this they unquestionably did. They do it still, and, incidentally, they do something more. They make us familiar with the sentiment and lighter feeling of the time; they reproduce for us much of the environment of eighteenth-century types, illustrating the appearance of town and country, the theater and the cottage, the ball-room and the park, and, finally, they preserve the charm and brilliance of a wonderful array of personalities, notably of the women. The famous Duchess of Devonshire, or Mrs. Jordan as "The Romp," stately and merry, the leading figures of a glittering epoch, are put before us in what we may well believe was their habit as they lived, despite the little touches of exaggeration to which I have referred. And these prints retain their power of enchantment because, as I have endeavored to show, there is in them a fundamental sincerity triumphing over whatever there is in them that is meretricious.

A last word on their subtly national character. Strong foreign influences contributed to the development of the English color print. LeBlon was a foreigner, and there are other names of Continental origin without which the record would doubtless have been very different from the one we know—the names of Angelica Kauffmann and Cipriani among the artists, of Bartolozzi, Gaugain, Schiavonetti, and others among the engravers. But while these workers brought into England not only technical methods, but classical motives of design and conceptions of form more European than British, they themselves shared in the development of a tradition, a style, and an atmosphere inalienably associated with eighteenth-century London. Across the Channel, the French designers and engravers formed a magnificently brilliant school, incomparable for its decorative elegance, richer in types of artistic individuality than the English school ever was, and possessing, in fact, a positively unique interest for the student of engraving who is also a student of manners, costume, furniture, and the illustration of books. This body of Frenchmen had some influence upon the artists in London, and members of it occasionally visited and worked in that city. But in essentials, in the qualities that give their work its peculiar bloom, the men with whom I have dealt in this paper were faithful to the land of their birth or adoption. The color print as they made it forms an integral chapter in the history of English art.

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THE JOURNEY'S END

BY JEFFERY FARNOL

Author of "The Broad Highway," etc.

I

"YOU are a stranger in these parts, I think, sir?" said the landlord, glancing round his trim inn parlor with its neatly sanded floor, its raftered ceiling, its big, wide chimney, and the rows of glittering pewter that adorned its walls, and back to the wayworn and dusty traveler hungrily occupied with his food.

He was a very tall man, was this traveler, deep of chest, and broad of shoulder, and with a face burned and tanned. His expression, naturally stern, was rendered more so by a scar upon one cheek, and altogether there was an air about him of tireless action, and conflict with man and circumstance. Yet there was also a kindly light in his dark, long-lashed eyes, and his mouth was broad and humorous; wherefore, as he set down his tankard, the landlord made bold to repeat his question:

"You 're a stranger hereabouts, sir?"

"Yes and no," answered the traveler.

"Meaning, sir?"

"That I lived in this part of the country,—many years ago."

"You 've been a traveler,—eh, sir,—in furrin parts?"

"Yes, I have seen a good deal of the world."

"A sailor p'r'aps, sir,—or a soldier?" said the landlord, with his glance upon the traveler's scarred cheek.

"I have been both in my time,—and many things besides."

"Lord!" exclaimed the landlord, hitching his chair a little nearer, "think o' that now! Soldiers I 've knowed, and sailors I 've knowed, but I never knowed nobody as had been a sailor *and* a soldier."

"I 've lived a harder life than most men," said the traveler.

"And as to—hactive service now?" pursued the landlord, more and more interested,—"wars, sir,—battle, murder, and sudden death,—you 've seen plenty of haction,—eh, sir?"

"I have had my share of it," said the traveler, turning to help himself to more beef from the big joint before him.

"And as to—travels now—you know Hindia, p'r'aps?"

"Yes, I 've been to India."

"Ah!—and Hafrica?"

"And Africa!" nodded the traveler.

"And China,—what about China?"

"Yes, I have been in China."

"Why then—p'r'aps you might happen to know—America?"

"Yes."

"What,—you do?"

"Yes."

"Why, then, I had a brother once as went to America,—Peter Adams he were called,—though his baptismal name were John. P'r'aps you might 'ave seen him there, sir,—or heard tell of him?"

"America is very large!" said the traveler, smiling, and shaking his head.

"Aye, but so were my brother," nodded the landlord, "a fine, strapping chap—almost as tall as you be, sir, and by trade a blacksmith, and very like me except for him having whiskers, and me none, and his hair being dark and mine light; still the family resemblance were very strong."

The traveler smiled, and shook his head as he pushed away his plate, and his smile was good to see.

"No," he answered, "I never ran across your brother in America that I know of; but now, seeing I have answered all your questions, let me ask you a few."

"Surely, sir,—sure—ly!"

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"First then, do you know Sparkbrook Farm?"

"Ah, to be sure I do,—gets all my eggs and butter there."

"Who owns it?"

"Farmer Stebbins, sir."

This answer seemed unwelcome to the traveler, for his thick, black brows contracted, and he sighed.

"How long has Farmer Stebbins lived there?"

"Oh, this seven year and more."

"And what has become of—of the former owner?"

"Meaning old Prendergast,—him we called 'the Squire,' sir?"

"Yes."

"Died, sir;—his widder sold the place to Stebbins, and then she died too."

"Ah! And what became of the—the others?"

"Meaning the darters, sir? Well, they went to live over Tenterden way,—and got married."

"Both of them?"

"Why, 'ow might you come to know that there was two darters?"

"Both of them?"

"Well, I won't swear to so much as that, but Annabel did,—leastways, if it was n't Annabel, it were Marjorie as did,—married a young farmer over Horsemonden way—"

"Then you 're not sure—which one got married?" said the traveler, fixing the landlord with his piercing eyes.

"Not sure,—no, sir."

"And they 're living, you say, at Horsemonden?"

"Ah!—leastways,—they was last time I heard on 'em."

"And how far is it to Horsemonden?"

" 'Bout eight mile, sir."

"Thank you!" said the traveler, and rose.

"What,—be you a-going there, sir?"

"I am. How much do I owe you for my very excellent meal?"

And, after the traveler had settled his bill, he took up his hat and stick, and crossed over to the door. But upon the threshold he paused.

"You say you can't remember which it was?"

"Meaning—as got married?—no, sir, I can't. Ye see they was both fine, handsome young maids, and they both had many offers,—so it 's like as not as they both got—"

"Good-by!" said the traveler, rather hastily, and turned on his heel.

"Stay a bit, sir," said the landlord, following him into the road. "If your 'eart be set on Horsemonden then your best way is across the fields,—it be two mile shorter, that way."

"How do I go?"

"You foller this highroad till you be come to the first stile on your right; you climb over that, and foller the path till you be come to a bridge over a brook; you cross that bridge and go on till you be come to another stile; you climb over that—"

"Thank you!" nodded the traveler, and turned away.

"—And foller the path again till you be come to a wood," continued the landlord, "you leave the wood on your left—"

"I see," said the traveler, beginning to quicken his steps.

"—No,—I mean your right," the landlord went on, his voice rising with the traveler's every stride, "you climbs over two more stiles, you crosses another brook, and Horsemonden lays straight afore you."

Hereupon the traveler nodded again, flourished his stick, and walked rapidly away.

"Well!" said the landlord, watching his long, easy stride, "well, if ever there was a impatient man in this here vale o' sorrer, there goes the impatientest!"

II

MEANWHILE the traveler continued his way at the same rapid pace, crossing the stile as he had been directed; but, for the most part, he walked with bent head and a frown of thought upon his dark brow. Earlier in the day he had gazed with greedy eyes upon the well-remembered beauties of green valley and wooded hill, and had gloried in it all,—the warmth of the sun, the soft wind sweet with the fragrance of honeysuckle and new-mown hay, and the thousand delicious scents of hidden flowers and dewy soil; pausing to listen to the bubbling music of some brook, to stare into the cool, green depths of woods thrilled with the song of thrush or blackbird; and had known that boundless content that only the returned exile can appreciate or understand.

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But now? Now he strode on, blind and deaf to it all, faster and faster, eager only to reach the end of that journey which had led him across half the world. And as he walked, he thought of the struggle and tumult of these latter years,—the sufferings and hardships endured, the dangers outfaced, the bitter trials and disappointments, and the final realization. But now,—what were fortune and success but empty sounds, what but a mockery all his riches, if disappointment waited for him—at the journey's end?

So lost was he amid these whirling thoughts that he presently found that, despite the landlord's precise directions, he had missed his way, for he became aware that he was traversing a very narrow, grassy lane that wound away on each hand apparently to nowhere in particular. He stopped, therefore, and was looking about him in some annoyance when he heard the voice of a crying child, and going a little way along the lane, saw a little girl who sat demurely in the shade of the hedge, stanching her tears with the aid of a torn and bedraggled pinafore.

Now, as he looked down at her, and she looked up at him over the tattered pinafore, with two large tears, balanced and ready to fall, the traveler found himself very much at a loss since, hitherto in his varied experiences, small, feminine persons who lamented with the aid of tattered pinafores, had had no part. However, being a polite traveler, he raised his hat, and smiled. Whereupon the small person, forgetful of her sorrow, smiled up at him; for, despite the big stick he carried, and his strange, dark face with its fierce black brows and the ugly mark upon the bronzed cheek, there was something in the long-lashed eyes, and the gentle curve to the firm, clean-shaven lips, that seemed to take her fancy, for she nodded her curly head at him approvingly.

"I 'm awful glad you 've come!" she sighed; "I 've been waiting and waiting, you know."

"Oh, really?" said he, more at a loss than ever.

"Yes, I need somebody dre'fful bad, that 's nice an' tall an' big, like you," she nodded, "an' I was 'fraid you 'd never come, you know."

"Ah, yes—I see, and is that why you were crying?"

"I was n't—crying," she answered with scornful emphasis on the verb. "Ladies never cry,—they weep, you know, an' I just sat down here to shed a few tears."

"Ah, to be sure! And why were you weeping?"

"Well, I was weeping because my poor Norah got herself caught in the hedge, an' when I tried to get her down I tore my very best pinafore, an'—scratched my—poor—dear—little finger!" And hereupon at the recollection of these woes the two tears (having apparently made up their minds about it) immediately cast themselves overboard, and lost themselves in the folds of the tattered pinafore.

"Can I help you?"

"If you 'll please reach Norah down out of that thorny hedge,—there she is!"

Looking in the direction indicated, he saw a pink-cheeked doll, very small of mouth, and very large and round of eye, who, despite her most unfortunate situation among the brambles, seemed to be observing a butterfly that hovered near-by, with a stoic philosophy worthy of Zeno himself.

In the twinkling of an eye Norah was rescued from her precarious perch, and held out to her small, rapturous mother; but, before she reached those little anxious hands, the traveler's hold suddenly relaxed, and poor Norah fell into the ditch.

"Child," said he, his voice sudden and sharp, "what is your name?"

But she was too busy rescuing and comforting the unfortunate Norah to answer a great, big, clumsy man's foolish questions just then.

"Who are you?" repeated the traveler, staring into the pretty flushed face that was no longer hidden in the pinafore.

"Did a nasty, big, dusty man frow her into the ditch then!"

"Child," said the traveler more gently, and stooping to look into the violet eyes, "tell me your name."

"My name," she answered with much hauteur, and pausing to smooth Norah's ruffled finery, "is Marjorie."

"Marjorie!" he repeated, and then again, "Marjorie!" and stood leaning on his stick, his broad shoulders stooping and his eyes staring away blindly into the distance.

"Yes,—Marjorie," she repeated,—"just like my Ownest Own."

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"Do you mean your—mother?" he asked with a strange hesitation at the word.

"Yes, my mother, but I call her my Ownest Own 'cause she belongs all to me, you see. My Ownest Own lives with me —over there," she went on, pointing up the lane, "all alone with old Anna, 'cause Father has to work in the big city, oh, a long, long way off—in a train, you know. But he comes to see me sometimes, an' always brings me s'prises—in parcels, you know. Norah was a s'prise he brought me 'cause I was seven last week. An' now," said she, changing the subject abruptly, "now I 'm all tired an' worn out,—so please take me home."

"No, I don't think I can take you home. You see I must be going."

"Going,—but where?"

"Oh, a long, long way—in a train and a ship," said the traveler with his gaze still on the distance.

"But please, I want you to come an' help Norah over the stiles,—she finds them so very trying, you know,—an' so do I."

But the traveler sighed, and shook his head.

"Good-by, Marjorie!" he said gently.

"Are you going to leave me—all alone, an' you 've only just found me?"

"I must!"

"Well, then," said Marjorie, nodding her small head at him resolutely, "I shall sit down under the hedge again, an' weep —very loud!"—which she straightway proceeded to do, so that her lamentations frightened an inquisitive blackbird that had hopped audaciously near to stare at them with his bold, bright eye.

"Hush!" said the traveler, much perturbed, falling on his knees beside her, "hush, Marjorie,—don't do that!" But still she wept, and still she wailed, with Norah clasped tight in her arms, until at length he yielded in sheer desperation.

"Very well," he said, stroking her glossy curls with a touch that was wonderfully light and gentle for a hand so very big, "I 'll go with you."

"I thought you would," she nodded, promptly smiling at him through her tears; "then please hold Norah a minute while I put on my sunbonnet." And when she had tied her bonnet strings exactly under the dimple in her chin, she held up her arms for Norah, and they set off along the lane together.

She slipped her warm fingers into his and remarked casually, "I like you 'cause you are so big an' tall, you know. My Ownest Own says that all great, big men are good an' kind, 'cause they are so big, —an' my Ownest Own knows all about everything,—an' that 's why I 'm taking you home to her."

But here he stopped, and glanced down at his guide in sudden trepidation:

"Taking me—home—to—her!" he repeated, slowly.

"Oh yes, I 'm taking you as a s'prise. You see," she went on, "to-day is my Ownest Own's birfday, so I came out to try an' find a s'prise for her, an' I looked an' looked, but I could n't find anything, an' then Norah got caught in the hedge, an' I wept. An' then you heard me, an' then, when I saw you, I thought you 'd do for a s'prise 'cause you 're so big an' tall, so I 'm taking you to my Ownest Own for a birfday s'prise present."

"But," said he, still hesitating, "supposing she should n't happen to—like me?"

"Oh, but she will!" returned Marjorie, nodding the big sunbonnet complacently. "My Ownest Own always loves my s'prises, you see, an' you are such a big one—though you are a bit dusty, you know."

"Tell me more about her,—is she happy —your—mother?"

"Oh yes, she 's got me, you see, an' old Anna, an' the Marquis,—he 's the parrot, an' we 're all as happy as happy. 'Course she weeps sometimes, but all ladies weep, now an' then, you know,—I do myself."

At last they came in sight of a cottage. It was small, but neat and trim, and stood in a wide garden of flowers and fruit-trees, inclosed by a tall hedge of clipped yew, in which there was a small gate. Beside this wicket was a large tree in the shadow of which the traveler stopped.

"Richard!" cried a sharp, querulous voice, "Richard! Richard!"

"Who is that?" he exclaimed, glancing about.

"Oh, it 's only the Marquis," Marjorie answered, laughing to see how this great, big man started at the sound, "it 's the parrot, you know. Now you please stay here," she went on, "while I go an' find my Ownest Own, an' don't come till I call you, an'—why there she is!"

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But the traveler had already seen a tall, graceful figure coming slowly toward them through the flowers. Leaning one hand against the tree for support, he looked with hungry eyes upon the proud beauty of her whose memory had been with him in the hum and bustle of strange cities, in the loneliness of prairies, in the fierce tumult of war and conflict—weary years of stress and struggle through which he had fought his way to her until now, upon this golden afternoon, he had reached his journey's end. The child Marjorie—her child!—stood between them, smiling up at him with finger raised admonishingly as she bade him keep quiet. And, in this moment, the bitterness of all the past seemed concentrated and he leaned more heavily against the tree. But, though he uttered no sound, suddenly, as if she divined his presence, Marjorie, the woman, looked up, and saw him,—and uttered a broken cry and ran toward him with hands outstretched and stopped, breathing quick, and so they gazed upon each other for a long, silent minute.

"Richard!" she said at last, in the voice of one who dreams, "Richard!"

"I have—come back—you see," said he, his voice harsh and uneven.

"I thought you were—dead, Richard."

"Yes, it was a long time for you to wait,—too long, I know now,—but I have come back to you, Marjorie, as I told you I would."

"But you never wrote,—all these long, long years!"

"I did,—yes, I did at first. I sent you three letters."

"I never got them."

"That was part of my ill fortune."

"Why did you ever go? We all believed in you, Richard. Even Father, in his heart of hearts, knew you could never have stooped to take the money, and the real thief was caught soon after, and confessed; —why did you go, Richard?"

"I was a proud young fool!" said he, bitterly.

"We advertised for you in all the papers."

"I have been in places where papers are not known," he answered; "you see I have lived a lonely life at all times, Marjorie."

"Lonely, Richard? Do you know what loneliness is, I wonder?—the endless chain of nights and days and weeks and months and years; the watching and hoping and praying and the soul-destroying disappointment?"

"And we were to have been married—in a fortnight!" said he dully, "how impossible it all seems,—now! And yet, all these years I have hoped and dreamed that it might yet be,—that the more I endured of hardship and disappointment, the more surely should I find happiness waiting for me—at the journey's end."

"Then you—did—still care, Richard?"

"Care!" His voice thrilled through her, and she saw how the strong, brown hand quivered upon the tree.

"You had not—forgotten?"

"Your memory has been with me always, Marjorie," he answered, speaking in the same low, repressed tone, "and always will be,—even though I am too late."

"Too late?"

"I waited too long," he went on, not looking at her now, "I hoped, and expected too much of Fortune; my journey does not end here as I prayed it might. I must go on and on, until my time is accomplished,—but your memory will go with me to the end, Marjorie."

"Richard,—what do you mean?"

"I mean that the hand which led me here was the hand of your child—whose father works in the city."

"My child—Marjorie?" Now, as she spoke, her eyes that had hitherto sought his face as the face of one come back from the dead, wavered and fell, the color deepened in her cheek again and her bosom rose with a long, fluttering sigh. She turned slowly and went toward him, but, in that same moment, the quiet was suddenly dispelled by the wailing lamentation of the child, seated sedately beneath the hedge, with Norah clasped tight in her arms. In an instant Marjorie was down upon her knees beside her, all soft caresses and tender solicitude, whereat the wailing gradually subsided.

"I 'm all right now, my Ownest Own," she said, smoothing Norah's rumpled frock, "I only thought you 'd forgot all 'bout me. You see I went an' found you such a nice, big s'prise,—though he is a bit dusty, I know,—an' you never even said, 'Thank me very much.' "

"Thank you, darling, thank you!" and the two Marjories kissed each other.

"He would n't let me bring him at first

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'cause he was 'fraid you would n't like him, you know, but you do, don't you, my Ownest Own?"

"Yes, dear."

"You like him lots, an' lots,—don't you?"

"Yes, dear."

"An' you thank me for him very much,—don't you?"

"And I thank you very much."

"Very well!" sighed the small autocrat, "now we 're all happy again, an' please take me in to tea, 'cause I 'm dre'fful hungry, my Ownest Own."

III

RICHARD CARMICHAEL, in his wanderings to and fro in the waste places of the world, had fronted death many times in one shape or another, he had met disaster calm-eyed, and trampled terror underfoot; yet never had he more need of his stern self-repression and iron will than now, as he sipped his tea in the pleasant shade of the fruit-trees, listening to the merry chatter of the child, and answering the many questions of the woman, glancing at her but seldom, yet aware of her every look and gesture, even while he turned to minister to the numerous wants of the child, or to kiss the pink-cheeked doll, at her imperious command.

"You are very quiet, Richard!"

"Why, I was never much of a talker—even in the old days, Marjorie," he answered, and there was a touch of bitterness in his tone because of the radiant light in her eyes, and the thrill of happiness in her voice. The hope that he had cherished in his heart all these years was dead; his dream was ended; he was awake at last, and the journey's end was not yet.

"Richard!" screamed the Marquis, "Richard! Richard!"

"Did you teach him to say that, Marjorie?"

"Yes,—the Marquis is quite an accomplished bird, you see. Let me fill up your cup, Richard."

"I 've tried to teach him to say my father's name too, but he won't, you know," said the child.

"Talk, Richard,—tell your adventures,—what you have done, and where you have been all these years," said Marjorie, rather hastily.

So, perforce, he began to describe the wonders he had seen, the terrors of the wilderness, the solemn grandeur of mighty mountains and rushing rivers, of storm and tempest; he told of strange peoples, and wondrous cities, while she listened wide-eyed and silent.

"And how did you get that scar upon your cheek?" she asked when he paused.

"Trying to arrest a murderer."

"And did you arrest him?"

"Yes."

"Was he hanged?"

"No,—it was n't necessary."

"Do you mean—?"

"Yes."

"Oh, Richard!"

" 'Fraid my Norah 's getting awful sleepy!" interjected the child at this juncture.

"You are greatly altered, Richard."

"And yet you knew me on the instant."

"You seem—so much colder and—harder."

"I have lived among hard people."

"And so much bigger and stronger."

"That is because I have labored."

"And—much quieter."

"That is because I am, perhaps, a little wiser."

"Do you think—I am altered, Richard?"

"Yes,—you are more beautiful, I think."

"But you don't look at me, Richard."

" 'Fraid my Norah 's nearly asleep now!" sighed the child again, stifling a yawn very politely, "an' 'fraid I am too."

"So you are, sweetheart," said Marjorie; "say 'Good-night,' and your Ownest Own will take you up to bed."

"Good-night—Richard!" said the small person demurely, and held up her mouth to be kissed.

"Good-by!" returned the traveler, bending his dark head down to hers, "Good-by, little Marjorie!" And, when he had kissed her, he rose and stretched out his hand toward his hat and stick.

"But—you 're not going to go, Richard?" said the child, planting herself before him.

"Yes."

"Do you mean—in a train, an'—a ship?"

"Yes, Marjorie."

"Oh! but you must n't, you know," she

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said, shaking her curls at him, "you must make him stay, my Ownest Own, 'cause I shall be sure to want him—to-morrow."

"Do you mean that you are really—going—back, Richard?" asked Marjorie.

"Yes,—to the wilderness,—it 's the only place for me, Marjorie."

"Then Richard—at least—wait—a little while."

"Wait?"

"Until I have tucked little Sleepy-head up in bed," she answered, rising. "I sha'n't be long; stay where you are, and—wait."

"Wait?" said he again.

"I have—something I want to tell you," she said, not looking at him now, and, as she turned away, he noticed, for the first time, that she still wore her gardening gloves. So he sat down again, and watched the two Marjories go up the long, flower-bordered walk together until they entered the cottage.

To wait? To look into her eyes again? To have her once more within reach of his arms? To listen a few moments longer to the sweet, low tones of her voice, and then—to go? No—a thousand times! Better to slip away, now, in the silence, unseen; yes, better so—much better than the cold, dead memory of a formal leave-taking.

Wherefore, upon the instant, up sprang the blundering traveler, and snatching hat and stick, hurried down the path and through the gate. But once in the lane and out of sight of the cottage, his stride slackened and his feet dragged wearily, and as he came to a small coppice he turned in among the trees and threw himself face downward in the grass.

But in a few minutes he was startled by a woman's voice, calling his name.

He started to his feet to find her standing there amid the green, flushed of cheek and panting with her haste.

"Why did you go away, Richard?"

"Because I was—afraid."

"Afraid?"

"Of myself! Oh, why have you followed me?" he cried passionately, "don't you understand yet,—can't you see? I love you, Marjorie, I loved you as a boy,—to-day I am a man, and, with the years, with all I have endured, my love has grown until it fills the world. Go back!—you must go back—to your child—and his, and leave me to go on—to the journey's end."

"Richard!" she said gently, "if you have been faithful all these years don't you think—I have?"

"What do you mean?" he demanded, huskily. For answer she reached out her hands to him, and then he saw that she no longer wore her gloves,—he saw also that her white fingers were without a ring.

"Marjorie! What do you mean?" he repeated.

"I mean that I am even as you left me; I mean that no man's lips have ever pressed mine; I mean that I am as much yours to-day as ever I was."

"But—the child?"

"The child!" she laughed, brokenly, "she was my sister Annabel's, who died at her birth, and I have tried to take her place. Yes, I know, I let you think otherwise—because I—I wanted to be sure you—cared, Richard; I wanted to see you—suffer—just a little, Richard, because I have suffered so very long. And then, when I came back to tell you—you had gone. And then a great fear came to me, and I followed you—I ran all the way, Richard, and—and—that 's all; only you will forgive me for wanting to see you suffer—just a little?"

"Forgive you,—oh my Marjorie!" and he caught her hands, and bent his head above them.

"Dick!" she whispered, stooping above him, all warmth and tenderness, "you great, strong, foolish Dick, to think that I could ever have forgotten you,—you will never leave me again?"

"No," he answered, clasping her to him, "I have reached my journey's end."

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STRAIGHT GOLF

BY ANNA ALICE CHAPIN

"BEASTLY of you, Pritchard, to keep us in town a day like this!" puffed Darragh, the fattest and fussiest of the directors, as he plumped into a chair near the window, and mopped his face on one of the three clean handkerchiefs with which he provided himself in sultry weather.

"Too bad, Darragh!—How are you, Kent?—I fancy we are all in the same boat, as to not liking the city to-day."

"I wish I *were* in a boat!" said McGlade, mournfully. He was a brown, quiet man, thin but muscular, with a veiled sparkle in his eye. Kent was obviously in a bad humor, and responded curtly to the greetings of his fellow-directors.

The president's room, at the back of the Cosmopolitan Bank, was cool by comparison with the baking streets outside; but all the men, including Pritchard, the bank president, himself, were chafing to be out of town. It was far from being a full meeting, as most of the bank's officers were off investing great fortunes in summer rest and coolness. But half a dozen were still in town, and Kent had motored down from Ardsley in response to a telephone message from the president. Pritchard had simply explained that he was obliged to call a directors' meeting on short notice, because of an unexpected and, he thought, important situation in the bank.

"Well, what is wrong?" demanded stout Darragh. "Somebody embezzled a million? I don't believe you would have been heathenish enough to call us together for less."

"No," said Pritchard, smiling, but with a certain gravity, "it 's quite a small matter so far as money goes. There is only a thousand involved."

"A thousand!" growled Kent. "You did this for the sake of a thousand? Pritchard, you 're in your dotage! I 'd pay a thousand gladly to be on my way to St. Andrews this minute."

"I could have done thirty-six holes before dinner," lamented the gloomy McGlade. "Did you have your pocket picked, Pritchard?"

"Why," asked Darragh, bitterly, "did n't you call the cop on the corner?"

"He wants to take up a subscription," suggested Atkinson, who had just come in.

"Well," said Pritchard, quietly, "it does n't happen to be the quantity of the money that is important; it 's one small point about it, which I thought was worth our while taking up. The money has been stolen."

"Stolen!" the men repeated, in varying keys of surprise, incredulity, and increasing seriousness. "Stolen, Pritchard—from *this* bank?"

"Yes, gentlemen." Pritchard had in some subtle way become official as he addressed them. "There is a leakage in our bank. Small or large, it is all the same. A crack big enough to let out a little water will, in time, let out a great deal. And it is a menace. Gentlemen, the Cosmopolitan is so big a bank that it cannot afford to lose a thousand dollars by leakage."

Darragh volunteered rather ineptly that "a chain is no stronger than its weakest link," and the president sighed a shade impatiently. Darragh, fat and platitudinous, tried his patience.

"There 's no question about it," said Kent, who was dry and businesslike. "You 've done the right thing in bringing us here, Pritchard. If we have a hole being drilled in our vaults, it 's time we knew it."

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"I wish I had had my game first," murmured McGlade, regretfully, "but"—

"Oh, confound your game, McGlade!" put in Atkinson, crisply. "This is business."

"*But,*" proceeded McGlade, "I can see an excuse,—some very faint, small, trifling excuse,—for poor Pritchard: naturally he could n't handle this thing alone." He grinned maliciously.

Atkinson went on: "Now, Pritchard, what are the facts?"

"The facts are so simple that, for me at least, they complicate the situation. Our first paying teller is one thousand short on his cash for yesterday."

"First paying teller. Is n't that Teddy Thornton?" said McGlade.

"Yes. A good boy, I 've always thought."

"Who O.K.'d his cash for the day?" said Atkinson.

"Green, the cashier. No question about old Green!"

"No shortage *then?*"

"No."

"Did the paying teller put them into the safe himself?" asked Kent.

"Yes. Murdock, the man on the second desk, was with him. The notes were tied up and docketed in the usual way. Thornton closed the safe, set the combination, and said good night to Green. This morning one bundle of notes, just one thousand dollars, was missing."

"It lies then," said Atkinson, "between Thornton and Murdock?"

"Unless some one robbed the safe in the night, in which case they would hardly let it go at a thousand. No, I am not quite fair in that. Strictly speaking, it hardly does lie between them. Thornton is responsible for the money that goes into that safe, and both he and Murdock declare that the latter never touched any of the notes."

"So the proposition," said Kent, "is that Thornton had his notes O.K.'d by Green, and then held out on one package while he deposited the others, trusting to the small sum being overlooked."

The bank president shrugged his shoulders.

"One does not care for the assumption," he said. "Thornton is a simple, pleasant lad enough; it seems too bad. But there it is. Who else could it be? I understand the boy has been hard up lately. And no one else touched the money after it left Green's hands."

"Did Murdock stay after Thornton?"

"No; it is absolutely certain that Murdock left first. Green saw Thornton go, some minutes after Murdock had gotten his hat and said good night."

There was a brief pause.

"Want to question any one?" asked Pritchard.

"Yes," said McGlade, who had made no comment. "I want a look at Murdock."

"Why, certainly," said the president, clearly surprised. He rang a bell, and it was Murdock himself who came to the door,—a slender young man, with a narrow chest, and hollows in his temples. He wore a look of anxiety and concern. So, for that matter, did every one about the branch office that day. "What!" each man seemed secretly and stealthily asking himself, "an untrustworthy among these trusted employees of finance?" Each man looked askance at his fellows.

The impression made by Murdock was wholly creditable. To the few inquiries put to him by the directors he responded frankly and respectfully. There was of course no implied reflection upon Mr. Thornton, the first paying teller, either in questions or in answers, but the result of the interview was merely an accentuation and crystallization of the first general impression: Thornton was the only conceivable suspect.

"Do you know the combination of the safe, Mr. Murdock?" Kent asked in his clipping way.

"No, sir,—not the present one," the young man answered civilly. "Mr. Thornton changes the combination from time to time."

"And was he the only person who knew it?" said Atkinson.

"Why, sir," Murdock returned, "I presume Mr. Green knew it. I suppose Mr. Thornton would hardly have been given so much responsibility as *that.*"

It was said so simply that there was no suggestion of a sneer.

Murdock was just leaving the room when McGlade, who had asked to see him, but who as yet had not addressed him, said kindly, "You look pulled down, Mr. Murdock."

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The clerk gave him a puzzled glance. "I imagine it 's the heat, sir," he said. "It has been very trying."

"You should get out into the fresh air and play some good healthy game, golf or tennis," pursued McGlade, to the astonishment of his fellow-directors. "Do you ever play golf, Mr. Murdock?"

"Never, sir," returned young Murdock, quietly. "I do not care for sports."

He waited a moment at the door, and then, seeing that they were through with him, bowed just a fraction too humbly, and withdrew.

"Nice, civil young fellow," said Darragh, approvingly. "Pritchard, I wish this highly esthetic private room of yours had a few five-cent palm-leaf fans."

"I 'll send out and buy you some in a minute," said Pritchard, disgustedly. "Are you sure you don't want a soda lemonade, too? Well, gentlemen?"

"He 's a good man, is n't he?" said Kent, seriously.

"Murdock? Excellent. A deserving case, too. Worked his way up from nothing in particular."

"Was n't Teddy Thornton promoted in his stead?" said McGlade.

"Yes, over his head, as it were. But they have always seemed friendly, in spite of it, and—well, it 's rather a pity now."

"I wonder!" remarked McGlade, and lapsed into silence.

"Just as a matter of form, I think we should speak to Thornton himself," said Atkinson. "Will you have him in, Pritchard?"

The president sighed as he touched the bell a second time. "I hate facing the lad," he said frankly. "I 've known him since he was a child."

"So have I," said McGlade.

"His father and I were friends at Harvard," said Pritchard. "And Teddy—oh, ask Mr. Thornton to come here a moment, please. You know, gentlemen, one must not let the past influence one's judgment of the present."

"And I 'm not so sure of *that*, either," muttered McGlade, half to himself.

And just then Teddy Thornton came in.

He was, to look at, quite a commonplace type, just the usual clean, well-set-up young American turned out by our big universities in increasing thousands every year. He was sandy-haired and fair-skinned, wide of shoulder and narrow of hip and thigh, and he had a pair of clear, green-gray eyes with a twinkle in them. There was nothing else about him that would lend itself to description. Teddy Thornton was a hopelessly every-day sort of person. The older men looked at him with mixed feelings, chiefly those of regret. Most of them had known his father.

"How do you do, Thornton?" said Kent, gruffly.

"Oh, how are you, Mr. Kent?" said the boy, eagerly.

"Hello, Teddy!" remarked McGlade, unofficially.

"How are you, sir?" said the first paying teller, with a faint, boyish grin. Then his face fell once more into the worried mold which was the order of the day. He turned toward the president with a squaring of his shoulders.

"You wanted me, sir?"

"See here, Thornton," said Pritchard, "there 's no use beating about the bush. We 've always liked you, and we want you to have a decent deal. We—" He paused.

"Yes, sir," said Teddy Thornton. He was a little pale, and the twinkle had gone out of the green-gray eyes, but they looked clearer than ever.

"You know,—well," said the president, desperately, "you know it looks queer about that thousand."

"Yes, sir." The answer came prompt and steady.

"We thought you might care to tell us how it happened."

Teddy shook his head, but he looked straight at the president. "Nothing to tell, sir. I took the money from Mr. Green, and counted it again myself, just for luck, before I put it in the safe. Then I set the combination, and followed Murdock out. I meant to catch up with him, and walk up-town with him, but I think he must have caught the car ahead of me. This morning the money was n't there. That 's all."

"What was your combination?" asked McGlade.

"The same as for the past week, sir." Teddy gave the numbers.

"No one knew it?"

"Just the office, sir."

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"We understood from Mr. Murdock that he did not know it."

"That 's funny! Probably Murdock thought it had been changed again."

"Mr. Thornton," said Pritchard, "are you prepared to swear that yours were the last hands, to your knowledge, that touched those notes last night?"

"Yes, sir, absolutely."

"And that you yourself put them into the safe, shut and locked it personally, and left the bank after Mr. Murdock?"

"Yes, sir."

"You must realize that this is rather a serious admission, and makes the entire responsibility rest with you?"

"I suppose so, sir."

A pause. "That 's all, Mr. Thornton."

"Very well, sir."

"Teddy!" said McGlade.

The boy turned and looked at him. Then a faint smile showed on his white face.

"I did n't take it, Mr. McGlade," he said, and left the room with his head up.

McGlade leaned slowly back in his chair, and breathed a long, inaudible sigh that might have been relief.

"Well—and now?" said the president.

"Well," said Kent, curtly, "it looks as though we had to fix it on some one, and"—

"Maybe," suggested Atkinson, humanely, "we could just let the young man resign, without pressing any charge?"

"It will mean the end of his career anyway," said McGlade.

The president turned upon him. "Hang it, man, I know it will!" he exclaimed testily. "But we can't consider his career. We 're here to take care of our bank."

"But suppose he did n't do it, after all?" said Darragh.

"Can't help it; not our concern," said Pritchard. "We can't keep any one we 're doubtful about, whether he 's guilty or not. This is n't brutality, you know, it 's just business."

"Sane and safe, like the New Fourth," murmured McGlade. "You 're right, Pritchard, of course. Business is business. Only—sometimes a very unbusinesslike little thing will throw a light on a business proposition. Now, for instance"—he hesitated.

"Go ahead, McGlade," said Pritchard, resignedly. "You 've something on your mind; get rid of it!"

"It 's just a story," said McGlade, lighting a cigar. "Not much of a story in itself, but it shows,—well, let us say that I think it will serve to illustrate my point, and we 'll let it go at that. It 's"—he puffed a second to establish his light—"it 's a golf-story. We are all golfers here, I know,—except that poor benighted idiot of an Atkinson, who is a lazy brute, and prefers yachting. You others all play golf"—

"When we can," put in Darragh, blinking reproachfully.

"And you 'll appreciate my little anecdote. If necessary," added McGlade, "we 'll fix up a chart for Atkinson.

"You know the little coast town in New Jersey where I go in the summer? Jolly little place; quiet and informal, but lots of nice people, and a fine feeling of comradeship. And first-class golf. Best little links for its size that I know and a bully crowd in the club, men who are clean-bred sportsmen from their cradles, and that it 's a privilege to play with. You know just what all that sort of thing means in a place.

"Well, we 've always been keen about the game, and have got up cups and medals out of all proportion to the size and importance of our golf club. We 've held some cracking good tournaments, too, and had some of the lowest-handicapped men in our parts down to compete. The time I want to tell you about was a cup day, some few years back, when there were all sorts of entries and all sorts of handicaps. I was one of the greens committee, and there was a lot of interest taken all around.

"The finals came on a fine, open day, and there were a raft of pretty girls at the club-house, and tea, and pleasant fool things of that sort. Green turf, blue sky, motors at the portico within view of the first tee,—you know, the approved setting. There were a lot of young chaps down from college,—it was in June, just after Class Day. A few of them played corking good games,—especially one freckle-faced boy of nineteen, a freshman at Harvard. I knew his people, and he was a thoroughbred little chap, who played all his games very hard.

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"He came through his half of the tournament splendidly, and met Crane in the finals for the cup,—Frank Crane of Garden City. You know Crane, a six man in the Metropolitan, and a cracka-jack good golfer. We were all there to see them play off, and a corking good match it was. Crane was giving him five strokes, and it was nip and tuck between them. The freckle-faced boy played a splendid game, and it was anybody's match right up to the end. At the sixteenth, the lad ran down a long put, and a half at the seventeenth put him one up, playing the home hole. I want you to fully appreciate this situation, I mean as it affects the boy. It was a great day for him, with his father looking on, and, for all I know, a girl in the background somewhere. It seemed as if he simply *had* to win that cup! And I must say he played like one possessed.

"Now the eighteenth, at Wampsted, is an easy hole. It 's a drive and a pitch for anybody,—about two hundred and fifty yards, with a big rolling green and nothing in the way. The lie of the ground is a sort of punch-bowl effect, so that every one around the club-house had a clear view of the putting-green.

"The boy had the honor,—Atkinson, that means that he drove off first. He got a good long ball, with a little slice; it fell into the long grass on the right of the course. Crane drove a beauty straight down the center and a good distance. The boy was away,—that means he was farther from the hole than the other fellow, Atkinson,—so he played first. He made a clean approach, and Crane, too, played on to the green.

"Every one watched the putting breathlessly, for if they took the same number of puts it would mean a victory for the boy, as he was already one ahead. And he was popular with every one,—being the best possible sort, who could 'play the game.' So, when each of them holed out in two more, there was a sort of general deep breath from all the lookers-on; for it looked as if the boy had won.

"Crane stretched out his hand to him across the hole.

" 'Congratulations!' he said. 'You played a splendid game!'

"The boy shook hands heartily enough, but he said right away: 'Why, that was n't a half, Mr. Crane. You won that hole.'

" 'How do you make that out?' said Crane.

" 'Why,' said the boy, 'while I was addressing my ball down there in the grass, I moved it. That counts one, you know.'

"The man looked at him. 'I did n't see it,' he said a little oddly.

" 'I know you did n't,' said the freckle-faced boy, rather impatiently; 'that 's why I 'm telling you.'

"It happened that Crane won the extra hole when they played it off later. So, you see, because the boy would n't keep his mouth shut about something which no one could have seen but himself, and because not even the thought of his people looking on could *make* him keep it shut, he—he did n't win the cup," ended McGlade.

There was a short silence. Then President Pritchard brought his hand down upon the table so that the wood echoed.

"I 'd rather have had such a lad for my son," he said, "than the winner of forty cups!"

"That 's what I thought," said McGlade, quietly, as he threw away his dead cigar and lighted a fresh one. "He 's out there waiting to be fired for dishonesty."

There was a quick ripple of exclamations. "Teddy Thornton?"

McGlade nodded.

Then came a sort of explosion. They were all golfers, and they loved a good sportsman.

"By the Lord Harry," cried fat Darragh, who was a golf enthusiast despite his flesh, "a boy that 's good enough to do that is good enough for the Cosmopolitan Bank!"

Pritchard, his face working a little, turned to Kent: "You, too?"

"I guess his word will stand," said the business man, shortly. He, too, was a devotee.

"Atkinson, you 're not a golfer, but"—

"Sounds all right to me," said the renegade. "It is n't in that chap to lie."

Pritchard rang the bell.

There was complete silence in the room until Teddy Thornton once more stood before them.

The president cleared his throat and became unwontedly formal: "Mr. Thorn-

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ton, the directors are satisfied that—that no blame attaches to you in the matter of —in the recent matter." He cleared his throat again.

"I—I am very glad, Mr. Pritchard." The fair, slightly freckled face glowed. "Would you tell me—what—"

"We have obtained"—the president coughed — "information — which makes your word entirely satisfactory."

"Thank you!"

Just as he was turning to go, Teddy once more wheeled, frowning a little with a lingering anxiety. "Mr. Green asked me to tell you, sir, that Mur—that Mr. Murdock has gone."

"Gone!"

"Yes, disappeared, just now."

They looked at one another. Teddy proceeded:

"He just cleared out ten minutes ago without a word to any one. Mr. Green thought you ought to know."

After a short pause, the president remarked dryly, "Yes, we ought to know."

"Sure!" said McGlade, smoking with calm joy.

Teddy Thornton departed.

The president regarded his colleagues with a lurking smile. "How about it, gentlemen?" he said.

They chuckled gladly.

"No man can play straight golf and live crooked," declared McGlade, wisely. "Atkinson, you don't play; what do you think of it?"

"I never thought much of the fool game," said Atkinson, solemnly; "but I 'm going to a professional next week to learn it."

BOB WHITE

BY LEROY TITUS WEEKS

OH, sweet to the ear in the early morn
Is the whistle clear, over rustling corn,
Of the brown little bird whose rich content
Is a breath of life by summer sent!
His gladness thrills the heart, and spills
The laughter of nature over the hills.
"Bob White!" "All right!"
"O Bob White!"

He pipes of dells with rippling rain,
Of tinkling bells in shady lane,
Of sunburned cheek and sun-filled heart,
Of joyous life in the fields apart.
A true chevalier, he spreads good cheer
And the haunting dream of the golden year.
"Bob White!" "True knight!"
"O Bob White!"

Where leaves are aflame in the autumn air,
His shy little dame, with wifely care,
Will gather her brood about her breast
As the sun dips low in the purple west,
And lilt love's glee across the lea—
The deep, undying mystery:
"Loyalty!" "Loyalty!" "Loyalty!"

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UNGASTRONOMIC AMERICA

With a Theory of Wholesome Eating

By Henry T. Finck

WITH DECORATIVE PICTURES BY E. WALLCOUSINS

MARK TWAIN swore by American food as he did by the American flag. When he got as far as Italy, on the trip which resulted in "A Tramp Abroad," he became discouraged, wrote a homesick panegyric on the good things he could not get in Europe, and made a list of viands to be ordered by the steamer preceding his, to await him on his return. Among these dishes were fried chicken Southern style, Saratoga potatoes, baked apples and cream, hot biscuits, buckwheat cakes with maple syrup, toast, oysters in various styles, softshell crabs, terrapin soup, wild turkey, cranberry sauce, canvasback duck, prairie hens, bacon and greens, catsup, green corn, hot corn-pone, and pies. As he lived for years thereafter, it is not likely that he carried out his program.

These gastronomic specialties certainly are not to be sneered at; European epicures envy us most of them. It must be admitted, also, that American cookery has made considerable progress in the last decades, and that there has been an improvement in eating habits since Dickens, in "Martin Chuzzlewit" (1843), described the "violent bell ringing," the "mad rush for the dining-room"; the "great heaps of indigestible matter" which "melted away as ice before the sun"; the "dyspeptic individuals" who "bolted their food in wedges, feeding not themselves, but broods of nightmares."

Such scenes still occur, but they are no longer typical. Nor, perhaps, would Emily Faithful have occasion to-day, as she had in 1884, to comment on the "joyless American face," due to chronic dyspepsia. We are still made unhappy, however, by the "indigestible hot bread" and "tough beefsteaks hardly warmed through" to which she referred, and by other gastronomic atrocities. We must not overlook the fine cooking done in many American private families, hotels, clubs, and restaurants, and we have some good old Maryland, Virginia, New England, and San Franciscan traditions to boast of. Moreover, there are not a few who have reason to think that the culinary low-water mark is to be found on English steamships and in English inns. On the whole, however, what Pierre Blot wrote forty years ago is still true: "American cookery is worse than that of any other civilized nation." Our great national food expert and reformer, Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, put the matter in a nutshell when he said in a lecture before the General Federation of Women's Clubs, that "there is no country in the world where food is so plentiful, and no country in the world where it is so badly cooked, as right here in the United States."

One need not go to France or Austria for a humiliating contrast. In one of his books of travel Charles Dudley Warner declared that after leaving Philadelphia the tourist "will not find one good meal decently served" until he reaches Mexico. In a southwestern railway restaurant a miner once said to me he had not eaten such an abominable meal in all the years he had spent in the wilderness. In the same region a great change has been

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brought about by the culinary and executive genius of one man, Fred Harvey, a gastronomic missionary whose influence has extended beyond the railway line which had engaged him to its competitors. He did such unheard-of things as make tea fresh for each person and serve a variety of vegetable and meat salads in the sizzling desert, where one craves sour things chiefly. But taken the country through, railway restaurants are even worse than the hotels and boarding-houses; unappetizing meats, insipid vegetables, and doughy pies are the rule at our eating-places everywhere.

Drawn by Norman Price

THE GROCER'S BOY

SPOILING THE AMERICAN OYSTER

THAT we perpetrate and tolerate so much bad cooking is not the only indictment against us. Most of us are amazingly indifferent to other ways in which we allow our food to be spoiled, as we would not be were we a gastronomic nation. Take the American oyster for instance. A better oyster cannot be bought, and nowhere else is this delicacy so abundant and cheap. As a rule, too, we cook it well, in various styles; but in the opinion of most epicures a cooked oyster is an oyster spoiled. Its food value, in any case, raw or cooked, is small, and it is chiefly as a relish that gourmets value it. But for years we have been allowing dealers to eliminate the very elements which give relish to oysters by soaking them in fresh water, which makes them bloated, blonde, and tasteless. The dealers declare that many consumers demand them that way, which is unfortunately true; floating makes them bigger. Such consumers sacrifice quality to quantity; they know not that the best oysters by far are the small, dark ones straight from the deep sea; and they further demonstrate their gastronomic obtuseness by smothering their oysters under several strong condiments, which would in themselves destroy their delicate natural flavor. Recently the Government has come to the aid of the epicure by enacting laws against the soaking of oysters in fresh water because few streams are free from typhoid and other deadly germs; but many thousands do not feel sure that the health boards exercise the necessary supervision and therefore they deprive themselves of the cheap delicacy which all Europeans most envy us. At banquets, where everybody used to eat oysters on the half-shell, it is noticeable how many plates the waiters remove that have not been touched.

SWEET BUTTER VERSUS SALT

AT every banquet, and on every table in the land except that of the very poor, there is one article which appears two or three times a day, all the year round, and that article is butter. One would therefore suppose that the public would insist with all its might and main on having its butter good. It does no such thing, but meekly accepts the indifferent and often vile stuff offered by the dealers. Not only is much of our butter spoiled by careless and uncleanly making, and by mixing the old with the new and in other ways "renovating" it; but we permit its most delicate flavor to be spoiled by preparing it with sour cream and adding salt.

"Practically speaking, all butter used in this country is churned from sour cream. Sweet-cream butter to most users tastes flat and insipid," says Edwin H. Webster, Chief of the Dairy Division, in No. 241 of the Farmers' Bulletins issued by the U. S. Department of Agriculture. Were this not, unfortunately, true, a jury of epicures would surely indict Mr. Webster for libel. He proceeds calmly to explain how

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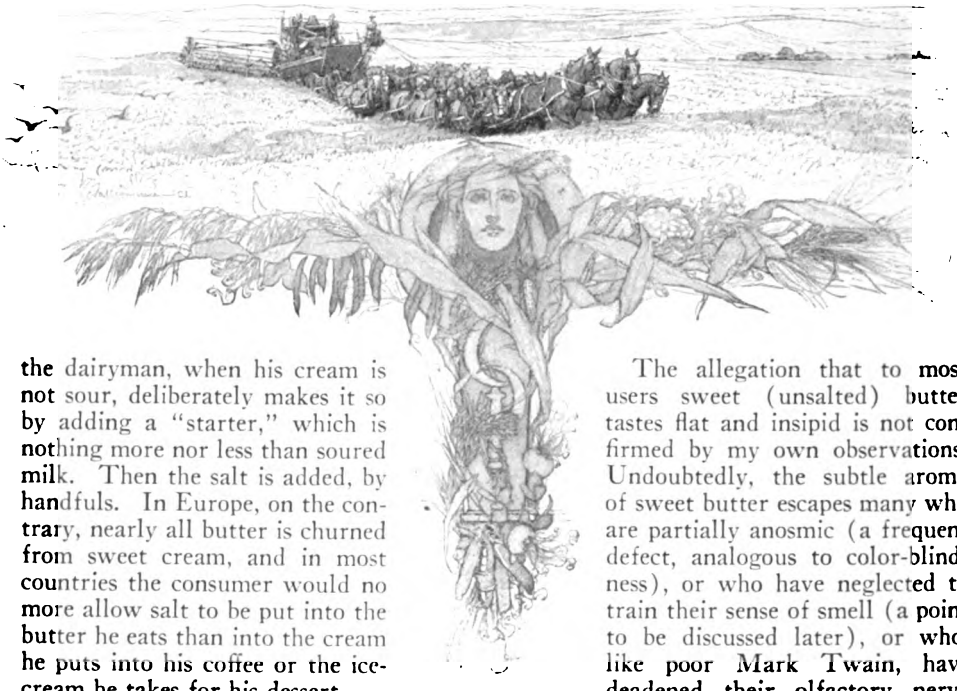

the dairyman, when his cream is not sour, deliberately makes it so by adding a "starter," which is nothing more nor less than soured milk. Then the salt is added, by handfuls. In Europe, on the contrary, nearly all butter is churned from sweet cream, and in most countries the consumer would no more allow salt to be put into the butter he eats than into the cream he puts into his coffee or the ice-cream he takes for his dessert.

Until a few years ago it was almost impossible, even in New York, to get sweet (unsalted) butter. To-day it is served in the most expensive hotels and restaurants, some of the wealthy folk use it at home, and the general consumer has a chance to buy it in a few places, at fancy prices. It is seldom as good as the same product in the humblest French, German, Austrian, or Italian inn, or on the table of many peasants, yet it is a vast improvement on the unpalatable lubricator placed on most American tables, which I should no more think of eating than I should axle-grease. There are now a number of model dairies in this country turning out butter which would equal the best European were it only made of sweet cream and without salt. It is commonly supposed that salt in butter is a preservative, but this is true only when so much of it is used that it makes it unpalatable. "The very small quantity of salt used purely for condimental purposes cannot be regarded as aiding in any material way the preservation of the product," is the testimony of Dr. Wiley, who agrees that the "fresh, sweet product of an agreeable aroma, palatable, . . . is the best product of its kind for human consumption."

The allegation that to most users sweet (unsalted) butter tastes flat and insipid is not confirmed by my own observations. Undoubtedly, the subtle aroma of sweet butter escapes many who are partially anosmic (a frequent defect, analogous to color-blindness), or who have neglected to train their sense of smell (a point to be discussed later), or who, like poor Mark Twain, have deadened their olfactory nerve by excessive smoking, so that they cannot appreciate the delicate aroma of European butter. But I have come across many Americans abroad, as well as at home, who, given a fair chance, instantly and emphatically preferred the unsalted butter; which shows that in this respect the American public has remained ungastronomic largely because of the folly of the makers and dealers, who think they are smart in selling a pound of salt at the price of butter, whereas in truth they would sell twice as much butter if they left it sweet, because that kind is so much more palatable and tempting. Boarding-house-keepers will always order salt butter.

FOUL FOWL

AN American lady of wealth said to me a few years ago that one of the reasons why she went to Europe every summer was that she liked good things to eat and could get them so much more easily abroad —particularly butter, and her favorite dish, chicken. She knew of the poulet de Bresse—that explained it all. I shall never forget, though I live another half-century, my first taste of that particular brand of fowl. I had arrived at one of the leading Paris hotels too late for the table

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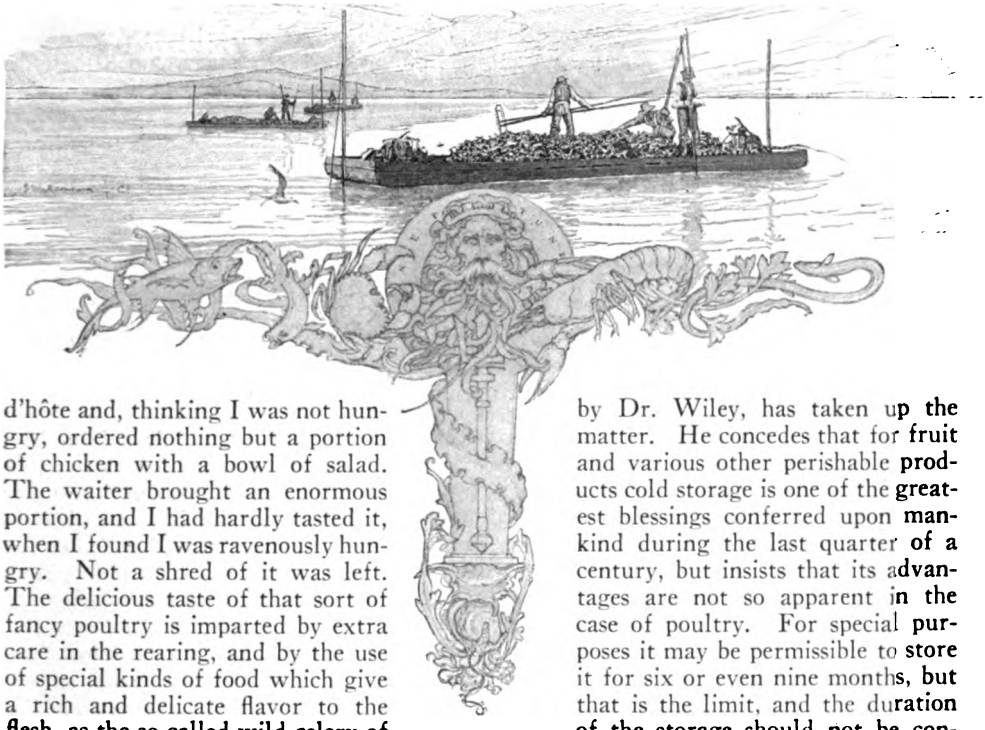

d'hôte and, thinking I was not hungry, ordered nothing but a portion of chicken with a bowl of salad. The waiter brought an enormous portion, and I had hardly tasted it, when I found I was ravenously hungry. Not a shred of it was left. The delicious taste of that sort of fancy poultry is imparted by extra care in the rearing, and by the use of special kinds of food which give a rich and delicate flavor to the flesh, as the so-called wild celery of Chesapeake Bay does in the case of our best ducks and turtles.

Nature provides our canvasback and redhead ducks and terrapin—not too bountifully, it is true—but when it comes to American man and his treatment of the poultry for the million what do we see? A state of affairs that would not be tolerated one moment on the European continent. It is officially estimated that from 75 to 90 per cent. of all the poultry produced in the United States is preserved in cold storage for months, often for years, and, what is worse still, "only a very small percentage of the fowls which are placed in cold storage are drawn," the result being that by a physiological process known as osmosis the meat becomes tainted in a most offensive manner. The warehousemen and dealers are fighting furiously for the privilege of perpetuating this state of affairs, which greatly simplifies their business and enables them to sell the entrails of a fowl at the same price per pound as the meat; but the long-suffering public is at last becoming aroused, convinced that many obscure disorders of the digestive tract are due to the consumption of undrawn and other cold-storage poultry.

Fortunately the Government, instigated by Dr. Wiley, has taken up the matter. He concedes that for fruit and various other perishable products cold storage is one of the greatest blessings conferred upon mankind during the last quarter of a century, but insists that its advantages are not so apparent in the case of poultry. For special purposes it may be permissible to store it for six or even nine months, but that is the limit, and the duration of the storage should not be concealed from the consumer. The great reformer places special emphasis on the fact that "palatability is one of the elements of wholesomeness, and we find in cold storage *a tremendous decrease in palatability.*" Perhaps it is this unpalatability of our poultry, more than anything else, that makes us stand before the world as a deplorably ungastronomic nation. From this kind of tainted chicken, to the poulet de Bresse, what a long road we have to travel! Under present conditions, as a matter of course, it makes no difference what we feed our fowls; all are foul alike, and will remain so until we organize a revolt against the packers and dealers. These men laugh at Dr. Wiley's statement that under the present scientific methods of production poultry can be furnished in a fresh state all the year round. They do not want it fresh; they want it in their refrigerators, so they can regulate and artificially raise prices.

The simplest way for the consumer to thwart them is either to buy of kosher butchers, who are not allowed by their racial tenets to handle cold-storage fowls; or direct of the farmer, with whom an arrangement can be made to send the freshly killed and promptly cleaned poul-

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try by express to one's home. In this way the total cost does not exceed regular city prices, and oh! the difference in flavor and in the effect on our well-being, not to speak of getting even with the unscrupulous "icemen."

There are reasons to fear that the present high prices of beef and mutton will never come down again, but will climb higher still because the former vast grazing-grounds of the West are being cut up into farms. But to the raising of chickens there is no limit. By adopting the methods of intensive farming the supply can be steadily increased and prices lowered. Chicken day is destined to become more and more frequent, and it is for the consumer to decide whether his chicken dinner shall be appetizing and enjoyable, or remain what it is now in most cases, a gastronomic calamity.

SMOKED HAM AND BACON

Our pork products fare as badly as our poultry. Some Americans have a prejudice against fresh pork and against sausages, but bacon and ham are relished universally, and it is therefore of national importance that they should be made appetizing. Time was when a crisp slice of bacon would give zest to a whole breakfast, but the bacon served now in nineteen cases out of twenty has no more flavor than sawdust and burdens the stomach for hours. Virginia ham has maintained its supremacy and there are a few packers who uphold their high standard, but most of them have succumbed to the temptation of curing their pork products with cheap preservatives, which make them as flavorless as cold storage makes the poultry.

Has the reader ever spent a summer in a farm-house and casually come into a corner of the woodshed where smoked hams were suspended from the rafters? If so, he will remember the appetizing fragrance which suddenly made his mouth water and made him long for breakfast. Some persons think they do not like smoked meats; but they do when they thus come across the real thing. Smoke is not only the best of all preservatives for meat, it is also the most valuable of condiments. A famous German physiologist pointed out many years ago that smoked meats are more digestible than fresh meats; but he did not give the reason, which is that the delicate yet penetrating flavor added by the smoke creates an appetite and thus causes a flow of digestive juices to the stomach. The American consumer is now deprived of this healthful condiment and wholesome pleasure because those who handle pork products have discovered that they can save much time, trouble, and money by soaking them, as just intimated, in cheap solutions of chemicals instead of smoking them in the old-fashioned way, carefully and *slowly*.

In a recent American book on pigs these directions are given: "If the hams are to be smoked they should be hung in the smoke stoves at least three days." Three days! Why, in Germany and Austria, where the

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world-famed Westphalian and Prager hams are cured, they hang them in the smoke house up to three months, six weeks being the minimum for a first-class article. If that makes them cost more, we might eat a slice less, abandoning the American gastronomic vice of sacrificing quality to quantity. The best foreign methods of smoking meat are described in No. 3655 of the Consular and Trade Reports. Fortunes are in store for American packers who will follow those methods and advertise *honestly:* "We give our pigs clean food, feeding a fine flavor into our hams and bacon; we do not destroy this flavor with chemical preservatives but intensify its appetizing quality by the use of beech-wood smoke." Where beech-wood or hickory is not obtainable, corn-cobs make a good and cheap substitute.

OUR DENATURED FOOD

DENATURED is the word used for alcohol that has been made unfit to drink by the addition of chemicals, and denatured is hardly too strong a word to apply to the spoiled food products described in the preceding paragraphs. The list might be extended indefinitely. Smoked fish has disappeared with smoked meat (because smoking makes it lose weight), and what is offered in its place is usually denatured—unappetizing and indigestible. Nor is our "fresh" fish much more palatable as a rule. New York, for instance, ought to be a paradise for eaters of fish, yet how seldom is it served in prime condition! In Germany they have various ways of bringing fish alive to market, even in interior towns; over here they are kept in cold storage for weeks, months—indeed years, although fish is much more rapidly injured by this process than even poultry; and everybody knows that the poorest kind of fish just out of the water is better than the best kind after it has been out a day or two.

Were we a gastronomic nation we should rise in revolt against this wholesale denaturing of our food. We should insist on having French or German bread, with crisp, tasty crust, refusing the soggy loaves made of bleached, bolted flour robbed of nutritious phosphates and sources of flavor; refusing also the machine-polished rice deprived of its nutritious outer parts, in which lies the delicate flavor of this cereal, leaving it pretty to look at, but, as one of the Government's agricultural experts, David Fairchild, has forcibly expressed it, "as tasteless as the paste that a paperhanger brushes on his rolls of wall-paper." We should exclude the chemically greened teas dumped into our groceries because not wanted in any other country. We should protest against the peaches and other fruits, formerly brought into our markets soft, sun-ripened, luscious, but now offered to us hard, unripe, flavorless. But why prolong this melancholy list of gastronomic misdeeds?

In all these cases, let me emphasize this fact once more, that what is eliminated from the food is its very soul, its precious flavor, that which makes it appetizing and enjoyable and therefore digestible. We allow

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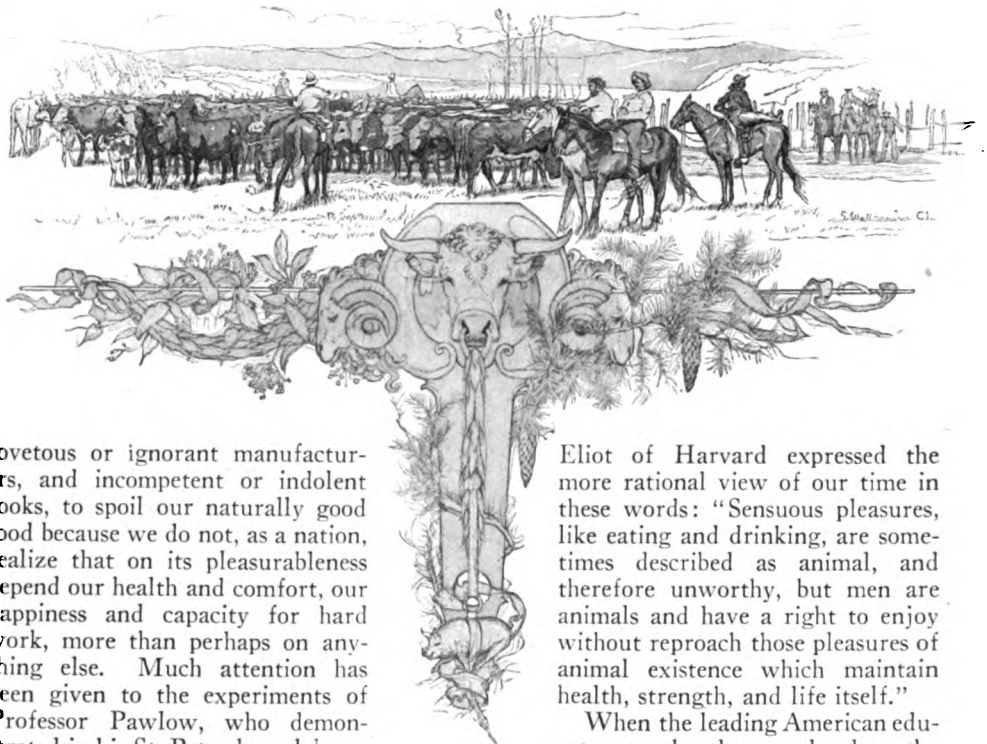

covetous or ignorant manufacturers, and incompetent or indolent cooks, to spoil our naturally good food because we do not, as a nation, realize that on its pleasurableness depend our health and comfort, our happiness and capacity for hard work, more than perhaps on anything else. Much attention has been given to the experiments of Professor Pawlow, who demonstrated in his St. Petersburg laboratory that the mere presence of food in a dog's stomach does not suffice to cause a flow of gastric juice, but that the psychic factor we call appetite—a keen desire for food—causes an abundant flow of that digestive fluid. It is well to know this as a scientifically demonstrated fact; but, really, there was no need of science to tell us that food eaten without enjoyment lies like lead in the stomach and does more harm than good.

SENSUAL INDULGENCE AS A DUTY

HAD I begun this article, as at first I intended to, by stating that the most important problem now before the American public is to learn to enjoy the pleasures of the table, many a reader doubtless would have stared at the assertion in amazement. With the foregoing facts in mind, it seems a self-evident truth, in view of the manifold miseries resulting from dyspepsia, the great American plague. Fortunately, in our effort to fight that plague, we are no longer seriously hampered by that Puritan spirit which caused the father of Walter Scott, when young Walter one day expressed his enjoyment of the soup, to promptly mix with it a pint of water to take the devil out of it. Ex-President Eliot of Harvard expressed the more rational view of our time in these words: "Sensuous pleasures, like eating and drinking, are sometimes described as animal, and therefore unworthy, but men are animals and have a right to enjoy without reproach those pleasures of animal existence which maintain health, strength, and life itself."

When the leading American educator speaks thus, and when the chief American food expert denounces cold storage and chemical preservation of foods because they make them unappetizing, we epicures may come out boldly and have our say.

What we say to the public is this: "It is not only your privilege but your duty to get as much pleasure out of your meals as possible." How is this to be done? First, by refusing to buy denatured, flavorless food. Secondly, by paying more attention to the preparation of viands, bearing in mind that the main object of cookery is to develop the countless delicious savors latent in good raw material, or to add others where the food is deficient in natural flavor. Thirdly, by learning how to eat. Epicures alone realize that eating is a fine art, and even they do not know just what it is that makes them enjoy a meal so much more than ordinary mortals do. Let me reveal the secret.

HOW TO ENJOY FOOD

THIRTY-THREE years ago Harvard University rewarded me for my hard work in the philosophical department by giving me the Harris Fellowship, which enabled me to continue my study of physiological psychology for three years at the universities

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of Germany. I was particularly interested in the senses of man and animals, and soon discovered that while much had been done for the "higher senses" (sight and hearing), concerning taste and smell the most absurdly incorrect notions were current even among leaders in science. Grant Allen, the "St. Paul of Darwinism," voiced the current biological opinion when he wrote that with man "smell survives with difficulty as an almost functionless relic," and Darwin himself wrote that this sense is "of extremely slight service" to man.

The king of German philosophers, Kant, who was an epicure, maintained that smell is the least important of our senses, and that it is not worth while to cultivate it. Nay, the king of epicures, Brillat-Savarin, wrote a famous book the very title of which, "Physiology of Taste," is a scientific blunder. Like everybody else, he believed in the existence of an infinite variety of tastes, and never suspected that, *with the exception of sweet, sour, and bitter, all our countless gastronomic delights come to us through the sense of smell.* The French physiologist Longet and the German anatomist Henle were, so far as I could find, the only experts who had an inkling of the gastronomic importance of the sense of smell; but they did not go so far as to formulate the theory I have just expressed in italics. My experiments showed me that not only is it impossible, with the nose clasped (or closed by a cold), to tell the difference between various kinds of meats, or cheeses, or cakes, or vegetables, but also—which no one had ever pointed out—that even in the case of sweet and sour substances which do gratify the taste, the sense of smell is much more important than the taste.

Vinegar, for example, is absolutely uninteresting unless it has a "bouquet"—the aroma of the cider, wine, or malt of which it is made. And why is it that we are willing to pay from five to fifteen times as much for candy as for plain sugar? Because the sugar appeals only to the taste, whereas the candy is usually perfumed with the aroma of sarsaparilla, wintergreen, vanilla, chocolate, and a hundred other flavoring ingredients the fragrance of which we enjoy by *exhaling through the nose while eating it.*

The emphasis lies on the word *exhaling*. It is considered a breach of etiquette to smell of things at the table in the ordinary way, because it implies a doubt as to the freshness of the food. But there is a second way of smelling of which most persons are unconscious, although they practise it daily. Anatomy shows that only a small portion of the mucous membrane which lines the nostrils is the seat of the endings of the nerves of smell. In ordinary expiration the air does not touch this olfactory region. But when we eat in the right way we unconsciously guide the air, impregnated with the flavors of the food we are munching, into that region, and that is the way we enjoy our food. We do this unconsciously, I say; but now try and do it consciously, guiding the expired air *very slowly* through the nose, and your enjoyment of a meal will be quintupled.

Obviously Kant made the mistake of his

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life when he said the sense of smell was not worth cultivating. It not only provides us with additional table pleasures, the hygienic and tonic value of which has been sufficiently dwelt upon, but it is a fact of unspeakable importance that the more we educate the nose, the more discriminating we make it, and the more stubbornly therefore we insist on having wholesome food only.

GLADSTONE AND FLETCHER

THIS new psychology of eating I set forth for the first time in the London "Contemporary Review" for November, 1888, under the title of "The Gastronomic Value of Odours." It was commented on as a psychologic curiosity, but otherwise attracted little attention. At that time there was not the same general interest there is now in the food question. Even Gladstone's directions that we should give to each mouthful of meat thirty-two bites were more frequently smiled at than followed. Among those who helped to awaken the public to a realizing sense of the importance of this subject, no one deserves more credit than Horace Fletcher. Everybody who ever "knows he has a stomach" should read one or both of the books he has written on this subject, "The A B–Z of Our Own Nutrition" and "The New Glutton or Epicure." Fletcher did not discover the fact that the mouth is not only an organ for the ingestion of food but also for its digestion, with the aid of saliva; but he emphasized this fact as no other writer had ever done, and therein lies the importance of his books. The gist of his doctrine may be given in a few words: keep all food (soft as well as hard, liquid as well as solid) in the mouth till it has become thoroughly mingled with saliva, has lost all its flavor, and is ready to disappear down the throat without an effort at swallowing. Gladstone's directions in regard to thirty-two masticatory movements are all right for some foods, but others require no more than twenty, while for some (onions) seven hundred hardly suffice. Unless the mouth thus does its work, the lower digestive tract has to do it at ten times the expenditure of vital force, and the result is dyspepsia.

Drawn by Norman Price

SWEET BUTTER OR SALT?

Mr. Fletcher first made public his views, in a crude form, eleven years after the appearance of my article on the gastronomic value of odors. That article anticipates some of the most important details of his doctrine, but he evidently never saw it because in his books he makes only one brief reference to the sense of smell and perpetuates all the old errors regarding that insolent pretender, the sense of taste. This is to be regretted, for it left his followers groping in the dark as to the best way of getting the most pleasure and benefit out of their food.

There is one detail of his system which every epicure will fight with his last drop of ink. If we all followed his example, living on griddle cakes, butter, and syrup (at a cost of eleven cents a day), or some other equally simple menu, as he advises, what would become of that delectable variety which is the spice of gastronomy, and what of the farmers and the hundreds of industries which supply that variety? True gastronomic progress, I maintain, lies in the direction of Multiplying the Pleasures of the Table—which is the subject of my next article.

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VOYAGING ON THE RIO PERENE

PICTURESQUE PERU

FOUR PHOTOGRAPHS MADE IN 1910

By C.L.CHESTER

I. Voyaging on the Rio Perene
II. Patio of the San Franciscan Convent, Lima
III. Vineyard of the San Franciscan Convent, Lima
IV. Waterfall near the Rio Perene

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IN THE PATIO OF THE SAN FRANCISCAN CONVENT AT LIMA

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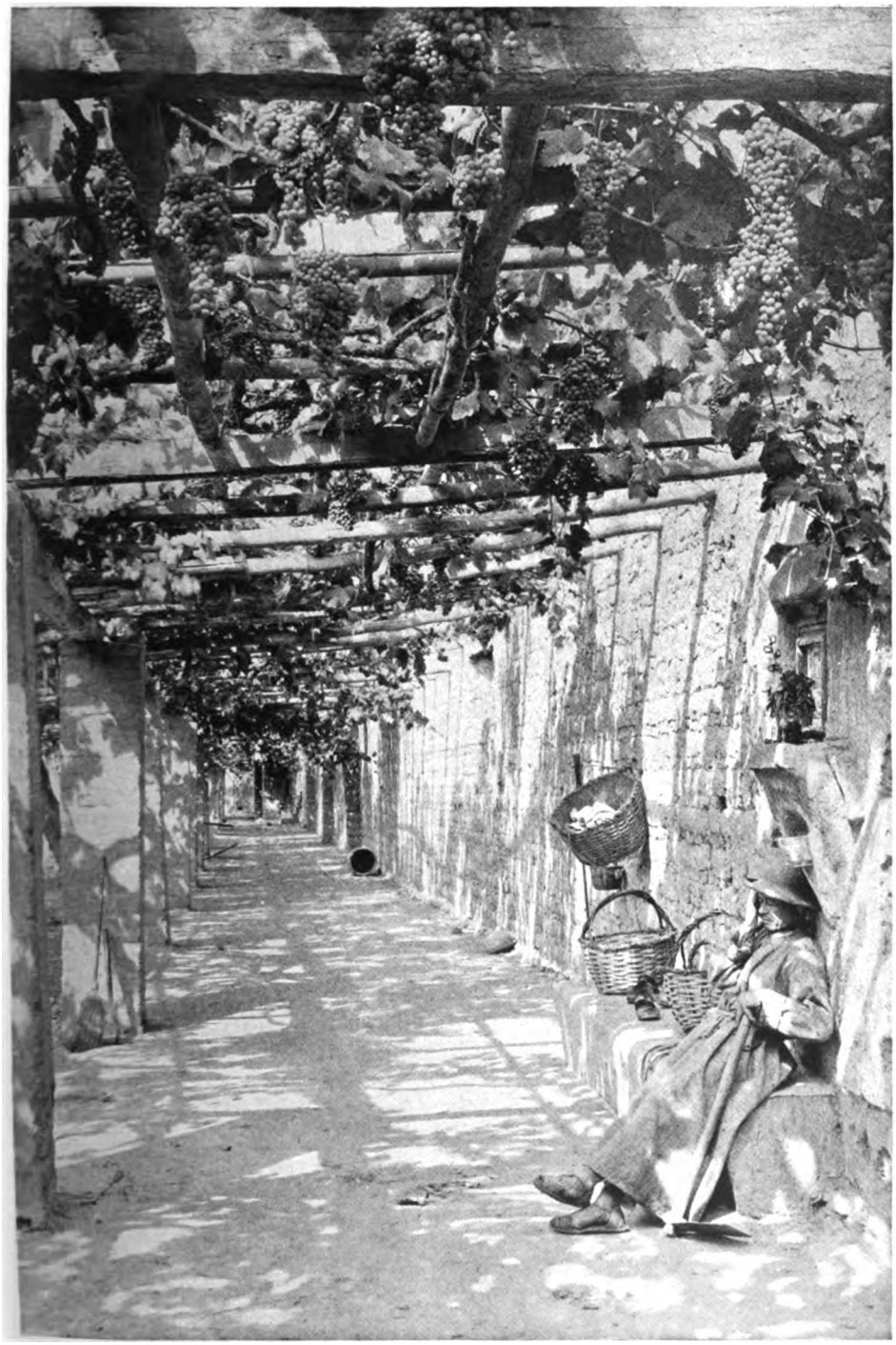

IN THE VINEYARD OF THE SAN FRANCISCAN CONVENT AT LIMA

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WATERFALL NEAR THE RIO PERENE

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ACROSS SOUTH AMERICA

A NARRATIVE OF PERSONAL EXPERIENCE IN THE ANDES AND ON THE AMAZON

FIRST PAPER: ACROSS THE ANDES

BY CHARLES JOHNSON POST

WITH PICTURES BY THE WRITER

AS the reader will see in the course of this narrative, my trip across South America was not, as the surgeons say, "by first intention." I have always found that the unexpected experiences are among the most agreeable and interesting. The spirit of adventure, of which I have always had a good deal in my composition, can be depended upon to supply a sufficient motive for going anywhere, and, when there is so much of untrodden ground, so far as white men are concerned, as one still finds in South America, it is to be expected that one's plans will change and develop from time to time.

My first objective was the capital of Bolivia, La Paz.

By reason of some bubonic or yellow-fever scare, I had been landed at the little port of Quilca on the desolate coast of Peru. The regular port of Mollendo had been closed by quarantine, and the railroad that tediously crawls for two days up to Lake Titicaca made its last stop by reason of the quarantine at San José, a scorched little oasis in the middle of the arid strip of the Atacama Desert. At Quilca the port-captain and the customs officer, marooned in its squalid monotony, welcomed the astounding fact of passengers, and routed out a desiccated, sand-blown *arriero,* who disappeared for a day back into the desert, from which he reappeared with a string of scraggly pack-animals.

The sole train of the week would leave San José the following day. If we missed it, we could broil to a crisp under the searing breath of the desert for seven impossible days, and the arriero promised to make the train. He did; but hour after hour passed in the saddle with never a halt. All day we plodded, and then into the night, where the line of pack-animals swayed and faded into the darkness ahead like a sluggish misshapen serpent. Then the animals began to drop with fatigue; the arriero rode into them with his long, whirring thong, keeping them on their feet and in the beaten trail, while those that dropped were unsaddled and repacked after they scrambled to their feet. Fresh from weeks on shipboard, and tender from that pleasant, idle life, the early hours in the saddle passed in a slow crescendo of racking aches that ultimately exhausted themselves and drifted into a grateful numbness. Reason told me that I still possessed legs, but only the sound of my boots knocking against the wooden stirrups guaranteed my faith in the existent homogeneity of my deadened extremities. After a two-hour camp until daybreak by the side of a shallow brook while the mules were freshened, the remaining distance was made in time to catch the train. It consisted of two freight-cars, and we climbed in sociably by the side of a dead pig that was on its way to the market in Arequipa.

From Arequipa, after another delay, a second train climbed through Andean cañons and gorges and over spidery bridges up to Lake Titicaca, every now and again frightening a herd of wild guanaco from

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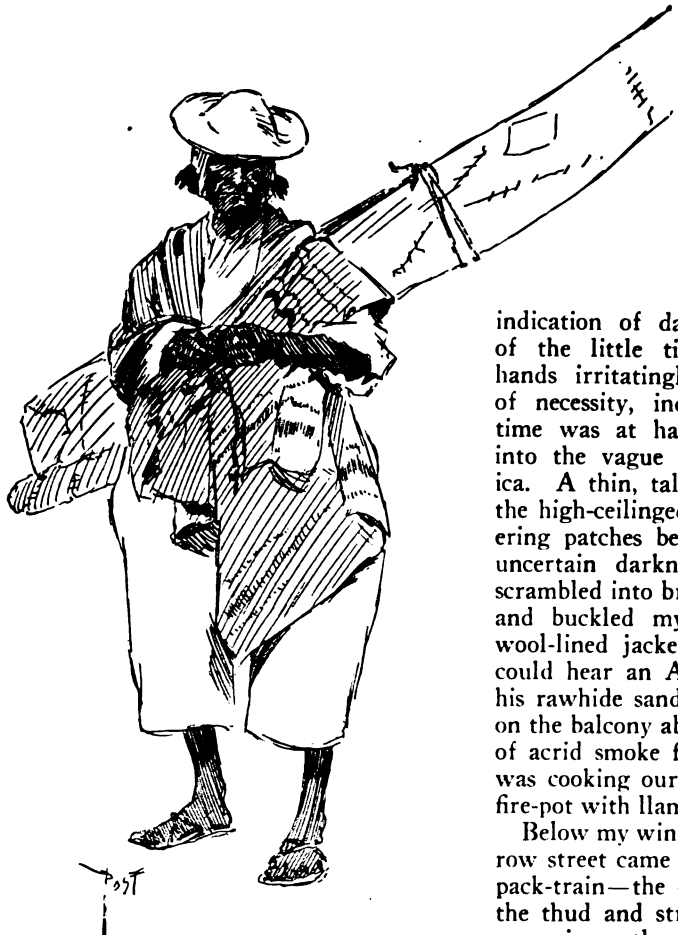

Drawn by Charles J. Post

AN AYMARÁ (ANDEAN MOUNTAINEER)

the right of way. A toy steamer no larger than a harbor tug, but boasting of a full assortment of deck-houses, together with the sacred precincts of a bridge,—but no bath,—received our grimy, train-cindered outfit, and struck out into the cold waters of the great highland sea. A day of ocean travel in the thin, high air, chill and sparkling, with here and there a stop to take on cargo from some island where little boats of straw put out to meet us,—for there is no timber in these high places, and the Indians still use their straw boats, even as they did before the days of Pizarro,—and then another journey by railroad to the edge of the gulch in which the Bolivian capital of La Paz disports itself. Here there are little shops with the trinkets and ornaments of civilization, cafés, electric lights, a band, department stores, and hotels.

It seemed like midnight. The dead, still blackness of the night, with the lighter crevice of gloom that marked the dividing-line between the curtains at the window, gave no indication of dawn, and only the echo of the little tin alarm-clock, with its hands irritatingly pointing to the hour of necessity, indicated that at last the time was at hand for the actual entry into the vague interior of South America. A thin, tallow candle glimmered in the high-ceilinged room and illumed flickering patches between the areas of cold, uncertain darkness, and by its light I scrambled into breeches, puttees, and spurs, and buckled my gun under my heavy, wool-lined jacket. Down in the patio I could hear an Aymará scuffling about in his rawhide sandals, and as I stepped out on the balcony above the patio, a thin drift of acrid smoke floated up from where he was cooking our tin of coffee over a clay fire-pot with llama dung fuel.

Below my window, and up from the narrow street came the shuffling noises of the pack-train—the creak of rawhide cinches, the thud and strain of the packs as they came in restless collision, and now and again the "Hola! hola!" or "Huish!" of an arriero, or more often the long-drawn hiss of a rawhide thong. Then the pack-train lengthened in file, and the noises died away up the crooked, narrow street. The few final necessities of the trail I jammed in my saddle-bags as the last mule was packed; then had a cup of coffee, steaming hot, although only comfortably warm to the taste from the low-boiling point of the high altitude, and we climbed into the saddle and were off.

The city of La Paz was still in darkness, but above the rim of the great crack in the depths of which it rests there was a suggestion of a silver haze that dimmed the stars. By the time we had rejoined the main body of the pack-train we were in the shabbier outskirts of La Paz, where the Aymarás and the Cholos—the latter the half-breed relatives of the former—live in their squalid mud-brick hovels.

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Rapidly the first silver of the morning deepened to richer tints, and glowed above the purple silhouette of the rim of the great gorge, while Illimani, the perpetually snow-capped mountain that overshadows La Paz, burst into splendid prismatic bloom as the first direct rays of the sun shimmered over its slopes and peaks.

The long line of pack-mules climbed steadily upward; and only now and then we passed a little mud hut, with its one door as the sole aperture. The smoke from the cooking-fire leaked through the blackened roof and rose straight up through the still air, while the members of the household, muffled to the eyes in ponchos and with woolen cap and superimposed hat drawn down to meet the mufflings, squatted in the chilly sunlight. They muffle themselves in this way at the slightest suggestion of chill in the air; but from the thighs down they are at all times indifferent to cold or weather.

Along the steep road little groups of Aymarás who had camped there during the night were packing their trains of llamas and burros for the last short distance in to the La Paz markets. Often, without taking the trouble to cook, they would gnaw on a piece of raw *chalona*—the split carcass of a sheep dried in the sun and cold of the high plateaus, and which has about as much flavor as an old whip. Sometimes they ate parched corn or *chuño,* the latter the native potato. But always they chewed *coca,* the leaf that furnishes cocaine. Leaf by leaf they would stow it away, and add a little ashes and oil scraped out of a pouch with a needle of bone. Among the older Aymarás, the cheek frequently has developed a pouch from the years of distention with coca. Aside from that, it seems to have no effect upon them.

The pack-trains of burros would pass us with indifference, but the llamas would go mincing past, crowding as far as possible against the other side of the road with an obvious assumption of fright. Their slitted nostrils would twitch, and their slender ears wiggle in an agony of nervousness, while their eyes, the most beautiful, pleading, liquid eyes in the animal world, would be humid with hysterical fear. Yet from their infancy they have seen men and horses, pack-trains, and all the travel of the mountains and plateaus. But the apparent gentleness of the llama is purely superficial; for it can spit with unpleasant accuracy to repel a frontal approach, while its rear and flanks are guarded by padded feet that are vicious in their power and uncertainty. To the Aymará the llama is transportation, food,

Drawn by Charles J. Post

A BRACE OF ANDEAN CRIMINALS IN IRONS

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wool, and fuel. An Aymará child can do anything with a llama, and with nothing more than her shrill little voice; but in the presence of a white man the llama is a creature of hysterical and timid peevishness.

As we filed by these pack-trains, the Aymará driver would remove his native hat of coarse felt, leaving the head still covered by his gay, woolen nightcap, with its flapping ear-tabs, and murmur a respectful *"Tata!"* To which we would politely return a *"Buenos dias, tata,"* unless the driver happened to be a woman, in which case we would substitute the corresponding *"Mama"* for the *"Tata."* The woman would plod along barefooted while she spun yarn with her fingers from a bundle of dirty, raw wool held under one arm. As the yarn was spun, it was gathered on a top-like distaff dangling at the end of the woolen thread. In some miraculous way it never was allowed to lose its spinning twirl, and at the right moment always absorbed the additional thread, so that it never was permitted to drag along the trail. At her little home somewhere on the inter-Andean plateau, she will afterward dye the wool and knit one of those nightcaps or weave a poncho, according to some rough tribal pattern, so tight that it will shed water as well as a London rain-coat. Her loom will be two logs laid on the ground, on which the warp is stretched; the shuttle will be carved from the bone of a sheep, and the threads will be beaten into place with the sharpened shinbone of a sheep. Weeks may be spent in the patient weaving. Whether she is on the trail or is weaving, she has usually a pudgy, expressionless baby of a tarnished copper color held in the fold of the poncho that is knotted across her shoulders.

Drawn by Charles J. Post

AN AYMARÁ DRIVER OF PACK-LLAMAS

This road up from the great, raw gulch of La Paz was full of life: pack-train after pack-train passed, loaded with the daily supplies for that city. A group of sandaled soldiers was apparently detailed to act as roadmasters; and they would stop the Aymarás and enforce a bit of labor in aid of the gang of prisoners under their guard. The instant dull and sullen submission of the Indians at once indicated their position in the Bolivian scale.

Steadily during the early morning hours we climbed until the rim of the high plateau itself was only a short distance ahead. Worn through the rim by generations of plodding hoofs was a crooked trail, so narrow that the mules bumped and scrabbled along, and we emerged almost as suddenly as through a trap-door out upon the endless distances of the vast inter-Andean plateau. Below, losing itself in the distant haze, stretched the ragged crack that made the valley of La Paz, and miles away, quivering in the slowly warming air, was the city itself, a tiny clutter of gaudy houses and red-tiled roofs, with the brilliant green of the little park making a sharp contrast of warm color. Elsewhere the slopes of the valley were as destitute of verdure as when they were blown into existence by the terrific forces of primeval nature. Yet in this desert barrenness there was no lack of color: in the cool of the morning the shadows were soft in every delicate variation of purple and amethyst; the bare soil and the jagged slopes blent and shifted in ochers and vermilions, in golden tints and copper hues, and, scattered here and there were little patches of greens where some irrigated little Aymará truck-farm was breaking into the world against the moist chocolate-colored soil. Beyond—and in their im-

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mensity there was no suggestion of the great distance—rose the jagged fangs of the last and most interior range of the Andes, with their black cliffs and scarred flanks disappearing under the everlasting mantles of snow; while over all was the clear, shimmering turquoise heaven of the high altitudes.

Down in that valley were all the little functions of civilization, while beyond us were the high passes and the vague interior of South America, the last of the great primitive domains, where men still exist by means of bow and arrow or stone club, and where the ethical right and the physical ability to survive are yet indistinguishable.

From this edge of the plateau the narrow trails ran in all directions like the sticks of a fan. Trained from many previous trips, the pack-animals halted or wandered aside nibbling at the tufts of dry bunch-grass, while Rodriguez and his two Cholo helpers tightened the rawhide cinches and replaced the packs that had shifted in the long climb and scramble through the narrow gully. Then, with the bell on the leading pack-animal tinkling monotonously, began the steady plodding in single file along one of the furrowed trails. At first the plateau was dotted with the lines of converging burro- and llama-trains; but, as the morning passed, it became nothing but the lonely distance of the plateau, with here and there the tiny speck of a solitary pack-train. The air had warmed rapidly under the sun; the light breeze had the touch of a northern spring, and I yielded to the seductive suggestion and strapped my heavy woolen coat to the saddle. Five minutes later I halted and gladly put it on once more. So treacherous in its allurements is the thin air.

Somewhere about the middle of the day we halted for breakfast at Cocuta, a native *tambo,* or wayside inn, though the pack-train pushed on slowly, nibbling the bunch-grass as it went. The tambo was surrounded by a high, thick mud-brick wall that inclosed something over an acre of ground, and inside this fortress were the little mud buildings, granaries, and corrals.

That night we slept in a second tambo, smaller, but also with a thick mud wall inclosing the collection of mud huts. The mules were turned loose on the plateau to graze till morning, their hobbled feet a guarantee that they would not stray. At sunset came the piercing cold when even the barricaded door of the mud room and the steaming human warmth inside proved grateful. A wide platform of mud-bricks was the bed,—it was the sole furniture,—and on it we piled the sheepskins from the pack-saddles and over an alcohol lamp we made a thin tea and warmed up some tinned things. An old Aymará woman was apparently the sole caretaker of this tambo, but she viewed us with unlovely eyes, and would furnish nothing. Sullen and surly that night, she was all ingratiating smiles the next morning when she saw my camera. She scuttled inside her hut, and then reappeared in some hasty finery, in which she trotted anxiously about with conciliatory grimaces and pleadings in guttural Aymará that her picture be taken. How she knew what a camera was for and, further, why she was not afraid of it were mysteries; for invariably I found all other Aymarás hostile against the evil witchcraft of the little black box. As it was yet only early dawn, there was not sufficient light, but I satisfied her by clicking the shutter.

After the heated air in the dark hut, the first moment outside in the pure, still cold was like breathing needles; the long stretch of plateau was soft with white frost, every grimy straw in the thatched roofs glistened like silver with its coating of ice, and the morning ablutions were performed through a hole broken in the crust of ice in a near-by brook.

For some reason of his own Rodriguez elected to leave the main trail beyond this tambo and take one of the unfrequented back trails to Sorata. It was very much shorter but, as we afterward learned, is little used on account of the surly, hostile attitude of the Aymarás of that district, and, except for a large outfit, is not considered safe. Here the Aymarás are more secluded, and view intrusion with aggressive suspicion; three months before they had attacked an outfit and killed the trader. Those who passed no longer greeted us with the "Tata!" Instead, they would turn sullenly out of the trail to avoid us as we passed, or stop and view us with unmistakable hostility. When we halted for a hasty bite by the side of a cold brook, Rodriguez held the whole pack-train and the

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Drawn by Charles J. Post

RODRIGUEZ AND HIS CHOLO HELPERS TIGHTENING THE RAWHIDE CINCHES OF THE MULES

arrieros close by, and did not allow them to go ahead, as on the day before.

On the new trail the dead level of the plateau gave way to more rolling country, the ragged, snow-capped line of mountains at the horizon came closer; Huayna-Potosi loomed on our right, and, growing more impressive every hour, was the great, white mass of Mount Sorata, dead ahead. Then the rolling country closed in, and narrower valleys succeeded, with the rugged foothills on each side. In this part was an enormous breeding-ground for llamas; for miles the hills were dotted with them. Baby llamas, newly born, and still blinking at the strange world, huddled timidly in behind a tuft of bunch-grass or behind some small boulder, while the queer, goose-necked mother stood near with apparent indifference; little llamas in all stages of adolescence and awkwardness gamboled on the hillsides, and the llama-herds dotting the slopes looked for all the world like big, stiff-necked, grotesque sheep. Among them were the Aymará herders who, like traditional shepherds, played their weird and

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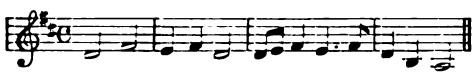
mournful flutes or pipes. Over and over again came the same strain, which carried for miles in the thin, still air. In the various fiestas there are many varieties, but in the mountains or on the trail, for often they play as they walk, it is almost always this invariable measure:



One of its little phrases curiously reminded me of that chanted taunt of my boyhood, "Over the fence is ou-oot!"

Rarely does the Aymará make his own flute or pipe, simple though it is; their manufacture is a native industry by itself. Like a true musician, the Aymará must have his instrument just so, and up in the higher altitudes the flutes are made and brought down to be sold in the market on the days of fiesta. His single weapon, a sling of the pattern made famous by David and Goliath, is of twisted llama-wool, and will throw a stone the size of a lemon. He develops a wonderful skill in its use.

Monotonously through the afternoon the pack-train wound through the narrow valleys, and closer came the mountains, and more chill the air sweeping downward from their fields of snow. The melting snows flooded the slopes and valleys in innumerable brooks; often the trail itself was lost in wide expanses of shallow icy water. The sun set, and with the growing darkness came the increased bitterness of the piercing cold. Along this trail there was no shelter except here and there the little mud huts of the Aymarás. The clouds rolling low overhead left the night pitch-black; a gale of wind sprang up and hurled itself in our teeth, varying its monotony now and again with a squall of snow that stung like a blizzard. Without a stumble the sure-footed mules kept the trail in the darkness up and down through abrupt gullies or fording some icy stream that left their bellies a fringe of icicles while, during some lull in the blast, the tinkle of the bell on the leading pack-animal would drift back to us.

At last the old, deserted tambo for which we had been aiming was reached. By the aid of a few matches—for the lantern was carefully packed on some mule indistinguishable in the blackness—half a dozen Aymarás were found sleeping in the litter on the floor of the mud room, for here there was not even a mud bench. There was no barricade to close the door, and a score of eddies whirled in from the broken thatch overhead. The arrieros drove the Aymarás out—they were part of a pack-train, and not natives of that district—and threw the sheepskin pads over the muddy ground. The alcohol-lamp, screened from drafts by saddles, sheepskins, and hats, finally furnished a lukewarm tin of soup, some thin, warm tea, and some eggs, which, though warm, could hardly be considered cooked.

At the break of day we were again in the saddle. The trail of the previous day had been hard and rough, but following a general level; but from now on it began steadily to rise. Early in the morning we had gained upon Mount Sorata; in the deceptive distance it loomed apparently only a few miles ahead, yet its nearest snow-field was thirty miles away. Lake Titicaca is only a few miles distant, and one of its long arms reaches back into the country in a vast, shallow lagoon covered with a water growth through which swim myriads of fearless water-fowl. In some ancient time a causeway was built over this long arm, solid and substantial, and on each side, as we passed over, ducks and snipe and waders eyed us impudently, the length of a fishing-pole, and one, a snipe, flickered along almost under the heels of the pack-mules.

Beyond the causeway the trail rose steadily to the mountain-pass. The cold mists from Sorata swept down and the line of mules disappeared in its chill fog. We rode through the ruins of an ancient Aymará town, where there was nothing left but the rectangular lines of stone debris; the few streets were still plainly marked, though the village has been dead these many centuries. Its name is lost; it is not even a tradition. From under some ruined rubbish an Aymará head was thrust out; a few sheep were herded within the ruined inclosures, and other small flocks were grazing near. The head proved to belong to their shepherd.

Now and again an Aymará shrine loomed through the mist beside the trail, in its niche an offering of wilted flowers and some cigarette pictures, and above, in a crevice of the stones and dried mud, a crooked twig cross. Sometimes we met

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Drawn by Charles J. Post

AN AYMARÁ HERDER PLAYING HIS WEIRD FLUTE

an Aymará, with a bundle of reeds, sitting in the shelter of a rough stone wind-break making and testing his reed flutes. He whittled the reed and tested each finger-hole as he scraped it larger. He looked up, and again we were saluted with the respectful "Tata!" for in order to reach the last stage of the mountain-pass we had swung back on the main trail, where the Indians were more sociable.

Higher, rougher, and steeper grew the trail, often in a zigzag up some precipitous gorge. A tiny, scattering Indian village came in sight, perched on a high, rolling part of this Andean pass. Its mud huts were smaller, grimier, and drearier, if possible, than those that we had passed on the great plateau. A few Aymarás appeared, and tried to sell us *cebada,* or barley, for the mules; an old woman squatting on the ground, weaving a poncho on her log loom, stopped long enough to look over our cavalcade curiously out of her bleared eyes red with smoke. Through the little door of her hut the interior was visible, stacked with chalona half prepared and waiting for the sun to shine before it was moved out into the open ground for further drying. Indifferently she watched me extract the camera from my saddle-bag, but when the brass lens pointed in her direction, she clattered vigorously in her dialect and scuttled into the house to hide. The other Aymarás were instantly hostile, and I worked a scheme that had often succeeded. I turned my back to them and reversed the camera, with the lens pointing backward from under my arm. This would almost invariably get the picture. If it did not, I would stand behind the broad shoulders of one of the party while I adjusted the camera, and then have him step suddenly to one side as I pressed the button. Otherwise they would scatter like Chinamen on a Pacific steamer, under similar conditions, and with angry mutterings.

The intermittent fog and mist turned to a cold, driving rain that drove in stinging gusts square in our faces. Slowly we climbed, and went a few miles beyond the divide. A huge pile of loose stones marked the spot, a tribute to the particular god of this high place that had slowly accumulated with the offerings of Aymarás that had passed the spot. The pile was larger than an Aymará hut, and on the summit was a little cross of twigs from which a few strips of calico fluttered in the gale. At the base were curious little altars made by two flat stones laid edge up, and with a third long, flat stone across them. They symbolized a house and were erected by some prospective Aymará bridegroom or house-builder in propitiation for his enterprise.

At rare intervals some eddying rift would be blown in the mists, and for a brief moment Mount Sorata would stand clear and sharp against the blue patch of sky, with its great white shoulder scarcely more than five miles away across a precipitous gorge. High above our world it seemed to rise, a titanic, bulking, cataclysmic mass, magnificent in its immensity. Enormous cliffs of snow towered above the scarred, black gorges of its flanks, glittering in the flash of momentary sunlight and

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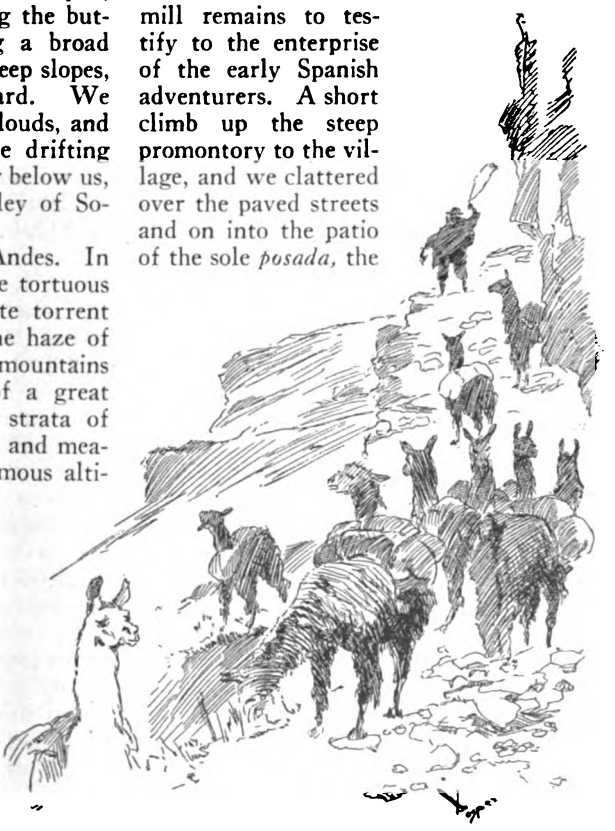
iridescent in the purple shadows. High against its face clouds were born and were shredded in the blast of an unseen gale; now and again an avalanche of snow broke from some slope and was whirled in a feathery spray into the shadows of a gorge thousands of feet below. It could blanket a dozen villages, yet it was diminished on the tremendous slopes until it seemed no more than the tiny avalanche on a tin roof at home. Vertically, nearly two miles above the trail across the divide rose the white fang of the summit, that has still defied all efforts at scaling.

After the cairn that marks the divide is passed, the trail leads abruptly downward. At first it is a relief to lean back in the saddle and feel the strain come on the crupper while the breast-strap flaps loosely once more; but hour after hour of constant descent and the constant straining back in the saddle became more irksome and monotonous than the leaning forward on the upward climb. The descent is rapid; the pack-train coils about among the buttresses of the mountains along a broad shelf that is often cut into the steep slopes, and always plunging downward. We were almost below the line of clouds, and a few moments later they were drifting past just overhead, and there, far below us, stretched the deep, crooked valley of Sorata.

It was the very heart of the Andes. In the wedge-shaped channel of the tortuous valley a slender thread of white torrent narrowed and disappeared in the haze of depth and distance; the huge mountains swept upward like the sides of a great bowl, while delicately floating strata of fleecy clouds seemed to mark off and measure and then accent their enormous altitudes. Beyond and above them rose other peaks and the jagged fangs of interlocking mountain-ranges that formed this colossal Andean maze; there was no sense of distance; even the feeling of space seemed to be for the instant gone, and, under the long mellow rays of the afternoon sun, with this vast, shattered universe spread before us, it was as though we had been suddenly translated and left dizzy and bewildered in an opalescent infinity.

The Aymará huts that clung to the steep slopes with their little patches of corn were shrunk to miniature; the single bull plowing with a crooked tree-trunk was a diminutive bug, prodded along the furrow by a microscopic insect. All the air was filled with the low roar of cascades; every slope and valley was scarred with the slender, white threads of torrents from the melting snows above. Far ahead, where the buttress of a mountain projected like a hilly peninsula into the Sorata valley a toy village of scarlet tile and thatched roofs was compactly lodged on the flattened crest. It was the village of Sorata, clinging like a lichen to a spur of the huge mountain from which it takes its name.

Late in the afternoon, although the gorge had long since been cool in the shadows of the inclosing mountains, we crossed the old Spanish stone bridge that still spans the torrent of melted snows, and where an ancient mill remains to testify to the enterprise of the early Spanish adventurers. A short climb up the steep promontory to the village, and we clattered over the paved streets and on into the patio of the sole *posada*, the



Drawn by Charles J. Post

LLAMAS ON THE HILLSIDES

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Drawn by Charles J. Post

A BLIZZARD IN A HIGH ANDEAN PASS

old bell-mule leader trotting in with the easy familiarity of many previous trips.

The proprietress, a plump Cholo lady, made still plumper by the many skirts of her class, all worn at once, so that she swayed and undulated like an ante bellum coquette, fluttered about in welcome. Her pink-stockinged legs—the skirts come just below the knees—and fancy, slashed satin shoes, with the highest of high French heels, teetered about the patio and over the rough floors, giving orders to a drunken Aymará cook and a small Aymará boy, who proved to be the chambermaid. Gracefully she joined in a bottle of stinging Chilean wine, and bawled further orders for our comfort out into the shuffling kitchen. At supper we had soup—chicken soup, with the head and feet floating with the chalona and chuño. There followed a kind of baked melon, scooped out, and loaded with raisins and scraps of pork and whatever other scraps and vegetables were at hand, and blistered with *aji,* the fiercest and most venomous pepper known to man. A real lamp and some flowers graced the bare table and, after the filthy mud huts and smoke-impregnated tambos, this posada glowed with a gaiety and cheer that could not be duplicated.

Here it was necessary to stop and rest the mules for the second and hardest stage of the journey over this Andean pass. Besides, with the more difficult trail ahead, the loads of the mules must be lessened. More mules were needed, and more supplies.

AGAIN it was in the pitch blackness that precedes the break of day that we climbed into the saddles for the long pull over this highest and hardest pass that leads into the great tropical basin, the heart of South America. Salmon, a huge black who had drifted in from Jamaica and who baked Sorata bread and attracted the Aymará custom in the plaza on fiestas by whirling in a grotesque dance of his own devising, shuffled down the steep street from his oven to see us off. The huge muscles of his half-naked body rippled in massive shadows in the fading darkness; heavy silver rings dangled from his ears against the black, bull neck, and matched the brass and silver with which his fingers were loaded. He spoke no connected language,

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for his wandering had left him with a scanty and combined vocabulary of English, Spanish, Caribbean French *patois,* and a sprinkling of Aymará. He was nothing more than a pattering savage, although never for an instant did he forsake the proud dignity of his British citizenship. Once, as a gift, he prepared for us a salad; but as there was no oil to be had in Sorata, with sublime unselfishness he dedicated one of his own bottles of heavily scented hair-oil to the salad-dressing!

He stuffed a bottle of atrocious brandy into my saddle-bags, and added a pious "Lard bless ye, sar!" for he is a Methodist, and on Sunday afternoons, in support of his orthodoxy, appears in the plaza loaded down with massive silver ornament, a frock-coat, a battered silk hat balanced on his shaven bullet-head, a heavy, silver-studded stick, and a black volume under his arm. As there is no chapel, this illusive church stroll was purely a surviving symbolism.

High above us the peaks were still hidden in soft masses of clouds that were already golden under the first rays of the morning sun. The trail wound in and out, following the trace of the steep foothills that buttress Mount Sorata, but always rising, sometimes abruptly, and then again in a series of steadily ascending dips along a succession of narrow ledges.

Only once I saw a condor, for they are not common, sailing lazily a couple of hundred feet below us. It was a distinct disappointment. The white puff of downy feathers about the neck identified it, but amid these impressive surroundings its size was insignificant: it was no more than a sparrow flitting about in a down-town city street.

For miles we skirted the base of an unbroken cliff that rose three hundred feet sheer from the trail, and then we suddenly came upon a ragged break in the wall that accommodatingly opened a passage where the trail climbed to meet it. The narrow passageway was as dim as the dusk of evening; it zigzagged through the cliff in a series of high steps cut or worn in the rock; the high walls on each side and its tortuous turnings shut out all light except such as fell from the illuminated strip of sky above.

That night we made camp in the open in a little gorge, and sheltered ourselves in the lee of an enormous boulder. The packs were piled in a wall, and over this the tent was thrown and held down by heavy stones. A blinding snow-squall roared through the narrow gorge as through a pipe; later it changed to a stinging blizzard, where the tiny particles of ice stung like a sand-blast. There was no fuel for a fire, and only by carefully barricading the alcohol-lamp could a little thin tea be warmed. That, together with cold tinned things and a nip of Salmon's effective brandy made shift for dinner. The tough little mules, hobbled and turned out to graze among the shale and thin, snow-covered grass, made no effort to seek a lee shelter, and wandered about, indifferent to the gale. An Aymará family, driving a few burros packed with rubber, spent the night in the lee of a small, overhanging rock. There was an Aymará baby not two years old in the family, yet, without a fire and with nothing but raw chalona, they made their customary camp. Their heads were heavily muffled as usual, but the dawn found their bare legs drifted over with five inches of snow, and all apparently comfortable and indifferent to the fact.

Whatever course the trail turned, the blizzard seemed to shift to meet us again square in the teeth. The shale and debris along the narrow ledge of trail were treacherous with an icy glare. The saddle buckles were knots of ice, and every now and again we beat our hats against the mule to break the ice that incrusted them; on my poncho the sleet froze in a thin sheet that would crackle with any movement and rattle off. In the high, thin air the bitter cold of the storm seemed to bite like an acid. Even though the mules were mountain-bred, the rare air of this high pass affected them, and as we climbed higher, they began to halt every fifty yards for breath, with their icicled flanks heaving in distress. In a moment they would start on again of their own accord, yet sometimes in the fiercer blasts of the storm only the constant spur would keep them in the trail and headed for the pass above.

At last there was the feel of a level stretch under hoof, and there loomed the big mound of stones, with a twig cross on top and its strips of calico whipped to shreds; the summit of the pass had been

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reached. The small house-builders' altars at the base were drifted over with snow; a few twig crosses sticking out of the snow marked the Aymará graves of some who had been of mark among their people; for it is a great and desirable honor to be buried high up among the mountain gods. The lesser Aymarás, dying on the trail, are left, or rolled over a convenient steep slope. In the lee of the stone cairn a solitary Aymará was resting, his coarse, woolen trousers rolled above his knees, his feet bare. His eyes grinned at us from out the poncho mufflings, and I recognized him as a little Indian who was picked out to carry for us a long cross-cut saw that was too awkward to be lashed on a mule. He dug the saw out of a drift to show us that it was still safe; and for less than two dollars he delivered the saw after a six-days' journey across the pass and into Mapiri, his only equipment for the trip being a small bag of parched corn, a chalona rib, and the invariable pouch of coca.

Late in the afternoon we rode into the Aymará village of Yngenio. The Aymarás here are miners and look with unfavoring eyes on the outfits passing through.

Three mountain torrents join in this gulch to form the Yngenio River. The Aymarás bed these torrents with flat stones in the dry season and, after the next high water has passed, wash in their wooden pans the fresh gold brought down. But all about are the ruins of elaborate ancient gold workings that indicate that this was one of the centers from which the Incas drew their enormous golden treasure. All along the gulch as we rode in there were the broken openings of tunnels and drifts high up on the mountain-sides. There were the remains of a great flume and of the stone-laid troughs where the streams were diverted and laid their nuggets in the crude riffles.

Drawn by Charles J. Post

ON A CLIFF TRAIL

The following day the pack-mules filed from one hog-back mountain ridge to another, crawling up the steep ascents or gingerly picking their way downward over an intricate system of connecting mountain series. Hour after hour the bitter winds blew without rest. On the narrow ledges of the trail there were turns and sharp angles and often a rough series of steps up which the mules would clamber in plunging jumps. In one particularly bad descent known as the "Tornillo" no one rode down. It was a zigzag trail apparently cut in the face of an almost perpendicular cliff, and the arrieros took the pack-train down in sections, so that, in the event of one mule stumbling, it would not bump half the others over the edge.

With this camp, the last of the high pass was over, and in the gray dawn we began the long descent out of the clouds, the sleet, the snow, and the bitter rains. The bare cliffs and slopes gave

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way, and stunted shrubs appeared; now and then even a gaunt tree reared itself, and, perched on a dead branch, an occasional buzzard or eagle looked with a speculative eye at the mules and the steep descents. We dropped through long distances of sunlight that glowed with a grateful and novel warmth, and once in a while a brilliant little bird flashed past, while gorgeous butterflies began to flutter about the mud-holes. The eastern side of the Andes drop in a succession of forest-clad cliffs; looking up and back, it seemed at times hardly possible that a trail could cling to their steep faces.

There is no more telling strain than leaning back hour upon hour as the mule picks his way downward; but it is forgotten in the relief of basking in the mellow rays of the long afternoon sun, and it was grateful that night to be able to undress in place of turning in "all standing," except for spurs, and in place of the howling gale and the snow that sifted through the crevices, to hear the soft rustling of the night-blown palms. An open-work hut of split palm and cane was kept here by a Bolivian who was under some kind of vague government subsidy, and under his palm roof we slung the hammocks. His Aymará wife was stolidly indifferent to our presence, but a little daughter had an unbounded curiosity in our spectacles. A watch was even more mysterious. "Ah," she announced, "there is a bug inside!" Following the matter up, she decided that the watch was a bug itself and marveled greatly that a full-grown man should bother to carry a bug about on the end of a little string, unless—aha! it was a magic, and she dropped the watch, nor would she touch it again. Thereat she showed me a scapular, and offered to take me up the trail a bit where there were some graves and I could see some ghosts, and perhaps talk with them, as she did. Not among any of the Aymarás was I ever able to notice any particular interest or fear in regard to their dead. Their trails are scattered with graves and mountain tragedies, they believe in spirits, but the almost universal fear of ghosts, dead spirits, or cemeteries after dark is apparently lacking. In fact, in Sorata, it was no uncommon thing to hear them drinking and celebrating under the cemetery walls far into the late hours.

Pleasantly from here the rest of the trail ran on down into Mapiri. The giant foothills of the Andes surrounded us, but they were covered with forest and jungle, and for miles we would ride in the cool shade where the trees were matted overhead by the interlocking jungle-vines. Little trails opened off now and again from the main road, and often would be seen the cane hut of some pioneer. Down the valleys were patches of sugar-cane, with the smoke of a *falca,* or alcohol-still, rising close by, and, as we rode closer, the smell of burned sugar where *chancaca,* something like maple-sugar in appearance, was being poured into molds gouged out of a dry log. Occasionally, in the forest, a thin column of blue smoke showed where some rubber-picker was smoking his morning's collection of rubber milk. In all this the sun beat with its full, tropical strength, and the raw fogs and blizzards of the high pass seemed to be months behind us. In the cool of the early evening we rode into the village of Mapiri, and the saddles were taken off and oiled and packed for the last time. From here on the journey would be by raft and *batalon* on the rivers. The mountain trail was ended.

The village has a long, grass-grown plaza on two sides; toward the muddy Mapiri River the plaza is open, and the entering end is blocked by a mud church with a mud-walled yard, loopholed and battlemented. Once a year a priest makes the trip to Mapiri and down the river performing his offices as they are needed. He blesses the graves of the dead, christens the living, and performs canonical marriages for those who can afford the luxury.

Below the grass-grown plaza poured the muddy torrent of the river, a magnified mountain brook and somewhere leagues below were the Lecco Indians towing and poling the clumsy *balsas* up to meet us. Twice they were beaten back by the exhausting of their food-supplies, and it was only on the third attempt that they succeeded in getting up, although for the last two days they subsisted on the slender forage of berries and nuts. For a month the slow days dragged along and then, after the Leccos had rested and gorged themselves for a single day and dried their balsas on the hot stone *playa,* we embarked on the torrent for the long drift to the eastward.

(To be continued)

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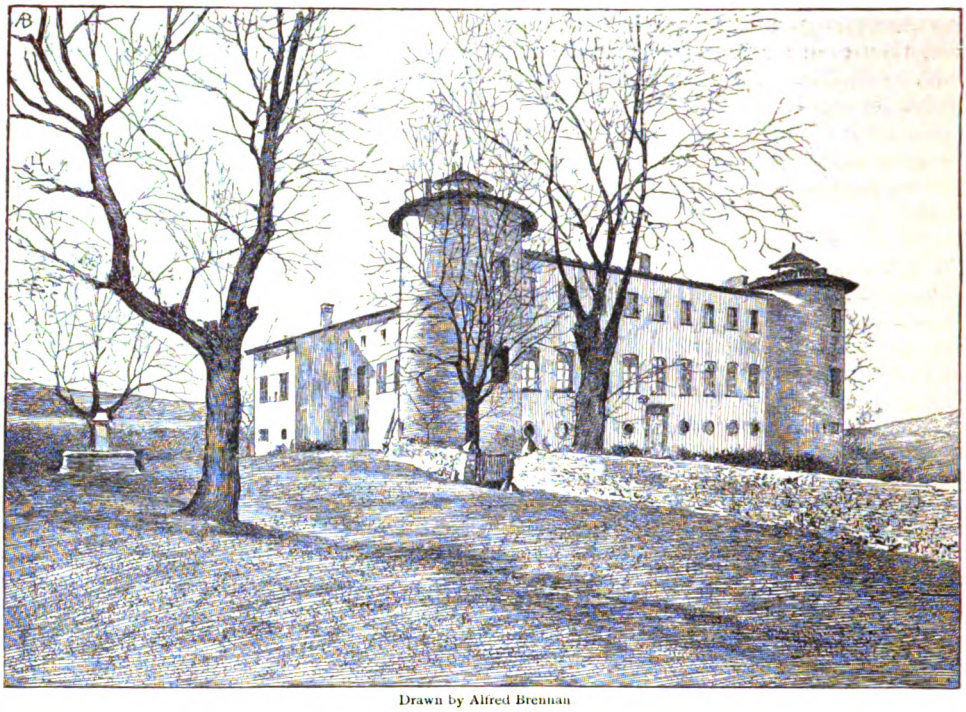

Drawn by Alfred Brennan

CHÂTEAU CHAVANIAC

The middle window of the tower at the right indicates the room in which General Lafayette was born.

LAFAYETTE'S CHÂTEAU

A VISIT TO CHAVANIAC, THE ANCIENT CASTLE IN AUVERGNE WHERE LAFAYETTE WAS BORN

BY LIDA ROSE McCABE

THE feudal castle of Chavaniac, in the French province of Auvergne, though almost unknown to traveling Americans, has a special interest for them as the birthplace of the Marquis Gilbert Motier de Lafayette, the champion of American liberty.

A visit to this château is rather difficult. It is too plain architecturally to be starred in the guide-books, the railway connections are uncertain, and the accommodations for strangers in the vicinity are meager. But when one considers the historic treasures in its ancient towers, it seems surprising that Chavaniac has preserved its peculiar isolation so long.

Chavaniac is to-day the property of the Marquis Gaston de Lafayette, who inherited it in 1890 upon the death of the childless Senator Edmond de Lafayette. The latter came into the title and estate through Lafayette's eldest daughter, Anastasia. The present Marquis, Gaston, a grandson of the general's only son, George Washington de Lafayette, will be recalled as the representative of the Lafayette family at the Yorktown Centennial, where he was the guest of Congress. He held office during President Carnot's administration. He is a Parisian, and it is five years since his family have summered at Chavaniac.

A visit to the château involves a journey of four hundred miles south from Paris. The express-train that pulls out

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of the Gare de Lyon at nine in the morning skirts the Forest of Fontainebleau, spins through Royat, passes Clermont-Ferrand, the home of Pascal and the outpost of the mountains of Auvergne, and reaches Saint-Georges-d'Aurac about eight in the evening, where there is a change of cars.

"Get off at Rougeac, the second station," wrote the Marquise de Lafayette, Chavaniac's gracious chatelaine, to whom I am indebted for my visit; "M. Mallet, the concierge, will meet you with the break." Yet, on quitting the Paris express at Saint-Georges-d'Aurac, I momentarily forgot this instruction and rode in the branch train until I was startled by the flash of a lantern and the nasal cry, "Chavaniac-Lafayette," at which I hastily alighted.

"A carriage to Chavaniac?"

"The château? Ah, Madame should have descended at Rougeac, the second station."

"And the next train?"

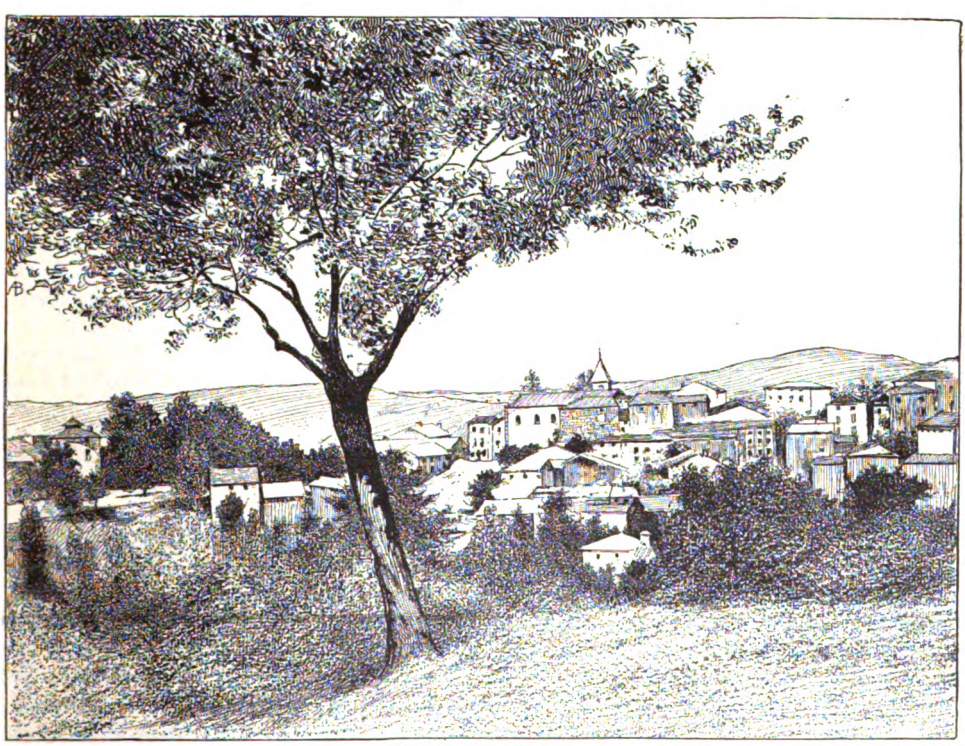
"To-morrow at eleven."

"But there is a carriage to the château to-night?"

"My husband will conduct you to the inn," interposed the wife of the station-master. "Some one there may drive you to the château."

It was a moonless, starless, windy night. On every side rose somber mountains. The station-master's lantern led the way to the murky light of a dingy inn. Soon it seemed that the whole village was gathered there, while I presided over the shoeing of Lizette, the mare, which kept shying into the shadow and reappearing in the red-lantern light, to a chorus of chatter and gesticulation. Auvergne, the old duchy, is said to preserve the French language in much of its ancient purity; and, alas! to recall how much of it went to the shoeing of Lizette!

Out of nowhere came a two-wheeled cart, Lizette was hitched to it, and a lantern was lashed to the dash-board. A merry youth seized the reins and, with a



Drawn by Alfred Brennan

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE VILLAGE OF CHAVANIAC

A tower of the château is seen at the extreme left of the picture.

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wave of cap and crack of whip, cried, "Up-e-la, Lizette!" and away went mare and bumping cart in a gale of cheers.

"This is the very road General de Lafayette went over to the wars," the boy informed me, "pas d'une change." Certainly no automobile without disaster will ever traverse it while it remains "pas d'une change." Only by knees pressed to dash-board and back glued to seat was it possible to escape from landing in the road or on the haunches of Lizette.

The road, outlined by stone hillocks, stretched away into the mountainous gloom. Here and there pines and sycamores pierced the lowering sky. At length a bend in the road revealed two lonely towers. A light flashed as from a railroad crossing.

"The gate is open," said the boy. "There 's M. Mallet. Up-e-la, Lizette!"

The cart swung through an iron gate to a grassy knoll, where M. Mallet, his wife, and three children stood in a semicircle on the green, shadowed by the south tower. In their lantern's uncertain gleam shrewd eyes blinked a welcome.

"It is an old barracks," said Mme. Mallet when we stood at last in an immense, low-ceilinged room pungent of centuries of decay. This was the kitchen. A battered range, which in the days of kings and emperors converted boars and pheasants into savory feasts, confronted a half-glass door that opened into a small, square apartment, the château's only available dining-room. A tall, imposing clock stared at its one casemate window, which had held cannon in time of siege.

There were bottles of red and white wine and a loaf of peasant bread on the table, and fruit from the kitchen garden. The collation over, the family lined up to escort me to my room. Lamp in hand, madame led the way, followed by monsieur with lantern and grip, while the children clambered in the rear with lighted candles, their heavy shoes thumping the time-hollowed steps. The stairs ended at the threshold of the château's most imposing apartment, a great banquet-hall, forty-two feet in length which looks down through lofty French windows upon a terraced garden.

Our every step and word echoed and reëchoed as we crossed the floor; and, as lantern, lamp, or candle put shadow to flight, busts of Washington and Franklin gleamed from the walls, a friendly note in an alien world. On each side of lofty marble niches, in this same apartment, hung the American Declaration of Independence and the French Declaration of Rights.

At the second winding staircase there was a turn into a narrow passage. We were in the north tower. Here madame entered a small circular room and set the lamp upon the chimney-piece. Then, with a quaint genuflexion, she said:

"This is the chamber in which General de Lafayette was born, September 6, 1757. The Marquise instructed me to prepare it for you."

When the Mallets had retired from the tower and their steps had echoed away, I turned the rusty key; for it was a far cry from my chamber to the kitchen of Chavaniac. The bed was high-posted and canopied, with green damask curtains and counterpane. The wooden floor was without rugs, but on the open hearth a genuine log waited the match. An antique writing-desk, a double-leafed table, a wash-stand, and an easy-chair completed the simple furnishing. At the time of the Revolution the contents of Chavaniac were sold, to be re-bought by Mme. de Lafayette upon her release from Delmar prison. It is doubtful whether any of the original furniture is in the birth-chamber.

Chavaniac dates from the fourteenth century. It was totally destroyed by fire in 1701, but was immediately rebuilt after the original plan. I recalled Julie de la Rivière, daughter of an ancient house which was powerful at the court of Louis XIV, who, one hundred and fifty-four years ago, brought into the world in this old tower-room, her only child, whose father had been slain two months before on Minden battle-field. What a rôle that infant was to play in the making of two republics! Far into the night Chavaniac's past marched and countermarched before me.

To be personally conducted through the château after the modern manner at Fontainebleau, Windsor, or Warwick castles will, in all probability, be a common experience some day; but to adventure the historic chambers alone, while September rain beat without and the wind whined

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From a print by Huyot. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

MADAME DE LAFAYETTE (ADRIENNE DE NOAILLES)

and whistled through every crack and cranny of the crumbling fortress, this was a mysterious delight next morning, when Mme. Mallet, having served *café au lait* in the tower-room, left me mistress of the château.

The intimate life of the château has always been lived close to the north tower Adjoining the birth-chamber is a suite of small apartments, the boudoir of Lafayette's mother, Julie de la Rivière, and later that of his wife, Adrienne de Noailles.

And there are maids' chambers and dressing-rooms, tiny as those in which Marie Antoinette made her elaborate toilets at Versailles. Here was the dismantled boudoir where the mother of Lafayette planned for her fatherless son the future she was never to share, and the boudoir where his wife sang to sleep her youngest child, Virginia, named after the Virginia campaign. There, by the high-posted bed, niched in a faded wall that is hung to-day with engravings of Molière and Mme. de Staël, is preserved the child's rosewood couch. The general's family did not come to Chavaniac to live until after his third voyage to America, and, at Chavaniac, Mme. de Lafayette then de-

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voted her life to the care and education of her children after the manner of her own devoted mother, the Duchesse d'Ayen.

The north-tower suite ends in a little chapel, where, over a white, wooden altar, hang, as in Lafayette's day, three old paintings in faded colors. It was in this dismantled chapel that Mme. de Lafayette found solace in the first hours of her life's tragedy. Here she gathered the peasants on Sundays when the curé's refusal to take the unchristian oath closed the village church. On which prie-dieu, now cluttered with dusty debris, was she kneeling when Gouverneur Morris despatched the first letters from the general after his arrest and imprisonment? Here in this cobwebbed chapel she offered her last prayer before the soldiers of the Revolution haled her to prison.

THE MARQUIS GASTON DE LAFAYETTE, THE PRESENT HEAD OF THE LAFAYETTE FAMILY, AND HIS SON

The main entrance to the château is as unpretentious as that to the servants' quarters, but the grand staircase of stone and wrought-iron on which it opens is of great feudal dignity. The salon yields only to the banquet-hall in spaciousness, and, unlike the rest of the château, preserves the impress of intimate living. Its walls of turquoise blue are thickly covered with family portraits. Rare books, easy-chairs, open hearth, brass andirons, and a half-burnt log bespeak no remote cheer. Dominating the whole is Ary Scheffer's life-size portrait of General de Lafayette. It is not the soldier, as painted by order of Congress, but the family man, in the long frock-coat and striped waist-coat of 1820, with hat and cane in hand. Grouped about him are worshipful kinsfolk: his old aunt who reared him, Mme. de Chavaniac, her placid face and blue-ribboned cap giving little hint of her sad life; his young mother, Julie de la Rivière, in pointed cardinal bodice, with mousquetaire sleeves, one dainty, jeweled hand holding a shepherd's crook; his father in cuirass and helmet, a Mlle. de Lafayette, in the court-dress of Anne of Austria, to whom she was lady-in-waiting; and gay Count Toulouse, in glistening armor and lace jabot.

The family of Mme. de Lafayette gave to France six field-marshals, but here in an old canvas is a Gilbert Motier de Lafayette III, marshal in the wars of Charles VII, from whom our general took his coat of arms and motto, *Non cur.* Amid this array of feudal armor, powdered wigs, and stately garb of many European courts, how good to come upon engravings of Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, and Jackson, with Lafayette in federal uniform on Virginia's battle-field, his horse held by a Southern negro!

A rather expressive print discloses the face of Mme. de Lafayette. "Adrienne de Noailles, la Marquise de Lafayette," is the caption. There remains no original portrait of Mme. de Lafayette, declares a family historian of Lagrange, her ancestral home in Brie, where were passed the last days of the general. The pompadour, dark-eyed, smiling miniature in the Bibliothèque Nationale is a copy of the original which the general wore round his neck until his

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death, when it was buried with him in Picpus Cemetery. Only in her "life" written by her daughter, the Marquise de Lasteyrie, in the "Journal" of her sister, the Marquise de Montague, and in her husband's "Letters," lives the real woman who was a "power behind the throne," the loyal, uncompromising champion of American liberty.

The salon panel opens into a stately apartment, which has not been occupied since General de Lafayette's last visit to the château in 1829, five years after his triumphal journey through the United States. The apartment flanks the south tower, the iron, double-barred door of which was reverently opened by Céleste, the concierge's little, dark-eyed daughter.

"The bed upon which General de Lafayette died," said Céleste, and in the dusk I perceived a low, single bed of rosewood, with the cylindrical head- and foot-board of the First Empire. This is preserved as it came to Chavaniac from the house in which both the general and his wife died, the Paris hôtel of Mme. de Lafayette's aunt, the famous Countess de Tessé, who labored twenty years to give France a constitution like that of the United States: The coarse hand-spun linen sheets and bolster-cover and the red brocaded satin counterpane are yellowed and faded with time, but well preserved. At the foot of the bed are a saddle, boots, and spurs used by the general in the American war, and a large stone slab from the Bastille, on the smoothly worn surface of which are the low-relief profiles of Bailly, Louis XVI, and Lafayette. The half-defaced inscription reads: "1789, First Year of Unity and Liberty." The wall has a framed certificate of the Society of the Cincinnati for the State of Massachusetts, certifying Lafayette's election to that body, and crude woodcuts of the Lafayette tomb at Picpus Cemetery, and the Washington tomb at Mount Vernon.

The third floor of the château has numerous apartments numbered like a modern hotel. Each is lumbered with curious debris and redolent of the life in far-off, happier days, as when the house of Noailles gathered here for the marriage of George Washington de Lafayette, late from Mount Vernon, whither he was sent by his mother, after her release from Delmar prison, to finish his education in the family of General Washington.

Drawn by Alfred Brennan

MONUMENT IN THE SQUARE OF CHAVANIAC IN MEMORY OF THE LAFAYETTES

To-day in the old terraced garden democracy runs wild. One may look there in vain for the stately artificiality of French horticulture or for a clue to the spot in which George Washington de Lafayette, before his surreptitious flight to America, buried the sword presented to his father by the American Congress. How it was recovered after the French Revolution is Céleste's best story. The blade was rusted beyond restoration, but a new one was forged, and the sword, with its richly engraved hilt, was then preserved at Lagrange until after the death of the general, when the souvenirs of both châteaux were scattered. The sword is now in Italy.

The longer one lingers at Chavaniac, the more poignant is the regret that the general's American letters to his wife had not likewise been buried in the old garden instead of being thrust by Mme. de Lafayette into the kitchen fire when she was warned that soldiers were en route to the château to confiscate the general's papers.

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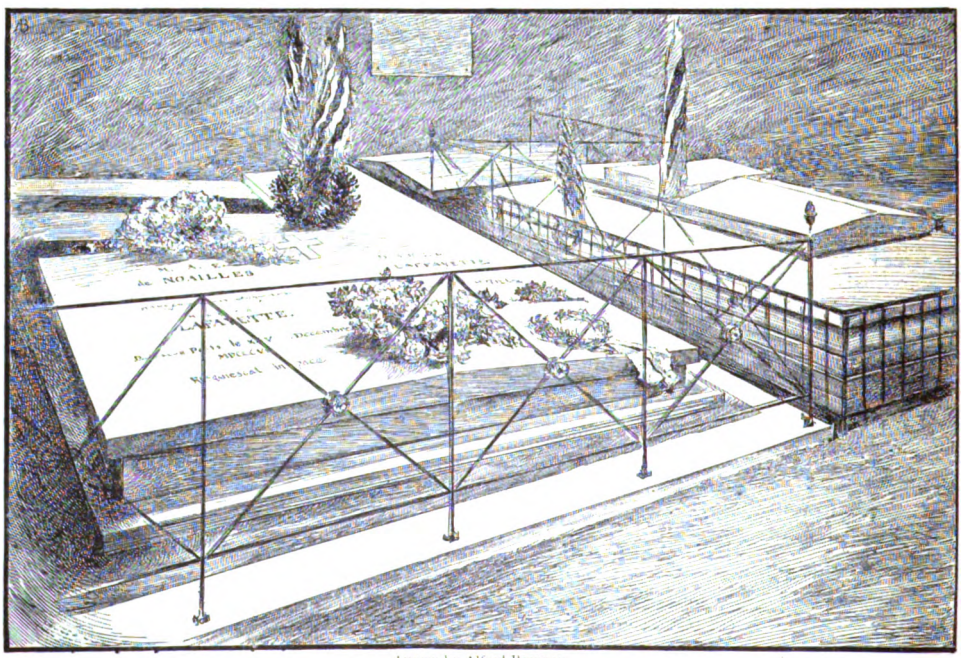
There is no formal wall between the château and the village. The sixty gray-stone, red-tiled roofs, sheltering about five hundred souls, snuggle close to the château gates. From the hub of the community, an irregular square, rises a monument erected to the Lafayettes in 1891 by "Grateful Compatriots." Its white marble shaft supports a white marble female figure holding up a laurel wreath. The four panels of the base are inscribed to various members of the family. This monument was erected one year after the death of Senator Edmond de Lafayette, who did much for the village.

The church is only a step from the château gate. It is a dignified modern structure occupying the site of the chapel where General de Lafayette was baptized: "fils d'un noble et puissant seigneur," as the parish record has it. It was built more than thirty years ago, and was given to the village by the senator. Now that the family fortunes have vanished, and the state has withdrawn support, the church shares the village's decay.

The Lafayette pew, carved, canopied, and with the family coat of arms, is never occupied save on the rare occasions when the present marquis and marquise come to Chavaniac. Here and there are prie-dieux, with brass plates inscribed to a countess, duchess, or marquise, for scattered among the mountains are châteaux hardly less notable than Chavaniac and still retained by the *ancien régime*.

The farms that gave the villagers livelihood in General de Lafayette's time have slipped from the family possession, save a few acres reserved for the château's maintenance. How the community ekes out a living is the thrifty secret of a thrifty nation.

In a lowering September haze, with the mystic suggestiveness of a Monet landscape, the towers of Chavaniac slipped from view as we jostled in the château break down the hillside, across russet lowland, and through the ancient hamlets, to Saint-Georges-d'Aurac to await the train to Brioude.



Drawn by Alfred Brennan

THE TOMB OF THE LAFAYETTES IN PICPUS CEMETERY, PARIS

The inscription to the Marquise is at the left. American flags decorate the side bearing the inscription to the Marquis de Lafayette. In a part of this small cemetery, in the east end of Paris, are buried 1340 victims of the Reign of Terror, who were guillotined in the Place de la Nation, nearby. The grandmother, mother, and sister of the Marquise de Lafayette were among those sent to the scaffold. Later, some of the descendants of the victims were buried there.

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From a miniature by Richard Cosway

ANGELICA SCHUYLER (MRS. JOHN B. CHURCH)

LAFAYETTE'S IMPRISONMENT AT OLMÜTZ[1]

BY CORNELIA CRUGER

THE services rendered by Lafayette during the War of Independence being held in grateful remembrance by Americans, the following letters will be read with interest, as they attest the sincerity of the friendship which bound him to those with whom he had been associated in the cause of freedom, and record the earnest efforts made in his behalf during his imprisonment.

That those efforts were not unavailing we may well believe, since the alleged reason for Lafayette's release from Olmütz, given by Baron von Thugut, Minister of Foreign Affairs of Austria, was, "to show the emperor's consideration for the United States of America."

The events which took place previous to the arrest of Lafayette and the facts concerning his imprisonment, may be briefly recalled.

After remonstrating with the National Assembly in an eloquent letter, dated June 16, 1792, for permitting the violence of the Jacobins, Lafayette returned to Paris from the camp at Maubeuge, and appeared before the Assembly to demand justice for the attack upon the Tuileries on June 20. But he found that the power and influence which he had hitherto wielded were gone. His proposals to the king to protect the latter against threatened danger were rejected. He was denounced by the Jacobins, but, faithful to his oath, he courageously persisted in his adherence to the constitution.

After the Assembly had pronounced the deposition of the king, Lafayette, finding himself deprived of all support, and powerless to control the leaders of the Revolution, resolved to expatriate himself, hoping that at some future time he might again be of use to his country. On August 19, before the Assembly could carry into effect the decree of accusation which was issued against him, he crossed the frontier, and in passing through the Netherlands on his way to America, the country of his heart, as he termed it, he was seized at Rochefort by the troops of the coalition. His

[1] Mr. Jefferson kept copies of two of his letters included in this article, and these have been made use of by editors of his writings; with these exceptions the letters here given have never before been published.

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From the copy owned by Mr. Thomas E. V. Smith of the engraving after the painting by P. L. De Bucourt, dedicated to the Citizen Soldiers

MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE, AS COMMANDER-GENERAL OF THE NATIONAL PARISIAN GUARD

friends who accompanied him, General Latour-Maubourg and MM. Bureaux-de-Pusy and Alexandre de Lameth, were made prisoners at the same time and all were successively transferred to Luxembourg, Wezel, and Magdeburg. Having been leaders of the liberal party and members of the Constituent Assembly, they were treated with excessive rigor, and the continued efforts of their friends to secure a mitigation of their sufferings were unavailing.

In May, 1794, when the King of Prussia was about to conclude a separate treaty of peace with France, Lafayette was given over to the Emperor of Austria, and after being confined in various castles, he was imprisoned in the fortress of Olmütz in Moravia where Latour-Maubourg and Bureaux-de-Pusy were also conveyed,

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Lameth alone being released. The prisoners were confined in adjacent cells, but were not allowed to see one another or to receive news of the outer world.

After hearing that his wife was imprisoned in Paris and in danger of perishing on the scaffold, Lafayette knew nothing further until she joined him at Olmütz, with her daughters, in October, 1795. She had obtained permission from the Emperor of Austria to share her husband's captivity, but with the condition that she would never be allowed to leave the prison. After a time, her health having suffered from the confinement, she sought permission to go to Vienna to consult a physician, but was informed that if the project were carried out, she would not again be permitted to see her husband. She and her daughters, therefore, remained at Olmütz, enduring the most severe trials with great courage.

In 1796, General Washington wrote a personal letter to the Emperor of Austria, urging Lafayette's release. It has been stated that Lafayette chose to consider himself as freed through the influence of General Bonaparte; but Baron von Thugut, in a letter written at the time, expressly said that Lafayette was not liberated at the instance of France. This letter, and the assertions of Gouverneur Morris, who had an interview with Baron von Thugut in December, 1796, led to the

Modeled by R. Tait McKenzie, M.D.

MEDALLION IN BRONZE OF FRANCIS KINLOCH HUGER

This medallion of bronze gilt, eighteen inches in diameter, now in the Medical Building of the University of Pennsylvania, was modeled from documents, and from a direct descendant said to resemble Huger.

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belief that the President's appeal was largely instrumental in securing the liberation of Lafayette. In September, 1797, he was released from Olmütz and conducted to Hamburg, where, by order of the imperial court, the Austrian minister delivered him over to the American consul.

From the painting by Trumbull. Half-tone plate engraved by T. Johnson

Your affectionate friend & humble servt

Th: Jefferson

With one exception, the following letters were addressed to Angelica Schuyler Church, daughter of Major-General Philip Schuyler, and wife of John Barker Church. At her death they passed into the possession of her daughter Catherine, wife of Bertram Peter Cruger, and were inherited by her son John Church Cruger, in whose family they have remained.

At the time of Lafayette's seizure, Mrs. Church was living in London, and her sympathies were aroused by the tidings brought from the Continent by the numerous French émigrés who took refuge in England. She had known Lafayette at her father's house, when he was aiding the struggling colonies, and when adversity be-

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fell him, she lost no time in writing to General Schuyler to solicit the President's intervention on behalf of the prisoner. In reply, General Schuyler wrote from New York, February 6, 1793:

Thanks, ten thousand thanks, and more blessings to you and yours, My Dear my Amiable my good Child for those sentiments of humanity which pervade every sentence of Your letter; I have already, I will continue to second your Philanthropy, and to carry into effect your wishes in favor of the unhappy M: De La Fayette, your letter has been shewn to a selection of friends who were capable of appreciating the value of the sentiments It contains, and a tear was dropt by each,—Oh that I could say poor Fayette shall be immediately released, and cherished by America that Country which he has so greatly served, and which has in the chain of events perhaps produced the ruin of his fortune but I trust not of his fame,—Prudential reasons added to political ones will prevent an Immediate application thro the channel you suggest, but the public mind is so strongly impressed with the *necessity of efficient interposition* in favor of M: De La Fayette, that It will speedily pervade every department of the Government *now*, and Induce It to the requisite measures for his emancipation,—the Legislature of this State has evinced the best disposition to him, and was it not improper that they should take the lead, in an affair which seems particularly appropriate to the General Government of those States, Already would an Act have in [all] probability been passed, conferring a handsome Annuity on M: De La Fayette and his lady, together with a grant of an extensive tract of land,—be persuaded my Beloved Child that those favorable impressions will be cherished and I trust extended to all the States, and If the Object of your humanity is not restored to his native Country, that he will become the cherished Child of his adopted one,—If It be possible convey to him the sentiments I entertain in regard to him, assure him of my best wishes, and that whilst I have a voice and an influence in my Country It shall unremittingly be exerted in his favor. . . .

I am in better health, much better than I have experienced for twenty Years past, and what will be pleasing to you to learn the confidence of my fellow-citizens is now greater than at any former period of my life, I am beloved, I return the sentiment and derive a satisfaction from the one and the other that sweetens every hour of my Life,—

Adieu my truly Amiable & beloved Child, may the great rewarder of virtue, bless & protect you and yours is the devout and constant prayer of Your

affectionate parent

Ph: Schuyler.

The "prudential reasons" of General Schuyler did not deter his daughter. She laid General Lafayette's case before Mr. Jefferson, as she seems not to have heeded his opinion, expressed in a letter to her in 1788, that "the tender breasts of ladies were not formed for political convulsion," or to have had regard for the policy of the Government under General Washington's guidance. She may possibly not have been as familiar as we are with Washington's sentiments concerning foreign affairs—sentiments which have since reëchoed throughout the land whenever intervention has become a burning question. In writing to Mr. Short, United States Minister at The Hague, Gouverneur Morris had given his opinion regarding interference on behalf of Lafayette, in the following words, which well expressed the policy of the Government:

The less we meddle in the great quarrel which agitates Europe the better will it be for us, and although the private feelings of friendship or humanity might properly sway us as private men, we have in our public character higher duties to fulfil than those which may be dictated by sentiments of affection towards an individual.

In answer to Mrs. Church's appeal, Mr. Jefferson wrote to the point, as follows, from Germantown, November 27, 1793:

I have received, my very good friend, your kind letter of Aug. 19. with the extract from that of la Fayette, for whom my heart has been constantly bleeding. the influence of the United States has been put into action as far as it could be either with decency or effect. but I fear that distance & difference of principle give little hold to Gen[l] Washington on the jailors of la Fayette. however his friends may be assured that our zeal has not been inactive.

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He then turns to topics which he thought more suited to the feminine mind and continues:

your letter gives me the first information that our dear friend Madame de Corny has been, as to her fortune, among the victims of the times. sad times indeed! and much lamented victim! I know no country where the remains of a fortune could place her so much at her ease as this, and where public esteem is so attached to worth regardless of wealth. but our manners, & the state of society here are so different from those to which her habits have been formed, that she would lose more perhaps in that scale.—and Madame Cosway in a convent! I knew that to much goodness of heart, she joined enthusiasm & religion: but I thought that very enthusiasm would have prevented her from shutting up her adoration of the God of the Universe within the walls of a cloyster; that she would rather have sought the *mountain-top*. how happy should I be that it were *mine* that you, she & Mde de Corny would seek. you say indeed that you are coming to America. but I know that means New York. in the meantime I am going to Virginia. I have at length been able to fix that to the beginning of the new year. I am then to be liberated from the hated occupations of politics, & to sink into the bosom of my family, my farm & my books. I have my house to build, my fields to form, and to watch for the happiness of those who labor for mine. I have one daughter [1] married to a man of science, sense, virtue & competence; in whom indeed I have nothing more to wish. they live with me. if the other [2] shall be as fortunate in due process of time, I shall imagine myself as blessed as the most blessed of the patriarchs. nothing could then withdraw my thoughts a moment from home, but the recollection of my friends abroad. I often put the question whether yourself & Kitty will ever come to see your friends at Monticello? but it is my affection and not my experience of things, which has leave to answer. and I am determined to believe the answer; because, in that belief, I find I sleep sounder & wake more cheerful. en attendant, God bless you; accept the homage of my sincere & constant affection.

Th: Jefferson.

This characteristic letter is suggestive of Mr. Jefferson's residence in Paris, as United States Minister, at which period he had renewed his friendship with Lafayette, and it was then that Madame de Corny and Mrs. Cosway were of his circle of friends. The former suffered extreme distress during the Revolution and when she took refuge in England, Mrs. Church was able to show her kindness and as a token of lasting friendship gave Madame de Corny her portrait which is shown on page 61. It is a miniature on ivory, rich in coloring, painted with much poetic feeling by the distinguished English artist Richard Cosway. A copy was painted by Mrs. Cosway, who was also an artist of ability, but who was best known as a woman of great charm and a highly gifted musician whose musicales were most frequented by the fashion of London.

Life in Virginia, as pictured by Mr. Jefferson, amid those scenes—to use his own words—"for which alone my heart was made," was to be the fulfilment of plans formed long before when surrounded by the attractions of the French capital; even amidst the exciting scenes of the Revolution when his advice was sought by Lafayette and other leading patriots and he became deeply absorbed in all that was taking place, the thought of home was ever present with him. In anticipation of a visit from Mrs. Church at Monticello, Mr. Jefferson had written to her from Paris, in February, 1788: "I have been planning what I would shew you. a flower here, a tree there; yonder a grove, near it a fountain; on this side a hill, on that a river. indeed, madam, I know nothing so charming as our own country. the learned say it is a new creation; and I believe them; not for their reasons, but because it is made on an improved plan. Europe is a first idea, a crude production, before the maker knew his trade or had made up his mind as to what he wanted."

It was during his residence in Paris that Mr. Jefferson gave Mrs. Church his portrait by Trumbull, a finely executed miniature in oil, with the following comment in a letter dated August 17, 1788: "The memorial of me which you have from Trumbull is of the most worthless part of me. could he paint my friendship to you, it would be something out of the common line."

[1] Martha Jefferson, who married Thomas Mann Randolph. [2] Maria Jefferson afterward married John W. Eppes.

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Lafayette's good friends left no stone unturned in order to reach the fountain-head. After appealing directly to General Washington, their efforts were rewarded by the following letter to Mr. Church, written during the last month of Mr. Jefferson's term of office as Secretary of State.

Philadelphia, Dec. 11, 1793.

Sir The President has received your letter of Aug. 16. with its enclosures. it was with deep concern that he learnt the unhappy fortunes of M. de la Fayette, and that he still learns his continuance under them. his friendship for him could not fail to inspire him with the desire of relieving him, and he was sure that in endeavoring to do this he should gratify the sincere attachments of his fellow citizens: he has accordingly employed such means as appeared the most likely to effect this purpose; tho', under the existing circumstances, he could not be sanguine in their obtaining very immediately the desired effect. conscious however that his anxieties for the sufferer flow from no motives unfriendly to those who feel an interest in his confinement, he indulges their continuance, & will not relinquish the hope that the reasons for this severity will at length yield to those of a more benign character. I have the honor to be with great respect Sir

your most obedient & most humble servt

Th: Jefferson

The means employed thus far for the relief of Lafayette had been tentative measures only. Through the United States ministers at foreign courts the Government had been acting unofficially, being obliged to proceed with caution, owing to the prisoner's position in regard to the French government and its own relations with France. In the above letter Mr. Jefferson refers, no doubt, to Mr. Marshall, who was sent as a confidential agent, being the bearer of a letter from General Washington to the King of Prussia, soliciting the liberation of Lafayette. In a letter of December 27, 1793, from Alexander Hamilton to his sister-in-law, Mrs. Church, he speaks of Mr. Marshall as being on the eve of sailing. The journey seems to have been long-drawn out, for Mr. Marshall only reached Berlin in the spring, and before his arrival Lafayette had been given over to the Emperor of Austria.

Meanwhile the French coterie in London was kept in a ferment by reports of the horrors perpetrated in France and of the indignities to which Lafayette was subjected. One of the refugees in London at that time, the Comte de Lally-Tollendal, was untiring in his endeavors to procure the release of Lafayette. Although a zealous royalist at the time of the insurrection at Lyons, he was aided by the Prussian liberal Archenholtz in his efforts to induce the united powers to liberate the prisoner on the plea that he alone was capable of putting a stop to the Reign of Terror. This proposal resulted only in greater precautions being taken to prevent the escape of Lafayette.

In Mrs. Church, M. de Lally found a ready sympathizer, for she took the deepest interest in the émigrés. She and her husband dispensed a generous hospitality at their home in Sackville Street and at Down Place, their country-seat near Windsor, and Mr. Church's kindly nature led him to render substantial aid to many of the French refugees, who, having been deprived of their estates, found themselves in actual want.

Mr. Church was an Englishman whose family lived near Lowestoft. Despite Tory surroundings, he had come to America during the War of Independence to satisfy his desire for liberty, and had served under General Lafayette. In June, 1777, he married General Schuyler's daughter under romantic circumstances, and some years later he returned to his native land, where he identified himself with the liberal party in representing Wendover in Parliament.

The failure of Mr. Marshall's mission and the sufferings of Lafayette, elicited from Lally-Tollendal the following letter, in French, to Mrs. Church after Mr. Jay's arrival in London, in May, 1794, as Envoy Extraordinary to Great Britain.

Dear Madam, Here is a letter which will break your heart, concerning our poor friend. It is from the wife of the Commandant of Neisse. The Cabinet of Vienna is the most atrocious of all. You will see in this letter that the unhappy man can no longer even see his servant, that they will no longer give him any letter, that he will no longer be allowed to read any gazette. He went away knowing that Made du Chatelet had been assassinated, his wife arrested and separated from her children. Those were his last tid-

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ings when those monsters arrested him. You will see besides, from what Made Houff says, that the general opinion is that the Emperor would give him up at the request of America. Ah! at least it must be attempted. America is now so imposing! There is such a desire and it is so necessary not to displease her. It is cruel, truly, that Mr. Marshall should have given no sign of life during his journey. Notwithstanding the arrangement, quite another use might have been made of this mission. He went away the end of March or the beginning of April; on the 16th poor la Fayette was still at Neisse. After all, the past is nothing, but now I see him in a dungeon; I see him in Siberia, of which some one from Brussels gave me a presentiment; I see him poisoned; I see him, during what remains to him of life, torn by the uncertainty of the fate of all that he loves. Could you send for Made d'H.[1] either to-morrow or Saturday or Sunday or Monday? You must by all means, out of the kindness and tenderness of your heart, bring together at your house Mr. Pinckney, Mr. Jay, Made d'H. and myself; and we must for once speak openly together, laying aside diplomatic forms, as that excellent Mr. Pinckney was so kind as to do the last time that I had the honor of seeing him at your house. Adieu, Dear Madam. Truly, I should give but small proof of the respect and attachment which I deeply feel for you were I to beg pardon for my importunity.

While Lafayette's friends in England were impatiently awaiting results from the slow processes of diplomacy, his liberation was attempted in a practical way by Dr. Eric Bollmann, a Hanoverian. After several months spent in fruitless attempts, Bollmann finally succeeded in having a note conveyed to Lafayette, with secret instructions written in lemon-juice, and then carried out his daring project, aided by Francis Kinloch Huger, son of Major Huger of Charleston, whose friendship Lafayette had won when he offered his services in the cause of American freedom. The physician of the prison had expressed the opinion that exercise was necessary for the preservation of Lafayette's life, whereupon his two friends, according to a concerted plan, met him when he was taking a drive. Lafayette persuaded his guard to allow him to walk, and having sent the escort to a neighboring tavern with some money to spend, he seized the sword of the guard. A struggle ensued, and the man, intimidated by Bollmann and Huger, ran for assistance. Lafayette escaped on horseback, but after going about eight leagues, he was seized by the troops in pursuit and taken back to the fortress.

Bollmann and Huger, having provided only two horses in order to avoid exciting suspicion, mounted together; but when the soldiers from the fortress came up with the fugitives, Huger surrendered himself in order that the others might the more readily escape. Bollmann had called out, "Get to Hoff," but Lafayette, understanding him to say, "Get off," hastened forward, missed the road on which relays were awaiting him, and, concerned at not seeing his companions, retraced his steps and thus fell in with his pursuers. Bollmann escaped across the frontier, but was then captured and given up by the Prussian government to the Emperor of Austria. Bollmann and Huger were both condemned to hard labor for six months, and Lafayette was treated with increased severity during the remaining years of his captivity.

After his release in 1797 Lafayette remained in neutral territory for several years, and when the following letter was written, he was still an exile, as he was not permitted to return to France until the 18th Brumaire (November 9), 1799, when Napoleon became First Consul.

Although Lafayette's letters show familiarity with English, the spelling is occasionally faulty. It was remembered by those who knew him, that he spoke the language with a very strong foreign accent, notwithstanding that he had come to America when only twenty years of age. In a letter to Mrs. Church written from Vianen, on April 19, 1799, he says:

Altho no time nor distance can prevent my Heart Being constantly with you, my Beloved friend, I with deep sorrow and lager impatience am lamenting our long separation—it should Have Been my fate never to part from those to whom I am Bound By such sentiments of Affection and Gratitude, —and instead of that natural and Happy vocation, my life Has Been locked with Circumstances which either prosperous or unfortunate Have almost alwais kept me far

[1] The Princesse d'Henin.

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from you—since I Have Been Released from that Captivity during which you and Mr Church Have Blessed me with more precious and unremitting exertions of your friendship I have been detained in Europe the first year By my wife's illness, and afterwards By Her necessary journey to France —my family Have once more got together in this Bavarian place, where my Wife is now kept by a fever—she shall on Her Recovery Return to Paris, where my son is gone Before Her, and two months after she Has Resided there on some pecuniary arrangements for which it is useful I should Be in her vicinity, I may Be able to embark with Georges [1] for the United States—My elder daughter [2] the wife of Charles Maubourg Has lately given me two grand-daughters, One of whom we Have lost, But the other is very well—Such is, my amiable friend, the present situation of my family—as to my political and personal concerns I Had Better this time to Refer you to my fellow-prisoner Bureaux-Puzy, whose merits you are acquainted with, and whose union with me will also secure to Him, I am sure, every service, every testimonies of good-will which may Be in yours and Mr Church's power—to others I would mention Puzy's exalted character, shining abilities, the part He has acted in the Constituent Assembly, His talents as an officer, His virtues as a citizen, and a man, His sufferings in the Cause of freedom—to you I shall only say that our intimacy dates from the Beginning of the Revolution, that in Him I ever found a steady friend, and that during our emprisonment He never permitted His Cause Being separated from mine which you know was dark enough—He sets out on a grand enterprise, and intends settling in America —His wife, a very amiable lady, His witty daughter, His good sister, and, I think, His Respectable mother-in-law, M^de^ Du Pont, formerly M^de^ Poivre, are going with Him—them all I recommend to you both with all the confidence which the knowledge of Your Heart can give me, and I Have the Happiness to Be sure it is not in vain.

We have just now heard of the Appointement of those Pleinpotentiary Ministers [3] to France—my intelligences from Paris give me good reasons to think the french government are sincerely wishing for a Reconciliation—the misunderstandings Had made me very unhappy—I fondly Hope they may Be soon dispelled

My wife Requests Her affectionate love Being sent to you—we all join in most tender compliments to you, Mr Church, your charming daughters, sons, and I also Beg to Be Remembered to my good friend Gal Schuyler. Adieu, adieu, Most Heartly Yours L. F.

Should Gal Schuyler Have an opportunity to render services to Puzy, I am certain He, on Your application, and mine will do it with great kindness.

Lafayette paid a tribute to his friend Alexander Hamilton in a letter, dated Auteuil, 24 Floréal (May 14), 1805, which, like the preceding one, was addressed to Mrs. Church in New York:

My dear Excellent friend, while I Have not ceased from the Bottom of my Heart to partake in Your deepest and tenderest feelings, I am Affraid that most of my letters Have miscarried—But I am sure You know me, and what Words could Better Express my Sentiments: Never did I so Affectionately lament the distance that separates us—to the loss of the Beloved Friend [4] in whose Brotherly Affection I felt equally proud and Happy, and whose lamentable fate has rent my Heart as His own Noble Soul would Have mourned for me, I Have Had to join a New Cause of Mourning for a friend whom I Have so long loved and Respected —What a Consolation for me, and, permit me to Add, for You, My dear friend, Had I Been able to go and Mingle my Sorrows with Yours and those of Your sister, family, and our common friends! it Has Been an object of consultation with the American Minister and Myself to know whether I should follow Mr Livingston [5] over to New

[1] His son Georges Washington de la Fayette.

[2] Anastasie de la Fayette, married in 1798 at Witmold, in Holstein, Comte Charles de Latour-Maubourg, brother of the Marquis de la Fayette's fellow-prisoner.

The younger daughter, Marie-Antoinette Virginie de la Fayette, was married in 1803, to the Marquis de Lasteyrie du Saillant.

[3] Oliver Ellsworth, William Vans Murray, and Patrick Henry were named to adjust existing differences between the United States and France. William Richardson Davie was substituted for the last named, and the ministers met in Paris on March 3, 1800.

[4] Alexander Hamilton's death had occurred on July 12, 1804. His wife was Elizabeth Schuyler, a sister of Mrs. Church.

[5] Robert R. Livingston, Chancellor of the State of New York, was appointed Minister to France by Mr. Jefferson in 1801.

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York—But we Have Acknowledged the Almost impossibility to do it without Being taken at sea, and Notwithstanding my American titles, Beginning a new lease of Captivity—Why don't You follow the Blessed plan You Have Had to pay a visit to France? I was speaking of it the other day with Mde de Corny whom I Had not seen these many years, Because I constantly live in the Country forty miles from Paris—We Agreed that Your objections to this Voyage were totally groundless, and that a few minutes Conversation with the ladies of the Livingston family would suffice to satisfy You on that point —Come then, my Excellent friend, and fill our Hearts with the most delicious Happiness which after so many Causes of Eternal Regret they are yet capable to enjoy—My wife and family join in the Request with every Expression of their love and Respect—present me Such as you know I am to Your sister, to Mr Church, to all the persons of Your family, and think often of Your tender Constant friend

la Fayette.

The country-seat[1] referred to by Lafayette, had belonged to his wife's mother, and was named by him "Lagrange," in remembrance of "The Grange," the country home of Alexander Hamilton on Manhattan Island. Surrounded by his family, Lafayette led there a life of patriarchal simplicity, welcoming with hospitality his many friends and showing with pride the numerous testimonials of regard which he had received in America. The details given by his daughters vividly depicted the sufferings they endured in captivity. Lafayette had passed ten months in absolute solitude before the arrival of his wife, and Mme. Lafayette never recovered from the effects of the prison life. The daughters were as closely confined as their parents, and at Lagrange, in after years, were often seen walking in a small circle when taking exercise, much to the amusement of their young guests, who were told that this singular custom was the continuance of a habit acquired in the restricted quarters of the fortress of Olmütz.

Lafayette lived almost continuously at Lagrange until the Revolution of 1830 brought him again upon the scene of action, when his dream of remodeling the government of France after the American Constitution, seemed about to be realized; for through all the vicissitudes of his career, this chivalrous defender of liberty in America, who became the idol of the French nation then newly awakened to republican ideas, the generous protector of the royal family, an object of hatred alike to the Austrian government and to the Jacobin leaders, and who was tempted both by the Allies and by Napoleon, never wavered in sincerity of purpose. The Princesse de Craon, who was nowise in sympathy with him, being a devoted adherent of the old régime, bore testimony to this in 1830 when she wrote in French to Mrs. Church's daughter: "The amiable M. de Lafayette is in ecstasies over the reëstablishment of his National Guard, which is now restoring order and tranquillity to the unhappy inhabitants of Paris. For this I praise him with all my heart, but the 'sieur wishes a republic, and will not die content unless he sees it." And again she wrote of the efforts which the "hero of two worlds" was making to bring into unison "old France and your America," and the letter runs, "If he attains the consummation of his desires, we shall be like you—the same government." With a touch of humor, the Princess added, after sending messages to each member of her friend's family by name: "I talk like your friend Lafayette who kisses everybody."

Lafayette's exuberant satisfaction was destined to be short-lived, and his failure at that time, as well as at other critical moments in his career, may be partly accounted for by M. d'Arblay's estimate of his character: that an excess of *bonté de cœur* (goodness of heart) was almost the only fault he knew him to have.

The recipient of the foregoing letters was spoken of by Mme. de Lafayette as *"notre charmante amie Madame Church."* Endowed with gifts of mind and a fascinating personality, and uniting dignity of character with kindness of heart, she was eminently fitted to exercise influence which, however, was exerted in conservative fashion a century ago. Through family letters and those addressed to her by distinguished men of her day, we are brought in touch with this daughter of the Revolution.

[1] Lagrange-Bléneau, near Rosay-en-Brie, Seine-et-Marne.

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GREEN-WINGED MACAW
(Ara chloroptera)

GREAT GREEN MACAW
(Ara ambigua)

BLUE-AND-YELLOW MACAW
(Ara ararauna)

THREE MACAWS

PAINTED FOR THE CENTURY BY PAUL BRANSOM FROM LIVING BIRDS OWNED BY THE NEW YORK ZOÖLOGICAL SOCIETY

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LEVANT

BY HUGH JOHNSON

Author of "The Minstrel People," etc.

IN "L" Troop of the Nth Cavalry there is a horse that is sixteen years old. He does no work, he eats candy and carrots to his heart's content, and he will never be condemned. The story of these honors is worth knowing. It is unofficial history.

When "L" Troop took the field in the Philippines, its commander was a brand-new second lieutenant, fresh from West Point, for its captain was on distant duty. This might have been a calamity to any troop but "L." The father of Lieutenant Grinnell had commanded the troop before him, and the older sergeants had yanked the boy from beneath the horses' feet on the picket-line when he could no more than toddle. He had ridden with them as a lank, awkward twelve-year-old, and slept between their blankets on the Geronimo campaign. They called him Bobbie then, to his face, and Bobbie he would remain to them, even if he became field-marshal-general commanding the allied armies of six nations, as they fondly hoped he some day would. Nothing could have pleased the troop more than his return to it as an officer, and what he did not know about commanding a troop in campaign they would shortly show him.

They did. "L" Troop painted its letter in vivid colors over a large part of the Island of Luzon. It rode through twenty battles, skirmishes, and engagements in the earlier war; it endured a cholera epidemic at Bato-bato, and at last it took station at Bontoc to guard its particular section of a partly pacified country and to await eventualities. It was proud of itself as a whole, but no one was prouder than First Sergeant Dale, who, as the veteran of the troop, the guardian of its traditions, and the rider of the storied horse Levant, was herein forever justified in many extravagant prophecies.

"Did n't we tell 'em—did n't we tell 'em?" he used to chuckle into the silken mane of his horse, for Levant was his chief confidant. "Of *course* the boy 's a *soldier*. It 's in the blood, an' he 's the spit of his daddy before him. They could n't fool *us*—could they, old Daisy-Crusher? Praise be that we lived to serve under him!" Levant did not understand these effusions, but he *did* know that his sides were plump with fat and his hide was clean and comfortable.

This—or its equivalent—the whole of "L" Troop knew. They were looked after, and they were commanded. When the unreasoning cholera had descended upon them, and a fear that they had not known in the field gripped them uncannily, their lieutenant had gone among them, his cheeks as fresh and smiling, his eye as clear and cool and pleasant as ever; and thus, through it all,—"bloody war and sickly season,"—they had found him without flaw.

This service-born confidence, you must understand, is the beginning and the end and all between with a company of soldiers. If they have it, the efficiency of the officer is the efficiency of the troop without one iota of discount. "L" Troop believed that it could have whipped the entire armed force of insurrection. Believing so, and led as it was, it was probably right.

But into this confident calm of self-gratulation three horrors descended. In the order of their coming, they were, the

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rainy season, El General Pedro Geronimo Aguilar Borda y Pradillo, and First Lieutenant Harrison Wentworth.

The rains began as a gentle afternoon shower and settled into a three weeks' deluge. Roads and trails disappeared in rivers and brooklets and lagoons and narrow chasms of liquid mud. The jungle took on new strength of life in the fetid air and threatened to engulf the town. Just when all movement of troops through the swimming country seemed impossible, movement became suddenly imperative. The mail brought Grinnell a simple order:

> The Insurrecto leader, Aguilar, has transferred his activities to your section. With the force at your command the General looks to you to capture him without delay.
>
> *MILTON, Adjutant-General.*

Pedro Aguilar was a little brown guerrilla and his activities were no myth. Day after day, "L" Troop rode on wild chases and day after day it returned disheartened and finally almost hopeless. It received no grace from Aguilar. Now he sacked the hacienda of a friendly Filipino to westward, burning the sugar-mills, killing the carabao, and ruining the rice-dikes. When the troop arrived at the scene of destruction, he would be blowing up a bridge twenty miles away. It chased him for a month and, at the end of it, seemed no nearer success than when it began. Once it sent a scattering volley after a line of white cotton-clad backs, scuttling through a banana grove, and once it was itself fired into in a narrow gorge, but that was all. Aguilar grew daily bolder. Headquarters became at first insistent, then sarcastic, and finally scathing. The troop thought and dreamed nothing but Aguilar and his capture. Its reputation was at stake and in very apparent danger. The men became peaked and worn and thin and the horses showed signs of grievous suffering. Another organization would have been in a state of incipient mutiny, but these men could still grin and take up new holes in their belts in their ignorance of what was still to come.

First Lieutenant Wentworth came to take the command of the troop from Bobbie Grinnell at a most unfortunate time. For a subaltern, he was an oldish man (perhaps thirty-eight) with a high, narrow forehead and small, close-set, myopic eyes. His captaincy had been too long coming and he was a little soured. He was as neat and "pernickety" as an old maid, his perspective was not broader than a barndoor, and he had no sense of humor whatever. He did not like the appearance of Bontoc Sonoyta, and he was shocked by the childlike appearance of Bobbie Grinnell.

"You young fellows should n't be given command of troops," he told Bobbie, judicially; "you have no experience and you let things go to the dogs. *Look* at these horses."

Grinnell flushed and said nothing. Sergeant Dale was making wry faces, and the men, grooming on the picket-line, poised their brushes in mid-air, expecting to see their lieutenant fall upon and quite obliterate the opinionated interloper. But most of the heart had been taken out of Bobbie. The coming of Wentworth was an official expression of lost confidence, and he had scarcely recovered from the shock when the new lieutenant, passing critically along the line of horses, stopped behind Levant.

"Mister Grinnell," he said decisively (subalterns call each other mister only for discipline or "squelching") — "MisterGrinnell, in the future I will ride this horse."

Now, in most cavalry troops, and certainly in "L," the assignment of any horse to any soldier is considered the beginning of a relation terminable only by death or discharge. Picture, then, the sacrilege here. Dale had trained Levant as an awkward colt recruit. Bobbie was incautious.

"Why, Wentworth—that is—Lieutenant," he stammered, "*that* is Levant—Sergeant Dale's horse. You can't do that. Surely you 've heard of Dale and Levant. Why, that would break the old man's heart." The troop had frankly stopped grooming as its lares and penates came tumbling about its ears. Wentworth drew himself to his full height, and fixed Grinnell with a stare, pitying, haughty, and inquiring.

"Mister Grinnell," he began in a weary voice—"*Mister* Grinnell, perhaps you did n't understand me. In the future, *I* will ride *this* horse." Grinnell's fingers straightened to their full length, then they closed in such knotty, painful fists that the cords on the knuckles stood out white and trembling. Once he drew in breath to speak

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(his face had grown ashen), but turned away, and an hour later shuddered at the thought of what he had been about to do.

"L" Troop's condition became a tragedy. Poor Wentworth was a conscientious man. In theory he was excellent, but he had not served two days with a troop in the field, and he knew as much about men in the abstract as he did about the plumbing system of the sacred city of Lhassa. His idea of discipline was nagging; of firmness, meanness; and of fighting Malay guerrillas, blank and pitiful nothing.

A troop of cavalry is a human machine and this sort of thing may not go on forever. The rainy season was drawing to a close. A burning ball of a sun now popped into a cloudless sky at dawn and seared its way across, sucking the steam from the soaked earth, and literally cooking what it touched. The men off duty lay in their *bunks* through the sweltering day, fighting swarms of big, vigorous mosquitos, venomous with malaria. The jungle hummed by day and screamed by night with million-throated insect-choruses and Aguilar woke to a fiendish activity like nothing he had done before. A sullen silence fell over the squad-rooms. The men no longer laughed and joked. They were growing ugly with that black ugliness that comes to white men in the tropics and outcrops in the horrible things that people at home read about and do not understand. Bobbie, who was as sensitive to the undercurrent of life in the barracks as a delicate thermometer is to heat, wrote to his father:

"If we don't get Aguilar and get rid of Wentworth soon, something—I don't even dare to think what—but something very terrible is going to happen—"

Bobbie did not finish his letter at that sitting. While he was writing, the bugles on the hill sounded a frantic "To Horse" (which is to a troop quite what an alarm is to a fire-company), the barrack yard was alive with half-dressed men dragging saddles and equipment toward the stables, and ten minutes later the troop was formed, with Wentworth, pale and nervous, seated on Levant, in its front. He and Bobbie were scarcely on speaking terms and, anyway, he did not care to tell that he had just received the most audacious message ever penned by a guerrilla Malay to a troop of United States cavalry—namely, to come into the open and fight it out. It was an insult and Wentworth knew it.

He wheeled the troop into column and started down the jungle-road at a trot without a word of explanation. This was a grievous error.

For Wentworth had never been under fire. He was going through that stage of mental panic that comes to every man on the eve of his first battle. For no one knows how he may act and every man fears that he *may* act—as he should n't. This is to be expected, but it is no state of mind for a troop commander in the face of the enemy. Wentworth forgot his advance-guard, and neither Bobbie nor any of the men suspected the imminence of danger. The road dropped into the throat of a little valley between two outlying foot-hills of the Zambalesian mountains. There was a rustle in the bamboo on each side, and, with no further word of warning, a horizontal sheet of Mauser fire ripped out and emptied six saddles. It was a perfect ambuscade, and the next moment the narrow road was a chaos of rearing, plunging horses and swearing men. A mortally wounded charger, at the head of the column, turned and went careening back through the ruck, screaming and blind with agony. He knocked the remaining semblance of formation into ruin and completed the fearful confusion. From both sides of the road now came a furious fusillade that lacked only accuracy to make it annihilating.

In his panicky state of nerves, Wentworth had shredded Levant's mouth with the bit and lathered his flanks with bloody foam. The old horse for once failed in his steadiness and completed his rider's panic. Bobbie spurred toward them furiously.

"What 's the matter with you?" he yelled. "Why don't you deploy and answer. Don't you see the troop is being murdered?" Wentworth was shaking in frank terror.

"Oh, Grinnell," he chattered, "I know it. They 're being killed. Oh, what 'll we do? They 're all around. Oh, please tell 'em to stop shooting. Tell 'em I surrender. I surrender." He had torn the handkerchief from his neck and was waving it about his head. Bobbie jerked it angrily from his hand.

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"Surrender—hell!" he said. "You can't surrender to *them*. They don't know what it means. Surrender if *you* want to. I 'm going to fight!" and he turned to take command of the troop.

There are limits, even to the patience of a veteran troop horse, and Levant had quite arrived at his. Just as Bobbie turned, a Mauser bullet whipped like a lash across the old horse's haunches and something within his head seemed to snap. He reared in a mighty effort and came down, boring on the bit, and then, nose poked square to the front, sweat-blinded eyes unseeing, he was off, running like a wild horse, anywhere, anyhow, to escape the stinging pain in his haunches—but straight for the insurrecto lines. Wentworth was no horseman. In the presence of this new peril from his runaway mount (for the thorny bamboo switched his face and tore it cruelly), he forgot all other danger, leaned forward, gripping the mane, and yelled:

"Oh, stop him—please, for the love of heaven, stop him!"

The prayer was answered. Levant came counter of a bamboo fence and stopped because he could go no farther and for no other reason. Wentworth could and did go farther. He smashed against the fence and rolled to the ground. A swarm of little brown men appeared and pounced upon him. They trussed him as peak-backed pigs are trussed for the San Fernando Market. They caught Levant's bridle-reins and they took both to Pedro Aguilar, who was hugely pleased, but who had little time to enjoy his pleasure.

Bobbie somehow formed the troop, unlimbered his pistols and charged the far flank, breaking through and pursuing it until it melted away in the ten-foot-high grass where the horses could not follow. He was returning now to his wounded. Aguilar had no mind to meet a charge on his side of the road, and he had other plans in view. He mounted the captured horse in sinful pride and he saw to it that poor Wentworth was hustled through the brush.

Pedro Aguilar had lost much of his respect for the fighting power of "L" Troop in the preceding weeks. He had prepared the ambuscade, keenly foreseeing exactly what happened. Five miles farther up the gorge he had prepared a place where, if he could lure "L" Troop, he could also destroy it. He had sown the ground cunningly with man-traps—automatic arrows, staked foot-pits, and fiendish land-mines. Above these snares lay his trenches in tiers, where the main force of his command was already waiting. Cautiously he began his feigned retreat.

When Bobbie returned to the road, he found that the other half of the ambuscade had quietly disappeared. He spent perhaps an hour with his wounded. Then he found and took up the trail. But "L" Troop was living under a new régime. It moved cautiously, with its scouts (who had learned their business from the White Mountain Apaches) far to the front, Sergeant Dale commanding. It was these scouts who discovered Aguilar's "position" and Aguilar himself, impudently mounted on Levant, waiting impatiently for the first signs of pursuit, and impudently outlined against the sky-line of a little hill. Dale swore. Then a very shrewd look came into his wrinkle-tanned old eyes. He motioned his men to dismount—all save one, who rode with a whispered message back to the troop commander. Bobbie heard it and grinned. Then he halted the troop and called a trumpeter.

At his position on the hilltop, Levant was becoming uneasy. The wind was bringing up odors that disturbed him. Aguilar jerked the reins and told him to be still, but the voice was strange and the words were stranger. Suddenly Levant *was* still—as still as a marble horse on a pedestal—ears pricked sharply forward, nose thrust out, and nostrils dilated. From some place in the flat-lands below tinkled a sound, so faint and distant that Aguilar hardly heard it. Levant heard and knew it well. He had heard it twice a day for years. It means the same thing to every horse in the cavalry, and it is the first thing a recruit horse learns, for it calls to grateful grooming, water, and feed. It was stable call, and nine times out of ten it will stop a stampeded herd, and always it will bring the horses in a paddock galloping breakneck to the gate. Levant lunged, and Aguilar did an unwise thing. He struck the old horse over the ears and poll with the flat of his bolo.

"Kitty, *bar* the door!" old Dale always puts it. "It was all off. Fer at that min-

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ute, the trumpeter blowed 'Charge,' an' Levant knows the calls as well as he knows me. He was off like a bat from the bad place. He 'charged' all right an' Ageelar! He ain't over bein' scared yet. He makes a fall fer the mane and he hangs on fer all he knows. Levant was a-foggin' like a quarter horse at the stretch—nose an' tail in a straight line an' belly nigh touchin' the ground at every jump. He did n't stop till he got to the troop an' the men had Aggie off a' that an' up before Bobbie quicker 'n the cook can say, 'Come an' git it.' "

"L" Troop went wild. There was little food for a feast and only soggy dog tents for comfort in camp that night, but they had more than food and shelter. They made a fire and danced about it like the lesser demons of the pit. They forgot discipline and carried their lieutenant about on their shoulders, mauling him without mercy. They put the old horse in the center of a ceremonial circle, about which they marched, first with yells that dropped to a sort of delirious chant, lapsed into hoarseness, and then to squeaking, when their voices were quite gone.

"No," explains Sergeant Dale, "we did n't attack that position. Aggie *was* the insurrection in our parts. Levant here had captured him, an' that was all we wanted. It was dangerous—but all them ain't the main reasons. You see,"—here his eyes closed to shrewd sparkling slits,—"we *might*—they was jest that *shade* of chancet, that we 'd recapture that Wentworth man—*but* we did n't."

THE COMRADE

BY RICHARD WIGHTMAN

BE thou young, I will romp with thee,
Sun up, sun high, sun down, stars;
Be thou old, I will lean with thee,
Cackling over the cattle-bars.

Be thou sad, I will weep with thee:
Tears are water, and, mingled, dry.
Be thou glad, I will laugh with thee.
Mirth is maddest when two are by.

Be thou lone, I will come to thee:
Twaining hearts make dearth of woe.
Be thou ill, I will sit by thee,
And bid thy devil quickly go.

Be thou living, I 'll live with thee,
Strong in waking and warm in sleep.
Be thou dead, I will lie with thee
Under the cedars, cold and deep.

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MARTIN LUTHER AND HIS WORK

TWELFTH PAPER: THE END AND AFTER

BY ARTHUR C. McGIFFERT

Professor of Church History in Union Theological Seminary, New York

IN the winter following the adjournment of the Diet of Augsburg, certain Protestant princes and the representatives of a number of free cities met in Schmalkalden to form a defensive league for mutual protection against the emperor and the Catholic princes, who, it was feared, would attempt to compel submission with the sword. Hitherto Luther had consistently opposed armed resistance to the emperor, but now the elector's lawyers succeeded in convincing him, as they had already convinced their prince, that in certain circumstances resistance was legal. He consequently withdrew his objections, and threw upon them the responsibility of determining what those circumstances were The arguments of the Landgrave of Hesse, laid before Luther in a letter of October 21, may also have had something to do with his change of attitude. In February, 1531, in a letter to his friend Lazarus Spengler, he justified the change as follows:

Master Veit has informed me you are troubled by the report that I have recanted my former advice not to resist the emperor. I am not aware of any recantation. It is true they disputed sharply with us at Torgau, and since some of them wished to do what they thought best without consulting us, we were obliged to let it go at that. But when we finally insisted that the principle, "Force may be met by force," was not enough, they declared that imperial law permitted violent resistance to the authorities in cases of notorious injustice. Whether this was so or not we said we did not know; but if the emperor had thus bound himself, we would leave him to his fate, and they might see to it. For since our doctrine says, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," and Cæsar has decreed that he may be resisted in cases of notorious injustice, we ought not to alter or criticize his law. The affair then reduced itself to this syllogism: whatever Cæsar, or the law of Cæsar, decrees, must be obeyed; but the law decrees that he must be resisted in such a case; therefore he must be resisted. Now, we have always taught the major premise, that the authorities must be obeyed in civil affairs; but we do not assert the minor premise, nor do we know anything about it. Wherefore we drew no conclusion, but referred the whole matter to the jurists.

Evidently the pressure of events was too much for Luther. It was not to be expected that the Protestant states, aware of their strength and with so aggressive a prince as Philip of Hesse among their leaders, would permanently follow the policy of passive resistance hitherto advocated by the reformer. He therefore made the best of the situation, and allowed himself to be convinced by somewhat flimsy arguments. The appeal to the law was only a pretext. The Protestants would doubtless have protected themselves against armed attack quite without regard to the legality of their action. Luther showed common sense, if not consistency, in accepting the technical plea of the lawyers and making the best of a situation he was powerless to mend.

The spring of 1531 found the emperor in no position to enforce the decision of the Diet of Augsburg and to compel the Protestants to recant and submit. Banded together as they were, the evangelical states presented too strong a front to be attacked with impunity, while among the Catholic

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rulers there was too much jealousy of the growing power of the house of Hapsburg to enable the emperor to count upon their united support. Meanwhile the need of internal harmony became ever more imperative. On the east, Germany was menaced with a Turkish invasion, from which the territory of the emperor's brother Ferdinand of Austria must suffer most. On the west, Charles's old enemy Francis was continually threatening war. In these circumstances a conflict with the Protestant princes of Germany was the last thing the emperor desired. In the summer of 1532 he concluded with them the religious peace of Nuremberg, which was to remain operative only until a general council should decide the questions in dispute between Catholics and Protestants. When some of the Protestant rulers hesitated to accept anything less than permanent and unconditional peace, Luther assumed the rôle of moderator, writing to the Elector John: "His imperial Majesty has done enough, and the guilt and shame will be ours if we refuse the offer of peace. God greets us graciously; if we do not thank Him, we shall sin grievously, and enjoy no good fortune."

And to the Crown-prince John Frederick: "I am afraid if we let such an opportunity for peace go by, so good a one will never come again. As the proverb says, 'Opportunity has a head full of hair in front, but bald behind.' This the papists discovered when they would not yield at Augsburg."

The emperor hoped a council could soon be secured, but year after year went by without its meeting, and the *status quo* continued virtually undisturbed until after Luther's death.

In 1534, Pope Clement VII was succeeded by Paul III, and the project of holding a council, consistently opposed by Clement, for fear his authority and revenues would be curtailed, was taken up in earnest by the new pope. Recognizing the existence of many abuses within the church, he hoped to stem the growing tide of revolt in Germany, France, England, and elsewhere, and also to put a stop to doctrinal heresy, by yielding to the emperor's importunity and taking seriously in hand the work of reform on Catholic principles and along Catholic lines.

In 1535 he sent a legate, Peter Paul Vergerio, to Germany to sound the sentiment of the princes upon the subject and learn whether the Protestants would be disposed to attend a council. Vergerio could not restrain his curiosity to see the German heresiarch, and early in November took occasion to stop over in Wittenberg and secure an interview with him. Writing to his friend Justus Jonas, a few days afterward, Luther remarked:

> The legate of the Roman pontiff suddenly appeared in this very town. Now he is with the margrave. The man seems to fly, not ride. But would that you had been present. When I declined an invitation to supper in the evening after the bath, he invited me and Bugenhagen to breakfast. We went and ate with him in the castle, but what was said it is not lawful for a man to utter. I played the Luther during the whole meal, and as the Englishman Anthony was also invited, I acted as his legate, with the most aggravating words, as he has written you. When I see you I will tell you about it.

In preparation for the interview, which occurred on a Sunday morning, Luther put on his best clothes and had his hair dressed with unusual care, informing the surprised barber that he wished to look as young as possible that Vergerio might think: "The devil! if Luther has made so much trouble while still young, what will he do when he gets old?" To the barber's protest that he would offend the legate, he replied: "That is just what I want to do. They have offended us enough, and you must deal thus with serpents and foxes."

His effort to appear young was a success, for according to Vergerio though he was over fifty, he looked only forty. But his costume made a decidedly bizarre impression on the Italian, who wrote a friend, "Because it was Sunday, the crazy man wore his best clothes, consisting of a gown of dark camel's-hair, with sleeves trimmed with satin, and a rather short coat of serge bordered with fox-skin. He had a number of rings on his fingers, a heavy gold chain around his neck, and a cap on his head such as priests wear."

The personal appearance of the heretic Vergerio described as follows:

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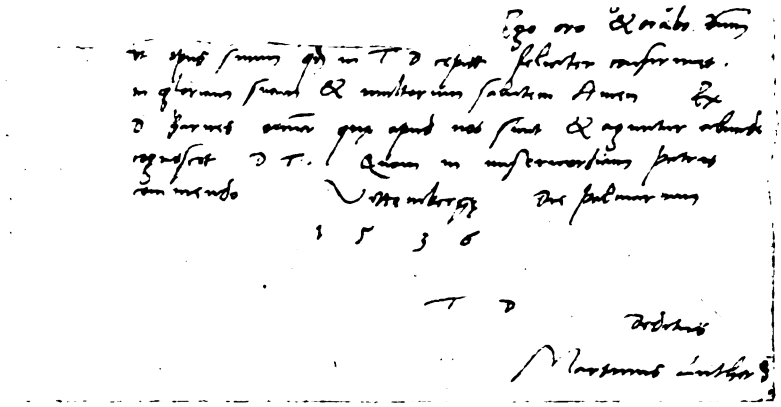
He has a rather coarse face, but he tries to give it as soft and sensitive an expression as possible. His speech is moderately rapid and not much roughened by German. His Latin is so poor that it seems clear to me he cannot be the author of the books which go by his name and have a certain flavor of Latinity and eloquence. He confessed himself that he could not write Latin, but knew well how to talk in his mother tongue. His eyes are wide-open, and the more I looked at them the more I felt they were like the eyes of a possessed person I once saw, fiery and restless, betraying the delirium and fury within.



CONCLUDING PART OF A LETTER FROM LUTHER TO THOMAS CROMWELL, HENRY THE EIGHTH'S MINISTER

The letter, which is in Latin, is dated April 9, 1536, and the part shown in facsimile reads: "I pray and will pray the Lord that He will happily complete the work which He has begun in your Highness to His own glory and the salvation of many. Amen. From Dr. Barnes your Highness will abundantly learn all that is going on here. I commend you to the mercy of the Father. Wittenberg, Palm Sunday, 1536. Your Highness's devoted Martin Luther, Doctor."

From the legate's report of the interview we can see that Luther's account of his conduct in his letter to Jonas was not overdrawn. He treated the Italian bishop with scant courtesy, and said all he could to shock him. At the same time, to Vergerio's surprise he promised to attend the council, wherever it might be held and whatever the danger involved.

In February, 1537, a council in the meantime having been actually called to meet at Mantua, representatives of the Schmalkald league gathered at Schmalkalden to consider what attitude to take in the matter. The question was not an easy one. At an earlier day the Protestants had frequently demanded a general council, where their positions could be frankly and freely discussed, but the pope had consistently opposed the plan. Now that the council had finally been summoned, the Protestants could with ill grace decline to accept an invitation to attend. Though Luther would have been the last one to submit his teachings to its judgment and yield obedience to its decision, believing that the pope was no more in favor of such an assembly than his predecessors, and convinced, rightly as the event proved, that it would be again indefinitely postponed, he favored accepting the invitation, that the Protestants might not be held responsible for its failure to meet.

Though he attended the Schmalkald conference, in company with Melanchthon and other theologians, he was kept from active participation in it by a serious attack of illness which almost cost him his life, and the conference went on without him. In his absence, realizing that they could hope for nothing from a council held on Italian soil, under the control of the pope, and unwilling in any case, at the advanced stage the new movement had reached, to submit it to arbitration, the princes finally voted to decline the invitation and go their own independent way. The act was full of significance, clearly showing that they no longer regarded their churches as a part of the Roman communion or in fellowship with it.

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Just when the Schmalkald league was at the height of its power an incident occurred which brought great discredit upon the Reformation and entailed very disastrous consequences—the second marriage of the Landgrave Philip of Hesse. Early in 1540, while his wife Christine, daughter of the recently deceased Duke George of Saxony, was still living, he secretly married, with Christine's consent, Margaret von der Saale, one of his sister's ladies-in-waiting. By the law of the empire bigamy was a crime, and when the act became known, he was in an embarrassing position, and felt obliged to protect himself by making concessions to the emperor, which hampered his activities and permanently weakened the Schmalkald league.

Of chief interest to us is Luther's connection with the unfortunate affair. Finding Margaret's mother unwilling to give her consent to the irregular marriage until the approval of the elector of Saxony and of some of the leading Protestant theologians had been secured, Philip laid his case before Luther and Melanchthon. Concealing his main reason for desiring their approval, he informed them that his conscience, as seems really to have been the case, had long been seriously troubled by the flagrant immorality in which he had been living for many years, and which he found it quite impossible to avoid except by taking another wife, for Christine was not only personally repulsive to him but was also in poor health and unable to follow him about on his inevitable journeys. After some hesitation the reformers finally gave their consent on condition the affair be kept strictly secret.

Nearly twenty years before in his work on the "Babylonian Captivity of the Church" Luther had declared bigamy better than divorce. In 1531, when his approval was sought by King Henry VIII of England for his divorce from Catharine of Aragon, he emphatically declined to give it, because of the injustice to wife and child, and at the same time suggesting the possibility of bigamy, already thought of by Pope Clement VII as a conceivable substitute for the projected divorce.

Some of the radical Anabaptist sects undertook to introduce polygamy, appealing to the patriarchal order of society in justification of their position. But Luther was unalterably opposed to any such revolution. Monogamy he considered, under ordinary circumstances, alone tolerable in a Christian community, and held that no Christian ruler has any moral right to legalize polygamy. Nevertheless, as he found no explicit prohibition in the Bible, he believed exceptions might be allowed in certain extreme cases such as are now generally recognized in Protestant countries as justifying divorce.

When Philip appealed to him he was moved by the landgrave's representations of his moral condition and distress of conscience to think this a case in which an exception might fairly be made. More severe in his condemnation of sexual irregularity than the common opinion of his day, to continue in sin seemed worse than to take a second wife, and he advised the prince accordingly. He was quite aware that he could not suspend the law of the realm in Philip's favor, and make a legal marriage of an illicit relation by any dispensation he could give. Assuming the rôle of a father confessor, already familiar to him for nearly thirty years, he simply undertook to relieve the landgrave's burdened conscience by pronouncing his secret union with another woman justifiable in the sight of God. In the sight of others, he insisted, the union could be nothing but concubinage, and for Philip publicly to treat a concubine as a wife, and to claim he was legally married to her, would be a wanton defiance of the law of the realm. Rather than consent to such a course he would withdraw his dispensation and openly acknowledge he had played the fool in giving what he had no right to give. All through he was moved not by personal considerations, but by a mistaken regard, at first for the spiritual welfare of the landgrave, and afterward for the public good.

It was of course of the very essence of such a relation that it be kept secret, and when Philip was disposed to let it be publicly known, in order to save the reputation of his new bride, Luther objected strenuously, exhorting him to deny it flatly, if taxed with it, and declaring he would not hesitate to do the same.

The proposed denial of the marriage, which seems to throw so sinister a light upon the whole affair, Luther justified somewhat sophistically by an appeal to

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the traditional maxim of the inviolability of the confessional, requiring the priest, if necessary, to tell an untruth rather than divulge its secrets. He justified it also by the more fundamental principle that the supreme ethical motive is regard for our neighbor's good, and it is better to lie than to do him harm. To this principle, taught by not a few ethical teachers of our own as well as other ages, he gave categorical and emphatic expression.

After rumors of the marriage had got abroad, Melanchthon was almost beside himself with mortification, and a serious illness into which he fell on his way to Hagenau, in the summer of 1540, was attributed by him and his friends to remorse over his part in the unsavory affair. Luther took it more coolly, as was to be expected. When the news of Melanchthon's illness reached him he remarked:

Philipp is almost consumed with grief, and has fallen into a tertian fever. Why does the good man so torment himself over this affair? He cannot mend it by his solicitude. I wish I were with him. I know the softness of his genius. He sorrows too deeply over this scandal. I have a thick skin for things of this kind; I am a peasant and a hard Saxon. . . . It is fine when we have something to do; then we have ideas. At other times we only guzzle and gorge. How our papists will exult! But let them exult to their own destruction. Our cause is good and our life guiltless, for we are of those who act seriously. If the Macedonian has sinned, it is a sin and a scandal. We have given him over and over again the best and most holy answer. Our innocence they will see, but they have not wished to see it.

Writing to Melanchthon on the eighteenth of June he said: "I beseech you through Christ be of an easy and quiet mind. Let them do whatever they want to and let them bear their own burdens and not accuse us alone; for knowing us to be candid and sincere they cannot convict us of any crime except a too facile pity and humanity."

Believing he had acted in good faith, even though foolishly, Luther cared little for the loss of reputation involved. He did deeply regret the harm done the cause, as many utterances show, but even this he comforted himself by throwing off upon the Lord, as was his wont.

If any one asks, "Does the affair please you?" I answer, "No, if I were able to change it; but since I cannot, I bear it with a tranquil mind." I commend it to the dear God. He will preserve His church as it now stands that it may remain in unity of faith and doctrine and in wholesome confession of the word. If it only does not become worse! I would not so please the devil and all the papists as to bother myself about the matter. God will make it all right. To Him we commend the whole cause.

Regarded from any point of view, the landgrave's bigamy was a disgraceful affair, and Luther's consent the gravest blunder of his career. He acted conscientiously, but with a lamentable want of moral discernment and a singular lack of penetration and foresight. To approve a relationship so derogatory to the women involved, and so subversive of the most sacred safeguards of society, showed too little fineness of moral feeling and sureness of moral conviction; while to be so easily duped by the dissolute prince was no more creditable to his perspicacity than thinking such an affair could be kept secret was to his sagacity.

It was a case where personal liking and undue regard for the success of the cause warped his judgment and blinded his usually keen sight. Though he disapproved many of Philip's acts, the brilliant and aggressive personality of the prince always attracted him, and made him more compliant than it was his habit to be; while the landgrave's threat to appeal to the pope for the needed dispensation, if the reformers refused their consent, alarmed him for the credit of Protestantism and the fortunes of the Schmalkald league.

If Luther's attitude after the affair was over was thoroughly characteristic, his yielding to the landgrave's request in the beginning was quite unlike him. Fully to explain it, account must be taken of his training as a priest and of his long experience as a pastoral guide. Holding bigamy not to be wrong in itself, else God had never allowed it, his concern for the landgrave's conscientious scruples and for his soul's salvation could blind him to other evils of far greater consequence. It was not the only time his professional training and career narrowed his vision and hindered his usefulness as a reformer.

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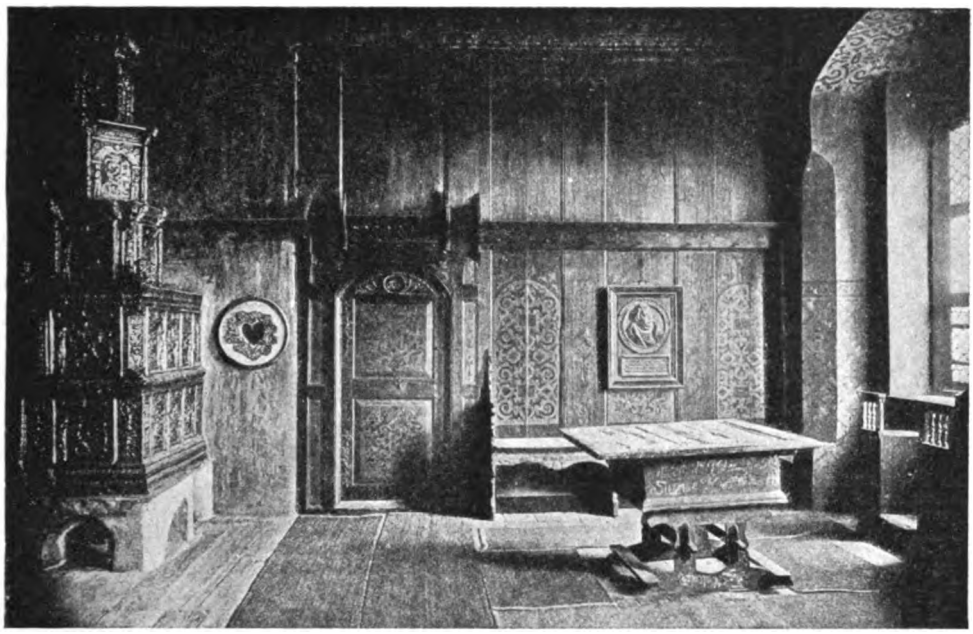

MARTIN LUTHER'S ROOM IN THE LUTHER HOUSE IN WITTENBERG

The affair brought wide-spread disrepute upon the evangelical cause and fatally weakened the Schmalkald league, paving the way for the disastrous defeat of 1546, from which Protestantism never fully recovered. But with all the harm it did, it had the one advantage of putting a stop forever to any tendency to look with favor upon bigamy. A defense of it, published in 1541 by a subservient Hessian clergyman, called forth from Luther a categorical denial that the example of the Old Testament worthies has any bearing upon our conduct, or that exceptions to the law of monogamy could ever be allowed, and led him to declare bigamy, like divorce, altogether wrong. "Whoever," he exclaimed, "following this scoundrel and his book, takes more than one wife, and claims he has a right to do so, may the devil bless him with a bath in the abyss of hell! Amen."

PRESENT APPEARANCE OF THE MARTIN LUTHER HOUSE IN WITTENBERG, WHICH WAS A PART OF THE OLD AUGUSTINIAN MONASTERY

THE evening of Luther's life set in early. Though only forty-six years old when the Diet of Augsburg met in 1530, he thought of himself after that time as an old man, and until his death, in 1546, lived in almost constant expectation of the end. The heroic period of his life, when with prophetic inspiration he was proclaiming a new gospel, and with the enthusiasm of an apostle was daily braving death for his faith, was long past. Successful in breaking the control of the pope over a large part of Germany, his victory, in freeing him from

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MARTIN LUTHER AND HIS FAMILY

AFTER THE PAINTING BY G. SPANGENBERG

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danger, deprived him of the excitement incident thereto, and left him no employment adequate to his powers.

His health, too, was very poor, and he suffered much from all sorts of ailments. Possessed of a naturally vigorous constitution, his tremendous labors and careless way of living brought on grave troubles at an early day, from which he was never afterward wholly free. Indigestion was almost a lifelong plague. Serious kidney affections again and again caused him acute suffering. For many years he was afflicted with well-nigh uninterrupted headaches, and a good night's sleep was a rare luxury. After 1530 his letters contain many references to weakness of the heart, severe attacks of vertigo, and continual buzzing in the ears. During the last ten years of his life his physicians were in constant expectation of a stroke of apoplexy. Most of the time he was living, so everybody recognized, at the limit of his strength, liable to break at any moment.

From the miniature by Hans Holbein in the Royal Gallery in Hanover

PHILIPP MELANCHTHON

More and more, as time passed, he withdrew from active participation in the laborious work of organizing and visiting the new churches, and left that task to others. Conferences of various sorts were continually meeting, but it came to be an understood thing that some other Wittenberg divine should attend in his place, and only in cases of grave importance was his presence expected. The chief responsibility for this kind of work fell upon his colleague Melanchthon. That he found it no light matter is shown by his pathetic remark, on setting out for Hagenau in the summer of 1540, "We have lived in synods, and in them we shall die."

In February, 1537, at the Schmalkald conference, in the midst of the negotiations, Luther was seized with a severe attack of his old enemy the stone, and for some days his life was despaired of. Loath to expire under the eyes of the papal legate present at Schmalkalden, he begged to be sent home to die; but on the way his sufferings were relieved, and though recovery was slow, before the end of the spring he was once more in comparatively good health. The whole year, however, was marked by more than usual weakness, and his literary output was smaller than at any time since 1516.

He did not make light of his maladies and sufferings. On the contrary, he expected to die whenever he felt particularly miserable, except now and then when he was sure his life would be preserved to finish some special piece of work, or, it might be, to spite the papists. Seeing in every pain and discomfort the direct assaults of Satan, he got a religious satisfaction out of them not shared by everybody. But with all his belief in their supernatural origin he faithfully took the many vile and powerful medicines all too freely prescribed to him; and when asked if it were not ungodly to do so, as Carlstadt claimed, he replied that medicine, like food, having been given us for use it was as foolish to try to get on without the one as without the other.

Reading his letters to intimate friends, we get the impression that he must have been wholly incapacitated during most of his later life; but the products of his toil still exist to prove us mistaken. He found it increasingly difficult to work in the morning, and his regular hours of labor grew shorter and shorter. Yet he continued to accomplish an amount of work that would have taxed the powers of most men in perfect health. When not actually on his back he was commonly lecturing twice a day and preaching three or four times a week, and in 1537 Chancellor Brück, who heard him frequently, reported to the elector that he had never preached with such power and effectiveness. He

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also kept up his writing and publishing, pouring forth from the hundreds of presses which Wittenberg now boasted, as against the one when he began his work, polemic and other pamphlets and books, if not in still speaks in them, with all the raciness and humor, biting satire and coarse vituperation, of his best days.

The daily burden of correspondence was also enormous, having grown steadily with

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Co. of a painting by one of Lucas Cranach's sons

MARTIN LUTHER IN 1533

the same profusion as formerly, still in very respectable numbers.

In 1545, the year before his death, he was almost as active with his pen as ever, making new literary plans, and writing against his old enemies the papists as eagerly and vigorously as in earlier days. There is little sign of flagging powers in these later writings. The same Luther

the years. There are extant more than three thousand letters from his pen, half of them dating after 1530, and how small a proportion they are of those he actually wrote is shown, for instance, by his reference to ten letters written one evening in 1544, only two of which have been preserved.

Despite the multiplicity of his occupa-

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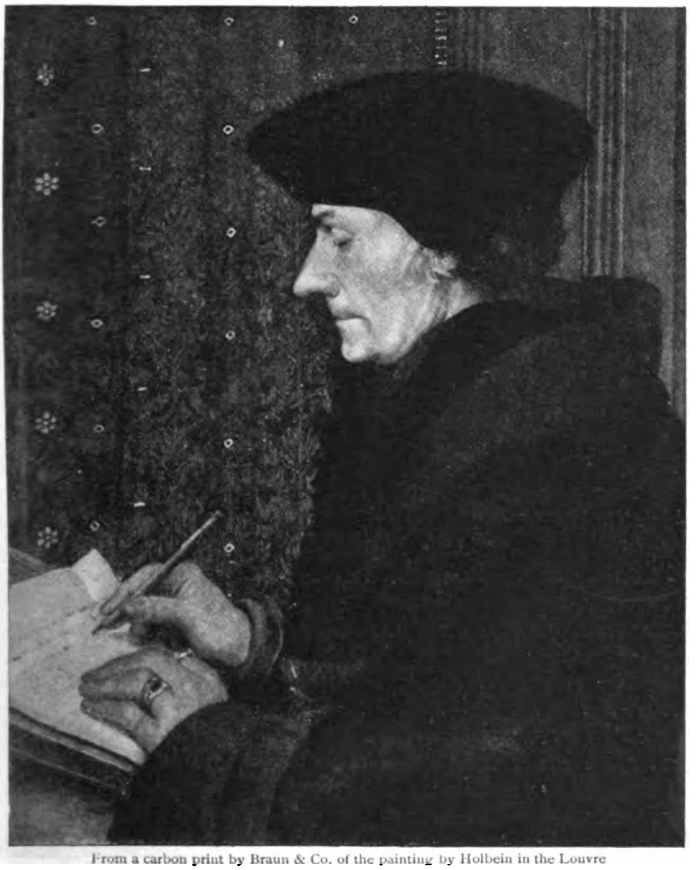
tions, his closing years were far from happy. As time passed, he became more censorious, impatient, and bitter. He seems to have been troubled less frequently than in earlier life with doubts as to his own spiritual condition and divine mission, but he grew correspondingly despondent over the results of his labors and the proaching end of the world, when the Son of Man would appear in glory and smite his enemies with the rod of his wrath.

Conditions even in Wittenberg itself were little to his liking. In this center of gospel light he felt there should be a devotion and purity seen nowhere else. In-



From a carbon print by Braun & Co. of the painting by Holbein in the Louvre

ERASMUS

unworthiness of his followers. Instead of finding the world transformed into a paradise by his gospel, he saw things continuing much as before, and his heart grew sick with disappointment. The first flush of enthusiasm passed, and the joy of battle gone, he had time to observe the results of his work, and they were by no means to his liking. He never doubted the truth of the gospel he preached, but he despaired more and more of the possibility of making the world better, falling back, as Jesus had done before him, upon the ap-

stead, as the town grew in size and importance, and manners lost somewhat of their earlier simplicity, it seemed to his exaggerated sensibilities that everything was going rapidly to the bad.

In the summer of 1545, his health being particularly poor, he left Wittenberg for a few weeks, seeking change and rest. As often happens when away from home, conditions began to look blacker than ever to him. All sorts of tales were told him by officious busybodies. As a result he fell into a state of disgust, to which the follow-

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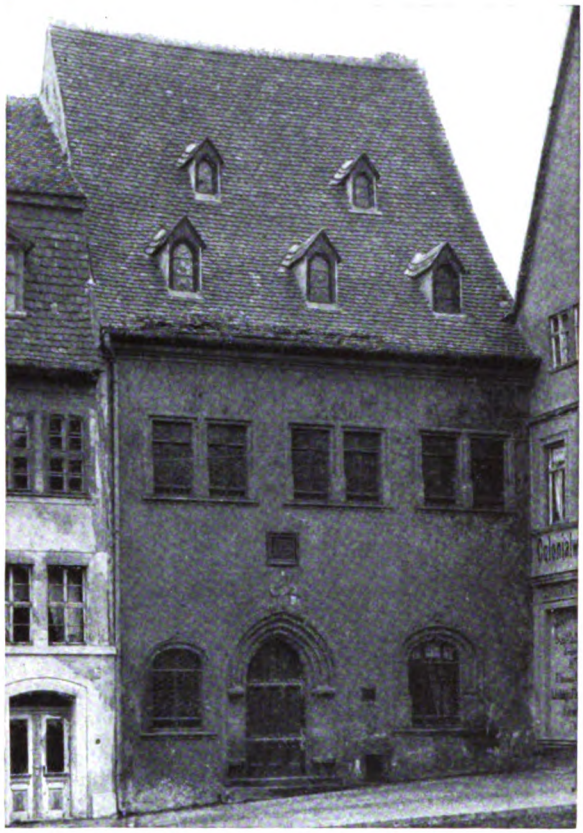

THE HOUSE IN LUTHER'S NATIVE TOWN, EISLEBEN, IN WHICH HE DIED

ing letter to his wife, written from Leipsic late in July, bears abundant testimony:

Grace and peace, Dear Käthe. Hans will tell you all about our trip, though I am not yet certain whether he will remain with me. If he does, Dr. Caspar Cruciger and Ferdinand will tell you. Ernest von Schönfeld entertained us finely at Lobnitz, and Henry Scherle still more finely at Leipsic. I should be very glad if I could arrange not to return to Wittenberg. My heart has grown cold, so that I no longer like to be there. I wish you would sell garden and land, house and farm. The large house I should like to give back to my gracious lord, and you would do best to settle at Zulsdorf while I am still alive and able to help you to improve the place, with the salary which I hope my gracious lord will continue to me for at least the closing year of my life. After my death the four elements will hardly endure you at Wittenberg. So it were better to do while I am alive what would have to be done afterward anyway. . . . I have heard more in the country than I knew about in Wittenberg. I have consequently tired of the town, and will not return, God helping me. Day after to-morrow I go to Merseburg, for Prince George has urgently invited me. So I will travel about and eat the bread of beggars before I will martyr and plague my poor old remaining days with the disorderly doings at Wittenberg, to the sacrifice of my hard and costly labors. If you wish, tell Dr. Bugenhagen and Master Philipp of my determination, and ask the former to say farewell to Wittenberg in my name, for I cannot longer endure the anger and displeasure. Herewith I commend you to God. Amen.

It was not the first time Luther had thought of leaving Wittenberg. Only a year before, annoyed by disagreements in the university, he had with difficulty been dissuaded from turning his back upon the place forever. The renewal of the plan threw Melanchthon and other friends into a fit of consternation. A delegation was immediately sent after him with urgent messages from the university and from the elector as well. The angry man was finally pacified, and before the end of August returned home to take up his accustomed duties. We have no evidence that such despondency troubled him again, but late in November he closed his last course of university lectures with the words: "This completes the dear book of Genesis. Our Lord God grant that others may do it better after me. I can do no more; I am weak. Pray for me that He will give me a good and blessed end!"

In December, in company with Melanchthon, he visited Mansfeld, his boyhood home, in response to an invitation from the Mansfeld counts, who desired the good offices of the Wittenberg theologians in settling a dispute of long standing. Before the end of the year he was obliged to return without accomplishing

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his mission; but late in January, despite his poor health and the inclemency of the weather, he made the journey again, this time to the neighboring city of Eisleben. Melanchthon being too ill to leave home, he was accompanied by his friend Justus Jonas and by his three sons, who went with him to visit their relatives in Mansfeld. From Halle he wrote his wife on the twenty-fifth of January:

At eight o'clock to-day we arrived at Halle, but did not go on to Eisleben, for there met us a great Anabaptist, with waves and ice-floes, which covered the whole land and threatened us with rebaptism. We could not turn back because of the Mulde, and so had to lie still at Halle between the waters. Not that we thirsted after them. On the contrary, we took good Torgau beer and good Rhine wine instead, refreshing and comforting ourselves with them while we waited to see whether the Saale would again break out in wrath. As the drivers and attendants as well as we were timid, we did not care to trust ourselves to the waters and tempt God. For the devil has a grudge against us and dwells in the water and is better avoided than provoked. Nor is it necessary to give the pope and his scum a fool's pleasure. I did not suppose the Saale could boil in such a fashion and rush pell-mell over stone walls and everything. No more now; but pray for us and keep pious. I believe, had you been here, you would have advised us to do just what we have done, and so we should have followed your counsel yet once again.

Upon reaching Eisleben, he wrote Melanchthon:

On the way here I was seized with vertigo and with the illness you are accustomed to call a tremor of the heart. Walking beyond my strength, I fell into a sweat and afterward, as I was sitting in the wagon in my damp shirt, the cold seized upon the muscle of my left arm. The consequence was compression of the heart and suffocation in breathing, which is the fault of my age. Now I am well enough, but how long I shall remain so I don't know, for old age is not to be trusted.

The same day he wrote Käthe:

Grace and peace in Christ, and my poor old love, impotent as I know it is, dear Käthe. I was seized with weakness just before reaching Eisleben by my own fault. But if you had been there, you would have laid it to the Jews or their God, for we had to pass through a near-by village where many Jews lived. Perhaps they blew hard on me. Here in Eisleben, too, there are more than fifty of them now resident. True it is, as I was near the village, such a cold wind blew from behind upon my head, through my cap, that my skull was almost turned to ice. This perhaps contributed to my vertigo. But now, God be thanked! I am in good condition, only the beautiful women so tempt me that I neither shrink from nor fear any unchastity.

In Eisleben he lodged in the house of an old friend, the town clerk, where he was shown every attention and carefully watched over as an ill and infirm man. Jonas and others slept in the same room with him, and he was never without some one close at hand. He had frequent attacks of weakness, obliging him to resort to powerful stimulants, as often in Wittenberg, but he slept well at night, and on the whole was fairly comfortable.

The business which had called him to Eisleben proved very annoying and cost a great deal of time and labor. On the sixth of February he wrote Melanchthon:

Here we sit, lazy and busy at once, my Philipp—lazy, for we accomplish nothing; busy, because we suffer infinitely, being exercised by the iniquity of Satan. Among so many ways we strike upon one which offers hope. This again Satan obstructs. Then we enter upon another, thinking the whole thing finished. Once more Satan sets up an obstacle. A third has been attempted which seems most sure and quite unable to fail. But the event will prove the fact. I beg you to ask Dr. Pontanus to request the prince to call me home for some important reason, that in this way I may be able to force them to reach an agreement. For I feel they will not suffer me to depart while affairs are still unsettled. I will give them yet a week. After that I want to be threatened by letters from the prince. To-day is almost the tenth since we began upon the dispute about the new city. I believe it could be built with much less trouble. Distrust is so great on both sides that every syllable is suspected of containing poison.

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THE GRAVES OF LUTHER AND MELANCHTHON IN THE CASTLE CHURCH AT WITTENBERG

Luther's grave is marked by the raised tomb on the pavement in the foreground at the right near the pulpit, while Melanchthon's grave is similar on the left side of the pavement.

You would think it a war or a mania of words. This we have to thank the lawyers for. They have taught and still teach the world so many equivocations, contradictions, and calumnies, that their speech is more confused than the whole of Babel; for there no one was able to understand any one else; here no one wants to. O sycophants, O sophists, O pests of the human race!

Three days later he wrote Käthe again:

Grace and peace in Christ, most holy Frau Doctor. We thank you most heartily for your great anxiety which keeps you from sleeping. For since you began worrying about us a fire in our lodging, just before my door, almost devoured us. And yesterday, without doubt because of your care, a stone fell straight upon my head and was crushed as if in a mouse-trap. Plaster and lime were dripping overhead in my chamber for two days, till I summoned some men, who moved the stone with a couple of fingers and it fell down, as long as a pillow and two handbreadths wide. This was intended to repay your holy care, but the dear holy angels prevented. I fear, unless you stop being anxious, the earth will finally swallow us and all the elements persecute

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us. Have you so learned the catechism and the creed? Pray, and let God do the watching; for it is said, "Cast thy care upon the Lord, who careth for thee."

He preached upon a number of occasions while in Eisleben, for the last time in his life on the fourteenth of February, Saint Valentine's Sunday. Because of weakness he was obliged to cut the sermon short and stop before he wished to.

The same day he wrote the last letter we have from his pen, as follows:

Grace and peace in the Lord, dear Käthe. We hope to come home this week, God willing. He has shown great grace here, for the counts, through their councilors, have settled almost everything, with the exception of two or three points, among them that the two brothers, Count Gebhard and Count Albert shall again be brothers. To-day I am to attempt their reconciliation, inviting them to dine with me, that they may talk together, for hitherto they have had nothing to say to each other and have written very bitterly in their letters. The young lords and ladies, on the other hand, are merry, go sleigh-riding together with fools' bells, play at masquerading, and are in good spirits, even Count Gebhard's son. Thus we must believe that God hears prayer.

I am sending you the trout given me by the Countess Albert. She rejoices with all her heart over the reconciliation. Your little sons are still in Mansfeld. James Luther will take good care of them. We eat and drink here like lords, and are cared for all too well, so that we are in danger of forgetting you at Wittenberg. I am not troubled by the stone, but Dr. Jonas's leg has become very bad, and has broken out on the shinbone. God will grant His help. You may tell all this to Master Philipp, Dr. Bugenhagen, and Dr. Cruciger.

The rumor has reached here that Dr. Martin has been carried off, as is reported at Leipsic and Magdeburg. This is the invention of those busybodies, your countrymen. Some say the emperor is thirty miles from here, at Soest in Westphalia; some that the Frenchman is raising troops and the landgrave, too. But let them say and sing what they please. We will await what God will do. Herewith I commend you to God. Eisleben, Valentine's Sunday, 1546.

M. Luther, Doctor.

The annoying business of the counts of Mansfeld having been completed, he planned to start home on Thursday, the eighteenth of February; but the day before he was not feeling well, and though he was as merry and talkative as usual at his meals, he had a spasm of the chest in the afternoon, and had to be rubbed with hot cloths, and again in the evening when he was going to bed. At one o'clock he awoke in severe pain and called out: "O Lord God, how I suffer! Dear Dr. Jonas, I believe I am going to remain here in Eisleben, where I was born and baptized." Physicians were immediately summoned, and the counts of Mansfeld with other friends hastily appeared upon the scene. Every known means was employed to relieve and restore him, but after uttering a brief prayer, he fell into a stupor from which he was with difficulty aroused by Jonas's question, "Reverend Father, do you stand firm by Christ and the doctrine you have preached?" After replying, "Yes" in a faint voice, he became again unconscious, and passed quietly away between two and three o'clock in the morning.

One of the attending physicians pronounced the immediate cause of death a stroke of apoplexy. This, according to the somewhat untrustworthy report of the town apothecary, was confirmed the next day by a post-mortem examination. The other physician, thinking it impossible, as he said, that so saintly a man should die of a stroke, gave heart disease as the cause. His judgment was accepted by Melanchthon, and, despite the physician's curious and inconclusive reasoning, seems to be justified by the recorded symptoms.

The counts of Mansfeld wished to have the reformer buried in Eisleben, where he was born; but the elector of Saxony insisted on having the body sent back to Wittenberg, the scene of his labors. By way of Halle and Bitterfeld, escorted by two Mansfeld counts and a great cavalcade of horsemen, and greeted en route by mourning thousands, the body reached Wittenberg on Monday, the twenty-second of February, where the largest crowd ever seen in the little city gathered to welcome the dead hero home.

He was buried in the castle church, where his electors Frederick the Wise and John the Constant already lay, and where

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his co-worker Melanchthon was placed beside him fourteen years later.

His great work had long been done, and though he died before reaching the full span of human days, he left his task complete. Longer life would have added nothing to his fame and little to the fruits of his labor. Dying when he did, he was spared the horrors of the Schmalkald war, which broke out only a few months after his death, and for a time threatened the very existence of Protestantism. Foreseeing the impending troubles, he longed to be taken away before they came. But with all the despondency of his later years over the existing situation and the immediate future of Protestantism, his faith in the ultimate victory of Christ's cause never wavered, nor his assurance that Christ's cause was his.

LUTHER'S COAT OF ARMS

In a letter of 1530 Luther described the above as a black cross on a red heart upon a white rose in a heaven-blue field, framed with a gold ring.

To estimate the work of such a man as Martin Luther is not easy. To a degree true of few great men he was a child of his age and its mouthpiece. And yet out of his own native genius and personal experience he gave the age what it lacked, and for lack of which it would have failed to realize its destiny. The sixteenth century would have been altogether different had he not lived. Of none of his contemporaries can the same be said. Many were the forces making for change quite independent of him, and what he accomplished seems at first sight so inevitable that it must have come even without him. But there were insuperable obstacles which no one save he was able to remove.

The great thing he did was to break the dominance of the Roman Catholic Church in western Europe. He was not a modern in his interests and sympathies. Far less enlightened than Erasmus, to many a present-day man of liberal culture he is far less congenial. Conservative and intolerant, he introduced a régime of religious bigotry, for a long time as narrow and as blighting to intellectual growth as Roman Catholicism at its worst. Our ideals of liberty were not his. Nevertheless, with all his medievalism, the modern world owes more to him than to any other. There were many then, and there have been many since, enamoured of the fair dream of modern culture and democracy, developing under the ægis of the one holy Catholic Church—many who see in Erasmus and his fellow-humanists the true reformers of the sixteenth century, and consider their program of peaceful and gradual transformation vastly better than that of the violent monk of Wittenberg, with its aftermath of bigotry, division, and war. But the break which they deplore was the one thing most needed. The authority of the Catholic Church had to be destroyed before true liberty could come. And to destroy it was no easy matter. Even such a polemic as Luther was, the most gifted and effective history has seen, would have failed utterly had he not offered the world something as satisfying to take the place of the institution he attacked.

The world was not prepared to do without religion and the church. Skepticism and unbelief, common enough in every age, could not be the resort of the mass of men. The existing church might be honeycombed with evils a thousand times worse than those from which it suffered in Luther's day, but so long as it met men's religious needs and promised them salvation, it must retain its hold upon them, and they must put up with its defects. What Luther did—and this it is that gives him his supreme title to greatness—was to convince a large part of Europe that religious consolation and the soul's salvation were to be found elsewhere.

The rise of Protestantism meant not merely the modification of this or that doctrine, ceremony, and custom, but a revolution, where a revolution is hardest of all to achieve—in the sphere of religion. It meant trusting oneself to new guides and staking one's eternal destiny on untried supports. Only a prophet could lead the way in such a revolution—a prophet aglow with religious enthusiasm, strong in faith, eloquent in speech, endowed with a transcendent gift of leadership. His very conservatism was an indispensable element in

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Luther's success. Keeping much of the old, he was able to satisfy the inherited needs of his followers and retain their confidence unshaken, while he broke with the infallible, saving papal church. Others, like Melanchthon, were willing, or even eager, to remain within the Catholic fold, if evangelical doctrine and certain evangelical practices could be preserved. But Luther, the one real prophet of the Reformation, knew better. He was fighting to maintain the thing that chiefly mattered —assurance of peace and salvation apart from pope and papal church. This assurance alone made the coming of the modern age possible.

Whether he put something better in place of the old, or something worse, is neither here nor there. That he put anything in its place which satisfied multitudes of devout and serious men, and has continued for centuries to satisfy them, is the one important thing.

Ecclesiastical unity was the curse of western Europe. Fortunately the Reformation did not mean the mere displacement of the old church by a new one equally Catholic. It meant the rise of many churches, and thus the gradual dissipation of the belief in any one institution alone in possession of life and salvation. In the conflict of the sects, Protestant with Catholic, and Protestant with Protestant, freedom had a chance to grow and spread. Even had Protestantism meant only the creation of another infallible institution to rival the old and limit its influence, it would have been a blessing; but happily it denied infallibility to any church, and thus gave the modern world its great charter of liberty. To be sure, infallibility was still claimed for the Bible, but belonging as it did to an age long past and a civilization long outgrown, it had to be continually read anew in the light of the present, and with its ever-shifting reinterpretation it served less and less to shackle the minds of men and impede the march of intellectual progress. Fearing the excesses of the Anabaptists and other radicals, Luther might become as intolerant as any papist, insisting on the recognition of the Augsburg Confession and similar documents as authoritative statements of Bible truth. But in the very nature of the case this could be only temporary. The great principle imbedded in the very heart of Protestantism was bound to reassert itself, and break the bonds forged for it even by the reformers.

Luther's service to the modern world was not exhausted in the religious and intellectual liberty he did so much to make possible. In breaking with the Roman church, he broke also with the traditional principle of ecclesiastical control over civil affairs. The state is wholly independent of the church, he taught, and its sphere is altogether different. Many Protestants, while recognizing this, and denying the right of the church to rule the state, insisted upon making the Bible the supreme law book in civil as well as in religious matters. But this, too, Luther denounced as mischievous. The Bible, like the church, has to do with religion, not politics. The state is to be governed according to natural reason. Statesmen, not theologians, are to be its guides.

The political implications of such a position as this are almost incalculable. With democracy, it is true, Luther had little sympathy. In his distrust of the masses he did more to promote than to limit the power of princes. But in restoring to the state its own rightful prerogatives, and releasing it from the unwholesome dominance of ecclesiasticism and religious fanaticism, he took a step without which the political freedom of the present day would be quite inconceivable. It is not that his teaching in this matter was original or singular, but that he stamped it upon Protestantism and started the new faith upon its career, claiming political authority even less than religious infallibility.

In another and even more important way Luther served the modern world. He gave Protestantism a new conception of the relation of religion and life. Instead of finding its highest manifestation apart from the ordinary relationships and occupations of this world, it is in them, according to Luther, that religion best expresses itself. Denying the possibility of gaining special merit by any particular practices and employments, and asserting the equal sacredness of all callings, he changed the whole tone of society. With the peculiar sanctity of the religious life went the dominance of the priest and of priestly ideals, and a new lay culture took the place of the clerical culture of the middle ages, to the immense advantage of society

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at large. Mendicancy, about which monasticism had thrown a noxious halo, ceased to be respectable, and a vast amount of unemployed energy was turned into useful channels, to the great economic benefit of Protestant lands. The supreme Christian duty was declared to be labor for the good of one's fellows, instead of concern for the salvation of one's own soul, and a justification was thus given to social service the worth of which Christendom is only now beginning to realize.

Other worldliness, beautiful as its fruit might be in saintly character and spiritual devotion, lay like a blight upon medieval society, making the wisest men too blind to the secrets of the universe and too indifferent to its hidden capabilities, and making the best men too careless of the welfare of the masses—health, cleanliness, comfort, education, life, and liberty. When Luther asserted the religious value of even the most secular employments, and declared that piety finds its highest exercise not in serving God, who does not need our service, but our neighbor, who does, he contributed mightily to the progress of modern civilization and well-being. This earth and human life upon it gained an independent interest and value not attaching to them since ancient times, and the scientific, industrial, and social development of modern days, resuming the interrupted advance of the classical world was given its guaranty.

The revolution in this sphere, it is true, was the direct result of older and wider forces, and Luther was obscurant enough in his attitude toward the awakening science of his day; but in denying the identity of religion with asceticism and other worldliness, he removed the greatest barrier in the way of the modern spirit, and made its growing prevalence possible.

As the great prophets are not only they who speak for God, but who discern the currents of their age and anticipate the world's development, so Luther, wedded to the old, as he was in many ways, was also a prophet of the future, foretelling liberation from ecclesiastical domination and the bondage of religious fear, a new interest in the present world and its employments, and a new concern for human welfare. Backward enough he was both in applying his own principles and in appreciating their implications, but it is the function of the prophet to announce and to forward more than he himself understands or even desires. From every point of view Luther was a prophet. It is the one name which best describes him.

But, after all, the overmastering impression upon any one who has followed day by day the course of Luther's life is not the extent of his influence and the reach of his prophetic vision, but the greatness of his personality. Full of faults he was, faults of temper and of taste,—passionate, domineering, obstinate, prejudiced, violent, vituperative, and coarse,—but he was a man through and through,—a man of heroic mold, courageous, strong, masterful, frank, sincere, and generous, as far from petty jealousy and cowardly duplicity as from priggishness and cant. He was in deadly earnest, and yet had the rare and saving grace of humor, which guarded him from the danger of taking trivial things too seriously, relieved the strain both for himself and his followers in times of greatest stress, and gave him entrance to the hearts of men the wide world over. Born to rule, though he never held official position, and owed nothing to his station, though he died as he had lived a mere preacher and professor of theology in a small and out-of-the-way town, he dominated more than half the western world, and the whole of it is changed because he lived.

He was built on no ordinary scale, this redoubtable German. He was of titanic stature, and our common standards fail adequately to measure him. But his life lies open to all the world, as do few other lives in history. To know it as we may is well worth an effort.

THE END

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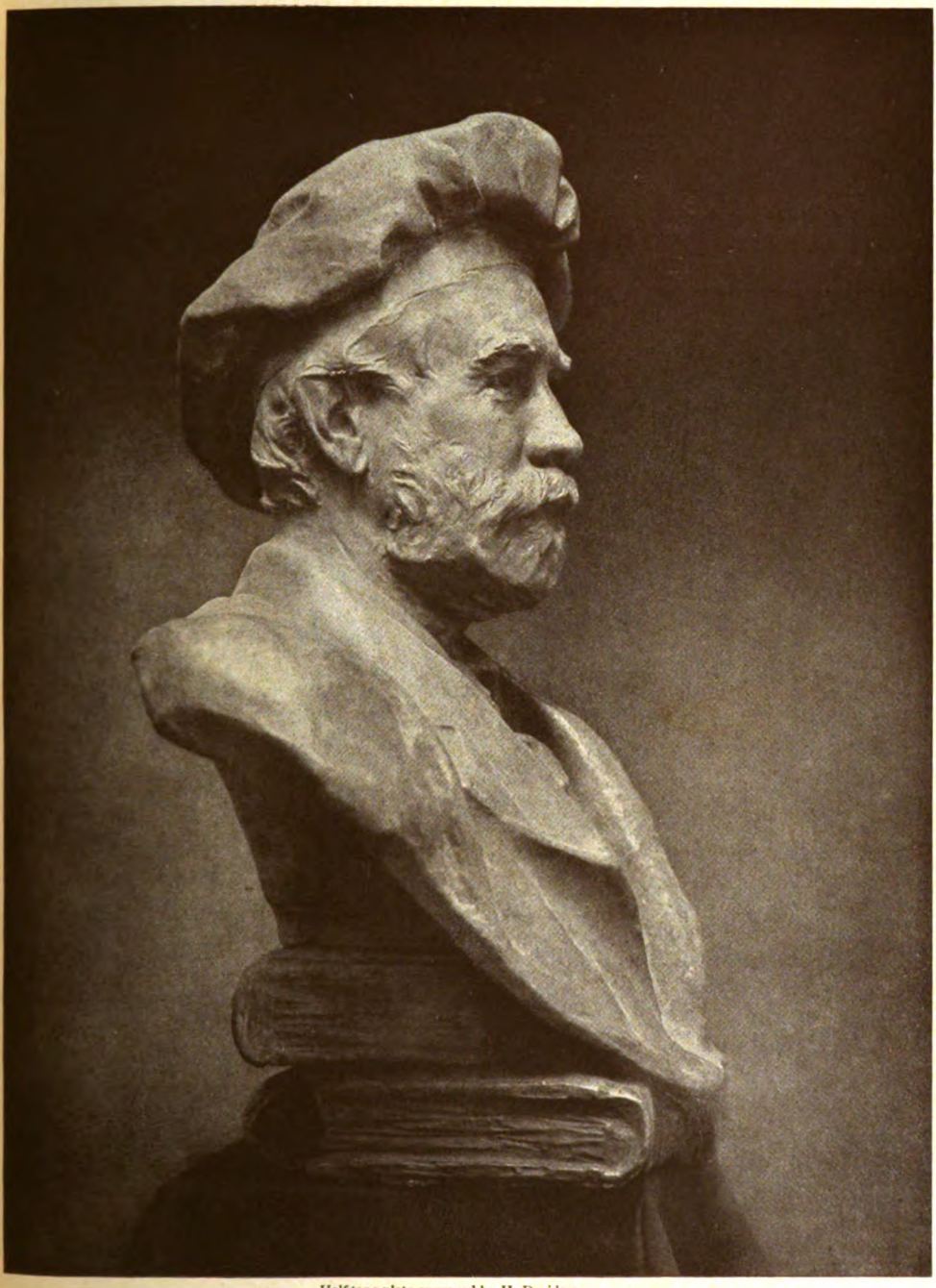

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THEODORE LOW DE VINNE

FROM THE BRONZE BUST BY CHESTER BEACH

This bust is a testimonial to Mr. De Vinne from the United Typothetæ of America, of which he was the first president, and from personal friends. The bust will be presented to Columbia University.

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THE HOOLIGAN[1]

A Character Study

by

Sir William S. Gilbert

Author of "Pinafore," "Patience," "Iolanthe," "The Mikado," etc., etc.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

NAT SOLLY, *a hooligan under sentence of death.*	
THE PRISON GOVERNOR.	TWO SHERIFFS.
THE DOCTOR.	CHIEF WARDER.
THE CHAPLAIN.	MATHERS, *a warder.*

SCENE: *A condemned cell. Bed in corner L U. Small deal table, with three rush-bottomed chairs C. Inclosed lavatory R U corner. A painted crucifixion on wall facing audience. Door L C in flat. Tin utensils on shelf R. Bible and prayer-books on another shelf R. Two semicircular windows, barred, in R flat. Two strips of cocoa-matting on floor. Electric light inset in flat C, with glass front.*

Nat Solly, a hooligan lad of twenty, under sentence of death, is asleep on the bed. He is very restless, and moans and cries in his sleep. Two warders discovered seated.

First Warder:

Six o'clock. Time for the relief. (*Turns toward Solly.*) Poor devil! he 's had a bad time of it. Tossing and tumbling and moaning and screeching out ever since he turned in at ten. Never see such a faint-hearted chap in all *my* going a-fishing.

Second Warder:

The weakest, cowardliest, softest-spined chap we 've had here since Bill Shorter, who, when his time come, had to be carried on a chair. Like a wet hammock *he* was, and this chap 's just such another. Take it we 'll have to carry *him.*

(*Key heard in door, which opens. Enter Chief Warder with two others. One carries prisoner's own clothes.*)

Chief Warder:

Anything to report?

First Warder:

No, sir (*saluting*). Prisoner turned in at ten, when we come on duty; slept a little, moaned and muttered a good deal. That 's all, sir.

Chief Warder:

Right. Take his prison clothes away and give him his own.

(*First Warder gathers up prisoner's prison suit. His own clothes are placed ready for him.*)

(*To two new warders*) Wake him now. Note anything he may say, and report to Governor. Come (*to other warders*).

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(*The Chief Warder and those who have been on night duty exeunt.*)

First New Warder:

(*Mutters*) Funks it, it seems. Well, it 's wonderful how quiet they take it, as a rule. Even these regular London cocktails make up their minds to it, and, when it comes to the point, behave more or less like men. But this chap—ugh! (*Goes to him*) Come, my man, it 's six o'clock; you 'd better turn out.

(*Solly starts with a cry, rubs his eyes, yawns, then realizes the situation.*)

Solly:

Six o'clock. Oh, my Gawd! it 's today. Two hours—two hours, and then—Ain't there—ain't there *no* answer come?

Mathers:

To your petition? No, none; and you must n't look for it.

(*Solly throws himself, sobbing, on the bed.*)

Solly:

(*Moaning*) No answer! Not a bloomin' word! (*Sobs.*)

Mathers:

(*Kindly*) Why, it 's not to be expected. Don't think of it. It 'll only unsettle you. Turn your thoughts away from it. Come, buck up, and face it like a man. (*During this, Solly is slowly drawing on his trousers, sobbing as he does it.*) Cryin' won't do no good. Put your heart into it, and look it straight in the face. That 's the way to take it. What are you looking for?

Solly:

(*Wearily, looking about*) I 'ad a brace.

Mathers:

It 's been took away—fear of accidents. The braces is always took away.

Solly:

An' my neck-cloth. I don't see no neck-cloth.

Mathers:

That 's been took away. The neck-cloths is always took away.

Solly:

Fear o' accidents?

(*Mathers nods.*)

(*Solly slowly puts on waistcoat and coat. The other warder helps him.*)

Solly:

I say, ain't there no chanst of a reprieve? Ther' 's a good hour and a 'arf yet.

Mathers:

No, no. It 'd have come before now if it was coming at all.

Solly:

Oh, it 's 'ard! it 's 'ard! I ain't like a' ordinary bloke. I 'm feeble-minded; the doctor said so, and 'e 'd know. Then I 've never 'ad no chanst; I 've never been taught nuffin', and I 've got a weak 'art. I was in 'orsepital six weeks wiv a weak 'art. Oh, my Gawd! it 's 'ard! it 's 'ard! See 'ere, my faver was a high toby cracksman, my muvver was a prig and did two stretches, my brothers and sisters was all prigs, and every chap as I ever knowd was a thief o' sorts—cracksmen, clyfakers, and wot not. Am I to be judged like a bloke wot 's been brought up fair and strite, and taught a tride, and can look on a ticker wiv 'is hooks safe in 'is trousers pockets? Oh, my Gawd! it 's 'ard! it 's 'ard! (*Sobs on bed.*)

Mathers:

Poor chap! All that 's true enough, but yours is n't a case of doin' a stretch for pinchin' a watch. It 's much more serious than that. Come, now, have a wash.

Solly:

Wot 's the good?

Mathers:

Why, it 'll freshen you up wonderful.

Solly:

Garn! *I* don't want no wash. Washin' never freshened a bloke yet. I say—'ave you—'ave you seen many of 'em?

Mathers:

Ah—five an' thirty or thereabouts.

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Solly:

An'—'ow did they take it?

Mathers:

Mostly like men who 've made up their minds to it. Come, buck up, my son! Many a man 's gone through it afore you, and faced it fair and square. Come, pull yourself together, and show yourself as good as them.

Solly:

Ah, but I ain't as good as them. I can't—I can't face it, and that 's Gawd's troof. (*With an effort*) But I 'll buck up, I will. Split me silly, but I 'll buck up.

Mathers:

That 's right.

Solly:

See 'ere (*holds out his hand, which trembles violently*). Steady as a rock. See 'ere (*straightens himself*). Strite as a post. (*His effort fails, and he falls sobbing on bed.*)

Mathers:

Poor chap! You 've had a bad night's rest, I expect, and that 's unnerved you.

Solly:

Bad night's rest—I ain't 'ad no night's rest. Just a bleeding nightmare I 've 'ad. Oh, them nights! them nights! The days is bad enough for a pore bloke wot can't read and nuffin' to do but count the flies on the wall and wonder wot it 's goin' to be like when it comes, only broke up by a' hour's trudge outside and a cigarette by the governor's permission. Ah, the days is bad enough, but the nights! O Gawd! the nights! The lyin' awake for hours, with a sick feelin' at your 'art, and when you drops off, comes dreams that makes you blarst the sleep that brings 'em.

Mathers:

Dreams about the poor girl?

Solly:

Abaht *'er?* No fear. It 's one dream that comes every bloomin' night, and sometimes twicest a night and more. There 's the court—not a reg'lar, proper court such as one 's seen ever so many times, but a court half a mile acrost an' a quarter of a mile deep, wiv a red judge ever so far off in the middle; five 'undred jurymen on one side, a couple of 'undred lawyers in the middle, an' a thousand public coves on the other, the jury noddin' *their* 'eds all the time, and the lawyers noddin' their 'eds, an' the public noddin' theirs—all a-noddin' 'cept the hol' judge. An' 'e says, says 'e, "Prisoner at the bar," says 'e, "them jurymen has found you guilty, and blow me if I ain't o' their way o' thinkin'," says 'e, "and this 'ere 's the sentence," says 'e, and 'e claps a black cap on 'is nopper, an' 'is two arms stretches out o' his red togs, and they grows longer an' longer—quarter o' a mile long they grows—till 'is fists is close to my froat, the bilin' in court noddin' their 'eds all the time, as much as to say, "That 's right; go on; give it 'im." An' when 'e reaches me 'e clutches me round the gullet and squeedges me wiv both 'ands till I 'm fair choked, the crowd a-noddin' all the time, as if to say, "Just so; we quite agrees; go on." An' just when I feels I 'm a-dyin', I gives a screech and wakes up shiverin' wiv cold an' all of a 'ot perspiration, like a bloomin' toad, wiv my 'art a-beatin' nineteen to the dozen.

Mathers:

Of course it 's a bad time for a man, the last few days; but you 're through 'em now, and says you, What 's the use of funking it? It 's got to be. That 's what *you* says, it 's got to be. There 's no possible means of escape. There 's nothing to be got by showing the white feather. Funk or no funk, the end 's the same. That 's what you says. So stiffen your heart, my man. Try to think of it as something that 's got to be and that it 'll be over before you realize that it 's taking place. That 's the way to look on it, ain't it, Joe? (*To the other warder, who nods.*)

Second Warder:

Why don't you relieve your mind and own up to the chaplain? The chaplain will be here at seven, and he 'll stop with you to the end. Take my advice as an old hand and tell the whole story. It 's wonderful how I 've seen a man relieved by owning up to the chaplain.

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Solly:

Hown up? I 'ave howned up. I ain't got nuffin' more to hown. Hown up to the chaplain? Why, I howned up to the judge. "Not guilty," says I, strite out. But did the hol' fat-head believe me? Not 'im.

Mathers:

You see the evidence against you was too strong.

Solly:

Hevidence? Call that hevidence? Why, it was bloomin' lies—bloomin' lies and hevidence. They swore I tried to kill the gal when all I meant to do was to give her a scratch, just to teach 'er like. She 'd bin my gal for two munce and more—two 'ole munce, mind yer. I 'd guv her things—ah, a pot of things—joolery, mind yer—real gold joolery wot the fence 'd ha' given me thutty bob for. I give her a ring—ah, and a brooch. She knowed they was pinched, but she did n't care, not she. I bought 'er a 'at,—bought it honest; no snid, mind yer,—and took 'er to theayters and 'alls and prigs' 'ops. Then, blarst 'er! she took up with Joe Pitcher. A pal o' mine 'e was; we 'd worked Endell Street and the Lane and the Garden togevver for munce and munce. Well, was I goin' to stand *that?* Not me. I turned nasty. I tell yer strite, nasty I turned, and when I swore I 'd—I 'd giv her wot for—he put 'er up to givin' me away to the cops. There 's a bleedin' sneak for yer. 'Stead of lettin' 'er face it like a woman, he goes and puts 'er up to givin' me away to the cops. Blimey he did! And she done it, too. Was I goin' to stand that? Not me. So I cut her,—I hown it free,—honly a scratch, I meant, no more, mind yer, than wot she deserved; an' my 'and slipped (I never 'ad no luck) and I cut deeper than wot I meant. Now, who would n't ha' done wot I did, I arst you fair? If the 'Ome Secretary knowed I only meant to make 'er smart a bit—'e 's a soft-h'arted gent, and would never 'ave 'ad me put away for sitch a thing as that. It wor n't made clear to him, the puddin'-'ed, nor yet to the judge, nor yet to the jury, it was n't. The fat-heads wot wrote the petition smuvvered it all up, and, oh, my Gawd! I 've got to go to-day! (*Furiously*) Devil strike me blind, but if I 'ad that blarsted old howl of a judge 'ere,—that cussed old turnip-'ed wiv a wig on it,—I 'd (*checking himself with an effort*)—I 'd forgive 'im. S' 'elp me I 'd forgive 'im. I 'd forgive the 'ole bilin'. There, ain't I listened to the chaplain? Strike 'em all blind, I 'd forgive the 'ole bleedin' lot. And the 'Ome Secretary—boil 'is cussed hol' 'art! I 'd forgive 'im, too. That 's a proper frame of mind, ain't it? I arst you, is it or is it not? Mind yer, I never meant to kill 'er—mind that. It 's my case, see? Now a bloke ain't to be 'ung for wot 'e never meant to do. It 's murder—it 's them wot 's murderers, not me. I just meant to scratch 'er—I hown that free and manlylike. It 's Gawd's troof. I see 'im along wiv 'er—wiv my brooch an' my ring,—pinched for 'er and given free,—an' when I says, "Sal, you 're my gal. Come along o' me," he up and says 'e, "Garn! you ain't no man; you 're just a 'eap o' tea-leaves." And 'im wot I 'd worked the Lane and Garden wiv for munce, and could ha' giv' away time after time, he kicked out back'ard, an' caught me on the bloomin' shin. And when I 'owled, she larfed fit to split 'erself. So I swore I 'd knife 'er,—meanin' only just enough to smart,—and 'e turns and takes me by the scruff—me wiv a weak 'art, mind yer—and 'e kicks me till I was fair sick. Then she goes to Bow Street and arsts for a warrant for freats,—a chap in court 'eard 'er,—an' o' course I lay dark for a bit. An' one night I comes out, an' I finds 'er wivvout 'er pal,—she 'd bin on the razzle, and was staggerin' along singin' and 'owling,—and I covers my face and goes behind 'er, an' I did wot I swore I 'd do. But I never cut a gal before—not in the 'ole course of my bloomin' life I did n't,—and that 's in my favor, mind yer,—and my 'and slipped on account of youth and inexperience. Now, I arst you fair, is a bloke to be 'ang' because 'e never cut a gal afore? I arst you, is 'e or is 'e not? And they wot calls themselves lawyers would n't put that in the petition. And 'im wot called me a 'eap o' tea-leaves and kicked me silly, I showed 'im manlylike wot a 'eap o' tea-leaves can do when 'e 's put to it. And 'im to go and give evidence of freats—'im wot I could ha' put away a dozen times if I 'd a mind to it. But, no, that 's 'im, that is; that ain't me. (*Knock; he*

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"THE DOCTOR TURNS HIS FACE UPWARD"

starts in terror.) Wot 's that? It ain't time yet.

Mathers:

No, no; keep quiet, man. It 's only your breakfast.

Solly:

(*Shuddering*) Breakfast.

(*Mathers goes to door, opens it, and receives tea-pot and mug, slices of bread, and plate of eggs and bacon, and places them on table.*)

Mathers:

There you are. Turn to and drink some tea. There 's the ham and eggs you asked for yesterday.

Solly:

'Am an' heggs! Ugh! (*Shuddering.*)

Mathers:

Come, eat a bit. It 'll give you strength.

Solly:

(*Looking at his breakfast with disgust*) There ain't no knife.

Mathers:

No, it 's cut up ready. You 'll have to eat with a spoon.

Solly:

Fear o' accidents?

Mathers:

Just so; they will happen. Come, try and eat something. It 'll stiffen you up wonderful.

Solly:

(*Tries to eat, but makes a poor job of it. Drinks some tea.*) I carn't eat.

Mathers:

Nonsense, man. They always eat their breakfast.

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Solly:

Do they? (*Tries again, fails.*) It 's no good. I *can't* do it.

Mathers:

Well, take some tea.

(*He drinks, the cup clattering against his teeth.*)

Solly:

I carn't drink no more. (*Noise at door.*) Wot 's that? (*In utter terror; noise of door being unlocked.*) Wot 's that? (*Suddenly*) They 've come for me. It 's not time. It 's too soon. (*Wildly*) There 's a good hour yet—a 'ole hour!

(*Door opens, and Governor enters, accompanied by Chaplain, Doctor, two undersheriffs in court suits, Chief Warder, and others. Solly throws himself on his knees.*)

Gen'l'men—kind, good gen'l'men—'T ain't time. For Gawd's sake! don't take me yet! I ain't ready. There 's another hour,—a good hour,—an' I want to speak to the parson. I want to hown up. I done it, gen'l'men; I hown it free. I hown it free an' manly, an' I want to tell it all to the parson. (*To Chaplain*) For Gawd's sake! 'ear me! I 'm not ready yet. Give me a' hour, 'arf a' hour—an' me feeble-minded. I ain't ready. Give me 'arf a' hour, and I 'll tell everyfink. It 's crool—crool to take me afore my time. (*Suddenly ferocious*) Damn all yer 'arts! I won't go! Yer sha'n't take me! (*Two warders hold him to prevent violence.*) Gawd split yer! take yer hands off! It 's murderin' me, an' I won't go! I won't go! (*Struggles desperately with warders, who hold him securely. At last he falls exhausted and sobbing, and the warders release him.*)

Governor:

Solly, be calm and listen to me. (*Solly sobbing and gulping on the floor.*) We have not come to take you away; we are here to bring you good news. (*Solly looks up, amazed.*) We are here to tell you that your petition has been favorably received. Taking your youth, your evil training, and the influence of bad associates into consideration, His Majesty, on the recommendation of the Home Secretary and of the judge who tried you, has been graciously pleased to commute the death-penalty into one of penal servitude for life. (*Solly stares vacantly as if he understood imperfectly.*) And I trust that this merciful exercise of the royal prerogative will have its due effect upon you, and that when you regain your liberty, which, if you behave well in prison, will take place in twenty years, you will abandon your wicked course of life and so justify your narrow escape from the fearful doom to which you were sentenced.

Solly:

(*Who has been gazing wildly at the Governor during this speech as one who is completely dazed*) Commuted, penal servitude—then—then I 'm not to be 'ung. I 'm to live?

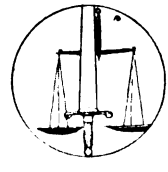
(*Governor nods assent.*)

(*The Chaplain goes to Solly to raise him from the floor. Solly springs up, straightens himself, looks wildly around him, gives an agonized cry as of a man in acute pain, and falls senseless on the stage. They bend over him. The Doctor turns his face upward, feels his heart, and puts his ear to Solly's mouth.*)

Doctor:

Heart-failure. Dead. [*Movement.*]

CURTAIN



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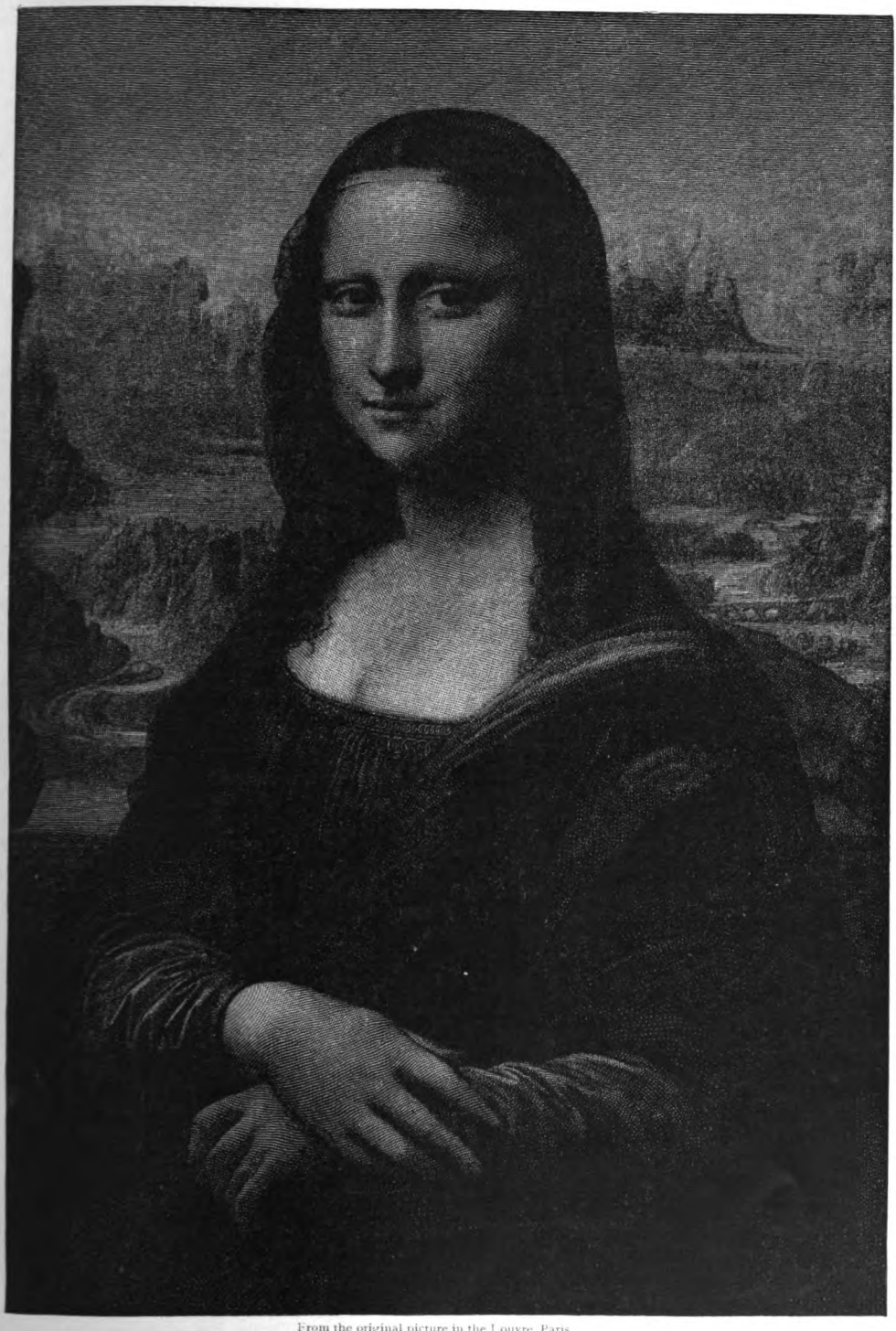

From the original picture in the Louvre, Paris

MONA LISA ("LA GIOCONDA") BY LEONARDO DA VINCI

FROM "OLD ITALIAN MASTERS, ENGRAVED BY TIMOTHY COLE"

This famous painting was stolen from the Louvre on August 21, of this year.

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SHAKSPERE ON THE STAGE

SIXTH PAPER: THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

BY WILLIAM WINTER

THE most popular of Shakspere's comedies, the one most widely known, the one by means of which the most abundant success has been obtained on the stage, is "The Merchant of Venice." No record exists stating when and where it was first produced. It is one of the twelve plays by Shakspere mentioned by Francis Meres in his "Palladis Tamia, Wits Treasury," 1598. It was entered at Stationers' Hall in that year, first printed in 1600, reprinted the same year, —each time in quarto,—and not again printed till reproduced in the first folio, 1623. In Philip Henslowe's diary there is mention of the "Venesyan Comedy" as having been acted for the first time on August 25, 1594, but the authorship is not stated. If, as seems probable, that was Shakspere's play, "The Merchant of Venice" has, in one form or another, been on the stage intermittently for three hundred and seventeen years. Henslowe, manager and play-broker, was the partner of Edward Alleyn, the distinguished actor who founded Dulwich College, where the diary is treasured, as it should be, because it is one of the most informative and useful of existing records relative to the drama in the time of Queen Elizabeth. If "The Merchant of Venice" was first acted on the date named by Henslowe, the performance occurred at Newington Butts, in Surrey; for the players at that time, having been expelled from Southwark, had removed to that place, not distant from London. Between 1594 and the period of George Granville, Viscount Lansdowne (1667–1735), who mutilated the comedy, and whose mutilation of it, first produced on January 11, 1701, at Lincoln's Inn Fields, was used in the theater for the ensuing forty years, the stage history of "The Merchant of Venice" is a blank.

From an old print

MACREADY AS *SHYLOCK*

There is sufficient reason to believe that the first of the many performers who have appeared as *Shylock* was Richard Burbage, though nothing is known of the manner of his performance. It can, however, rightly

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be inferred from such imperfect knowledge as is possessed of his acting in general that he played the part in accordance with the serious spirit in which it is written. The elegy on his death—as to the authenticity of a part of which there is, however, a reasonable doubt—provides the information that in his dressing of *Shylock* he wore red hair, and J. Payne Collier declares that he also wore a long, false nose, such as was worn by Alleyn, the representative of *Barrabas,* in Christopher Marlowe's "The Jew of Malta" (acted in 1591). If so, that fact would seem to indicate that Burbage laid particular stress, amounting, indeed, to caricature, on the Jewish physiognomy.

Lansdowne's perversion of Shakspere's play is called "The Jew of Venice." It is provided with a prologue, written by a person named Bevil Higgons, in which the ghosts of *William Shakspere* and *John Dryden,* crowned with laurel, deliver an inane colloquy, one illuminative line of which says, "To-day we punish *a stock-jobbing Jew.*" In the second act several of the principal characters are assembled at a feast, and *Shylock,* sitting apart from the other persons, drinks a health, saying: "Money is *my* Mistress! Here 's to Interest upon Interest!" This festival is prolonged by a dreary masque, called "Peleus and Thetis." There are five acts in the Lansdowne hash, compounded of extracts, often garbled, from Shakspere's text, and execrably bad verses by the adapter, the dominating purpose being to make *Bassanio* the chief part in the comedy. *Shylock* is made ludicrous and contemptible. The cast with which Lansdowne's jumble was produced included Thomas Betterton, as *Bassanio;* Barton Booth, as *Gratiano;* John Verbruggen, as *Antonio;* Henry Harris, as the *Duke of Venice;* Thomas Doggett, as *Shylock;* Anne Bracegirdle, as *Portia;* Mrs. Bowman, as *Nerissa;* and Mary Porter, as *Jessica;* by all accounts surely an extraordinary group of players. Mrs. Bracegirdle and Mrs. Bowman were women of superb beauty. Betterton, incomparably the greatest actor of his time, never appeared as *Shylock.* Thomas Doggett, of whom it is recorded that he was "the first star" in the annals of the stage, made *Shylock* a low comedy part, especially in the colloquy with *Tubal;* but particular description of his comicality has not been found. He was essentially a comic actor. The comment that was made by Downes on that point is conclusive: "Mr. Doggett, on the stage, he 's very aspectabund, wearing a farce in his face; his thoughts deliberately framing his utterance congruous to his looks. *He is the only comic original now* [1708] *extant:* witness, *Ben, Solon, Nickin,* the *Jew of Venice,* &c." Doggett died in 1721. He was remarkable for care and correctness in the dressing of the characters that he assumed.

From an old print

JAMES W. WALLACK AS *SHYLOCK*

Among the embodiments of *Shylock* that have established themselves permanently in theatrical annals are those that were given

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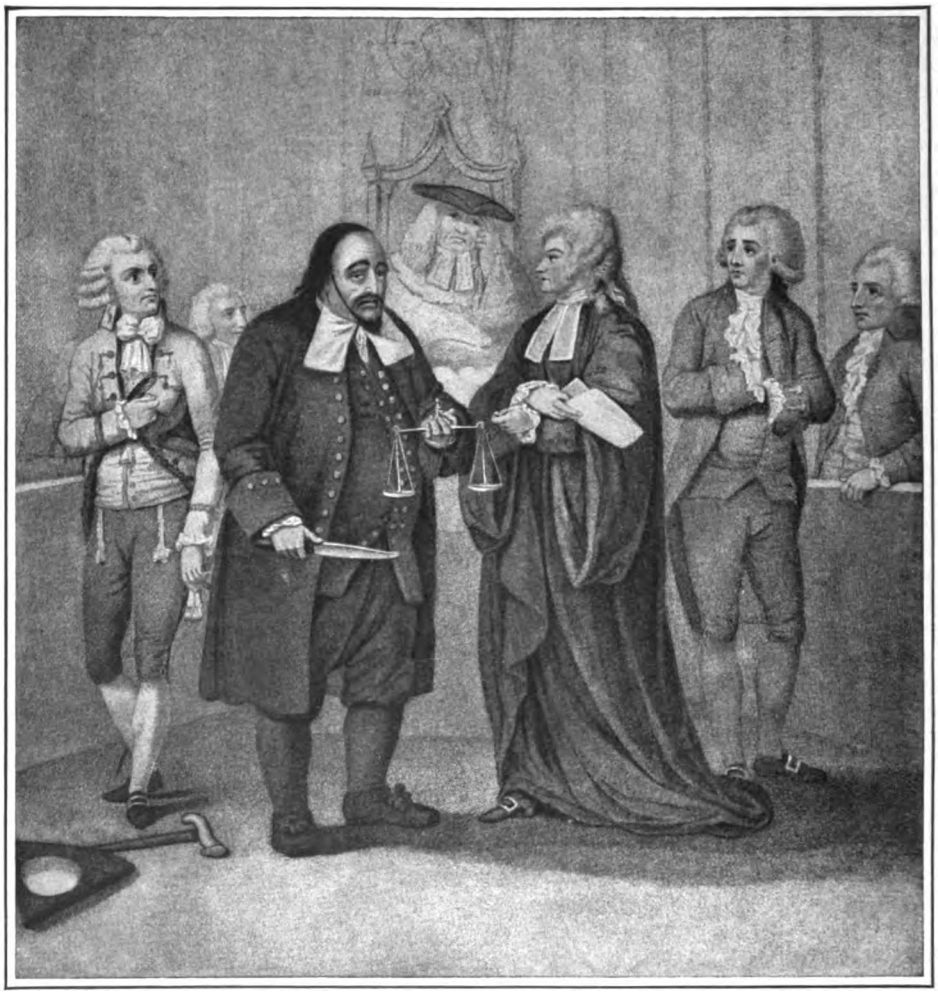

Engraved by W. Nutter from the painting by J. Boyne

MACKLIN AS *SHYLOCK* AND MRS. POPE AS *PORTIA*

by Charles Macklin, John Henderson, George Frederick Cooke, Edmund Kean, William Charles Macready, Junius Brutus Booth, James William Wallack, Edwin Booth, Henry Irving, and Richard Mansfield. In the forty years preceding the time of Macklin, *Shylock* had been represented, when represented at all, which was not very often, only in Lansdowne's version, and always as a low comedy part. Macklin reverted to Shakspere, revived the original play, discarding the Lansdowne deformity, and acted *Shylock* in a tragic spirit, achieving an immediate and prodigious success. The dress and make-up of Macklin included long, wide trousers, a loose, black gown, a three-cornered red hat, and a piqued beard. He probably wore red hair, as had been customary. Black hair was first worn in the part by Edmund Kean. Gray hair, the crown of the head being bald, was worn by Henry Irving. James William Wallack was the first actor to dress *Shylock's* head with literally *gray* hair, which he did at the earnest request of his son, Lester Wallack. The exact age of *Shylock* is indeterminate: but he is a widower, with a daughter of marriageable age; in the trial scene he is called "*old* Shylock"; and he so designates himself: "Thou shalt see: thy eyes shall be the judge, the difference of *old* Shylock and Bassanio." It is imperative to depict him as a man of fifty

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years or more. His visage, moreover, would naturally be marked by the lines of craft and seared by the seething fire of evil passions.

Macklin's embodiment of *Shylock* was grim and terrible. He was a man of sinister aspect. Quin, his contemporary, said that his face was marked not with lines, but with cordage. His eyes were dark and fiery; his nose was aquiline and very prominent; his jaws were large and heavy; his mouth was wide; his lower lip protruded; his complexion was yellow; his figure stout and formidable; his voice harsh; his temper arrogant. As *Shylock,* he incarnated malice and revenge, and therein he was true to Shakspere's conception of the character, albeit there is a temptation, to which various actors and commentators have succumbed, to provide the *Jew* with various redeeming human attributes.

From an old print

EDWIN FORREST AS *SHYLOCK*

The notion that *Shylock* is, or was intended to be, a majestic type of the religious and racial grandeur of Israel appears to have germinated about the beginning of the nineteenth century. The German publicist Karl Ludwig Börne (1786–1837), writing about "The Merchant of Venice," designated *Shylock* "an exalted Jew and an avenging angel," not persecuting *Antonio* as the foe of usury, but as the foe of the Hebrew faith. Douglas Jerrold (1803–1857) said of Edmund Kean as *Shylock,* that he impressed his audience "like a chapter of Genesis." Thomas R. Gould, writing about the elder Booth as *Shylock,* declared that he made the part "the representative Hebrew." That view is alluring to imaginative, sympathetic, ingenious students of this complex subject, and they are prone to read subtle meanings into the text of Shakspere; but it is not warranted by anything in the play. On the contrary, everything in the play confutes it. No word spoken by *Shylock,* and no word spoken about him, justifies the theory that he is "an avenging angel." No part of his conduct justifies it, and, as an old proverb says, "Actions speak louder than words." *Shylock* hates *Antonio* for several sufficient reasons, which are distinctly specified. He is a revengeful man, and he purposes to gratify his revengeful desire by committing murder under the sanction of legal form. Able and admirable representatives of *Shylock,* however, much later than the time of Macklin, have deemed it essential to commend the character to public sympathy by investing it to some extent with paternal feeling and domestic virtue. Even George Frederick Cooke, the avowed disciple of Macklin, when delivering *Shylock's* torrential expostulation, beginning "Hath not a Jew eyes?" dwelt pathetically on the word *"affections."* Henry Irving, after saying of *Jessica,* "I would my daughter were *dead* at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! would she were *hearsed* at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin!" interjected, in tones of poignant

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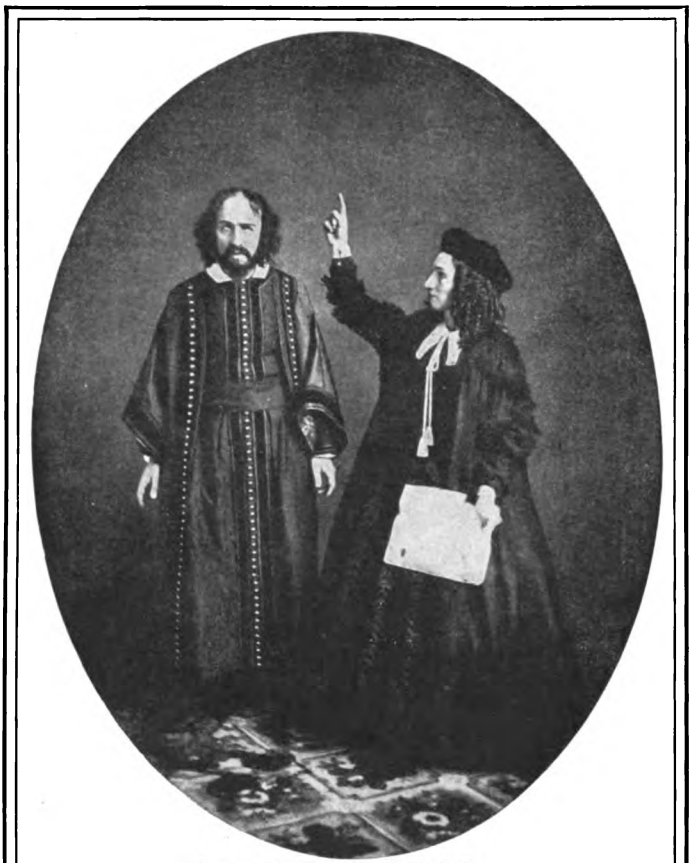
anguish, "No, no, no, no, no!" And Richard Mansfield, at the place where *Shylock* leaves his house to feast with his Christian enemies (immediately subsequent to his passionate refusal to do so), made the father embrace his daughter *Jessica* and kiss her on the forehead—that daughter *Antonio,* stigmatized as a "cutthroat dog," publicly spurned, insulted on the Exchange,—the Rialto,—kicked, spat upon, habitually reviled, treated as if he were no better than "a stranger cur"; and *Antonio* —"the good Antonio," "the honest Antonio," of whom it is said by one of his



From an old print owned by Mr. R. G. Shaw

E. L. DAVENPORT AS *SHYLOCK* AND MRS. DAVENPORT AS *PORTIA*

who describes their house as "hell," and testifies as to *Shylock's* feelings and purposes, revealed in the privacy of his home:

"When I was with him, I have heard him swear,
To Tubal and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would *rather* have *Antonio's flesh*
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he doth owe him."

Shylock has been grossly ill-treated by friends that "a kinder gentleman treads not the earth"—has explicitly assured him of the likelihood of a continuance of the same ignominious treatment. *Shylock* accordingly hates *Antonio* with a malignant, implacable, natural hatred, and wishes to kill him; and, opportunity presenting itself, *Shylock* speciously and treacherously induces *Antonio* to make a covenant, the breaking of which will, on the exaction of the nominated forfeiture, cost him his life. *Shylock* calls that covenant "a merry

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bond," and signifies that even though *Antonio* should "break his day," the penalty would not be exacted; and this he does within a few moments of his private asseveration that, if he "can catch him once upon the hip," he "will feed fat the ancient grudge" he bears him. From the first moment when he perceives even a glimmering chance of revenge, it is the intention of *Shylock* to murder the man whom he hates and loathes. It is obvious that his reasons for entertaining and pursuing that intention are sufficient to his own mind, but it is also obvious that he is a malign, sanguinary, ruthless villain. Opinion on that point has always differed, and accordingly the numerous representations of *Shylock* which have been provided within the period—one hundred and seventy years—since Shakspere's *Jew* was restored to the stage by Macklin have chiefly varied in the particular of morality, some actors endeavoring to present *Shylock* as an austere image of Justice, others presenting him as a baleful image of Revenge, and still others striving to make him a composite of both.

From a photograph by Sarony

MODJESKA AS *PORTIA*

Macklin's restoration of Shakspere's comedy to the stage was accomplished under circumstances of peculiar interest. The scene was Drury Lane Theater. The actor, then past fifty, was desirous of making a more distinctive mark than he had ever before made. The manager of the theater, Charles Fleetwood, had left the direction of the stage and the dramatic policy of the theater mainly in his hands. Macklin chanced to consider the character of *Shylock*, and, disapproving of Lansdowne's play and the long-prevalent custom of making the *Jew* a broadly farcical character, as that play requires that the actor of *Shylock* should do, determined to revert to the original piece, and to act the part as a serious one. Fleetwood consented, and Shakspere's comedy was put into rehearsal. The actors associated with Macklin, when apprized of his purpose to appear as *Shylock*, received the avowal of it with derision. At the rehearsals, accordingly, the astute player, guarding his full design, enjoined his fellows, speaking in his capacity of stage-manager, to put forth their utmost powers; but he himself acted tamely, so that they were all deceived and became persuaded that he would meet with disgraceful failure. Fleetwood, alarmed by their reports, urged him to desist from the attempt, but was reassured by the intrepid innovator's declaration that he was purposely misleading his associates in the cast, and "would pledge his life" on the success of the undertaking. Quin, the *Antonio* of the occasion, said that he would be hissed from the stage. When the night of trial arrived, an eager assemblage, filling Drury Lane, saw *Shylock* attired as he had never before been attired within their knowledge, and likewise saw a presentment of the character which was altogether new. Approval greeted the opening scenes, but

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when, in the tremendous passion of the street scene, the actor liberated all his fire, the astonished audience became wildly enthusiastic, and his triumph was complete. "I had the good fortune," so he said, recounting his memorable experience, "to please beyond my warmest expectations. The whole house was in an uproar of applause, and I was obliged to pause between the speeches to give it vent, so as to be heard. . . . The trial scene wound up the fullness of my reputation. Here I was well listened to, and here I made such a silent yet forcible impression on my audience that I retired from this great attempt most perfectly satisfied." It is recorded that the dense monarch King George the Second, who saw the performance, was so completely frightened by it that he was unable to sleep that night. The German traveler and critic Lichtenberg, to whom readers are indebted for glimpses of the acting of the Quin-Macklin-Garrick period, wrote of Macklin's *Shylock:* "In the scene when for the first time he misses his daughter he appears without his hat, with his hair standing on end and in some places a finger's length above the crown, as if the wind from the gallows had blown it up. Both hands are firmly clenched, and all his movements are abrupt and convulsive." The comedy, as revived and treated by Macklin, held the stage for a long time, and was often performed, always with success. Macklin's embodiment of *Shylock,* judging from the records which survive, while it has been excelled in minutiæ of detail, has never been excelled in ideal or in terrific power. On the night of Macklin's signal victory, Kitty Clive played *Portia* and Mrs. Pritchard played *Nerissa.*

From a photograph by Whitfield

HENRY IRVING AS *SHYLOCK*

John Henderson, succeeding after many repulses, made his first prominent appearance in London, playing *Shylock,* June 11, 1777, at the Haymarket Theater, and although, as certified in one contemporary record, "his style, being different from Macklin's, critics were divided in opinion," gained brilliant success. "Henderson's *Shylock,*" said John Philip Kemble, "was the greatest effort that I ever witnessed on the stage." George Colman, then manager of the Haymarket, said that "in the impassioned scene with *Tubal* he seemed a black *Lear*" and bore "an odd resemblance of a mad king in a storm"; but Colman objected to his costume, declaring that it looked as if it had been hired from a pawnbroker. Macklin attended the performance, and cordially praised it. "And yet, sir," said Henderson, "I have never had the advantage of seeing you in the character." "It is not necessary to tell me that, sir," replied the veteran; "I knew you had not, or you would have played it differently."

Garrick, who disliked Henderson, remarked, after witnessing the representation, that the part of *Tubal* had been acted well. The renown of Henderson, who

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in his short professional life of only thirteen years, played more than a hundred parts, rests mainly on his impersonations of *Shylock, Falstaff, Iago,* and *Sir Giles Overreach,* although he was also admired in *Hamlet, Macbeth,* and *Lear,* and in *Horatius,* in William Whitehead's tragedy of "The Roman Father." Among all the players of the shining Garrick period, he appears to have been exceptionally versatile and of a distinctively original genius. The testimony is emphatic that his acting was guided by extraordinary acuteness of judgment and vitalized by splendid enthusiasm. He was wonderfully effective in his sudden transitions from one passion to another, and he excelled equally in the delivery of soliloquy and the pointed ejaculation of abrupt speeches. Minute analysis of his method of representing *Shylock* is not available, but Colman's simile for the embodiment—"a black *Lear*"—conveys instructive significance both as to manner and aspect. He made his way to eminence despite some serious physical disadvantages and some harsh adversity of

From a photograph in the collection of Mr. Volney Streamer

ELLEN TERRY AS *PORTIA*

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criticism. He died November 25, 1785, at the age of thirty-eight, and his ashes rest near those of Garrick and Dr. Johnson in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey.

George Frederick Cooke, who in his youth had seen Macklin as *Shylock*, followed in general the example of that distinguished predecessor; yet while embodying Shylock as an odious incarnation of the diabolical purpose of murderous revenge, he slightly tempered the malignity of the character by an infusion of domestic sentiment and grim piety. That turquoise ring which *Shylock* had of *Leah* when he was a bachelor, and that oath of his, which he declares to have been registered in heaven, are the chief pretexts for that humanitarian gloss. Cooke's performance of *Shylock* was first seen in London in 1800, and first seen in New York in 1810. Mention is made of the savage exultation of his laugh when hearing *Tubal's* statement of *Antonio's* losses, the electrical rapidity of his transitions of passion, and his mingled apprehension and malignity when, replying to *Portia's* entreaty, "Bid me *tear* the bond," the *Jew* ejaculates, "When it is PAID—according to the tenor!" Shouts of applause testified to the effect of his utterance of the tremendous agony and rage of the street scene. "I can," wrote his biographer, William Dunlap, "conceive of nothing so perfectly 'the Jew that Shakspere drew' as the voice, face, manner, and expression of Cooke"; and, according to that authority, "the whole of the trial scene was inimitable in Cooke's hands," defying competition. When *Portia* spoke the line, "It is an attribute to God himself," he reverently bowed his head; but when she said, "That same prayer doth teach us all to render the deeds of mercy," he made a movement of head and hand to signify his rejection of the sentiment as something completely irrelevant to himself and his race. Other performers of *Shylock* have used that business in later years.

From the painting by Edgar Cameron

RICHARD MANSFIELD AS *SHYLOCK*

Edmund Kean—the story, at once romantic and pathetic, of whose triumph as *Shylock*, achieved at Drury Lane, on that dreary winter night, January 26, 1814, has been so often told that a repetition of it here would be superfluous—presented the *Jew* as a creature of terrific malignity, and yet of distinctively Hebraic majesty, and of what can perhaps correctly be called Mosaic fanaticism, a relentless adherence to the dogma "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth"; captivating the public, however, rather by the spell of terror, exerted in a whirlwind of conflicting passions suddenly loosed out of cold, concentrated, iron composure, than by a definite, coherent, rounded impersonation. One of his greatly effective points was a complete collapse at the climax of the trial scene, when he spoke in tones of overwhelming agony the abject supplication, "Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that!" Al-

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most all the accounts which survive of Kean's acting are so charged with enthusiasm and garnished with superlatives that they bewilder more than they instruct; but obviously he was a prodigy of genius.

Macready's ideal of *Shylock,* which he presented in his customary admirable style of minute elaboration and complete symmetry, was not, as commentary has sometimes declared, the majestic Israelite, intent to avenge upon the Christian the accumulated wrongs of his "sacred nation," but a creature compact of austerity and murderous malice. He expressed the opinion that the character is "composed of harshness," and intimated that *Shylock's* anguish relative to the loss of the ring of *Leah* is only the suffering of wounded cupidity. His delivery of one sentence,—*"Nearest his heart*—those are the very words," which was horrible in its expression of malignity and exultant cruelty, signified the intrinsic spirit of his performance. The elder Booth, as *Shylock,* laid particular stress on those intimations of racial and religious austerity which Hebrew predilection discerns in such phrases as "our holy Abraham," "at our synagogue," and "an oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven." Like Edmund Kean, however, he thrilled his hearers by the tempest of emotion, the frenzied ebullition of contrasted passions, in the street scene. Edwin Booth, in his earlier day, strove to express, as *Shylock,* the aggrieved religionist and the injured father; but later he reverted to a sterner ideal—that of the vindictive, relentless avenger of personal indignities. His utterance of "I thank God!" when apprized of *Antonio's* ruinous losses, was indescribably terrible. His dress comprised a red cap, a gabardine, and pointed red shoes. In his early representations of the part he wore a "blackbald" wig; later, one of grizzled hair.

It is not practicable here to describe, or to do more than mention, various assumptions of *Shylock* that the stage has displayed in England and America, since the time of Macklin, some of which assumptions undoubtedly would well repay a studious examination, even though commentary on them might compel a monotonous ringing of the changes between miscreant and martyr, *Shylock* having been presented in both ways. Some of the names more or less conspicuously associated with the part in the annals of the English stage are those of Edward Shuter, West Digges, Thomas Sheridan, Thomas King, Stephen Kemble, George Bennett, William Dowton,—who is said to have assumed the *Jew* by request of Lord Byron, and who was virtually laughed off the stage,—Bartley, Thomas Ryder, John Harley, Robert William Elliston, Charles Kean, and Samuel Phelps. On the American stage "The Merchant of Venice" was performed for the first time, September 5, 1752, at Williamsburg, Virginia, being the second of the plays of Shakspere acted in America. Notable performers of *Shylock* in the early days of the American theater were John Henry and Thomas Abthorpe Cooper. Later representatives of the part were John Vandenhoff, 1840; Charles W. Couldock, 1853; James William Wallack, 1855; Edwin Forrest; Edward Loomis Davenport; John McCullough; Lawrence Barrett; Richard Mansfield; Robert Mantell; and Edward H. Sothern. *Shylock* was acted in New York by Macready in 1844, and by Charles Kean in 1845. Couldock, when first he played the part in that metropolis, appeared at Castle Garden. When "The Merchant of Venice" was produced at Wallack's Theater,—the old Broadway and Broome Street house,—in 1858, it held the stage thirty-three nights, and that was recorded as "a longer run than ever before enjoyed by a Shaksperean production." The elder Wallack acted *Shylock,* his son Lester Wallack being *Bassanio,* and Mrs. Hoey (Josephine Shaw) *Portia.* Many years afterward, Lester Wallack, speaking to me of that performance, said that his father "was best in *Shylock,"* representing him as an injured, suffering man, and deeply affecting the feelings of his audience. That method of acting *Shylock* has of late years, it is notable, been pursued by most of the foreign actors who have essayed the part in America.

The most thorough and absorbingly interesting impersonation of *Shylock* that has been seen within the last sixty years—and, in its maturity, as I believe, after duly weighing the recorded evidence, the best ever given—was that of Henry Irving. That great actor had studied the subject with microscopic scrutiny, and he knew every fiber of it. His opinion relative to the earlier performances of

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the part was expressed to me in the remark that, as far as his reading and observation had enabled him to judge, Henderson was the greatest of the old actors, and I believe he considered that Henderson gave the true *Shylock*. A complete analysis of Irving's presentment of *Shylock* (such as I have made, following it through all its mutations to its final perfection) would occupy much space, and it cannot be included here. Irving's ideal of Shakspere's conception and his earlier presentation of the character were not precisely accordant. *"Shylock,"* he said, in my presence, "is a bloody-minded monster; but you must n't play him so, if you wish to succeed; you must get some sympathy with him." That sympathy, in acting *Shylock,* he contrived to obtain by the charm of his magnetic personality, and without any material sacrifice of the vindictive and terrible spirit of the part. Mention has already been made of the momentary revulsion of feeling that he permitted the *Jew* to indicate, after his frenzied invective relative to *Jessica's* ignominious robbery of his treasure and flight from his home. That seemed to be an involuntary impulse not so much of human nature as of the animal propension toward its young. A kindred emphasis was placed on "No tears but of my shedding"; but the tears of *Shylock* are those of rancorous rage and furious desperation, not of tender grief, and that was the meaning Irving conveyed. In the street scene, as played by him, there was no rushing about the stage and no yelling. For the most part he stood still; but he signified the changes from passion to passion with thrilling celerity, and at the climax, when he said, "I will have the *heart* of him if he forfeit," his *Shylock* was an authentic and terrible image of tragedy. Persons who truly saw that frightful figure can never forget it—the tall, attenuated form, the ghastly, pallid face, the deep-sunken, dark eyes, blazing with wrath, the jaws champing, the left hand turning the sleeve upon the right arm as far back as the elbow, and the fingers of the right hand stretched forth and quivering, as if already they were tearing out the heart of his hated enemy. Irving's dress, for *Shylock,* comprised a brown gabardine, girdled by a party-colored shawl or scarf, a black, flat-topped cap with a yellow band across it, and pointed shoes of soft leather. He dressed the head with gray hair, long behind, the crown of the skull being bald. One lock of hair, being brushed forward, appeared on the brow, projecting from beneath the hat. He carried a black crutch-stick. In the second act of the comedy he slightly changed the costume,—entering the house to do so, while *Launcelot* hurriedly spoke his message to *Jessica,* and returning as the "patch's" last words were uttered,—wearing the same body garments as before, but with a cloak added, and with his head wreathed in a kind of turban of a tawny orange color. In the third act he wore the long robe, but neither hat nor gabardine, and his hair and attire were in wild disorder, the garments torn open over the throat and upper part of the chest. In the trial scene, Act IV, his dress was scrupulously correct, neat, and formal, his hair carefully smoothed and arranged, his aspect that of a priest going to the altar about to offer sacrifice: a more composed, relentless, cruel, *deadly* aspect could not be imagined,—the aspect of a lethal monster of malignity, sure of his prey, bulwarked behind the pretense of religion and law, and invincibly determined to take his revenge. Irving acted *Shylock* for the first time on November 1, 1879, at his London theater, where the play then had a run of two hundred and fifty consecutive performances, a record never equaled with any play of Shakspere's. He restored the fifth act, which sometimes had been omitted.

The braiding of the two stories,—that of *Portia* and the caskets, and that of the cruel *Jew* intent on getting his pound of flesh,—so as to combine them in one harmonious plot, has, from the beginning of Shaksperean commentary, been warmly admired for its dexterous, pleasing ingenuity. While it is not possible to sympathize with a fortune-hunter who purposes to rectify his financial accounts by marrying a wealthy heiress, it is easy to perceive that *Bassanio* is substantially a good fellow, and that he is truly in love with *Portia,* as *Portia* certainly is with him, and, so perceiving, it is pleasant to follow the course of their love-story to its happy close. *Portia,* unhappily, has often been performed by elderly, matronly women, and made unduly mature and even masculine. She is a young and lovely girl; she lives in the season when love is essen-

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tial and delicious; and when she says to her intimate companion *Nerissa,* "My little body is a-weary of this great world," she unconsciously indicates her desire of love—her weariness of a life that is incomplete. The words that *Portia* speaks immediately after *Bassanio* has made his choice of the leaden casket utter the very heart and soul of love.

The *Portias* of the stage have been very numerous. When Burbage acted *Shylock,* the part must have been misrepresented by a male, according to the custom of that period. Kitty Clive and Peg Woffington were among the first prominent actresses to appear as *Portia* after Macklin had revived Shakspere's comedy. Kitty Clive, in the trial scene, when disguised as *Bellario,* was accustomed to imitate the manner of one or another well-known lawyer of the day. Mrs. Yates acted *Portia* in 1770. Mrs. Siddons—advertised as "A Young Lady," and making her first London appearance—played the part for the first time in 1775. Then, in the old records, follow the names of Miss Macklin (daughter of Charles), Miss Barsanti, Elizabeth Farren, Miss Younge, Eliza Kemble, Anne de Camp, Miss Ryder, Mrs. Pope, Miss Murray, Mrs. Glover, Miss Smith, Mrs. Ogilivie, Miss Jarman, Mrs. Morris, Mrs. Henry, and Mrs. Merry (Anne Brunton). Nearer to the present time come Ellen Tree, Helena Faucit, Fanny Kemble, Mrs. Barrow, Mrs. Conway, Bella Pateman, Helena Modjeska, Ada Rehan, and Julia Marlowe. Madame Modjeska gave a delicious impersonation of *Portia.* She specially revealed, and exulted in, the tender, ardent, intrinsic womanhood of that golden girl of Italy, and I remember that the love-light in her eyes when *Portia* looked at *Bassanio,* while he was making choice among the caskets, was one of the most expressive, artistic, fascinating beauties of her beautiful performance—a seemingly spontaneous but perfectly ordered achievement in acting, which irradiated with the light of genius the whole fine love story of Shakspere's exquisite comedy,

"Where every something being blent together
Turns to a wild of nothing save of joy."

Ada Rehan's impersonation of *Portia* was characterized by inherent loveliness of spirit and a fine aristocracy of demeanor. Her sparkling raillery could not conceal the winning sweetness of her temperament. There was an irresistible charm in the archness of her innocent mischief, as when she said, in the first colloquy with *Nerissa,* "I know it is a sin to be a mocker." During the casket scenes she expressed a tremulous solicitude, peculiarly animative of sympathy, and her simulation of delight, combined with feminine delicacy and a maidenly restraint of ardor, in *Portia's* self-surrender to the fortunate *Bassanio,* was supremely artistic. She was the first and only representative of *Portia* in our time who, when appearing before "the strict Court of Venice," evinced and consistently maintained the anxiety, not to say the solemnity, inseparable from the situation and feelings of a person who is to adjudicate upon a question of wealth or ruin and life or death. But, all things considered, the most spontaneously feminine and completely symmetrical, and therefore flawless, embodiment of *Portia* that has graced the modern stage was that of Ellen Terry, as shown in the earlier days of her professional association with Henry Irving. All the gaiety and all the poetry of the part were elicited by her without the least effort, and she was the first among players to show *Portia* as a lover—a woman in love, a woman knowing herself to be loved, and radiant with happiness because of that knowledge. One piece of her stage-business will speak for all. After *Bassanio* had made his choice, she crumbled some roses and allowed the leaves to flutter down into the leaden casket from which the fortunate lover had taken her picture, and then, bending over it, seemed to consecrate it with a kiss. She was the first to dress *Portia* for the trial scene in a beautiful, flowing scarlet robe, incorrect, according to authority on the costume of a Paduan doctor of laws of the period of the play, but delightfully effective. The lovely lines about Mercy came from her lips in a strain of golden melody. She could and did speak blank verse so as to make it seem the language of nature, and, a little to vary Wordsworth's couplet,

The music in our hearts we bore
Long after it was heard no more.

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THE HOURS

A CYCLE OF THE FIRST HALF OF THE MORNING

BY HORATIO WINSLOW

WITH SIX DECORATIONS BY OLIVER HERFORD

NOW Time comes plucking at his sleeve
Who fain would linger at the door,
Hoping against all hope for leave
To say "Good night! Good night!"
once more.

For plays have ends, and suppers, too,
And gayest minutes take their flight.
The clock strikes one; the evening 's through,
And even lovers say "Good night."

Viewing each door upon each trip,
Passing or pausing to unlock it,
An ancient night-stick at his hip,
A modern pistol in his pocket,

The watchman's musings rarely roam
Toward grabbing robbers by their collars:
He 's thinking how the folks at home
Will manage on his forty dollars.

And when this meditation cloys,
He sheathes his formidable truncheon,
And, squatting from the wind, enjoys
A sandwich and cold-coffee luncheon.

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Now all inharmonies and discords cease;
The stars depart;
And a black night shall give the dawn release;
This is the moment of surpassing peace;
Lift up your heart!

Yet in this moment Death hath fleshed his knife;
And all forlorn,
Unheralded by gun or drum or fife,
Fresh champions come upon the field of life,
Gasping, new-born.

Out from the sheets, O Friend of Wealth!
The gray is in the sky;
Arouse, or with its cursèd stealth,
The hour will slip you by.

Arise! Rest not till by God's grace
Your toil has made you rich!
And then sleep sound in your rosewood case,
In the fold of your flower-lined ditch!

The reveler!
Io! the reveler!
See where he comes,
With feet a-stumble in their course,
And shiftless hands,
And smiles to prove that all the world 's his friend,
Listening to a mad music in his head,—
An orchestra with forty merry drums,
No less,—
That beat a roaring, joyous melody.
(Ah, merry, throbbing drums that at the end
Shall lead the grand finale of remorse!)
But now, propped up against the wall, he stands,
Poor leering reveler,
A thick-tongued lackwit striving to express
A seraph's ecstasy.

A fleck of red cloud in a wall of gray;
A mist that joins the earth and sky in one;
A widening rift—the portal of the day;
The sun!
Awake!
Blow, trumpets all!
The sun!

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RESIGNATION

BY EDWIN MEADE ROBINSON

AS one who, wedded for convenience' sake,
Must try to make his wayward heart forget
The dear desire on which his hope was set;
Who, after warring with himself, can take
Pleasure in his new part, and somehow make
Believe that new delight stills old regret,
And finally attains a joy that yet
He had not dreamed in sleep, nor hoped, awake:

So I, who with a passion overfond
Clung to and loved and lusted after life,
Now, having one clear message from beyond
That I must shortly take cold Death to wife,
Grow used to her, and, walking at her side,
Become enamoured of my unsought bride.

THE WESTERN STUDENT AS SEEN BY HIS INSTRUCTORS

BY WILLIAM STEARNS DAVIS

Professor of History, University of Minnesota

A FEW years ago a student of the junior class in the western college where I was then teaching came to me with a peculiar burden of woe. His college, let me say parenthetically, was one amply recognized over the United States for its high standards of scholarship and its success in developing both brains and character.

"Mr. Davis," he said, "I am in an awful fix. I need your advice."

"How can I aid you?"

"Well, you know I am a candidate for the presidency of my class. Everything seemed to go smoothly, and then the other fellows bobbed in with an argument I can't exactly meet."

"What is it?"

"They say, 'No one has ever been elected class president at —— College who is not self-supporting.' Now, my father pays my bills. I don't wait on the table, shake furnaces, shovel walks, or beat rugs. I 've thought of doing it; but since my father can afford to put me through without so doing, it has n't seemed fair to steal the jobs of the other fellows. Now M——'s gang are boosting him because he 's worked on farms summers and washed dishes winters since he was a junior 'cad' [that is, academy student]. What am I going to do?"

I gave my friend a few stray thoughts as to how he might overcome his direful handicap. Being really a most excellent and popular fellow, he was ultimately elected; but not a few about the college

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wagged their heads over "a most unfortunate example." It is not likely, however, that many such examples or arguments accompany the class elections at Harvard or Yale.

An affair like the above, which I am fairly confident is somewhat typical, is suggestive of the rift between the representative student of the East and the West. The differences are in part incidental, due to the dissimilarities bound to occur between institutions reckoning their years by decades or by centuries; partly inherent, thanks to differences between student bodies made up as are those of, say, Cambridge and New Haven, on the one hand, and Madison and Minneapolis, on the other. A mere examination of the yearly enrolment-lists is sufficient indication of the nature of the problem. The roll of the Harvard senior class enumerates names among which the old line Anglo-American element is obviously predominant. The percentage of students qualified to enter the Mayflower Society or the Sons of the Revolution is relatively large. From a casual observance of the list one gains the impression that Harvard still draws her sons from homes where the old Puritan traditions of culture and genteel bookishness are very strong, and that the instructors ought to consider themselves the finishers rather than the original molders of a new generation of educated men—men whose education began long before they set foot inside the "Yard" or "Memorial."

In contrast, the catalogue of a typical large western university presents an array of foreign names decidedly bewildering to the eastern-bred instructor at his first roll-call. The predominant element varies with the State or neighboring city, but although the aggregate of strictly Anglo-American names is large, it is more likely to be a plurality than an actual majority, and even then the innocuous John Smith is likely to claim Johann Schmidt as his grandfather. The students have frequently come from homes where literary culture has not been so much a fact as an aspiration, and the instructor who in his opening lessons takes too much previous information for granted is likely to be grievously disappointed when he reads over his first "quiz" papers. If, however, he has the patience to readjust his work, to deal with his students soberly, patiently, honestly, he is almost certain to meet a reward unlooked for in most eastern institutions. The average western student brings to his university considerably less in the way of home preparation than the average eastern student, but he brings one quality many eastern students do not possess—an appetite for work. It is sometimes almost pathetic to see the value which a tall, gawky farmer-lad, whose clothes hang loosely about his lean frame, whose few ideas of books have been picked up at a country high school perhaps inefficiently taught, will set upon the acquisition of book-knowledge, as if the mere possession of information and more information, and ever more information, some day will rub for him Aladdin's lamp, and evoke the jinnee of success and happiness. Every college East and West has its stories of successful struggle for an education against heavy pecuniary handicap, but never in the East does an instructor confront so many of these bitter, dogged battles.

"You are getting behind in your work," I said once to a student. "Now, I know you don't lack brains. What 's the matter?"

"Why, sir, I did n't manage to lay up much money peddling this summer, so I arranged to clerk in B——'s drug store evenings until closing-time [eleven P.M.], and I have to rise at five to care for eight furnaces. The result is I 'm so sleepy I can't really do good work; but I will try to drink more strong coffee and keep awake."

In this case I was dealing with a man who unquestionably was gaining much from his college studies; but the case becomes very pathetic when a student enters college on the strength of a high-school certificate granted by an over-indulgent principal, and undertakes to battle for an education when, even if he were well-to-do, no self-respecting institution could long keep him enrolled.

"I 'm sorry," a fellow-professor said to a pupil; "you try very hard. It 's no lack of honest work, but Heaven never made you for a college-man. There are lots of other things to be done in the world. Go and do them, and don't waste any more time and money around the university. You can never be graduated."

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"I 'm afraid you 're right, Professor," assented the poor fellow. "I 've the grit, but not the gray matter. I 've been boarding myself on twelve cents a day for the last three months, but it 's no use. I 'll give up."

Of course the western college will have its shirks, its bluffers, and its artful dodgers. Their manner of offenses differs little from that of their eastern brethren; and yet it may not be an unsafe generalization to say that very few men are graduated from good western universities with that absolute vacuity of brain which sometimes characterizes the possessors of eastern sheepskins. Admission by high-school certificate no doubt allows the entrance to many persons who ought never for one month to be dignified as freshmen; but the average discipline committee is stern and prompt. The good wheat and the tares are separated long before the first semester examinations, and it is the winnowed grain that passes into the sophomore year.

"At our college," a senior in a well-known eastern institution told me, "it 's like pulling teeth to pass the 'exams' and get *in;* but once in, one has to loaf very hard to get kicked out."

In reverse it might be said that no vast difficulty is experienced in getting into a good western college. The trouble is to stay in when once entered, and not be obliged to depart suddenly and without the small formalities of graduation.

In one matter the average western student may fairly claim superiority over his eastern compeer: everything considered, he is undoubtedly far more attentive in the classroom and more submissive to the routine of ordinary academic life. To him the professor is not a dull pundit droning behind a desk about something that is of no special consequence anyway. He is the agent, as it were, of the Mansion of Knowledge, commissioned to unlock some new chambers each day and let the earnest explorer in; therefore he is to be treated with respect, his deficiencies condoned, his explanations treasured, the only real demand upon him being that he at least seem to be in earnest and to be a quasi-master of his subject. To my personal knowledge western students often bear patiently with teachers and teaching of a quality that would produce instant revolt in the East, and justly. No doubt there are cases in good western colleges where instructors have complained of troubles as to "discipline." In nine cases out of ten those troubles have been of the teachers' own making. It may safely be said that few inexperienced instructors starting their work at a western college need the warning a famous educator gave me when I was seeking my first appointment. "Don't begin at D—— [a famous eastern institution]; the students are very brutal to young teachers. Start in the West, where they will treat you like a gentleman."

This thoroughly respectful treatment in the classroom is sometimes accompanied by a camaraderie outside that is refreshing, if properly appreciated and controlled. It is not usual at New Haven or Cambridge for a freshman to tap his instructor on the shoulder and inform him, "That was a bully lecture you gave us"; or for a junior to approach with the announcement, "Well, Prof, you did hit it off with a corking fair test this morning." Good-natured criticisms are likely to be given very honestly without offense to any right-minded instructor. Sometimes the desire of students to make friends with their teachers becomes a problem, especially in coeducational institutions. "I shall have to cancel part of my office hours," a professor said to me recently. "Miss F—— and Miss M—— come in every day now; they tell me all their family troubles, and if there is anything they *have n't* told me, it is because I will not let them. And yet I am expected to do research work!"

The foregoing commendation of the spirit of earnestness and politeness on the part of western students must submit to one qualification for which the "town" boy and the "town" girl are responsible. In colleges situated in small communities they are not serious factors; in institutions located in large cities like Chicago, Northwestern, Western Reserve, or Minnesota, they form a highly considerable element. The majority of these students are every whit as much in earnest as the "out-of-town" contingent. They usually have the advantage of a better high-school preparation, and a higher average of them come from cultivated and refined homes. Unfortunately, a somewhat obvious minority is less desirable. This is composed of

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young men, and especially young women, who would never dream of entering college had they not grown up with the college at their doors. For studies practical or theoretical they have neither aptitude nor inclination, but they have become so identified with the "life at the 'U'" (that is, the university), that to continue there after leaving the high school seems as natural as acquiring a loud waistcoat or a hobble-skirt. They are usually the children of well-to-do, though not refined, parents, and entering the college represents "making" some well-known "frat," or "sorority," and ignoring academic duty as far as is physically possible. Their conception of the true necessities of life sometimes differs from that of their preceptors. The following is a real occurrence:

Scene. The office of the discipline committee of a well-known university. Present: several austere professors, the dean of women, and a certain Miss K——, an old offender.

A Professor: "Miss K——, you are clearly behind in several studies. What have you to say?"

Miss K——: "I don't know why it is. I work very hard. Every minute I am able," etc.

Professor: "It is plain then you need to hire a tutor if you wish to avoid discipline. Why do you not engage one?"

Miss K—— (*sniffing*): "Oh, sir, I would, but I cannot possibly afford it."

Dean of women (*canny, well-informed, remorseless*): "Miss K——, to keep yourself in college, could you not give up your motor-car for one month, and so hire a tutor?"

Miss K—— (*with tears*): "Impossible!"

Whereupon the cruel committee vote that she be placed on probation.

This is naturally an extreme instance. Few such cases survive the first semester. The evil, however, is so serious that the high-school principals throughout a great western State recently asked their state university to increase its entrance standards just that they might refuse certificates to this manner of persons. This reform has already improved the quality of the incoming freshman class, and other like universities would do well to imitate it.

But, one may repeat, these cases are only a small minority. Against them should be set such instances as that of a Bohemian-born freshman who found himself in the office of his college adviser.

"Z——," remarked the professor, "I am sorry to see that, while you keep up your other studies well, you are reported low in rhetoric. How is that?"

"It is this way, Professor. It 's three years since I left high school with my college certificate. All that time I 've worked as a lumber-jack in the northern woods to get enough for college. I 've never had a chance to write anything to anybody except letters to my mother, and those were in Czech, and, you see, that did n't help my English much. So I 'm rusty. But I 'm trying. I sit up till one o'clock writing and rewriting my papers every night. And I 'll make good."

It is needless to add that he did "make good," in rhetoric as well as in many other things.

A natural query arises in contrasting the eastern and western students. What is the practical effect of coeducation? It may be suspected that socially the gains and the losses come to a pretty close balance, and coeducation has neither the great advantages nor disadvantages claimed for it by its furious friends or foes. This is a large subject, however, and must be excluded here. Looking at the situation purely from the point of view of the classroom, it is fair to be a little more assertive. There can be little doubt that in elementary classes the fact that inexact, sluggish-minded youths are obliged to see their dullness exhibited daily before keen, precise young women is a vast incentive to those youths to do their best.

"We can't loaf a bit in our section," a freshman boy was heard to complain; "there are three or four girls in it who are 'sharks.' We might risk flunking, but we darse n't be made fools of beside them every day."

In fact, I have known the entrance late in the term of a single bright, quick, and properly assertive "coed" to change a section that had been plodding onward stupidly into one which made rapid and stimulating progress.

When, however, the transition is made to advanced work of a graduate or semi-graduate nature, the association of male student and coed becomes a more debata-

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ble feature. The average young woman who attempts graduate work in a western university is nine times out of ten a would-be school-teacher, or perhaps has been teaching a certain time and is trying to "improve her certificate" or otherwise ingratiate herself with a "college of education" whereon all her hopes depend. These young women, with all esteem for them, be it said, are of a peculiar type. They are not chargeable with being society butterflies. They have many very solid virtues; but, taken as a class, they are not remarkable for strictly original scholarship. Without debating the actual merits of the case, one may remark, first, that many young men are not anxious to elect courses in which such an element predominates; and, secondly, when men do enter such courses, it is doubtful whether they have that honest stimulus which comes from rivalry with the highest type of original scholars of the sterner sex.

This is naturally a mere suggestion of the problem, which is admittedly a difficult one. The task of manning, or, rather, "womaning," the high schools of the West with competent teachers is one that is being grappled with earnestly by the average State university, and with great success from the point of view of the schools. It is a question, however, whether the task assumed by divers State universities of forming "the head of the State school system" is compatible with another task even more important: that is, the duty of existing as institutions where young men and women can gather ideas and ideals which shall sweeten and glorify life, even if these students never intend to teach a class or follow a learned profession.

For, to return to the original argument, the western student demands for his efforts such practical results as are seldom expected in the East. This is at once his glory and his bane. The allegation that "nothing succeeds like success" is nowhere advanced with more earnestness, and one hears of cases where the mere success of a given effort is held to cover a multitude of sins. The tale runs that in a prominent university a senior was before the committee to answer for failure in his studies. He excused himself by saying that he was obliged to work his way, and his work consumed the time he would gladly devote to his books. This sounded plausible until the nature of his "work" had been looked into. It was found that he had a natural talent for business, and that while a student he had founded and was conducting a real-estate agency that brought him more income than any of his instructors received. When confronted with the facts, he argued with unclouded brow that in view of his remarkable business success his diploma should not be withheld for mere failure in such trifles as psychology and mathematics. The committee thought otherwise, but the senior felt that he had been unsympathetically dealt with.

So much for one side of the shield. On the other, let no meed of honor be withheld from the hundreds, yea, thousands, of young men and young women who, with a sincerity and intensity of purpose that must be met to be appreciated, are with great struggle and sacrifice stretching out their hands to that thing the age calls "the higher education." The only fear of their preceptors should be lest by their teachers' insufficiency this goal should not prove worth the winning.

The western students have much to learn from the East. They must learn that loitering over a wise old book is not necessarily idleness; that information is not knowledge; that many things are worth learning even if they will never add a penny to one's income. But it is in no unfriendly spirit asserted that the average student of the East may learn as much or more from the average student of the West; that the four years of college are not four years of polite leisure admixed with athletics before entering upon the true business of life, but four years of courageous effort toward a definite end, and that the mere chance to make this effort is worth buying perhaps at a heavy price.

The western student bodies have their faults, many, grievous. Yet at least it cannot be said of them, as of one great eastern college, "that they have the best country club in America"; or, as of another, "that the students are taught to take off their hats before a brewery"; or, as of another, "that the leading undergraduates live on the 'Gold Coast.'" They have their own problems, their own foibles, and their own virtues.

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IN BRITTANY
FIVE PAINTINGS BY
LUCIEN SIMON

PEASANTS AND CHILDREN

I. Peasants and Children
II. Procession of Sisters of the Holy Spirit
III. Procession of Churchwardens
IV. A Village Festival among the Bigoudines
V. A Little Girl of Brittany

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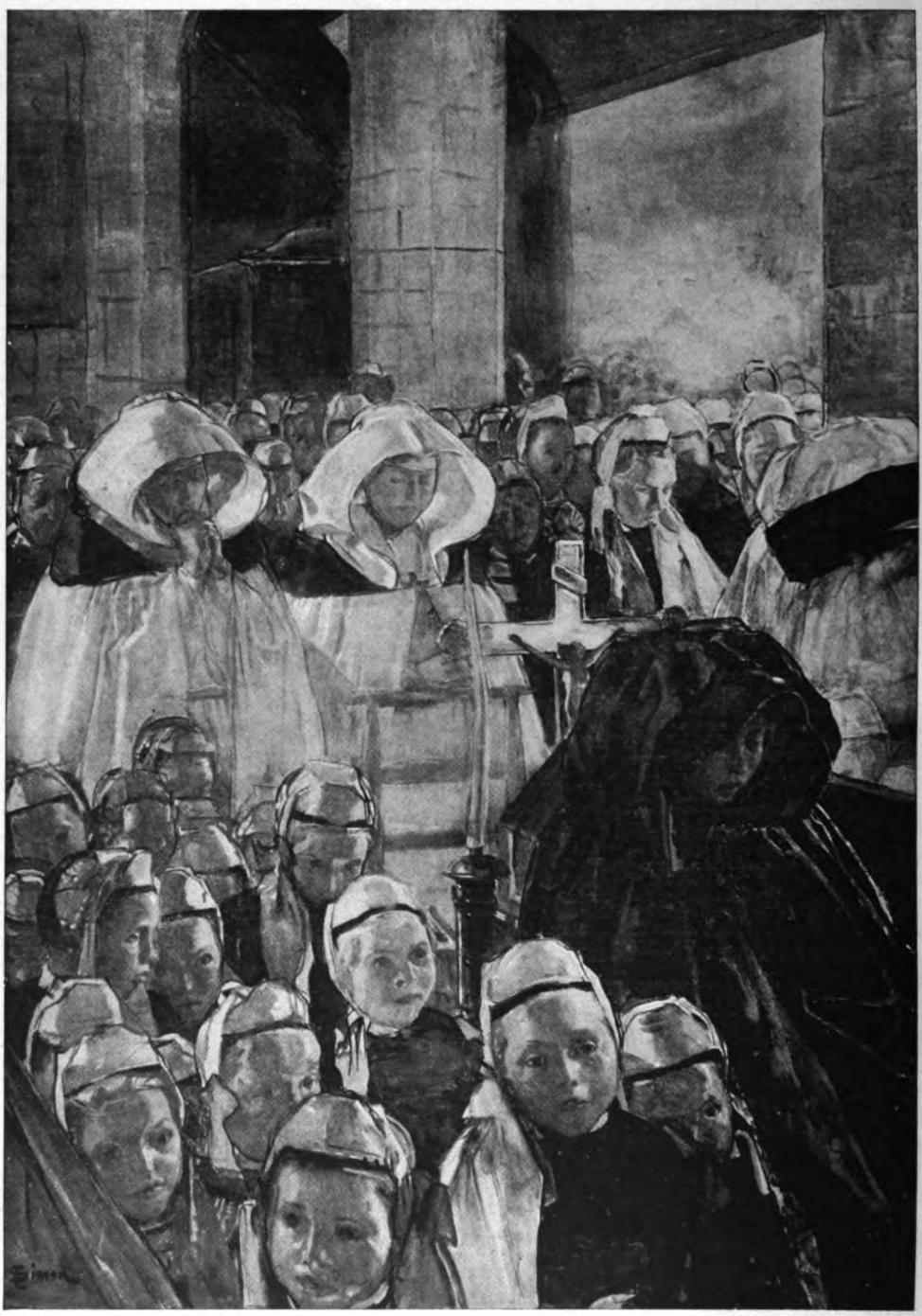

PROCESSION OF SISTERS OF THE HOLY SPIRIT

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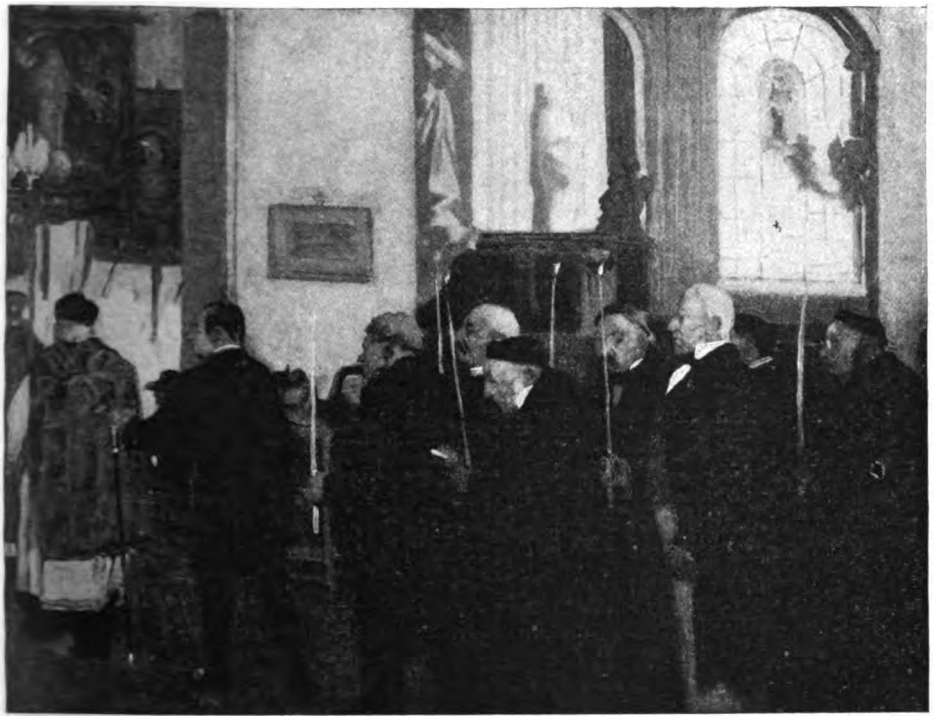

PROCESSION OF CHURCHWARDENS

A VILLAGE FESTIVAL AMONG THE BIGOUDINES

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A LITTLE GIRL OF BRITTANY

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HIS UNQUIET GHOST

BY CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK

Author of "The Fair Mississippian," "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains," etc.

THE moon was high in the sky. The wind was laid. So silent was the vast stretch of mountain wilderness, aglint with the dew, that the tinkle of a rill far below in the black abyss seemed less a sound than an evidence of the pervasive quietude, since so slight a thing, so distant, could compass so keen a vibration. For an hour or more the three men who lurked in the shadow of a crag in the narrow mountain-pass heard nothing else. When at last they caught the dull reverberation of a slow wheel and the occasional metallic clank of a tire against a stone, the vehicle was fully three miles distant by the winding road in the valley. Time lagged. Only by imperceptible degrees the sound of deliberate approach grew louder on the air as the interval of space lessened. At length above their ambush, at the summit of the mountain-pass, horses' heads came into view, distinct in the moonlight between the fibrous pines and the vast expanse of the sky above the valley. Even then there was renewed delay. The driver of the wagon paused to rest the team.

The three lurking men did not move; they scarcely ventured to breathe. Only when there was no retrograde possible, no chance of escape, when the vehicle was fairly on the steep declivity of the road, the precipice sheer on one side, the wall of the ridge rising perpendicularly on the other, did two of them, both revenue-raiders disguised as mountaineers, step forth from the shadow. The other, the informer, a genuine mountaineer, still skulked motionless in the darkness. The "revenuers," ascending the road, maintained a long, lunging gait, as if they had toiled from far.

Their abrupt appearance had the effect of a galvanic shock to the man handling the reins, a stalwart, rubicund fellow, who visibly paled. He drew up so suddenly as almost to throw the horses from their feet.

"G'evenin'," ventured Browdie, the elder of the raiders, in a husky voice affecting an untutored accent. He had some special ability as a mimic, and, being familiar with the dialect and manners of the people, this gift greatly facilitated the rustic impersonation he had essayed. "Ye 're haulin' late," he added, for the hour was close to midnight.

"Yes, Stranger; haulin' late, from Eskaqua—a needcessity."

"What 's yer cargo?" asked Browdie, seeming only ordinarily inquisitive.

A sepulchral cadence was in the driver's voice, and the disguised raiders noted that the three other men on the wagon had preserved, throughout, a solemn silence. "What we-uns mus' all be one day, Stranger—a corpus."

Browdie was stultified for a moment. Then sustaining his assumed character, he said: "I hope it be nobody I know. I be fairly well acquainted in Eskaqua, though I hail from down in Lonesome Cove. Who be dead?"

There was palpably a moment's hesitation before the spokesman replied: "Watt Wyatt; died day 'fore yestiddy."

At the words, one of the silent men in the wagon turned his face suddenly, with such obvious amazement depicted upon it that it arrested the attention of the "revenuers." This face was so individual that it was not likely to be easily mistaken or forgotten. A wild, breezy look it had, and a tricksy, incorporeal expression that might well befit some fantastic, fabled thing of the woods. It was full of the fine script of elusive meanings, not registered in the lineaments of the prosaic man of the day, though perchance of scant utility, not worth interpretation. His full gray eyes

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Drawn by Remington Schuyler

Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"THE UNITED WEIGHT AND IMPETUS OF THE ONSET BURST THE FLIMSY DOORS INTO FRAGMENTS" (SEE PAGE 136)

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were touched to glancing brilliancy by a moonbeam; his long, fibrously floating brown hair was thrown backward; his receding chin was peculiarly delicate; and though his well-knit frame bespoke a hardy vigor, his pale cheek was soft and thin. All the rustic grotesquery of garb and posture was canceled by the deep shadow of a bough, and his delicate face showed isolated in the moonlight.

Browdie silently pondered his vague suspicions for a moment. "Whar did he die at?" he then demanded at a venture.

"At his daddy's house, fer sure. Whar else?" responded the driver. "I hev got what 's lef' of him hyar in the coffin-box. We expected ter make it ter Shiloh buryin'-ground 'fore dark; but the road is middlin' heavy, an' 'bout five mile' back Ben cast a shoe. The funeral war n't over much 'fore noon."

"Why n't they bury him in Eskaqua, whar he died?" persisted Browdie.

"Waal, they planned ter bury him alongside his mother an' gran'dad, what used ter live in Tanglefoot Cove. But we air wastin' time hyar, an' we hev got none ter spare. Gee, Ben! Git up, John!"

The wagon gave a lurch; the horses, holding back in bracing attitudes far from the pole, went teetering down the steep slant, the locked wheel dragging heavily; the four men sat silent, two in slouching postures at the head of the coffin; the third, with the driver, was at its foot. It seemed drearily suggestive, the last journey of this humble mortality, in all the splendid environment of the mountains, under the vast expansions of the aloof skies, in the mystic light of the unnoting moon.

"Is this bona-fide?" asked Browdie, with a questioning glance at the informer, who had at length crept forth.

"I dunno," sullenly responded the mountaineer. He had acquainted the two officers, who were of a posse of revenue-raiders hovering in the vicinity, with the mysterious circumstance that a freighted wagon now and then made a midnight transit across these lonely ranges. He himself had heard only occasionally in a wakeful hour the roll of heavy wheels, but he interpreted this as the secret transportation of brush whisky from the still to its market. He had thought to fix the transgression on an old enemy of his own, long suspected of moonshining; but he was acquainted with none of the youngsters on the wagon, at whom he had peered cautiously from behind the rocks. His actuating motive in giving information to the emissaries of the government had been the rancor of an old feud, and his detection meant certain death. He had not expected the revenue-raiders to be outnumbered by the supposed moonshiners, and he would not fight in the open. He had no sentiment of fealty to the law, and the officers glanced at each other in uncertainty.

"This evidently is not the wagon in question," said Browdie, disappointed.

"I 'll follow them a bit," volunteered Ronan, the younger and the more active of the two officers. "Seems to me they 'll bear watching."

Indeed, as the melancholy cortège fared down and down the steep road, dwindling in the sheeny distance, the covert and half-suppressed laughter of the sepulchral escort was of so keen a relish that it was well that the scraping of the locked wheel aided the distance to mask the incongruous sound.

"What ailed you-uns ter name *me* as the corpus, 'Gene Barker?" demanded Walter Wyatt, when he had regained the capacity of coherent speech.

"Oh, I hed ter do suddint murder on somebody," declared the driver, all bluff and reassured and red-faced again, "an' I could n't think quick of nobody else. Besides, I helt a grudge ag'in' you fer not stuffin' mo' straw 'twixt them jimmy-johns in the coffin-box."

"That 's a fac'. Ye air too triflin' ter be let ter live, Watt," cried one of their comrades. "I hearn them jugs clash tergether in the coffin-box when 'Gene checked the team up suddint, I tell you. An' them men sure 'peared ter me powerful suspectin'."

"*I* hearn the clash of them jimmy-johns," chimed in the driver. "I really thunk my hour war come. Some informer must hev set them men ter spyin' round fer moonshine."

"Oh, surely nobody would n't dare," urged one of the group, uneasily; for the identity of an informer was masked in secrecy, and his fate, when discovered, was often gruesome.

"They could n't hev noticed the clash

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of them jimmyjohns, nohow," declared the negligent Watt, nonchalantly. "But namin' *me* fer the dead one! Supposin' they air revenuers fer true, an' hed somebody along, hid out in the bresh, ez war acquainted with me by sight—"

"Then they 'd hev been skeered out'n thar boots, that 's all," interrupted the self-sufficient 'Gene. "They would hev 'lowed they hed viewed yer brazen ghost, bold ez brass, standin' at the head of yer own coffin-box."

"Or mebbe they mought hev recognized the Wyatt favor, ef they war n't acquainted with *me,*" persisted Watt, with his unique sense of injury.

Eugene Barker defended the temerity of his inspiration. "They would hev jes thought ye war kin ter the deceased, an' attendin' him ter his long home."

" 'Gene don't keer much fer ye ter be alive nohow, Watt Wyatt," one of the others suggested tactlessly, " 'count o' Minta Elladine Riggs."

Eugene Barker's offhand phrase was incongruous with his sudden gravity and his evident rancor as he declared: *"I* ain't carin' fer sech ez Watt Wyatt. An' they *do* say in the cove that Minta Elladine Riggs hev gin him the mitten, anyhow, on account of his gamesome ways, playin' kyerds, a-bettin' his money, drinkin' applejack, an' sech."

The newly constituted ghost roused himself with great vitality as if to retort floutingly; but as he turned, his jaw suddenly fell; his eyes widened with a ghastly distention. With an unsteady arm extended he pointed silently. Distinctly outlined on the lid of the coffin was the simulacrum of the figure of a man.

One of his comrades, seated on the tailboard of the wagon, had discerned a significance in the abrupt silence. As he turned, he, too, caught a fleeting glimpse of that weird image on the coffin-lid. But he was of a more mundane pulse. The apparition roused in him only a wonder whence could come this shadow in the midst of the moon-flooded road. He lifted his eyes to the verge of the bluff above, and there he descried an indistinct human form, which suddenly disappeared as he looked, and at that moment the simulacrum vanished from the lid of the box.

The mystery was of instant elucidation. They were suspected, followed. The number of their pursuers of course they could not divine, but at least one of the revenue-officers had trailed the wagon between the precipice and the great wall of the ascent on the right, which had gradually dwindled to a diminished height. Deep gullies were here and there washed out by recent rains, and one of these indentations might have afforded an active man access to the summit. Thus the pursuer had evidently kept abreast of them, speeding along in great leaps through the lush growth of huckleberry bushes, wild grasses, pawpaw thickets, silvered by the moon, all fringing the great forests that had given way on the shelving verge of the steeps where the road ran. Had he overheard their unguarded, significant words? Who could divine, so silent were the windless mountains, so deep a-dream the darksome woods, so spellbound the mute and mystic moonlight?

The group maintained a cautious reticence now, each revolving the problematic disclosure of their secret, each canvassing the question whether the pursuer himself was aware of his betrayal of his stealthy proximity. Not till they had reached the ford of the river did they venture on a low-toned colloquy. The driver paused in midstream and stepped out on the pole between the horses to let down the check-reins, as the team manifested an inclination to drink in transit; and thence, as he stood thus perched, he gazed to and fro, the stretch of dark and lustrous ripples baffling all approach within ear-shot, the watering of the horses justifying the pause and cloaking its significance to any distant observer.

But the interval was indeed limited; the mental processes of such men are devoid of complexity, and their decisions prompt. They advanced few alternatives; their prime object was to be swiftly rid of the coffin and its inculpating contents, and with the "revenuer" so hard on their heels this might seem a troublous problem enough.

"Put it whar a coffin b'longs—in the churchyard," said Wyatt; for at a considerable distance beyond the rise of the opposite bank could be seen a barren clearing in which stood a gaunt, bare, little white frame building that served all the country-side for its infrequent religious services.

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"We could n't dig a grave before that spy—ef he be a revenuer sure enough—could overhaul us," Eugene Barker objected.

"We could turn the yearth right smart, though," persisted Wyatt, for pickax and shovel had been brought in the wagon for the sake of an aspect of verisimilitude and to mask their true intent.

Eugene Barker acceded to this view. "That 's the dinctum—dig a few jes fer a blind. We kin slip the coffin-box under the church-house 'fore he gits in sight,—he 'll be feared ter follow too close,—an' leave it thar till the other boys kin wagon it ter the cross-roads' store ter-morrer night."

The horses, hitherto held to the sober gait of funereal travel, were now put to a speedy trot, unmindful of whatever impression of flight the pace might give to the revenue-raider in pursuit. The men were soon engrossed in their deceptive emprise in the churchyard, plying pickax and shovel for dear life, but now and again they paused to listen vainly for the sound of stealthy approach. They knew that there was the most precarious and primitive of foot-bridges across the deep stream, to traverse which would cost an unaccustomed wayfarer both time and pains; thus the interval was considerable before the resonance of rapid footfalls gave token that their pursuer had found himself obliged to sprint smartly along the country road to keep any hope of ever again viewing the wagon which the intervening water-course had withdrawn from his sight. That this hope had grown tenuous was evident in his relinquishment of his former caution, for when they again caught a glimpse of him he was forging along in the middle of the road without any effort at concealment. But as the wagon appeared in the perspective, stationary, hitched to the hedge of the graveyard, he recurred to his previous methods. The four men still within the inclosure, now busied in shoveling the earth back again into the excavation they had so swiftly made, covertly watched him as he skulked into the shadow of the wayside. The little "church-house," with all its windows whitely aglare in the moonlight, reflected the pervasive sheen, and silent, spectral, remote, it seemed as if it might well harbor at times its ghastly neighbors from the quiet cemetery without, dimly ranging themselves once more in the shadowy ranks of its pews or grimly stalking down the drear and deserted aisles. The fact that the rising ground toward the rear of the building necessitated a series of steps at the entrance enabled the officer to mask behind this tall flight his crouching approach, and thus he ensconced himself in the angle between the wall and the steps, and looked forth in fancied security.

The shadows multiplied the tale of the dead that the head-boards kept, each similitude askew in the moonlight on the turf below the slanting monument. To judge by the motions of the men engaged in the burial and the mocking antics of their silhouettes on the ground, it must have been obvious to the spectator that they were already filling in the earth. The interment may have seemed to him suspiciously swift, but the possibility was obvious that the grave might have been previously dug in anticipation of their arrival. It was plain that he was altogether unprepared for the event when they came slouching forth to the wagon, and the stalwart and red-faced driver, with no manifestation of surprise, hailed him as he still crouched in his lurking-place. "Hello, Stranger! War n't that you-uns runnin' arter the wagon a piece back yander jes a while ago?"

The officer rose to his feet, with an intent look both dismayed and embarrassed. He did not venture on speech; he merely acceded with a nod.

"Ye want a lift, I reckon."

The stranger was hampered by the incongruity between his rustic garb, common to the coves, and his cultivated intonation; for unlike his comrade Browdie, he had no mimetic faculties whatever. Nevertheless, he was now constrained to "face the music."

"I did n't want to interrupt you," he said, seeking such excuse as due consideration for the circumstances might afford; "but I 'd like to ask where I could get lodging for the night."

"What 's yer name?" demanded Barker, unceremoniously.

"Francis Ronan," the raider replied, with more assurance. Then he added, by way of explaining his necessity, "I 'm a stranger hereabouts."

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"Ye air so," assented the sarcastic 'Gene. "Ye ain't even acquainted with yer own clothes. Ye be a townman."

"Well, I 'm not the first man who has had to hide out," Ronan parried, seeking to justify his obvious disguise.

"Shot somebody?" asked 'Gene, with an apparent accession of interest.

"It 's best for me not to tell."

"So be." 'Gene acquiesced easily. "Waal, ef ye kin put up with sech accommodations ez our'n, I 'll take ye home with me."

Ronan stood aghast. But there was no door of retreat open. He was alone and helpless. He could not conceal the fact that the turn affairs had taken was equally unexpected and terrifying to him, and the moonshiners, keenly watchful, were correspondingly elated to discern that he had surely no reinforcements within reach to nerve him to resistance or to menace their liberty. He had evidently followed them too far, too recklessly, perhaps without the consent and against the counsel of his comrades, perhaps even without their knowledge of his movements and intentions.

Now and again as the wagon jogged on and on toward their distant haven, the moonlight gradually dulling to dawn, Wyatt gave the stranger a wondering, covert glance, vaguely, shrinkingly curious as to the sentiments of a man vacillating between the suspicion of capture and the recognition of a simple hospitality without significance or danger. The man's face appealed to him, young, alert, intelligent, earnest, and the anguish of doubt and anxiety it expressed went to his heart. In the experience of his sylvan life as a hunter Wyatt's peculiar and subtle temperament evolved certain fine-spun distinctions which were unique: a trapped thing had a special appeal to his commiseration that a creature ruthlessly slaughtered in the open was not privileged to prefer. He did not accurately and in words discriminate the differences, but he felt that the captive had sounded all the gamut of hope and despair, shared the gradations of an appreciated sorrow that makes all souls akin and that even lifts the beast to the plane of brotherhood, the bond of emotional woe. He had often with no other or better reason liberated the trophy of his snare, calling after the amazed and frantically fleeing creature, "By-by, Buddy!" with peals of his whimsical, joyous laughter.

He was experiencing now a similar sequence of sentiments in noting the wild-eyed eagerness with which the captured raider took obvious heed of every minor point of worthiness that might mask the true character of his entertainers. But, indeed, these deceptive hopes might have been easily maintained by one not so desirous of reassurance when, in the darkest hour before the dawn, they reached a large log-cabin sequestered in dense woods, and he found himself an inmate of a simple, typical mountain household. It held an exceedingly venerable grandfather, wielding his infirmities as a rod of iron; a father and mother, hearty, hospitable, subservient to the aged tyrant, but keeping in filial check a family of sons and daughters-in-law, with an underfoot delegation of grandchildren, who seemed to spend their time in a bewildering manœuver of dashing out at one door to dash in at another. A tumultuous rain had set in shortly after dawn, with lightning and wind,—"the tail of a harricane," as the host called it,—and a terrible bird the actual storm must have been to have a tail of such dimensions. There was no getting forth, no living creature of free will "took water" in this elemental crisis. The numerous dogs crowded the children away from the hearth, and the hens strolled about the large living-room, clucking to scurrying broods. Even one of the horses tramped up on the porch and looked in ever and anon, solicitous of human company.

"I brung Ben up by hand, like a bottle-fed baby," the hostess apologized, "an' he ain't never f'und out fer sure that he ain't folks."

There seemed no possible intimation of moonshine in this entourage, and the coffin filled with jugs, a-wagoning from some distillers' den in the range to the cross-roads' store, might well have been accounted only the vain phantasm of an overtired brain surcharged with the vexed problems of the revenue service. The disguised revenue-raider was literally overcome with drowsiness, the result of his exertions and his vigils, and observing this, his host gave him one of the big feather-beds under the low slant of the eaves in the roof-room, where the other men, who

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had been out all night, also slept the greater portion of the day. In fact, it was dark when Wyatt wakened, and, leaving the rest still torpid with slumber and fatigue, descended to the large main room of the cabin.

The callow members of the household had retired to rest, but the elders of the band of moonshiners were up and still actively astir, and Wyatt experienced a prescient vicarious qualm to note their lack of heed or secrecy—the noisy shifting of heavy weights (barrels, kegs, bags of apples, and peaches for pomace), the loud voices and unguarded words. When a door in the floor was lifted, the whiff of chill, subterranean air that pervaded the whole house was heavily freighted with spirituous odors, and gave token to the meanest intelligence, to the most unobservant inmate, that the still was operated in a cellar, peculiarly immune to suspicion, for a cellar is never an adjunct to the ordinary mountain cabin. Thus the infraction of the revenue law went on securely and continuously beneath the placid, simple, domestic life, with its reverent care for the very aged and its tender nurture of the very young.

It was significant indeed that the industry should not be pretermitted, however, when a stranger was within the gates. The reason to Wyatt, familiar with the moonshiners' methods and habits of thought, was only too plain. They intended that the "revenuer" should never go forth to tell the tale. His comrades had evidently failed to follow his trail, either losing it in the wilderness or from ignorance of his intentions. He had put himself hopelessly into the power of these desperate men, whom his escape or liberation would menace with incarceration for a long term as Federal prisoners in distant penitentiaries, if indeed they were not already answerable to the law for some worse crime than illicit distilling. His murder would be the extreme of brutal craft, so devised as to seem an accident, against the possibility of future investigation.

The reflection turned Wyatt deathly cold, he who could not bear unmoved the plea of a wild thing's eye. He sturdily sought to pull himself together. It was none of his decree; it was none of his deed, he argued. The older moonshiners, who managed all the details of the enterprise, would direct the event with absolute authority and the immutability of fate. But whatever should be done, he revolted from any knowledge of it, as from any share in the act. He had risen to leave the place, all strange of aspect now, metamorphosed, —various disorderly details of the prohibited industry ever and anon surging up from the still-room below,—when a hoarse voice took cognizance of his intention with a remonstrance.

"Why, Watt Wyatt, *ye* can't go out in the cove. Ye air dead! Ye will let that t'other revenue-raider ye seen into the secret o' the bresh whisky in our wagon ef ye air viewed about whenst 'Gene hev spread the report that ye air dead. Wait till them raiders hev cleared out of the kentry."

The effort at detention, to interfere with his liberty, added redoubled impetus to Wyatt's desire to be gone. He suddenly devised a cogent necessity. "I be feared my dad mought hear that fool tale. I ain't much loss, but dad would feel it."

"Oh, I sent Jack thar ter tell him better whenst he drove ter mill ter-day ter git the meal fer the mash. Jack made yer dad onderstand 'bout yer sudden demise."

"Oh, yeh," interposed the glib Jack; "an' he said ez *he* could n't abide sech jokes."

"Shucks!" cried the filial Wyatt. "Dad war full fresky himself in his young days; I hev hearn his old frien's say so."

"I tried ter slick things over," said the diplomatic Jack. "I 'lowed young folks war giddy by nature. I 'lowed 't war jes a flash o' fun. An' he say: 'Flash o' fun be consarned! My son is more like a flash o' lightning; ez suddint an' mischeevious an' totally ondesirable.' "

The reproach obviously struck home, for Wyatt maintained a disconsolate silence for a time. At length, apparently goaded by his thoughts to attempt a defense, he remonstrated:

"Nobody ever war dead less of his own free will. *I* never elected ter be a harnt. 'Gene Barker hed no right ter nominate *me* fer the dear departed, nohow."

One of the uncouth younger fellows, his shoulders laden with a sack of meal, paused on his way from the porch to the trap-door to look up from beneath his

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burden with a sly grin as he said, " 'Gene war wishin' it war true, that 's why."

" 'Count o' Minta Elladine Riggs," gaily chimed in another.

"But 'Gene need n't gredge Watt foothold on this yearth fer sech; *she* ain't keerin' whether Watt lives or dies," another contributed to the rough, rallying fun.

But Wyatt was of sensitive fiber. He had flushed angrily; his eyes were alight; a bitter retort was trembling on his lips when one of the elder Barkers, discriminating the elements of an uncontrollable fracas, seized on the alternative.

"Could you-uns *sure* be back hyar by daybreak, Watt," he asked, fixing the young fellow with a stern eye.

"No 'spectable ghost roams around arter sun-up," cried Wyatt, fairly jovial at the prospect of liberation.

"Ye mus' be heedful not ter be viewed," the senior admonished him.

"I be goin' ter slip about keerful like a reg'lar, stiddy-goin' harnt, an' eavesdrop a bit. It 's worth livin' a hard life ter view how a feller 's friends will take his demise."

"I reckon ye kin make out ter meet the wagin kemin' back from the cross-roads' store. It went out this evenin' with that coffin full of jugs that ye lef' las' night under the church-house, whenst 'Gene seen you-uns war suspicioned. They will hev time ter git ter the cross-roads with the whisky an' back little arter midnight, special' ez we-uns hev got the raider that spied out the job hyar fast by the leg."

The mere mention of the young prisoner rendered Wyatt the more eager to be gone, to be out of sight and sound. But he had no agency in the disaster, he urged against some inward clamor of protest; the catastrophe was the logical result of the foolhardiness of the officer in following these desperate men with no backing, with no power to apprehend or hold, relying on his flimsy disguise, and risking delivering himself into their hands, fettered as he was with the knowledge of his discovery of their secret.

"It 's nothin' ter *me*, nohow," Wyatt was continually repeating to himself, though when he sprang through the door he could scarcely draw his breath because of some mysterious, invisible clutch at his throat.

He sought to ascribe this symptom to the density of the pervasive fog without, that impenetrably cloaked all the world; one might wonder how a man could find his way through the opaque white vapor. It was, however, an accustomed medium to the young mountaineer, and his feet, too, had something of that unclassified muscular instinct, apart from reason, which guides in an oft-trodden path. Once he came to a halt, from no uncertainty of locality, but to gaze apprehensively through the blank, white mists over a shuddering shoulder. "I wonder ef thar be any other harnts aloose ter-night, a-boguing through the fog an' the moon," he speculated. Presently he went on again, shaking his head sagely. "I ain't wantin' ter collogue with sech," he averred cautiously.

Occasionally the moonlight fell in expansive splendor through a rift in the white vapor; amidst the silver glintings a vague, illusory panorama of promontory and island, bay and inlet, far ripplings of gleaming deeps, was presented like some magic reminiscence, some ethereal replica of the past, the simulacrum of the seas of these ancient coves, long since ebbed away and vanished. The sailing moon visibly rocked, as the pulsing tides of the cloud-ocean rose and fell, and ever and anon this supernal craft was whelmed in its surgings, and once more came majestically into view, freighted with fancies and heading for the haven of the purple western shores.

In one of these clearances of the mists a light of an alien type caught the eye of the wandering specter—a light, red, mundane, of prosaic suggestion. It filtered through the crevice of a small batten shutter.

The ghost paused, his head speculatively askew. "Who sits so late at the forge?" he marveled, for he was now near the base of the mountain, and he recognized the low, dark building looming through the mists, its roof aslant, its chimney cold, the big doors closed, the shutter fast. As he neared the place a sudden shrill guffaw smote the air, followed by a deep, gruff tone of disconcerted remonstrance. Certain cabalistic words made the matter plain.

"High, Low, Jack, *and* game! Fork! Fork!" Once more there arose a high falsetto shriek of jubilant laughter.

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Walter Wyatt crept noiselessly down the steep slant toward the shutter. He had no sense of intrusion, for he was often one of the merry blades wont to congregate at the forge at night and take a hand at cards, despite the adverse sentiment of the cove and the vigilance of the constable of the district, bent on enforcing the laws prohibiting gaming. As Wyatt stood at the crevice of the shutter the whole interior was distinct before him—the disabled wagon-wheels against the walls, the horseshoes on a rod across the window, the great hood of the forge, the silent bellows, with its long, motionless handle. A kerosene lamp, perched on the elevated hearth of the forge, illumined the group of wild young mountaineers clustered about a barrel on the head of which the cards were dealt. There were no chairs; one of the gamesters sat on a keg of nails; another on an inverted splint basket; two on a rude bench that was wont to be placed outside the door for the accommodation of customers waiting for a horse to be shod or a plow to be laid. An onlooker, not yet so proficient as to attain his ambition of admission to the play, had mounted the anvil, and from this coign of vantage beheld all the outspread landscape of the "hands." More than once his indiscreet, inadvertent betrayal of some incident of his survey of the cards menaced him with a broken head. More innocuous to the interest of the play was a wight humbly ensconced on the shoeing-stool, which barely brought his head to the level of the board; but as he was densely ignorant of the game, he took no disadvantage from his lowly posture. His head was red, and as it moved erratically about in the gloom, Watt Wyatt thought for a moment that it was the smith's red setter. He grinned as he resolved that some day he would tell the fellow this as a pleasing gibe; but the thought was arrested by the sound of his own name.

"Waal, sir," said the dealer, pausing in shuffling the cards, "I s'pose ye hev all hearn 'bout Walter Wyatt's takin' off."

"An' none too soon, sartain." A sour visage was glimpsed beneath the wide brim of the speaker's hat.

"Waal," drawled the semblance of the setter from deep in the clare-obscure, "Watt war jes a fool from lack o' sense."

"That kind o' fool can't be cured," said another of the players. Then he sharply adjured the dealer. "Look out what be ye doin'! Ye hev gimme *two* kyerds."

" 'Gene Barker will git ter marry Minta Elladine Riggs now, I reckon," suggested the man on the anvil.

"An' I 'll dance at the weddin' with right good will an' a nimble toe," declared the dealer, vivaciously. "I 'll be glad ter see that couple settled. That gal could n't make up her mind ter let Walter Wyatt go, an' yit no woman in her senses would hev been willin' ter marry him. He war ez onresponsible ez—ez—foxfire."

"An' ez onstiddy ez a harricane," commented another.

"An' no more account than a mole in the yearth," said a third.

The ghost at the window listened in aghast dismay and became pale in sober truth, for these boon companions he had accounted the best friends he had in the world. They had no word of regret, no simple human pity; even that facile meed of casual praise that he was "powerful pleasant company" was withheld. And for these and such as these he had bartered the esteem of the community at large and his filial duty and obedience; had spurned the claims of good citizenship and placed himself in jeopardy of the law; had forfeited the hand of the woman he loved.

"Minta Elladine Riggs ain't keerin' nohow fer sech ez Watt," said the semblance of the setter, with a knowing nod of his red head. "I war up thar at the mill whenst the news kem ter-day, an' she war thar ter git some seconds. I hev hearn women go off in high-strikes fer a lovyer's death—even Mis' Simton, though hern war jes her husband, an' a mighty pore one at that. But Minta Elladine jes listened quiet an' composed, an' never said one word."

The batten shutter was trembling in the ghost's hand. In fact, so convulsive was his grasp that it shook the hook from the staple, and the shutter slowly opened as he stood at gaze.

Perhaps it was the motion that attracted the attention of the dealer, perhaps the influx of a current of fresh air. He lifted his casual glance and beheld, distinct in the light from the kerosene lamp and imposed on the white background of the mist,

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that familiar and individual face, pallid, fixed, strange, with an expression that he had never seen it wear hitherto. One moment of suspended faculties, and he sprang up with a wild cry that filled the little shanty with its shrill terror. The others gazed astounded upon him, then followed the direction of his starting eyes, and echoed his frantic fright. There was a wild scurry toward the door. The overturning of the lamp was imminent, but it still burned calmly on the elevated hearth, while the shoeing-stool capsized in the rush, and the red head of its lowly occupant was lowlier still, rolling on the dirt floor. Even with this disadvantage, however, he was not the hindmost, and reached the exit unhurt. The only specific damage wrought by the panic was to the big barn-like doors of the place. They had been stanchly barred against the possible intrusion of the constable of the district, and the fastenings in so critical an emergency could not be readily loosed. The united weight and impetus of the onset burst the flimsy doors into fragments, and as the party fled in devious directions in the misty moonlight, the calm radiance entered at the wide-spread portal and illuminated the vacant place where late had been so merry a crew.

Walter Wyatt had known the time when the incident would have held an incomparable relish for him. But now he gazed all forlorn into the empty building with a single thought in his mind. "Not one of 'em keered a mite! Nare good word, nare sigh, not even, 'Fare ye well, old mate!' "

His breast heaved, his eyes flashed.

"An' I hev loant money ter Jim, whenst I hed need myself; an' holped George in the mill, when his wrist war sprained, without a cent o' pay; an' took the blame when 'Dolphus war faulted by his dad fer lamin' the horse-critter; an' stood back an' let Pete git the meat whenst we-uns shot fer beef, bein' he hev got a wife an' chil'ren ter feed. All *leetle* favors, but nare *leetle* word."

He had turned from the window and was tramping absently down the road, all unmindful of the skulking methods of the spectral gentry. If he had chanced to be observed, his little farce, that had yet an element of tragedy in its presentation, must soon have reached its close. But the fog hung about him like a cloak, and when the moon cast aside the vapors, it was in a distant silver sheen illumining the far reaches of the valley. Only when its light summoned forth a brilliant and glancing reflection on a lower level, as if a thousand sabers were unsheathed at a word, he recognized the proximity of the river and came to a sudden halt.

"Whar is this fool goin'?" he demanded angrily of space. "To the graveyard, I declar', ez ef I war a harnt fer true, an' buried sure enough. An' I wish I war. I wish I war."

He realized, after a moment's consideration, that he had been unconsciously actuated by the chance of meeting the wagon, returning by this route from the cross-roads' store. He was tired, disheartened; his spirit was spent; he would be glad of the lift. He reflected, however, that he must needs wait some time, for this was the date of a revival-meeting at the little church, and the distillers' wagon would lag, that its belated night journey might not be subjected to the scrutiny and comment of the church-goers. Indeed, even now Walter Wyatt saw in the distance the glimmer of a lantern, intimating homeward-bound worshipers not yet out of sight.

"The saints kep' it up late ter-night," he commented.

He resolved to wait till the roll of wheels should tell of the return of the moonshiners' empty wagon.

He crossed the river on the little foot-bridge and took his way languidly along the road toward the deserted church. He was close to the hedge that grew thick and rank about the little inclosure when he suddenly heard the sound of lamentation from within. He drew back precipitately, with a sense of sacrilege, but the branches of the unpruned growth had caught in his sleeve, and he sought to disengage the cloth without such rustling stir as might disturb or alarm the mourner, who had evidently lingered here, after the dispersal of the congregation, for a moment's indulgence of grief and despair. He had a glimpse through the shaking boughs and the flickering mist of a woman's figure kneeling on the crude red clods of a new-made grave. A vague, anxious wonder as to the deceased visited him, for in the sparsely settled districts a strong com-

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Drawn by Remington Schuyler. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"WITH ONE HAND HOLDING BACK HER DENSE YELLOW HAIR . . . SHE LOOKED UP AT HIM"

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munity sense prevails. Suddenly in a choking gust of sobs and burst of tears he recognized his own name in a voice of which every inflection was familiar. For a moment his heart seemed to stand still. His brain whirled with a realization of this unforeseen result of the fantastic story of his death in Eskaqua Cove, which the moonshiners, on the verge of detection and arrest, had circulated in Tanglefoot as a measure of safety. They had fancied that when the truth was developed it would be easy enough to declare the men drunk or mistaken. The "revenuers" by that time would be far away, and the pervasive security, always the sequence of a raid, successful or otherwise, would once more promote the manufacture of the brush whisky. The managers of the moonshining interest had taken measures to guard Wyatt's aged father from this fantasy of woe, but they had not dreamed that the mountain coquette might care. He himself stood appalled that this ghastly fable should delude his heart's beloved, amazed that it should cost her one sigh, one sob. Her racking paroxysms of grief over this gruesome figment of a grave he was humiliated to hear, he was woeful to see. He felt that he was not worth one tear of the floods with which she bewept his name, uttered in every cadence of tender regret that her melancholy voice could compass. It must cease, she must know the truth at whatever cost. He broke through the hedge and stood in the flicker of the moonlight before her, pale, agitated, all unlike his wonted self.

She did not hear amid the tumult of her weeping the rustling of the boughs, but some subtle sense took cognizance of his presence. She half rose, and with one hand holding back her dense yellow hair, which had fallen forward on her forehead, she looked up at him fearfully, tremulously, with all the revolt of the corporeal creature for the essence of the mysterious incorporeal. For a moment he could not speak. So much he must needs explain. The next instant he was whelmed in the avalanche of her words.

"Ye hev kem!" she exclaimed in a sort of shrill ecstasy. "Ye hev kem so far ter hear the word that I would give my life ter hev said before. Ye knowed it in heaven! An' how like ye ter kem ter gin me the chanst ter say it at last! How like the good heart of ye, worth all the hearts on yearth—an' *buried hyar!*"

With her open palm she smote the insensate clods with a gesture of despair. Then she went on in a rising tide of tumultuous emotion. "I love ye! Oh, I *always* loved ye! I never keered fer nobody else! An' I war tongue-tied, an' full of fool pride, an' faultin' ye fer yer ways; an' I would n't gin ye the word I knowed ye war wantin' ter hear. But now I kin tell the pore ghost of ye—I kin tell the pore, pore ghost!"

She buried her swollen, tear-stained face in her hands, and shook her head to and fro with the realization of the futility of late repentance. As she once more lifted her eyes, she was obviously surprised to see him still standing there, and the crisis seemed to restore to him the faculty of speech.

"Minta Elladine," he said huskily and prosaically. "I ain't dead!"

She sprang to her feet and stood gazing at him, intent and quivering.

"I be truly alive an' kickin', an' ez worthless ez ever," he went on.

She said not a word, but bent and pallid, and, quaking in every muscle, stood peering beneath her hand, which still held back her hair.

"It 's all a mistake," he urged. "This ain't no grave. The top war dug a leetle ter turn off a revenuer's suspicions o' the moonshiners. They put that tale out."

Still, evidently on the verge of collapse, she did not speak.

"Ye need n't be afeared ez I be goin' ter take fer true all I hearn ye say; folks air gin ter vauntin' the dead," he paused for a moment, remembering the caustic comments over the deal of the cards, then added, "though I reckon *I* hev hed some cur'ous 'speriences ez a harnt."

She suddenly threw up both arms with a shrill scream, half nervous exhaustion, half inexpressible delight. She swayed to and fro, her balance failing, and almost fainting. He caught her in his arms, and she leaned sobbing against his breast.

"I stand ter every word of it," she cried, her voice broken and lapsed from control. "I love ye, an' I despise all the rest!"

"I be powerful wild," he suggested contritely.

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"*I* ain't keerin' ef ye be ez wild ez a deer."

"But I 'm goin' ter quit gamesome company an' playin' kyerds an' sech. I expec' ter mend my ways now," he promised eagerly.

"Ye kin mend 'em or let 'em stay tore, jes ez ye please," she declared recklessly. "I ain't snatched my lovyer from the jaws o' death ter want him otherwise; ye be plumb true-hearted, *I know.*"

"I mought ez well hev been buried in this grave fer the last ten year' fer all the use I hev been," he protested solemnly; "but I hev learnt a lesson through bein' a harnt fer a while—I hev jes kem ter life. I 'm goin' ter *live* now. I 'll make myself some use in the world, an' fust off I be goin' ter hinder the murder of a man what they hev got trapped up yander at the still."

This initial devoir of his reformation, however, Wyatt found no easy matter. The event had been craftily planned to seem an accident, a fall from a cliff in pursuing the wagon, and only the most ardent and cogent urgency on Wyatt's part prevailed at length. He argued that this interpretation of the disaster would not satisfy the raiders. To take his life insured search, discovery, retribution. Yet, since he had been brought to the still in the night, it was obvious that if he were conveyed under cover of darkness and by roundabout trails within striking distance of the settlements, he could never again find his way to the locality in the dense wilderness. In his detention he had necessarily learned nothing fresh, for the only names he could have overheard had long been obnoxious to suspicion in moonshining, and afforded no proof. Thus humanity, masquerading as caution, finally triumphed, and the officer, blindfolded, was conducted through devious and winding ways many miles distant, and released within a day's travel of the county town.

Walter Wyatt was scarcely welcomed back to life by the denizens of the cove generally with the enthusiasm attendant on the first moments of his resuscitation, so to speak. He never forgot the solemn ecstasy of that experience, and in later years he was wont to annul any menace of discord with his wife by the warning, half jocose, half tender: "Ye hed better mind; ye 'll be sorry some day fer treatin' me so mean. Remember, I hev viewed ye a-weepin' over my grave before now."

A reformation, however complete and salutary, works no change of identity, and although he developed into an orderly, industrious, law-abiding citizen, his prankish temperament remained recognizable in the fantastic fables which he delighted to recount at some genial fireside of what he had seen and heard as a ghost.

" 'Pears like, Watt, ye hed more experiences whenst dead than livin'," said an auditor.

"I did, fer a fack," Watt protested. "I war a powerful onchancy, onquiet ghost. I even did my courtin' whilst in my reg'lar line o' business a-harntin' a graveyard."

ALL SOULS

BY ALICE COREY

(All Souls' Night is supposed to set free the spirits of the dead, that they may seek again the ways they knew in life.)

So many souls this wild night calls,
So many paths they needs must find.
They softly pass as white snow falls
Urged by a mad autumnal wind.

My firelight burns a beacon still,
My love implores all worlds that be.
Straight lies the road adown the hill—
Oh, will he find his way to me?

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Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE FRENCH ACTRESS MADAME SIMONE

FROM THE PAINTING BY HENRY CARO-DELVAILLE

(EXAMPLES OF CONTEMPORARY FRENCH ART)

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SYNDICATING SARAH

BY EDITH ORR

THE idea came to George of a Thanksgiving day at Radley, whither he had gone with his sister-in-law, Mrs. John Pierson, to support her through the horrors of a family dinner.

Radley is something between an overgrown village and an underdone city, and according to whether you measure north, south, east, or west, lies from fifty to two hundred miles from the outposts of civilization. It is populated exclusively by factory-hands and the King family. The Kings own the mills, and bring in foreigners of assorted nationalities to work in them. From time to time a male or female King imports a wife or a husband; the imported husbands receive *ex-officio* some post of honor in the mills, and as to the imported wives,—they either adapt themselves or they don't. The respective families live perched about on various points of vantage, mostly in those box-like, slate-roofed houses of the sixties and seventies, which suggest an interior of black walnut and red plush. Some of the wives have discarded the walnut and the plush, but the box-like houses remain. Of a Sunday large groups of foreigners stand listlessly about on street-corners with their hands in their pockets, and derby hats pulled down over their left eyes; and the Kings are driven behind fat old horses between them to church; and afterward, according to some intricate family system, rearrange themselves in a series of family dinners.

Mrs. John Pierson (who was Elinor King, youngest daughter of Jonas King) was one of those who escaped. Tradition has it that she married the first man from the Great City who asked her to be his; and as the one thing she exacted of her future husband was that he should be of the Great City, she forgot all about certain other essentials. The Kings were spared the disgrace of a divorce-suit, because John was carried off by his vices before the sense of her wrongs was fully crystallized in his wife's mind, leaving her an ample fortune and a solid social position. So that having narrowly escaped being "Poor Elinor" to the rest of the clan, she was now envied, admired, and slandered by all the King womankind. George Pierson, who had championed her in her disagreements with John, still stood by her, looked after her investments, smoothed her social path, and even came with her to Radley.

George was one of those men who are called by people who do not belong to clubs, "typical clubmen." He was forty years old, and although he was big and strong, rode and hunted and played squash, he was certainly not so slender as he had been, and showed signs already of thinning hair. He was shrewd and kind-hearted, knew how to act with grace and decision on all of the occasions which came in the way of a man of the world; and if his original cleverness had become a bit coarsened, if his kind-heartedness worked in a cloud of cynicism, if the romantic feelings and aspirations of his early youth had all but atrophied, that was the fault of the world, the Great City, and the legal profession of which he was an ornament; George's essential self was sound and sweet. This chronicle has no inside lights on George's sentimental history; but this it does know, that it was at the very least ten years since George had been in love.

It always put the Kings quite in a twitter to have George come among them. His manners pleased the women, his sound views and inside information on business and politics appealed to the men, and as for the children—well, George's person was never safe from assault while the youngsters were about. They hung upon

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his lips, and jests and opinions that from a King would have been sacrilege, were permitted, and even applauded, because George uttered them.

Thanksgiving dinner—that dread annual festival—occurred this year at the home of Mr. Jonas King, the founder of the mills. His wife was dead, his children were all married, and he lived, a lonely querulous old man with his crabbed old maiden sister, Miss Letty King, and an orphan granddaughter.

That granddaughter was Sarah.

Sarah sat at dinner directly opposite George, and it was because of that proximity that he could scarcely eat. He did not stop talking. In fact, George talked so much that it deprived the assembled company not only of their appetite, but almost of food itself; for Mary and Annie were so amused that all Miss Letty's nods and winks could hardly persuade them to change the plates.

Sarah did not laugh much. She just looked at George with a kind of wonder in her big, honest eyes, and the faintest dawn of a smile on her lips. Sarah was large, serious, and sedate, and she had to think hard even to decide whether jokes were funny or not.

The main point of Sarah was that she was perfectly beautiful. You could not describe her in any other way, and try as you might it would be difficult for you not to add that she was Junoesque. She was big, and pink and white, with quantities of red-gold hair, and a face so sweet, so grave, so innocent, and so just exactly right that all you could do was to stare at it in helpless wonder that it had been in the world all this time and you none the wiser.

George sat opposite this face for exactly two hours. At five o'clock the Kings left the table, some thirty of them, men, women, and children, and adjourned to the double parlors on the other side of the house, all red plush and walnut, and steel engravings. Some of them had immediately to motor somewhere else to tea with another branch of "in-laws," others had to go home to make sure that the babies were safe; and that left behind a small and manageable assembly.

The remaining children swarmed up George's legs begging for stories, very much to the annoyance of Mr. Jonas King, who wanted to tell George about business and how very bad it was, and what a lot of trouble they had had in getting their last lot of bonds underwritten.

George himself wanted to talk about the egregious Sarah, but he got no chance till Mr. King, in the interest of conversation on business, called the children off George's legs and deputed Sarah to take them off and amuse them in a remoter corner of the house. This in itself seemed a little odd to George,—that a creature so magnificent should be primarily looked upon as useful.

He took at once a mean advantage of the situation and asked in tones of portentous ignorance: "Who *is* Sarah?"

Elinor said: "Oh, George!" in a voice intended to make George painfully aware of his own stupidity.

And then, with a dozen voices pouring into his ears a group of more or less related facts, and with the aid of his own memory, George was able to recall a little girl—a skinny, unattractive little girl, all red hair and freckles, whom he had seen at a Thanksgiving dinner now some twelve years ago. She had sat on George's knee and played with his watch. Well, that was Sarah. She was the only child of Henry King, manager of the western branch of the King business, and now that her father and mother were both dead, she had returned into the lap of the Kings again. She was exactly twenty-three years old, and if George had been with them last Thanksgiving and the Thanksgiving before, he would not now be asking "Who *is* Sarah?"

At this point Sarah returned among them.

"Not a freckle left!" murmured George to himself, and proceeded to gratify old Mr. King by a little sensible conversation on business.

Not so absorbing, however, but that George, sitting by a window, observed a young man mount the steps and ring the door-bell. He was a tall, pale, hatchet-faced young man, and he was dressed in clerical garments. Sarah, blushing, was presently informed by one of the maids, that the Rev. Ethelbert Tompkins awaited her in the library.

George by now felt that he was in possession of the essential facts in regard to Sarah's past, present, and future. They did not seem to him inspiring facts; indeed,

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to his somewhat material mind there seemed a terrible discrepancy between these facts and Sarah's face.

With George to think was to speak.

"Mr. King," he began, leaning forward in a persuasive and argumentative attitude, "if I may ask it without impertinence—what are you going to *do* with Sarah?"

"Do!" snapped Mr. King, a little choleric, for his rheumatism bothered him, and he had not talked long enough about his business losses. "Do! I 'm not going to do anything with her. What could I do with her? She 's had a good education. She 's out of school."

George let a mellow and sympathetic smile play about the room, to interest the audience in his little argument.

"Sarah can't stop," pursued George, "just because she 's out of school. She 's all wound up for life, and she 's got to go on somehow."

Mr. King's answer was that he was n't stopping Sarah, and that she probably would solve the riddle of her own destiny by marriage.

This put George just where he wanted to be. He glanced again around the room, with special reference to catching the eyes and the sympathy of the feminine portion of his audience.

"She will probably marry," he agreed, "and it is your duty to help her marry in a suitable and dignified manner."

"You can't help a girl to get married!" growled Mr. King.

"There are a good many mothers in the world," interjected Elinor Pierson, "who work on the opposite theory; are n't there, George?"

George ignored the frivolous interruption. "It is your duty," he repeated to the whole group of Kings, "to help Sarah marry in a suitable and dignified manner. In France, the daughter's marriage is a family and social rather than an individual affair; father and mother make sure of the suitor's morals and bank-account; daughter has only to concern herself with her own little heart. *We* call that sordid. I say it is we who are sordid—in selfishly leaving to a pure-minded young girl the duty of picking out a suitable husband, in addition to the charge nature lays upon her of falling in love, we impose on her a burden too heavy for her poor little shoulders. We blame our daughters for making foolish marriages; I say a girl who alone and unaided could make a wholly desirable and prudent marriage would be a cold and calculating monstrosity. The Sarahs of our day get either a dream that fades too soon, or a reality that endures all too well. Come, it is our business to do the dirty work; it is our business to cut away the briars."

George delicately put his handkerchief to his brow, while Elinor murmured that she loved to hear him talk.

"Now seriously!" continued George. "We all admit Sarah is obviously one of those women who cannot long continue to avoid the pitfall of matrimony. Her choice of husbands is naturally limited to the men with whom her pursuits will bring her in contact. What *are* her pursuits? Does she go into any kind of society?"

The Kings looked at one another and ruffled their feathers.

Aunt Julia spoke first. She felt it her duty to rebuke George. He seemed to her to be presuming on his connections with the Great City.

"Sarah is very popular," she said primly. "She is considered one of the prettiest girls in Radley."

"Sarah went to a dance in Seneca the other night, and they tell me she was one of the prettiest girls *there!*" added Aunt Mary.

"Discriminating Seneca!" marveled George.

"Though," amended Miss Letty, "Sarah does n't care much for such foolishness. She is very serious-minded for a girl of her age—does a great deal of church work."

"There you are!" cried George, nodding his head. "Does church work. She can only marry such men as she may meet! The Rev. Ethelbert Tompkins, for instance!"

"Nonsense!" growled Mr. King. He did not happen to fancy the Rev. Ethelbert Tompkins. The Rev. Ethelbert had an annoying way of coming to call on Sarah of an evening when he wanted her to play bezique with him. The Rev. Ethelbert involved Sarah altogether too much in an atmosphere of Gilds and Girls' Friendlies. George had scored what would presently count as a point when he should begin to draw the threads of his argument together.

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Drawn by Thomas Fogarty. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"HE . . . SAID THAT IF HE WERE YOUNGER HE WOULD ASK HER TO DANCE"

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"You have been telling me," went on the advocate, addressing the old man as the most formidable adversary on the other side, "that your investments have n't been turning out well. You say that the market value of your plant and your other assets has depreciated. Do you know that you 've got an asset whose value you 've never even appraised?"

Mr. King professed with some irony to be very anxious to hear what that might be.

"Sarah!" pronounced George dramatically.

"Sarah 's not an asset," disagreed the old man grimly, "she 's a liability."

"Sarah 's an asset," maintained George.

"Sarah 's a good girl, and we could n't do without her. But, economically considered, she 's an expense. All women are."

"Beauty," propounded George, judicially, "beauty such as your granddaughter's is the most wonderful thing in the world. It is the only good that comes without patience and constant effort; the only reward without a desert. It wins for a woman rightly used all that the world can give her. It is her philosopher's stone. You could almost say that like a vein of gold, or a diamond mine it has market value!"

"Who 's sordid now, George?" murmured Elinor.

"I am!" cried George. "I am true to my theory. I am sordid that Sarah need not be. Why, Mr. King, Sarah has a face that could be exploited and put upon the market! Issue stock to the amount of a few thousand dollars and in a year it will appreciate about one thousand per cent."

If any one else but George had been speaking, such coarse vulgarity would have been his ruin. He would have been hissed out of court. But it was understood by all the Kings that George must be allowed a certain playful liberty with words and ideas. Often things that seemed quite shocking on the surface proved perfectly harmless on closer inspection.

"Now, see here, good people," explained George, "what I am really trying to get at is that Sarah needs a chance! Before she settles down to a husband and babies let her have her fling! Let her be a real girl with some real follies to repent of before she seeks the consolation of the church. Give her a chance to pick out a husband without having Fate thrust one upon her."

Before he had done talking that day—and it was far into the night before they had choked off George—he felt that he had fought one of the hardest battles of his career. He had met and diverted the light skirmishers who maintained that there was little to choose between Radley and the Great City, that what was good enough for their daughter was good enough for Sarah, and so on; and had shot off his big guns till the enemy surrendered. The day was his. Old Mr. King had promised to give up Sarah for six months; Elinor had been convinced that her niece would not only solace her loneliness, but show up with considerable splendor at her side. Sarah was to have clothes befitting her own magnificence; and as for the part of Sarah's life that should remain when the six months were over, "they would see."

George had begun for the pleasure of hearing himself talk, and of developing an idea; he ended in dead earnest, positively hypnotized by his own eloquence.

Not having been under the spell, Sarah was quite fluttered when they broke it to her.

One of the strange things about Sarah was that it had never occurred to her that what she was getting in Radley was less than her due. She had her dreams; but every one knows that dreams are never expected to come true except in a very misty future. To be plunged right into the middle of one of them was even a little disconcerting. Sarah was not sure she liked it. She thought a little about the gild, and the Sunday-school, and the children, and her own little room up-stairs, and her little daily habits, and said: "Certainly, Grandpapa. Aunt Elinor is very kind and I 'll go if you wish it."

George was looking hard at her as she spoke. He surprised a look in her eyes that seemed to him like the shadow of the Rev. Ethelbert Tompkins. The way he set his jaw at that meant that Sarah was going to have the time of her life in the Great City, or George Pierson would know the reason why.

SARAH in society was all that George's fancy painted. She was the success of the season. If she had been beautiful growing wild in Radley, the city hothouse forced

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her into something too rare and strange to be described. She learned to "do" her hair in an exquisite refinement upon the latest fashion. She wore clothes the like of which she had never seen even in her dreams. Always patient, always good-humored, always in her large calm way amused, she followed Mrs. Pierson about to the opera, to dances, dinners, luncheons, and teas. Within a month you could not have torn her from Elinor's side with wild horses, nor have convinced that lady that bringing Sarah to town had not been in its conception and execution quite her own idea.

There was only one thing lacking in this smooth and harmonious régime. That one thing was George. It was not long before George was altogether lacking. He had assisted with the utmost tact, enthusiasm, and success at Sarah's introduction into the great world. He had contributed advice, dinners, and flowers. He had adorned boxes at the opera. He had appeared dutifully at things that were given "for" Sarah, even when these things were teas, and he ran the risk of being the only man present. Before the dance that Mrs. Pierson had laid at Sarah's feet, George consulted mysteriously behind the scenes with Elinor's butler; and the result of that combination was that Mrs. Pierson's house became suddenly popular with many hitherto indifferent youths. George was a practical man.

But the success of Sarah once assured, George faded from the foreground, and for a few weeks hovered vaguely on the outskirts of things. He took to making twenty-minute appearances—first you saw George, then you did n't. So far as the world was concerned George went through the epochs of being missed and then forgotten; the social wave closed over his head and the world of business, clubs, and sports received him back into its bosom.

"I am furious with George Pierson," declared Elinor to her niece. "I almost thought we had succeeded in civilizing him; he 's really been acting very nicely up to now, but it must be quite two weeks since we 've seen him *anywhere*."

"Ten days," observed Sarah, fixing her aunt with large, thoughtful eyes that somehow or other did not reveal anything that went on behind them. "It is just ten days since he dined with us at Mrs. Stewart's."

"Ten days is quite as bad as two weeks! At this time of year with things coming five times as fast as usual, it is almost as bad as three months!"

"Mr. Pierson has been very kind," observed Sarah, in the low and thrilly voice that threw a suggestion of romance into observations on the weather.

"Very kind!" Mrs. Pierson fixed upon her niece a glance that was intended to be reproachful, but that was blunted off by Sarah's outside into one of mere helpless admiration. "Sometimes, Sarah, I don't think you have any heart. Of course George has been kind! He 's always kind! *I* adore George, and when he does n't come around I simply miss him to death!"

"I should think you would," agreed Sarah.

"Don't *you* miss him?" Elinor pursued feelingly.

"Yes," said Sarah calmly.

Mrs. Pierson became thoughtful. "George has always seemed to be so interested in you. I particularly want to tell him about Bob Cuttress."

And there she touched upon a curious point in Sarah's career. Sarah was a success, she shone resplendent wherever she went, people actually liked her. But so far she had not attracted so much of that fervent and particular admiration that is supposed to be the daily food of beautiful young girls. Every one knows that the modern young man is not an ideal lover. He is not given to worshiping. He likes dashing girls, and pert young things. You could not be familiar with Sarah. She was sweet, distant, self-contained. The only mood in which a man could approach her was one of reverence. It is a shocking thing to have to chronicle of our heroine—the modern young man did not particularly like Sarah!

That was why the very particular admiration of Bob Cuttress stood out to Elinor as an important fact. He was young, very rich and perfectly commonplace; but somehow or other the old-fashioned feeling of reverence had not been left out of him, and he had only to see Sarah to become her helpless victim. It was already perfectly obvious to Sarah that at any moment she could "have" Bob Cuttress.

"I think George ought to be consulted," said Elinor.

"No!" cried Sarah, turning pink to the roots of her hair.

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"What?" exclaimed Elinor, really startled. She had not seen so much emotion in Sarah in the last three months all put together.

"If you mention Bob Cuttress's name to Mr. Pierson now or at any other time, I 'll—I 'll never speak to you again!"

Sarah had risen from her chair, and her size and bearing made this defiance rather a queenly affair to look upon, but as a matter of fact she was trembling and ready to weep. She was so afraid she might, that she had no sooner finished than she swept in agitation from the room.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mrs. Pierson to herself. "Would any one have thought it of Sarah? She must really be in love with Bob! That means she 'll marry him. Good!"

Elinor did not open up the matter of Bob when she next saw George, not so much because Sarah had begged her not to as because, on recollection, there did not seem enough in the circumstances as yet to hand over to the criticism of a masculine mind. But she did reproach George with his desertion of their cause.

George took it whimsically, standing, as he loved to stand, with his back to the fire.

"The truth is," said George, "that as long as I did n't go to these baby-parties I could flatter myself it was because I did n't want to. But a brief course of them has taught me that they don't want *me.*"

"Don't want you?"

"I 'm too old," said George. "I 'm getting to the fireside stage."

Elinor knew enough about her brother-in-law to know that he was not being quite frank with her. But she also knew enough to argue with him as if he were; so, to whatever burrow George's mind had retreated, there he felt himself safe. As to the reasons, Elinor could get no more out of him. But she did get him to sign a treaty, the terms of which were that he was in the future to dine with her and Sarah at least once a week, and to show up at one function besides.

"George says he 's sorry," said Elinor afterward to Sarah.

"Sorry for what?" asked Sarah after quite a perceptible pause.

"For neglecting us. He 's going to look in at the Ostrands' dance to-morrow night."

ELINOR and Sarah arrived late at the Ostrands' the next night. Sarah swimming in Elinor's wake with her usual beautiful air of being in it and not of it, and present merely to raise the tone of an ordinary revel to that of an Elysian assembly. Sarah had hardly left her hostess and entered the ball-room, when her eyes might have been observed to raise themselves from their usual level, and go traveling around the room like a search-light, until they reached and paused at a certain spot. Then they came back, and a sweet and contented smile dawned on Sarah's lips.

That spot was occupied by George.

Sarah was wearing some lilies-of-the-valley George had sent her; for in regard to flowers, even in his most neglectful days, George had never relaxed his vigilance. He came up soon after she had entered, and putting on quite a successful fatherly air, said that if he were younger he would ask her to dance.

"Younger!" said Sarah demurely. "We 're all too old for where we are. What do you think of me coming to a débutantes' ball?"

"I think," said George, taking her in, "it 's hard on the débutantes!"

After which speech, despite George's advanced age, they danced together. They danced again, and yet again, and were only separated by supper, which Sarah had promised to Bob Cuttress. Then they had one more dance, and after that drifted into the conservatory. George would never have led Sarah into a conservatory, nor would Sarah have led George; but that is where their united wills brought them.

George was not at all entertaining in the conservatory. He simply sat beneath a palm and looked at Sarah. Even Sarah, who hardly ever talked herself, noticed it; she noticed it because she secretly adored George's gift of everlasting conversation.

"You 're tired," she said, looking at her fan.

"No," said George, "I was thinking."

"What about?" Oh, that everlasting question: "What about?" that seeks, expects, and demands only one answer!

"About you."

"Oh—me!"

"I was wondering how you really liked the Great City."

"I love it," said Sarah.

"When you go around with that angelic,

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uplifted air you are n't despising us poor mortals?"

"Oh, no!" breathed Sarah. "I 'm wishing I were really one of you!"

"One of us?"

"Yes, you see, *I 've* got to go back."

George smiled. "When the clock strikes twelve— You know, you surprise me rather, because it seemed to me, in the beginning, you did n't really want to come."

"I did n't quite. I 'm different now."

"Different?"

"Changed," said Sarah quite solemnly, "not for the better. Don't you think I 'm different?"

George looked at her if possible, a little harder than before. "It 's nothing but that gauzy stuff you 've got on, and that ribbon in your hair."

"No, it 's not." Sarah was obstinate. "It goes deeper. It 's me. I have horrid thoughts. I envy girls who have prettier clothes and different lives from mine. I like money. I wish I had a great deal of it. And I want—very much—I want people to admire me."

"Men?" asked George.

"Yes!" said Sarah, looking him defiantly in the eye, as she brought out the last little bit of her confession.

"Dreadful!" said George. "And don't they?"

"I don't know!" cried Sarah, tearing at her fan. "I hope not! People who have such wretched, mean little thoughts as I have ought to be punished and humiliated. I 'm horrid."

George sat looking at her tenderly and a little remorsefully. So the slime of a great city could touch even an angelic nature like Sarah's. For Sarah's confession only made George believe almost more than ever in that angelic nature. It was his doing that she was in the city at all. It was his fault that she was having her pitiful little awakening to her own human weakness. George wished— But these were days when George was not telling all his thoughts.

So, with respect to what was going on inside his head, George changed the subject.

"I happen to know of some one who admires you very much."

Sarah breathed very hard, and sat rigid, clutching her fan. Something came into her eyes that George had never seen there before. Very likely it had never been there to see.

"Who?" she breathed.

George smiled and nodded toward the ball-room. Sarah looked up and saw poor Bob Cuttress coming toward her to claim her next dance. Sarah turned very pink, then very pale. You see, till she saw Bob, Sarah did not know that the subject had been changed.

Only Sarah knows whether what had happened after that had any connection with the conversation with George. Opinions differ as to whether such happenings are in the lady's control. At any rate, about fifteen minutes after George left the conservatory Bob Cuttress had laid his heart and his fortune at Sarah's feet.

Sarah told her aunt the next morning quite frankly, as they sat opposite in their kimonos over a very late breakfast.

Mrs. Pierson felt a wave of joy and enthusiasm sweeping over her, but she restrained it.

"And what answer did you give him?" she asked, guardedly.

Sarah bit her lip and tossed her head defiantly. "I told him I would consider it!" she declared.

Mrs. Pierson could not imagine whom or what Sarah was so grandly defying; nor what there was in a very advantageous proposal to make Sarah look so fierce. She was a little afraid to probe Sarah. So she compromised by saying: "I really *must* tell George this!"

"Yes, do!" cried Sarah. "Tell him!"

Rosy visions of Sarah's future as the mistress of untold wealth danced before Elinor's eyes.

"You know," she confided, "this is exactly what George predicted."

"George predicted!"

"He was very keen about getting your grandfather to let you come up to live with me. He said you were simply wasting your life in Radley and that if you spent a season in the city you were sure to marry a rich man. He said we all ought to help you do it, and share in the advantages. He called it 'Syndicating Sarah.' What 's the matter?"

Sarah had risen to her feet. "Oh, I can't bear it," she cried.

"Can't bear what? What can't you bear?"

"It 's hot here," said Sarah, choking.

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"I 've got to get dressed and go out. I 've got to think!"

Two hours later Mrs. Pierson found her dressed for the street, and engaged in packing a trunk and a hand-bag. Sarah said she was going home. She refused to reconsider, she refused to give her aunt a reason, she refused to leave any message for Mr. Cuttress or anybody else. Mrs. Pierson, quite astounded at Sarah's newly revealed possibilities of being disagreeable and determined, could get nothing from her but a promise to write.

The first thing Mrs. Pierson did after driving back very lonely and miserable from seeing Sarah off was to telephone to George.

George came to dinner. He gravely heard the whole story through. He made the minutest of inquiries as to every move Sarah had made, and every word she had uttered.

"What can I do?" moaned Mrs. Pierson.

"Nothing at all," advised George.

About eleven the next morning George's motor-car, driven by himself, passed the factories of the Kings and turned into the dreary streets of Radley. Presently George was waiting for Sarah in Jonas King's drawing-room, in the midst of the red plush and the steel engravings.

Sarah was pale and ill. She looked bravely at George out of eyes that were pathetically blurred with crying. George would have given all he had or hoped for in the world to take her in his arms and comfort her.

"Forgive me!" pleaded George. "It was only a joke! Just a way of putting things!"

"And do you think," cried Sarah, "that I like the idea of my life and my thoughts being only a joke? I feel humiliated, ashamed, disgraced; and it is you, Mr. Pierson, who have humiliated me. You had no right—no human being has any right to meddle in another person's life as you have meddled with mine. I can never forgive you—never!—When I thought I was living my own life the best way I knew how, I was n't even real; just a puppet smirking through a play all arranged for her, and ending it all like a fool, just where every one knew it was to end!"

"At least," said George, "the ending is a happy one."

"What ending?"

"You are to marry Mr. Cuttress. That means you love him. You would never marry a man you did n't love."

Sarah's eyes blazed and her voice shook. "I marry Mr. Cuttress! I love *him!* I 'm not the kind of woman who loves a man because he has money and brushes his hair nicely. When I love a man he can beat me, starve me, insult me, and injure me in every possible manner and I 'll keep on loving him!"

Here George lost the thread of his argument, if there was any to lose. He trembled all over, and a most inconsequent question sprang to his lips. He tried not to utter it but the words spoke themselves.

"Do you love me?" asked George.

Miss Letty King, opening the door a few minutes later, was very much shocked to find Sarah in George's arms.

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TOPICS OF THE TIME

PARTY CROSS CURRENTS

POLITICAL development in the United States in the last year has shown increasing signs of fissure in our parties. This has been more pronounced on the Republican side. There is now a definite group that labels itself "Progressive Republicans," and sets itself apart in many things from the main organization. Among the Democrats the factional spirit is for the time more latent than heretofore, but it continues to exist. When occasion arises, it manifests itself unmistakably, as in the senatorial struggles at Albany and in Colorado. At any moment it may display itself in the larger field of national politics. When union is more forced than real, the incidental cause of rupture may turn up in the most unexpected place. And in addition to such changes and differences within the two parties, we have the almost unprecedented cross-voting of Republicans and Democrats in Congress. A Republican President frankly appeals to Democrats to support a capital measure of his Administration which shattered his own party, and then as publicly thanks them for doing it. All this cannot be set down as a recurrence of "the era of good feeling." It would have to be called, rather, the era of confused feeling, of uncertain groping of parties, of hesitant leadership. The unifying principle, even the artificial agreement upon a strategic policy, appears to be escaping our party organizations: the two leading parties are tossed about in cross currents.

Does this signify the beginning in America of the "group system" of government? This has long been familiar in France. There it has been the bane of parliament and the enemy of stability. In Germany the number of parties in the Reichstag has forced upon the government expedient after expedient, and realinement after realinement. The Chancellor is responsible to the Emperor, not to the majority; yet he must somehow find a majority in order to pass his measures, and the result is one awkward "bloc" succeeding another. The problem has not been so pressing in England, though there are now four full-fledged parties in Parliament; yet it is felt by English statesmen to be one which may any year become acute. The question is whether we in this country are to have an experiment of that kind. Are we to have a Socialist party in Congress, larger or smaller? Will the radical wing in either or both of the great parties break off and become so aware of its separateness of aim and spirit that it will form a group, with its own leaders and organization, and with a demand for distinct political recognition?

Without venturing a prediction as to the fact, we think it safe to say that such a break-up of parties into several smaller units would cause a great disturbance and even shock to our political methods. The party system as we have known it has indeed been often a rough instrument for its purpose, but it has been reasonably efficient. It would be untrue to assert that all the members of a given party have had the same view of what ought to be done; but at least they have acted usually as if they had, and that has put into the hands of their leaders a vast and cohesive power. But only imagine the number of compromises and adjustments to which a statesman would have to resort who had at his back not a party, but three or four "groups"! It would be a kind of log-rolling exalted into a national system of party government. The sacrifices of one opinion to another would be much more frequent than now, while the attempts to blend antagonistic views would be frequent and audacious, with the strong probability in either case of paralyzing action. Americans have had reason enough in all conscience to criticize party management, but they would almost certainly find the little finger of the group-system thicker than the loins of government by two parties.

It is said, to be sure, that the small group, as opposed to the large party, affords a truer and directer representation, that as there are all shades of conviction about

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the tariff, for example, so there ought to be a definite body of representatives to express each of them. But it is easy to see that if this reasoning were pursued to the end, we should really have the destruction of the representative system. For the division into smaller and smaller units would finally bring us to the condition of things in Athens and some parts of Switzerland, where the citizen utters his voice directly and has no representation at all. It is of the essence of the representative system that, as Mr. Gladstone was fond of saying, men should "put their minds into the common pot"—sink minor differences, hit upon working agreements, and submit to being more or less inadequately represented in order that some at least of the things which they want to get done by means of party may be done. The present Prime Minister of England recently said that it should be the great concern of modern democracy not to dull the fine edge of the most useful weapon it had ever invented —namely, the representative system. As we have known it in this country, it would certainly lose much of its cutting power if we were to pass into a period of government by groups rather than by parties.

And so the hope may be cherished that the symptoms of subdivision may soon pass away; that the groups of to-day may be no longer-lived than were the Populists of seventeen years ago; and that the two-party system may recover direction and force so as to justify itself as an instrument of efficient and pure government.

BLIND LEADERS OF LABOR

THE length to which a theory may carry one in opposition to his own interests is exemplified by certain pronouncements which from time to time are made by extremists among the labor leaders, who seem to proceed on the idea that they cannot advance their cause without alienating the sympathy of everybody who is not a day-laborer.

Long ago they succeeded in committing the unions against the apprentice system, which formerly could be depended upon to recruit the ranks of skilled workmen. The result has been a relatively small number of the old-fashioned type of excellent artisans in various departments. For want of the initiative formerly developed by that system, the laborer in many trades, carpentering, painting, etc., has fallen into a mechanical routine, so that exceptional work, such as, in its day, gave character to Chippendale furniture, is now extremely rare.

Next the freedom of the individual to make the most of his ability was extinguished by demanding of him that his achievement should be standardized to the powers of the average workman or sometimes of the poorest raw recruit.

Lately, an official revolt has been made against motion-saving and other proposed economies which obviate enormous waste of time and energy but which are regarded as enemies in disguise.

In general the idea is sedulously inculcated that employers and employees are engaged in a deadly war—that what is good for the one must be bad for the other; while the teachings of history and political economy are waved aside as dreams or snares. From this it is but a step to the conviction that all being fair in love and war—a detestable maxim—it is permissible to employ violence to achieve the assumed well-being of the laborer.

Among the false attitudes toward practical life which this inverted, or perverted, logic has induced, we note two of recent origin, reported in the newspapers within two or three days of each other.

A despatch of September 10 from St. Louis reported that pursuant to resolutions of the Central Trades and Labor Union of that city the organized musicians demanded that, as a condition of their furnishing music for the parade in honor of President Taft, the Boy Scouts of America be excluded from the procession. On what theory does the union place itself in opposition to this admirable organization, which has for its objects the uplifting of youth and their enlistment in the service of the public, and which is giving healthful and wholesome occupation and orderly direction to young people in danger of drifting into the idle or semi-criminal classes? It has been the boast of friends of the unions that they were opposed to anarchy, but their opposition to the militia and to any remotely possible recruits for the militia leads one to ask how long it will be before they favor the abolition of the police and the army.

But the blindness of view which puts

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under suspicion any movement which promises to have effect upon the working people or interest to them which does not originate with the unions, was never more evident than in the attack by the Central Federated Union of New York upon the Bureau of Municipal Research. This volunteer committee has already established a nation-wide reputation for public service in the practical investigation of the New York City government, to the saving of large sums of squandered money, the abolition of sinecures, the discharge of idle and shirking laborers and foremen. Cannot working-men see that they are the ones who are most injured by bad government and most benefited by good, that every dollar saved from inefficiency is a dollar available toward better school accommodations, safer tenements, quicker transportation, more public baths? The problem of government in New York is, seven tenths, a problem of dealing with the poor and the working classes, and it is high time that certain labor-leaders should see the folly, the injury to their fellows and all their rightful causes, of arraying themselves in defense of any member of their organization who may have a grievance or may happen to get into trouble. This sort of "solidarity" bodes no good to any class of society. When the working-man awakes to the fact that it is a solidarity maintained for the sordid purposes of certain leaders, he will begin to suspect that slavery in America is indeed not yet extinct.

We have not failed to recognize in these pages that there is a better element in the unions, one that is not willing to follow a theory to destruction. In view of recent events the time has come when this element should assert itself and guide honest, law-abiding, and well-meaning working-men into more peaceable and patriotic paths.

THE TARIFF PENALTY FOR TRAVELING ABROAD

A PLEA FOR A MORE LIBERAL EXEMPTION OF PERSONAL EFFECTS

APPARENTLY the autumn elections are to turn in large part not upon higher or lower tariff, but upon the method by which reductions in the tariff are to be made. There seems to be a general acquiescence that the country at the last election declared for lower duties.

Evidently the action of Congress in passing the Wool Bill, and that of the President in vetoing it, have made a square issue on this subject. Those who approve of a moderate reduction of duties by Congress at the present time will be opposed by those who believe the duties should not be reduced until a standard has been determined by the investigations and report of the Tariff Board. The high protectionists will stand with the latter class, but they do not seem to reflect that the report *may* suggest a still larger cut in the duties.

Meanwhile, it must be borne in mind that the burdens of the tariff bear most heavily, not upon the rich, nor, directly, upon the poor, but upon people of moderate means—salaried and professional men, owners of small houses with a little money in bank—who constitute the bulk of the consumers of the country. Among these is a large proportion of the vast and increasing number of those who, to their great benefit, now and then travel abroad. "What is it that makes you Americans so fond of your country?" an English lady recently asked. "Seeing other countries," was the reply. This was not meant to be invidious, but it suggests one advantage of international travel, the comparison of manners and customs.

We believe that one of the first steps in the direction of relieving the consumer should be an increase in the amount of the exemption allowed at the Custom House to returning citizens. We believe, moreover, that this could be accomplished with a much smaller loss of revenue than would at first appear.

We have official authority for stating that the amount collected at the port of New York on all merchandise other than passengers' baggage from May 1, 1910, to May 1, 1911, was $206,034,744 while the duty collected on passengers' baggage for the same period was $2,210,759, being an average of about one per cent. of the total receipts. Since New York is the great port of entry for American passengers, the figures for the entire country would probably show a still smaller percentage.

At the present time the amount of exemption is a beggarly $100 for each passenger. Should this amount be raised to (let us say) $500, the loss in revenue would be much less than the one per cent. mentioned, since all imports over the sum of

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$500 would still continue to pay duty. The rich, as they can and ought, would continue to bear the main burden. The point to be made is whether the compensation for the (let us say) one half of one per cent. of total receipts would not be found in the relief which would be granted to people of moderate means in the freer admittance of the incidental purchases which a traveler makes during a short stay in Europe. Certainly nothing is more exasperating to the average American citizen than to find himself, almost under the shadow of the Statue of Liberty, confronted with the pettiest form of inquisition as to small purchases, which, not being for sale, are not in any fair sense of the word in competition with the manufactures of this country. The 60 per cent. exacted for most of such purchases is so great a hardship upon professional men as to deter many from undertaking so agreeable and instructive an outing as a trip to Europe. The returning school-teacher who has had her first trip abroad and has been able to buy a few souvenirs or a few gifts, or perhaps even a gown or two for herself, may well be considered exempt from the operation of the theory of the tariff, which, even from the point of view of the protectionist, is directed toward importations in bulk. That such purchases as a hat, an umbrella, cravats, and other clothing that has been worn, or a lens that has been put in the frame of an eye-glass, or a piece of antique ornamental ware, should pay duty is outrageous, since it is in the nature of a fine for going abroad at all. One must declare such trifles, for the customs regulations threaten with confiscation and imprisonment any omission or false return!

The least that can be done to mitigate the terrors and annoyances of the Custom House is to afford a reasonable margin for the ordinary purchases of travelers. After that, it is worthy of consideration whether, in the interest chiefly of milliners and tailors—many of them residents but not citizens of the United States—fines are to be retained upon Americans who buy personal clothing abroad, and, if so, whether a similar system of fines should not be established in the interest of other businesses. Fancy the American Medical Society demanding that patients returning from Carlsbad or Nauheim should be fined a certain percentage of the fees there paid for treatment? or the publishers of American books and periodicals demanding an impost on all knowledge acquired from other sources? Were the system worked out on a consistent basis, it would be such a *reductio ad absurdum* of trade inhibition that the country would rise up in wrath and, in the spirit of the Boston tea party, set fire to every custom house in the country. Let us put aside the folly of taxing knowledge and taste and experience and make up the loss, if necessary, by an extra two per cent. internal revenue on whisky.

Another argument for a more liberal treatment of returning travelers is that the expense of collecting revenue from this source is six times that connected with importations in bulk. At the port of New York, during the fiscal year June 30, 1910, to June 30, 1911, there was collected on general merchandise the sum of $209,100,803.59, at an expense of $4,154,042.01, or .0198 cost per dollar. During the same period there was collected on passengers' baggage $2,305,562.20, at a cost of $275,058.33, or .119 per dollar. It is interesting to know that before the administration of Collector Loeb, not more than one fourth of this amount was collected on passengers' baggage, and that purchases by Americans abroad have fallen to one fourth of former totals.

MR. PENNELL'S PICTURE OF THE CORONATION

BY misapprehension the title of the lithograph by Mr. Joseph Pennell, reproduced in our September number, failed to emphasize the uniqueness of the picture. "Based on sketches" hardly expresses the authoritativeness of the drawing. As a matter of fact every line of the picture was made on the spot, either during the several rehearsals—all of which Mr. Pennell was permitted to attend—or at the ceremony itself, when the drawing was finished. It is, we believe, the only artistic record of the historical scene in existence showing the Abbey. The original was made for the London "Chronicle," in which it appeared in larger size and by which it is sold in portfolio, and by the courtesy of which it was published in THE CENTURY.

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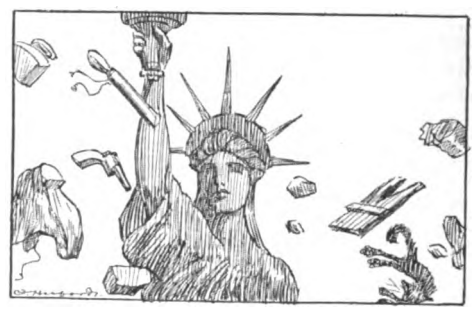
OPEN LETTERS

ON LIBERTY AND LAW

From a Lady who has Contracted a Habit of Observation to a Friend who is Nobly Idealistic



You were more than kind, my dear Richard, to send me your address on "The Liberty of Law." It is an admirable paper, and I am told that the college society, whose name I have never learned to spell, received it with enthusiasm. Those ringing lines about the "power man wisely gives to wiser men than he," and about "our resolute eagerness to obey," have haunted me all day; and now, in the silence of the night, I sit down to softly contradict you.

Richard, do you really believe, as you gallantly profess to believe, that we are a law-abiding people, holding at their supreme value the orderly processes of civilization? I am not going to say a word about Texas brawls or Georgia or Pennsylvania lynchings. We are all ashamed of the savage instincts back of these. As for smuggling,—well it is the appointed fate of unreasonable laws to be broken, however resolutely eager to obey some of us may be. All that I want you to do is to look about our good old cities, yours and mine, and to ask yourself if, in the daily details of life, they mirror forth that spirit of wise subordination which you so justly admire.

You know I spent two years in Germany. For the first three months I found myself perpetually on the brink of arrest. A policeman was always civilly informing me, in a language I did not understand, that I was walking on the right-hand side of a bridge when I should have been walking on the left, or that I was walking on the left when I should have been on the right, or that I was walking on either side with a parcel sufficiently large to make it incumbent on me to walk in the middle. Sometimes I was caught trespassing on grounds patrolled by soldiers, and they pointed their bayonets at me. Twice—in Dresden and in Berlin—I trod on the grass. There was no sign up, prohibiting me. It never occurs to the German mind that any one could be such a licensed libertine as to tread on grass. Once I sat down in a Dresden street-car (for there seemed to be plenty of room), and the conductor came in, counted heads, found one head too many on my side, and requested me to get up and stand on the platform. I was grateful not to be put off the car.

It took three months to drill me into conformity. At the end of that time I began to feel that I was resting in the lap of the law. If I was not permitted to be a nuisance to my neighbors, neither were my neighbors permitted to be a nuisance to me. The soft stillness of the nights meant that the piano across the street was legally suppressed at bedtime, and that the dog next door was liable to arrest if he bayed once at the moon. Even the phonographs might only bellow within bounds. The bright smokeless atmosphere of Berlin was not nature's free gift, but the result of restrictive legislation. Life was organized for the community. The individual had not a single law which he might break at will.

Well, when I returned to the land of the free, and saw a New York elevated train start for Harlem at 6 P.M., I felt that I had suddenly lapsed into savagery. When I watched a Philadelphia trolley-car speeding along with its human freightage, I realized that there were conditions which no self-respecting savage would endure. When a friend, convalescing from a grievous operation, told me that her nights were tormented by the barking of dogs, I discovered that there was a law protecting hospitals from such annoyance, but that the directors—not sleeping within the sacred precincts—did not find it worth while to enforce it.

And the children, the alert little citizens,

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whose "resolute eagerness to obey" has not yet been fully developed. Last winter a small Philadelphian was arrested for robbing an Italian fruit-vendor. The lad said smartly in court: "I did n't think it was stealing to swipe apples from a Dago"; and this point of view so pleased the magistrate, who boasted a sense of humor, that he discharged the culprit with a laugh. A few months later a wretched Pole, who could not speak a word of English, was hounded by boys (with whose light-hearted sport no policeman thought fit to interfere), until, in a frenzy of rage, he fired at his assailants, and, as a matter of course, wounded the one peaceful little girl who was carrying home a pitcher of milk. When in April the Philadelphia boat clubs began their summer practice, a group of frolicsome youths gathered on one of the bridges which span the Schuylkill, and, as an eight-oar shell shot from beneath its arches, they dropped a heavy stone with such admirable accuracy of aim that the boat was overturned, and one of the crew narrowly escaped drowning. It was rough play, but boys will be boys. Other embryo citizens gathered around the air-holes of the Reading railroad tunnel, after the ghastly accident of last June, and pelted with stones both rescuers and rescued. This gang was dispersed by the police. The occasion did not seem to justify mirth.

Richard, these things do not aptly represent the "liberty of law." Neither do our grimy streets, our icy pavements, our standing army of ash barrels, our travesties of fire-escapes, our smoke-laden, cinder-laden air, and the yearly dole of deaths paid to that modern Minotaur, the automobile. They all mean the triumph of the individual over the community, which is the hall-mark of an imperfect civilization. Please unhitch your wagon from its star, and trundle it through our city streets. You will write a different paper next year.

Your affectionate friend,

Agatha Reynolds.

ON CRADLES AND CAREERS

A Letter from a Conservative Aunt to her Progressive Niece

Dear Fanny:

(Or, as I understand you now desire to be called, Frances.) I was much pleased to hear of the birth of your third child a month ago, though I feared it might involve almost too much responsibility for your slender stock of strength. You may imagine my surprise, then, when I read in the morning paper that Mrs. Frances Wayward had engaged to deliver a series of lectures this winter in Buffalo, Chicago, Detroit, and San Francisco, on "The New Development of Woman." Do write me if I was mistaken, or if the paper was misinformed, or else explain how you intend to accomplish this surprising feat.

If your husband had been asked to deliver a course of lectures on the new development of man, he would have replied: "I cannot think of it. I cannot even stop to think about 'development.' I must attend to my business and the support of my children." Is the new development of woman so original a departure that it enables her to accomplish a task too great for the time, energy, and strength of a man?

Your business is the care of your children.

Some of that care you can delegate, but only on condition of supervision, or at the risk of deterioration of stock, such as your husband would not consider in his affairs.

The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world;

but the cradle cannot be rocked with one hand and the world ruled with the other.

To my old-fashioned mind it seems that three quarters of the duty of a mother consists in simply being at home. Alas! for the home, soon apparently to become as extinct as the dodo! The small remnant of it left by bridge and the motor is now about to fall under the irresistible march of careers for women. No more glittering tea-tables drawn up by cozy firesides, no more bedtime cuddlings, no more binding up of little hurt fingers with kisses applied to the bandages. Homes, it seems, are to be electrically equipped shelters, hygienically adapted to every physical need of childhood. Specialists will have charge of every department of the care and nurture of infants, while all-day schools undertake the complete charge of the growing child from dawn till dusk.

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Thus the pernicious effect of interference from parents will be reduced to a minimum, while the advantages to the parent will be so many as to need no enumeration.

The father, coming home tired from business, will meet no further drain on his nerves from the clamor of small children, who perversely grow more lively as the strength of their elders flags between tea and dinner-time. Moreover, the children will appear much less monotonous. Many traits that the father has never observed or dreamed of will develop. Such of these as he likes will prove a pleasant surprise, while others, less admirable, perhaps, indeed threatening somewhat the future character, can be turned over to specialists who will soon have their sphere in the moral as well as in the physical field. I have already heard of one lady who makes a profession of telling children the facts of life, which, as she says, "most parents find too awkward and difficult a task." Of course any one will see that at all costs parents must be relieved of awkward and difficult tasks at home, in order that the father may be free to earn as much money as possible, and that the mother may study the new development of woman.

Certainly, dear Frances, there is no more interesting theme than this one on which you are to lecture, and if you come anywhere within my reach, I shall hope to hear you. There is so much to be said on it, and it is fraught with such vital importance not only to women, but to the whole race. You will surely draw large audiences, and what you say may have a wide and enduring influence, so you must feel a great sense of responsibility. Don't let it weigh upon you too heavily! Affectionately,

Aunt Mary.

P.S. Is the baby weaned, or is he to accompany you on tour?

QUITE A SPELL

BY FRANK HILL PHILLIPS

JOHN HENRY SMITH of Yonkers, who has
been abroad, you know,
And spent a week in London at the Coronation Show,
Says he finds in upper circles it is now the
proper plan,
To spell the name you 're going by, the
toughest way you can,
Till there 's not the least connection just as
far as he can see
In the method of pronouncing it, and how
it looks to be.

For when he struck the British Isles, as
soon as he did reach 'em,
He chanced upon a certain chap who bore
the name of "Beauchamp,"
And then a chap (perhaps you 've read the
diary he keeps)
Whose friends are quite insistent that you
call him "Mr. Pepys."
But among the choice assortment there was
hardly one, it seems,
More nearly to his liking than a gentleman
named "Wemyss."

And another fond occasion which he
treasured up forever
Was the day he was presented to "Sir Henry
Thomas Belvoir,"
Who is said to have a hunting-lodge, a
country-seat and garden,
Along with other gentry, in the neighborhood
of "Hawarden."
But the name that bowled him over, made
him stammer weak and dumbly
Was an alphabetic goulash whom they
introduced as "Cholmondeley!"

So John Henry 's now insisting in this
Country of the Free,
Although of course his name is "Smith" as
plain as it can be,
"We fellows have as good a right as folks
across the seas
To spell the names we 're going by exactly
as we please."
And since it 's rather classy and the fashion
more or less,
He says the way *he 's* spelling "Smith" is
"J-O-N-E-S."

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Drawn by L. S. Green

THE END OF SUMMER

Boy: Hey! Mister! The tide 's coming in, an ma says you ain't no right to get drowned—not till you pay your board-bill!

DOLLY AT THE CHAFING-DISH

BY JULIA BOYNTON GREEN

When, in a heavenly pinafore
Of pink, with frills and bows galore,
Dolly, a creature to adore,
Bids to the festive table,
We follow in a jovial crowd.
I, at her right, and justly proud
Of the distinction, am allowed
To help as I am able.

The rainbow glint of carven glass,
The silver's sparkle, scents that pass
From flowers and fruits, the comely lass,
Cast an undoubted glamour:
But that is all there is to it;
Dolly can't cook a little bit,
Howe'er her winsomeness and wit
May dazzle and enamour.

The cheery flame begins to croon,
She measures salt, she waves her spoon.
"Creamed oysters! They 'll be done quite soon,"
Declares mendacious Dolly.
We wait for hours, we chat and smile,
The butler baiting us meanwhile;
I carry off the farce in style,
And try to keep things jolly.

When our unnatural spirits flag,
I make myself a clown, a wag,
I back up Dot's colossal brag,
I fill the burner newly.
I fly, obeying her behests;
The butler runs on sundry quests;
While pale with hunger sit the guests;
They do the *chafing,* truly!

Oh, how long can we keep this up,
And are we here to starve or sup?
She mixes something in a cup,
And stirs and tastes and potters.
A sudden blaze! "The cap! no fear!"
The thing burst once, and I was here;
I bound her scalded hand, poor dear!
(My heart, forbear those flutters!)

At last she lifts the lid and states,
"They 're done!" She gaily fills the plates,
And then, all flushed with triumph, waits
Her guests' expected praises.
"Delicious!" "You 're a born cook!" "Yes,
That 's my strong point." So, under stress,
These perjured souls their fibs express,
Not one the grim truth grazes:

For in a sloppy ocean float
The weary oysters, each a boat,
Tasteless, and tough as pantasote.
The pity! ah, the pity!
"Welsh rabbit next time!" Dolly cries.
That way appendicitis lies;
And I resolve, made sadly wise,
I 'll not be in the city.

So while one nightmare now and then
Is weathered by the frailest men,
Misgiving grips my spirit when
I ruminate the question.
Can I, for starry eyes, a smile,
Accomplishments, wit, beauty, style—
Can I, with all things else worth while,
Face chronic indigestion?

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SOME JAPANESE LETTERS

BY MARGARET PERRY

THERE is a heroic recklessness in the character of the Japanese which in war places them among the very best of fighters, but in the dull walks of peace and commerce, inspires them sometimes with an almost too great self-confidence. There is no feature of Occidental life which a Japanese would for a moment hesitate to introduce into Japan. Baggage checks, special-delivery letters, and kerosene lamps are common even in the remote districts; electric trams are spreading more and more along country roads, supplanting the kurumaya and the pack-horse.

This same bold spirit of innovation is responsible for many enchanting sign-boards and advertisements in the larger towns, for a shopkeeper who has the slightest knowledge of any foreign tongue is only too eager to make use of it to call attention, both to his wares and to his progressive Western manner of doing business. The exact meaning of the signs is not always obvious to the unimaginative. For instance, *Bi su ke tu to* would not instantly suggest *Biscuits* to the average newly-landed foreigner.

But in the case of English business letters, there is a great difference, and it is rare indeed to receive one from a Japanese in which the meaning is not plain, however curiously it may be expressed. In respect to clearness, the Japanese is as a rule a better letter-writer than the Chinese. To give an example, the following lines from a Chinese bookbinder do not, at the first reading, convey any very lucid idea to one's mind.

Should I send your books as early as I finished, because I lost the address as you writing for me, therefor I kept it so long a time, as I received your kind note the other day so I am Directly to be sent.

Still, though Wing Hing's arbitrary use of capitals and his disregard for punctuation add an unnecessary complication to his rather Meredithian prose, it is not impossible to see what he is trying to say, namely, that having lost my address, he has not been able to send back the books until he heard from me again.

Here is a second Chinese note, which, for all it looks so businesslike, is quite as involved as the first:

DEAR SIR:

will I have received favor last night & now enclosed on 3 yard Black meterial therefor with Bill to Happy you will & much oblige,

Yours faithfully, . . .

with return sample Back to you.

Now compare either of these letters with the following post-card from a Japanese shoemaker. The language of the latter may be equally unconventional, but there is never the slightest doubt as to what the writer meant to say.

I have the honour to inform you that I misteked to make a boots. I mad a shoe today and thery are finished now. I beg meet with your approbation for my careless. If you connot take a shoe. shall I make a boots in a herry. Please give me your answer.

I am

Your remain,

S. Sato.

This is his usual way of ending up a letter, though sometimes when wishing to be particularly cordial, he adds: "Please regard my compliments to your all families!" The following note, the first he ever sent me, is a good example of his talent for misusing English commercial phrases.

We take the liberty enclosed your bill. Please find it. I beg to call your attention of your payment. I shall very honored if you pay it as possible.

Now I know that this peremptoriness was quite unintentional, but at the same time it gave me rather a shock. The boots had arrived only the day before, unaccompanied by a bill, yet I found it hard to suppress a certain feeling of guilt, and half expected to see the Japanese equivalent for a sheriff appear at any moment.

Much to my relief, I found that Sato's bark was worse than his bite, and a hastily despatched check elicited two days later this acknowledgment:

Please you find enclosed the receipt. Thank you of your promptness.

Awaiting your future order,

I am,

Your remain,

S. Sato.

I then saw that his first note was a mere form, which on later occasions had no terrors for me. After all, it was rather absurd to expect a nice knowledge of English idiom in a Japanese shoemaker. If Sato took liberties with the English language, so do countless others, with less excuse.

Here are two letters from students, both of whom had certainly had far more advantages than S. Sato; in fact, at the time they were finishing an advanced course in English literature.

The envelop of the first was addressed to "My dear ——, Esq.," a very natural and by no means unusual mistake.

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My dear Mr. ——:

I regret to inform you that at last my humble father went away from this world at half past P.M. 6 o'clock on the 10th inst. by pneumonia. So I can not attend to your class about two weeks as mourning day.

Your's truly Student,

G. Watanabe.

In the second letter, an examination is spoken of, so it may not be amiss to insert the post-card announcing it.

The examination on Chemistry will be execute [ominous word!] on the 9, to-morrow morning (6).

(N. B. This means 9 o'clock on the morning of the 6th, not the 9th at 6 A.M., as the casual reader might easily imagine.) One of the victims of the execution is the writer of this second letter. If anything could have softened the examiner's heart, it would surely be the letter inside, which began:

My dear Proffecer:

If I could not pass this examination I can not graduate in eternity. Also I can not go back to my country with the shame & of course I can not see my parent hereafter & I must about die. . . . Now I must confess the cause of my long rest, that it was my plan to go abroad, but my parent did not allow & ordered me that unless I graduate the College I must not go anywhere. So I began to go College again, but unfortunately my sickness, the death of my grandmother & my father's illness, continually came, & thus I took frequent rest.

Here is a picture post-card to end up with. It was sent as a New Year's card by an innkeeper in a little village among the mountains.

Jan. 1st, 2000.

Dear Sir:

It is very happy New Year's Day is delightfully congratulate all of your family that do with much pleasure spend this happy day.

And hoping that every year will unite our heart more closely,

Your faithfully,

K. Uchiyama.

Drawn by F. R. Gruger

THE HIGH COST OF DYING

Mrs. Black: What wid the price o' wan thing an' another ut costs a turrible lot t' live these da-ays.
Mrs. Gray: Faith, a dacent fun'ral costs a sight more.

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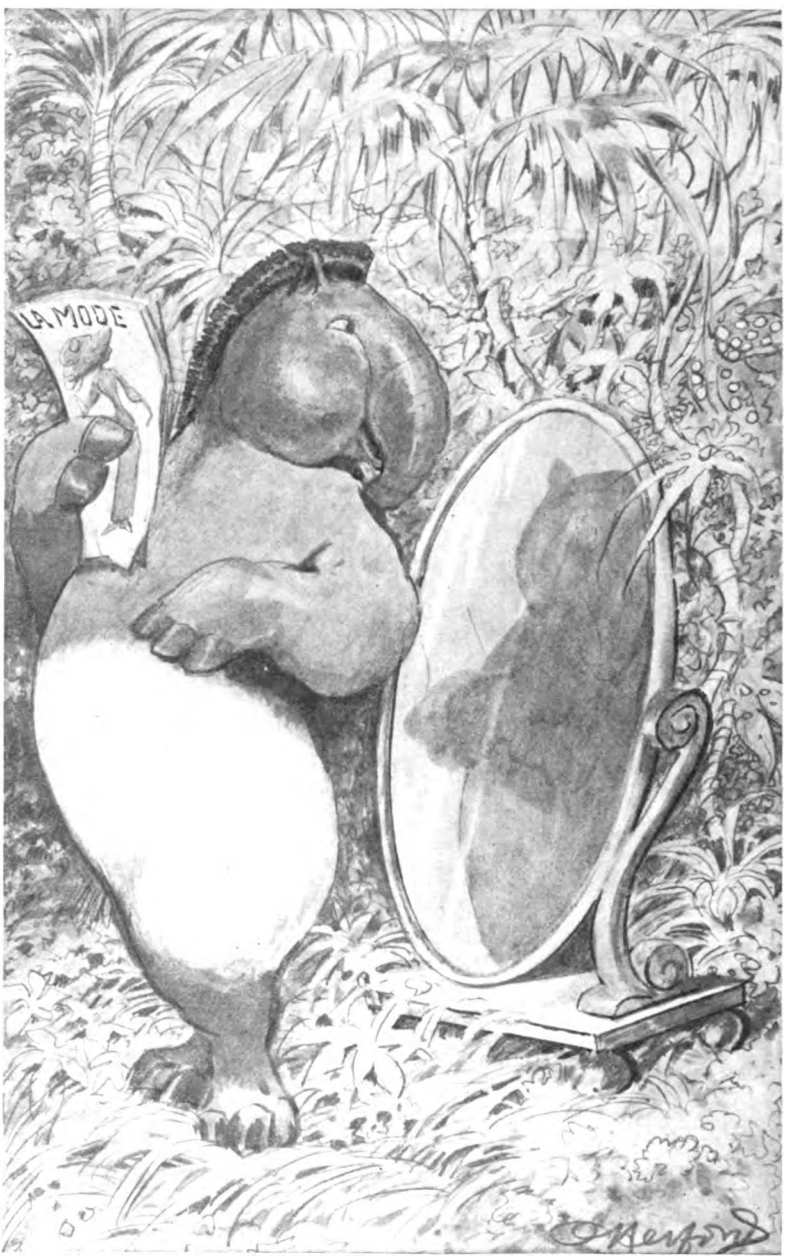
LIMERICKS

TEXT AND PICTURES BY OLIVER HERFORD



I—IN THE STYLE

A TAPIR who lived in Malay
Was reading the fall styles one day,
When he cried with delight,
"*My* figure 's all right:
Tapir waists are the fashion, they say."

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK

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A PURITAN CHRISTMAS

PAINTED FOR THE CENTURY BY F. E. SCHOONOVER

(SEE PAGE 259)

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THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXXIII DECEMBER, 1911 No. 2

THE OLD NATIONAL ROAD

BY WILLIAM BAYARD HALE

WITH PICTURES BY F. C. YOHN

THEY talk much nowadays of good roads; they hold national congresses about them and publish magazines and memorialize legislatures about them; I believe the good roads idea has even become a movement.

Bless me! it did not remain for this generation to build good roads even in America. Has everybody forgotten that splendid highway which, before the day of the locomotive, the Government at Washington threw across the Alleghanies and pushed to the Mississippi—forgotten the romance and history that flowed over it, forgotten the surge of that fulfilling tide of civilization which, after the Revolution, found its outlet to the imperial West past the mile-stones that stretched—and stretch to-day—from Cumberland on the Potomac to St. Louis on the Father of Waters? Some of us have not forgotten.

It ran past the gate on which as a boy I used to swing long summer days. Its direction gave the road an indubitable connection with the eternal structure of the universe, for the very sun seemed to travel it, coming along every morning out of the east, just as did the trains of canvas-canopied wagons, bound for Kansas, Colorado, or California. They were the most wonderful caravans in the world; it were not fit to mention with them the trains of richly laden camels that brought to Mediterranean seaports the spoil of African mines and Persian looms. For these were freighted with expectation of fortunes vaster than anything the Old World had seen, though all you could discern with the physical eye was a line of long, low-hanging, pot-bellied vans arched over with bulging canvas gathered at each end, and with a stovepipe sticking hospitably out behind. They were drawn by teams of stout horses, with, like as not, a colt playing about the slow progress, and always a disconsolate dog under the wagon, a brace of boys and possibly a slatternly woman accompanying on foot, and with occasionally a canvas inscribed, if the "mover" was sentimental or humorous, with some such motto as "Westward Ho!" or "Pike's Peak or bust!"

Under the boughs of catalpa-trees and silver-leaf poplars to the eastward one

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could see up the old road a good mile to the top of the rise over which it disappeared into the great unknown, followed by an imagination which nothing else in all after life ever so powerfully awakened or so constantly allured. What wonders lay beyond the crest of Linden Hill, in that mysterious country whence the sun, whence "the movers," came? Just short of the crest lay, on opposite sides of the road, two sources, one of annual, the other of perennial, delight—the fair-ground and the haunted house. Such being its farthest cis-linden features, the glory in which it passed out of sight, what might not be the marvels that bordered its splendid course across the breadth of the three great States over which it swept back to the coast and joined the paths of the sea to the old home of our race!

Not that I did not know even then—every youngster knew—that away back, back almost to Cumberland, it passed the ruins of Washington's Fort Necessity; for it was no other than the Virginia engineer who first cut this path through the woods when he came to visit the French on the Ohio. And I knew also that back there somewhere, by the side of the road, there was a clump of trees which marked the grave of General Braddock. They buried him right in the trail, to hide him from the Indians; only now the pike had wandered a few rods from the old blazing of Washington's woodsmen. General Braddock was a redcoat, I know, and by rights a boy ought to hate him, yet many a time when a caravan came along from the East I was glad that it had not rolled, rumbling so heavily, over his head.

We knew, too, that in other days, before the railroad, Clay, Jackson, Harrison, Benton, Houston, and Crockett used to travel the road. We did not know, I suppose, that Jefferson, Monroe, Madison, John Quincy Adams, and Jackson were much occupied in their time in signing and vetoing bills about the road, and sending Congress messages about it; nor that it gave Webster, Calhoun, and Clay a text for some of the loftiest eloquence the walls of the Senate chamber ever echoed. You see, it was not certain in those days that the West would remain in the Union, and more than one senator declared that the road would be the only means of binding the new States to the old ones.

Whether internal improvements were constitutional or not, the Government managed to make the road the noblest in the world, I suppose—seven hundred miles of macadam sixty feet wide. That was foolish, perhaps. The Romans knew better, and built their highways only five yards wide; but along which of the twenty-nine roads of the Itineraries of Antoninus did they travel four teams abreast—Conestoga wagons, shaped like Spanish galleons, moving in stately procession, and rakish stages dashing along, with passengers as stiff as the writing of the letters in the mail-bags they carried—letters such as perhaps you may find in the old hide-covered trunk in the attic, written on the thinnest of paper, and crisscrossed till they look like Chinese puzzles?

The boys who swung on gates along the National Pike may not have reflected on the political significance of the road; they did not fail, however, to feel its singularity and importance. The roads and streets that crossed it were seen to be minor and inconsiderable byways as they met this wide channel of traffic, flowing, much of the time, bank-full. It was said that even at Indianapolis no other thoroughfare could match it. In my own town, as in many others, it became "Main Street" for a few blocks, but both east and west it quickly resumed the nominal dignity of its national character. It swept into town on a plane of its own, topping a splendid embankment, twenty yards wide, raised many feet above the corn-fields on both sides, and it passed out of town across the valley of the Whitewater on top of a Chinese wall faced with cut stone, and broken for the leap of a bridge the arched wooden timbers of which had the immemorial look of beams that might have been the framework of Noah's ark. I can see it now, that bridge, the broad, white road descending and swinging into the shadows of its dark, double-barreled passage, very dusty in summer, but sweet with hay (the toll of high-stacked wains that could just squeeze through) clinging to the rafters, and with glimpses of the deep, swift river to be seen below at each end. The horse always checked himself and walked, either because of a sign threatening that mythical "five-dollar fine" which does so much to regulate American conduct, or because of the coolness of the place, or because the

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn

Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"TRAINS OF CANVAS-CANOPIED WAGONS, BOUND FOR KANSAS, COLORADO, OR CALIFORNIA"

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driver had dropped the reins when he kissed his sweetheart in the shadows.

That was "the National Bridge." A little below it was "the National Dam," thus named because it was close to the National Road. My idea was that the two national banks of the town were so entitled because they had the honor of being situated on the National Road. Some of the youngsters of the town, wise in the lore of a neighborhood rich in the geological remains of the glacial drift, used to hunt for fossils along the river-banks; but we never strayed far from the dam below the arched, wooden bridge, believing that the presence of a trilobite or other crustacean of paleozoic time was somehow dependent on the old National Road.

Really, it was not so old as all that, having passed along to the westward, I believe, in 1830. The army built it, and the engineering was on the grand scale, maintaining in virtually a straight line across our State of Indiana, through Richmond and Centreville, Cambridge City and Dublin, Knightstown and Greenfield, and other great and famous cities more than I can name, over hill and valley, on virtually the very level at which it had entered it.

To the westward much of it is to me to this day an untraveled road, though I knew, even when the arc described by the latch-end of the swinging gate determined the limit of my excursions, the romance of as much of it as lay between Richmond and Centreville. For had I not seen the doughty citizens of my native town close their shops and lumber-yards, and, arming themselves, sally out the National Road for Centreville, to take possession of the court-house and the jail, and bring the paraphernalia of the county-seat to Richmond? I recollect well the tragic face and determined gesture with which our grocer, brawny scion of Quaker stock, handled and put into his pocket a huge pistol which he took from under the wire cover of the cheese-box. Back over the National Road that night came the victorious, though, I believe, unensanguined, raiders, bringing the county-seat, and leaving forever desolate the town of Oliver P. Morton, Indiana's War Governor, of red brick mansions and the flagstoned section of the National Road.

Tides of travel might be remarked to ebb and flow along the National Road. The "movers" disappeared as the weather grew cold. On Saturdays throughout the year, except at spring planting-time or during harvest, the population of the whole county flocked to town, the cross streets for a block on each side of Main Street were filled with teams, and the stores were thronged. After a snow, great loads of wood on sleds would toil along the road into town, lining up in Marion Street, where the city wood-measurer applied his rule and his chalk, and the citizens came to inspect and dicker for the replenishing of their wood-sheds.

During one period of each year, in particular, the capacity of the National Road seemed tried to its limit by processions of family carriages of the type possessed by every well-to-do Western family. They were filled with Quakers coming to Yearly Meeting, some from the region of Spiceland and Dublin, more from Wilmington and Cincinnati, Spring Valley and Waynesville. Once each year, at the mellow season of late autumn, when the harvests had been safely gathered and the men were free for a fortnight, they came, filling our little city with their soberly garbed figures, and filling the great Yearly Meeting-house—as big as the Metropolitan Opera-House—morning, afternoon, and nights, with throngs which came and sat and departed in a silence and composure impossible to believe. There may have been for an hour in the vast barn of a place no stir save the lazy buzzing of a fly high up against a window or the gentle nodding of the oak (calculated to be a thousand years old) seen through the unpainted glass, when Esther Frame or Robert Douglas or some other celebrated Friend would rise and break forth in a rhapsody of spiritual exaltation. There would be no movement when the high voice, sustained to the end like a chant, without an amen died away; none until presently the Friend "at the head of the meeting" extended his hand to his nearest neighbor, and the meeting took a deep breath and "rose."

THE National Road was really built, according to the settled belief of my grandmother, Ann Harlan, in order to enable the Friends of Clinton County,

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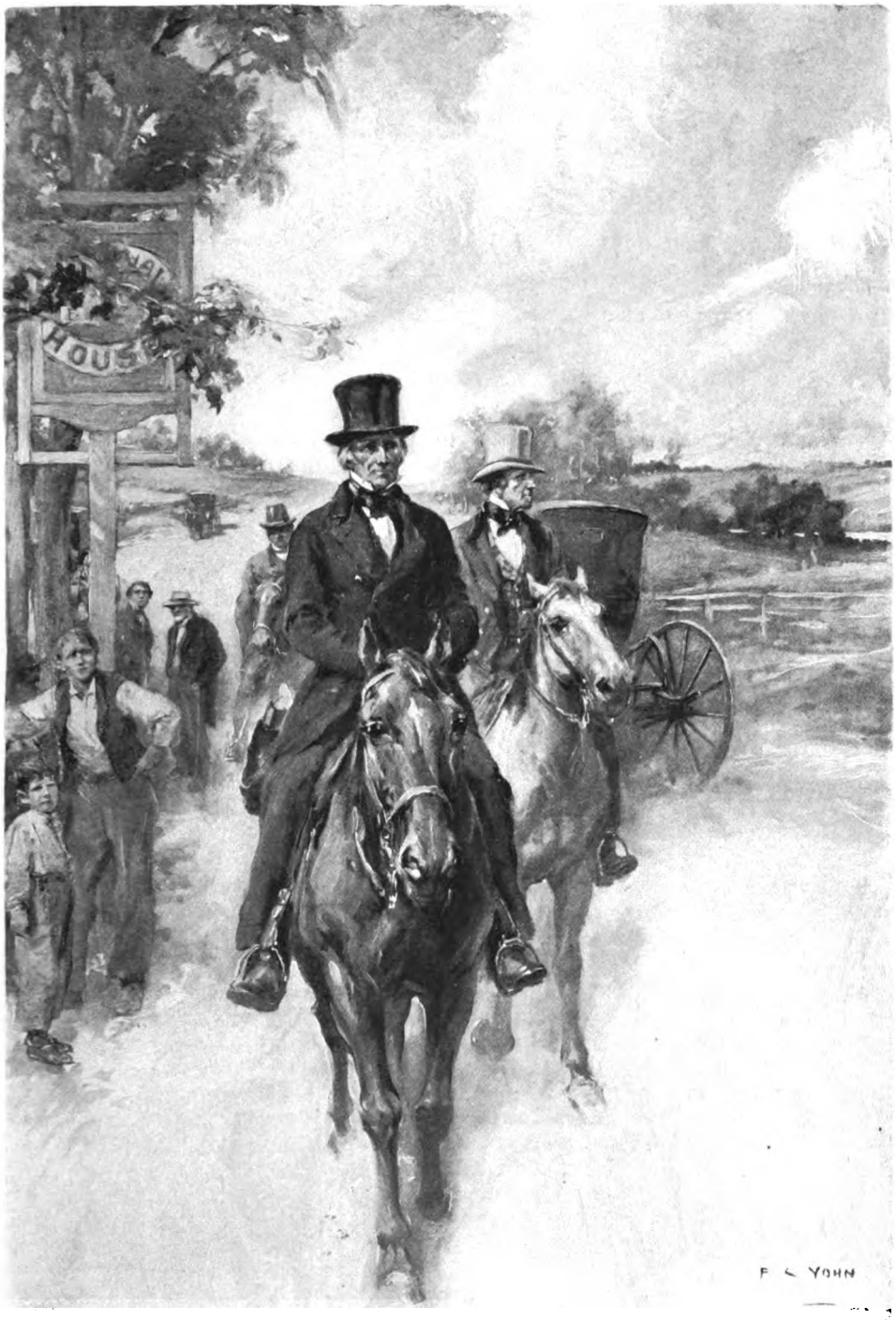

Drawn by F. C. Yohn. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

HENRY CLAY ON THE OLD NATIONAL ROAD

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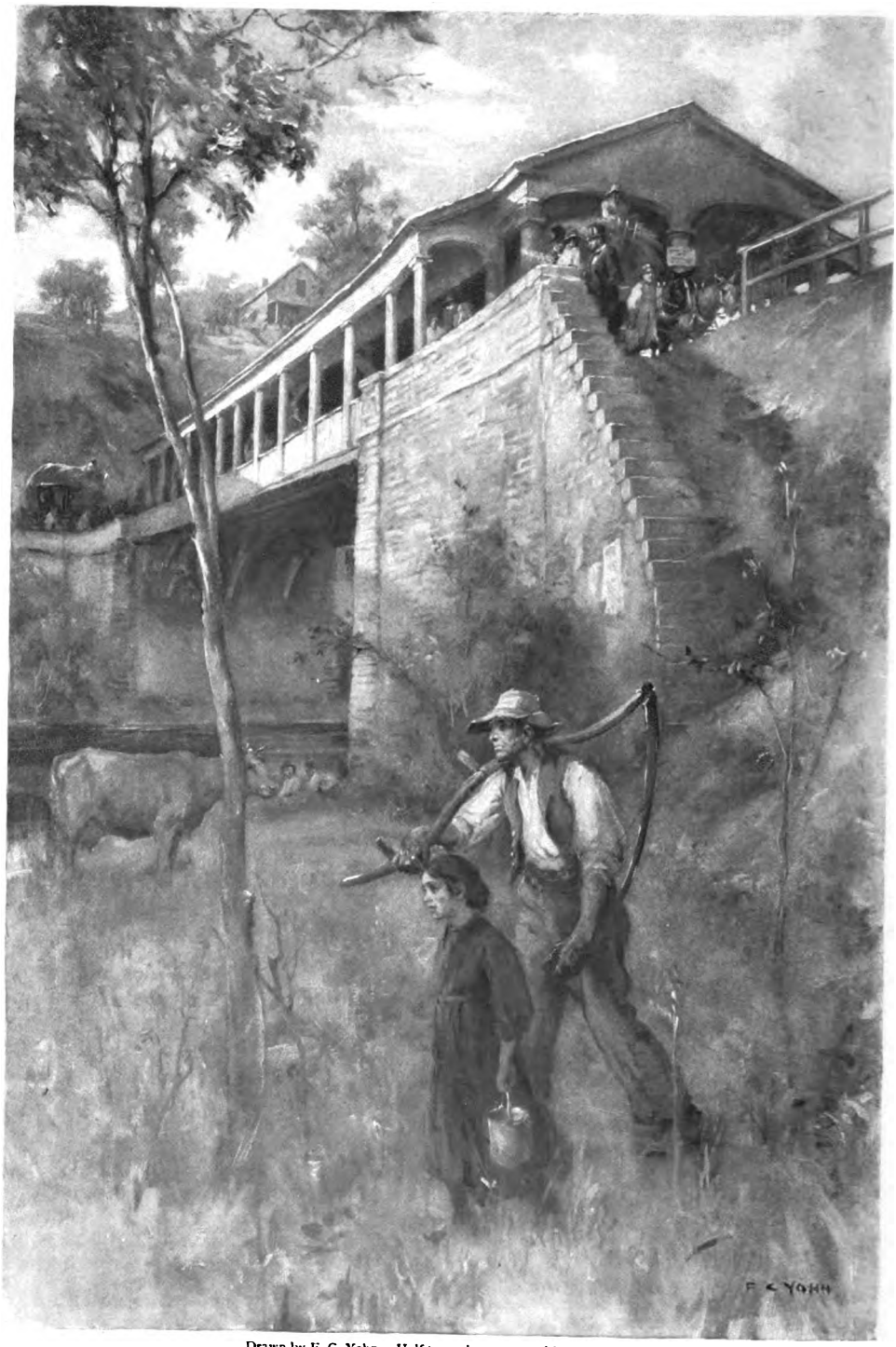

Drawn by F. C. Yohn. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

THE OLD NATIONAL BRIDGE AT RICHMOND, INDIANA

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Ohio, to come to Yearly Meeting at Richmond. To be sure, the histories talk of other purposes—of a large scheme of internal improvements conceived by Adams and championed by Henry Clay, of the necessity of a military road to the Mexican frontier.

My grandmother takes no stock in such talk. She understands thoroughly that that rough but God-fearing man Andrew Jackson understood the needs of the Friends who had come up from North Carolina in the early years of the nineteenth century, had carved out of the wilderness the opulent farms and built the goodly towns of the Little Miami and the Whitewater valleys, and established their religious capital at Richmond. She had always been as thankful to Andrew Jackson as she was to Providence for all such things as it is the duty of Providence and Presidents to provide for the righteous, and she travels the National Pike back and forth every year—she has made the journey more than seventy times—to Whitewater Yearly Meeting, with an undisturbed conscience of her own, and a tranquil trust in the goodness of all men and of the workings of all God's world.

Grandmother Harlan's path through life must have been, to judge from the undeviating serenity of her countenance and the never-disturbed equanimity of her soul, as smooth as the surface of the pike, and nothing could be smoother than that. She had faced the Indians as a girl, she had brought up eleven children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, she had maintained a station of the "Underground Railway" for runaway slaves, and she had seen some of her sons go to the war of slavery, as she always called it; she had buried two husbands and she had had upon her shoulders the trials and troubles of a nation of grandchildren, but her face was as smooth and pink as the face of a child. Always in silk, howbeit of sober hue and unchanging cut, with her handkerchief across her breast and her starched cap on her head, Grandmother Harlan was a great lady in her way, though she used to shame us much when she said "cowcumber" or "chimbley," "trapse" or "beholden to," or indulged in other such locutions of what we did not know was the purest English of England of an earlier age.

Grandmother Harlan was, and is, a woman with much confidence in wise sayings. She has a proverb for every situation. Many of these are out of the Bible, though some could claim only less inspired origin. "The race is not to the swift," "Honesty is the best policy," are, for instance, two maxims which she never allowed us to forget. Deeply pious, she is endowed with no small sense of humor and no little worldly shrewdness. She talks little of religion, and has almost never "risen in meeting," though on the two or three occasions on which she has "appeared in prayer," men say she looked and spake like an angel talking with the King as she stood before Him at the foot of the throne. She is a saint, that is certain. One indulgence she permitted herself and taught her grandchildren: she liked peppermints, and used always to have a little bag of them, white, sugary wafers, hid away somewhere in the silken folds of her softly rustling skirt.

I WAS seven when I was permitted to go back with Grandmother Harlan on her return over the National Road. An uncle, a girl cousin, and a big basket of grapes from our choicest arbor formed the rest of the party. The day before the start was the eve, palpitant with expectancy, of a recognized epoch of life. All day long I gazed at the piece of sky showing between the trees on the crest of Linden Hill. The desire of my soul was about to be fulfilled.

Nor did fulfilment come in any wise short of expectation. We drove off before "sun up," the grays striking fire as they turned into the pike. We were over the hill before I could think, and I was of the big world, a stay-at-home lad no longer, but a traveler initiate of many scenes. The road stretched ahead smooth and white, farm-houses, wayside school-houses, and villages crowding so fast upon one another that the interest could never for a moment flag. As day came and advanced, we passed other travelers and larger towns. Eaton came into view: after all, it was not so big as Richmond. Here and there were hospitable inns; at one Henry Clay had tarried for a week, reconciling the influential farmers of Preble County to his policies. Another was a famous coaching resort, with a legend of a murder

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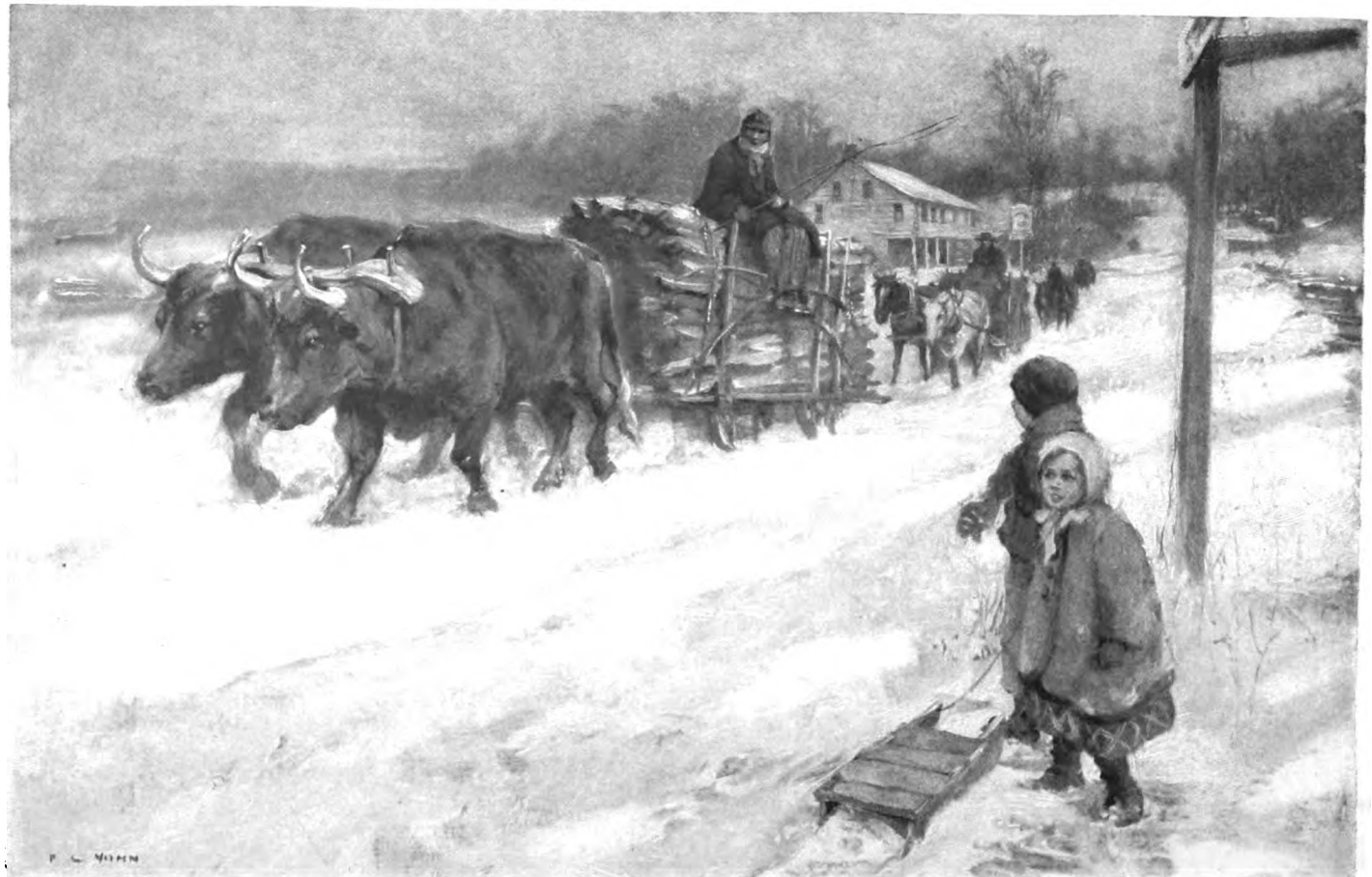

Drawn by F. C. Yohn

Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"AFTER A SNOW, GREAT LOADS OF WOOD ON SLEDS WOULD TOIL ALONG THE ROAD"

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hanging about it. Farther on was the "Wolf's Hole," a house deserted and falling into ruin now, but once the reputed seat of a band of outlaws. Then there were splendid stretches of beech and oak, the shadows of afternoon lying across the turnpike, springs gushing out of banks by the wayside, rich smells of mint and pennyroyal, and a thousand subtler scents in low, damp places. No one could tell all the wonder of it, but as we bowled over its hard stretches, between the shocks of corn, lingered in the ferny dales, rose to summits whence we looked on more miles of rich country than I had dreamed existed, I knew that nothing in the world was finer than the old National Road.

Is it to be wondered at that one born amid general appreciation of its importance, coming to consciousness in a boyhood to whose awakening imagination it furnished the path, and first entering the world by a magical journey over it—is it any wonder that he should in later years still cherish and carry with him amid more noteworthy scenes an endeared recollection of the National Road? Such a one might remember its proud course even as he traveled over famous highways of other continents, like the Simplon, the military roads of Jamaica or Porto Rico; or might meditate, as he rolled out on the Campagna over the Appian Way, that the National Road was paved in much the same fashion in Centre Township; might climb into the bed of Henry VIII at the George Inn, Glastonbury, with the palace moat under the window, bethinking himself that just so the canal stole by the Vinton House at Cambridge, Indiana, on the National Road; might, as he walked the old Roman road across Egdon Heath with the man who had immortalized in an imperishable book its already all but immortal existence, tell him of the stretch of the National Road across the lowlands below Jackson's Hill.

It was dusk when I reached the old house —too dark to have seen much in the drive from the station. After dinner we sat on the piazza. The talk was of the changes of twenty years; they were many.

"The stone posts are very handsome, Tom," I said. "They add dignity to the place. There used to hang there one of those long gates with an attachment which tilted it so that it swung open and shut automatically when a wheel struck a sort of outrigger."

"Yes, I recollect," said Tom. "Queer device. Very popular, though, quarter of a century ago."

"The old road is still there, however," I observed.

"Yes; that is an institution which there is no prospect of doing away with."

"Is n't it Yearly Meeting week? I don't suppose any of the Clinton County connection are coming?" I remarked.

"Oh, yes," replied Tom; "indeed they are. Grandmother Harlan never misses. She and Uncle Eli are on the way. What 's more, they are about due here now. Coming overland, you know, as usual. Could n't induce Grandmother to travel to Yearly Meeting by rail."

Bless her! Grandmother Harlan coming once more by the old road! That was the best of news. And, indeed, it was Fourth-day night and about the hour at which, I remembered well, the tired grays used to pull in after their long day on the road. This was an ideal return to boyhood's home.

"Yes, they are due almost any minute now," said Tom, studying his watch by the coal of his cigar. "Grandmother, for all her ninety years, is as punctual as the clock."

"Perhaps," I suggested, after half an hour, "they have stopped at McComas's Tavern for tea. They used to do that sometimes, and it would make them an hour later."

"McComas's Tavern?" said Tom in a tone of inquiry.

"Yes," I reminded him; "the square house with the fan-shaped transom over the door at the jolt in the road just beyond the Jimmie Smelzer school-house. The original owner would n't sell out to the Government, although the President himself came West to coerce him, and the road had to be built in a curve around the house."

"The road 's straight now," laughed Tom, "and there 's no tavern now, nor yet any school-house."

"McComas could manage Andrew Jackson, but he never had to go up against Indiana Traction."

The author of this remark was Elizabeth. As I deprecate the use of slang by

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young ladies of Quaker upbringing, I made no reply.

But it was clear that—monstrous desecration!—there was a trolley-line on the National Road! I had heard of these wonderful Indiana electric railways, with their express trains and their sleeping-cars, but that they took their shrieking course along the—

A sudden light burst out at the top of Linden Hill, dazzling, fiercely powerful, the search-light of something swooping down the road. A momentary terror seized me. *Could* it be *possible* that Grandmother Harlan came to Yearly Meeting on the trolley? I dismissed the thought as one unworthy of her gray silk dress and bonnet, her ample leisure, and her love of quiet. No, she was behind equally staid successors of the good mares of yore, tucked snugly in the back seat, with a paper of peppermints in her pocket. She had delayed starting to-day till the sun was well up and the mists had lifted from the valleys,—say, at ten o'clock that morning,—and they were driving the old lady slowly and comfortably. Grandmother Harlan in a trolley-car? Oh, no!

The thing with the fierce light came whooping down, but not past. As it reached the gate, it hesitated, it turned, and, gathering speed again, drew swiftly up to the door—a *panting, six-cylinder motor-car, bringing Grandmother Harlan in huge automobile coat and goggles!*

She explained calmly as she stepped out, her poke-bonnet in her hand:

"Thee knows it was so warm and dusty we did not start till near sundown. Eli thought we could do it nicely in two hours; it is only seventy miles. I should like to have been in time to attend Fourth-day evening meeting. And so we should have been, the Lord willing, but as we went through Bellbrook,—does thee mind the place, William? Thy mother knew it well when she was a little girl,—a spark-plug burned out, and the cylinders back-fired. I fear Eli was sore beset, for his words were not those of soberness as he tried the cylinders. I said to him, 'Eli, let thy communication be, 'Yea, yea; Nay, nay.' But he answered, 'Mother, thee knows the Scriptures, but thee knows nothing about a buzz-box.'"

"But, Grandmother," I gasped as soon as I could fairly comprehend the thing, "is n't it unusual for Friends to come to meeting in automobiles? Horses were good enough in the old days."

"William," said Grandmother Harlan, turning on me her gentle eye, and proffering a peppermint, "thee remembers that the Good Book says, 'A horse is a vain thing for safety.'"

And the amazing lady, who had made her first journeys to Yearly Meeting in the saddle, and who had waited nearly a century to incorporate this particular Scripture into her body of doctrine, pressed it home upon me with the look and tone of one uttering a precious, saving truth.

"Besides," continued Grandmother Harlan, laying her small hand upon the tonneau of the vibrating monster—just as, without doubt, standing on the upping-block at this very spot seventy years ago, she had laid it on the neck of the animal that had brought her over—"besides," said Grandmother Harlan, with a last pat for the automobile, "thee knows, William, that no vehicle is so well adapted to the old National Road."

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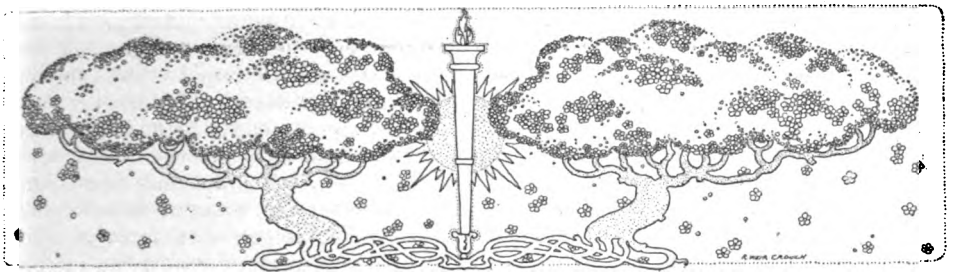

DEMOCRACY AND MANNERS

APROPOS OF AN INQUIRY INTO THE TEACHING OF MANNERS IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

BY CHARLES W. ELIOT

President Emeritus of Harvard University

THE effects of democracy on manners interest both the friends and the foes of democracy. On one side it is alleged that the tendency of a democracy, which makes much of universal education, is to improve the average manners without injuring the manners of the most refined class. On the other side it is alleged that, although the manners of the lower classes may be a little improved by popular education and by the contacts of all classes in public conveyances and places of public entertainment, those of the higher classes are necessarily coarsened and roughened by association on terms of equality with persons of inferior breeding. The general interest in the subject has been heightened in the United States by the great changes in the conditions of American life within the last fifty years in consequence of the congestion of population in cities and the advent of millions of immigrants of non-Teutonic stocks, with political, religious, and industrial histories very different from those of the earlier settlers on the Atlantic border. The question whether home, school, and church, and particularly the democratic school, can teach good manners is all-important under the new conditions of American society; and this question THE CENTURY MAGAZINE has been trying to study and deal with.

The feudal system had several sorts of manners, each appropriate to one of the fixed classes into which society was divided. Armies and navies, which are by no means democratic institutions, have always been schools of certain sorts of manners, and they still are. But manners in democratic society ought to be, and are, much more homogeneous than in feudal or military society; and if the fundamental principles of democracy are sound, the combined influences of home, school, church, and government ought gradually to produce in a democracy a high average of civility based on freedom and equality before the law, and in the well-educated classes the common possession of excellent manners. Before taking up the specific question of the contribution to the cultivation of good manners which democratic schools can make, it will be well to consider what the foundations of good manners are, and what part manners play in the social education of mankind and in the individual's pursuit of happiness and success.

THE IMPORTANCE OF GOOD MANNERS

MANNERS affect for good or ill the daily happiness of every human being and the fortune and destiny of every tribe or nation. Their influence on human existence is profound and incessant. Good manners are founded on reason or common-sense, and good-will. They put people at ease in social intercourse, welcome graciously

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the stranger and the friend, dismiss pleasantly the lingering visitor who does not know how to withdraw, express alert sympathy with others, and prompt to helpful coöperation with others. They enable people to dwell together in peace and concord; whereas bad manners cause friction, strife, and discord. Inasmuch as good manners smooth the rough places and make things pleasant in human intercourse, some candid and combative persons who see many proper occasions for righteous indignation, hot strife, and unyielding pertinacity, are inclined to think that good manners may easily slip into insincerity, dissimulation, and a habit of easy compromising. They imagine that well-mannered people express in their habitual greetings warmer affections than they really feel, conceal their aversions or condemnations, moderate their heats in argument, make little use of superlatives, and in general repress passion in both speech and action. Hence they suspect that good manners are a drag on moral earnestness, or at least inconsistent with a prophet's or a reformer's zeal. Such an apprehension may naturally be felt about manners which are merely a superficial polish, with no groundwork in genuine good-will and sympathy, or an habitual conformity to conventional rules of behavior; but, nevertheless, long experience among civilized men has proved that good manners are compatible with holding strong convictions and expressing them firmly on fit occasion. They cannot and should not prevent earnest contentions, but they can take the bitterness out of strife, and prevent personal animosities between sincere and strenuous opponents.

GOOD MANNERS A FINE ART

IT is obvious that good manners involve not only habitual good-will and kindness, but also no little personal skill. They are, indeed, a fine art; for their means of expression are generally mere tones, inflections, quick glances, momentary gestures or postures, or other slight gradations of sound or movement; and they need at their best a quick imagination and a ready wit.

In agreeable intercourse neither party will be on the one hand rough and forthputting, or on the other bashful and constrained. A rough indifference is not much more disagreeable in social intercourse than an embarrassed sheepishness. A bashful person is always annoying in company, and a superior who is not serene and confident in the presence of subordinates is as uncomfortable for them as he is for himself. Any exhibition of want of respect or of consideration for others is destructive of pleasant intercourse, and this lack of respect need not go so far as contempt or insolence in order to cause uneasiness and aversion. Habitual expression of a tendency to find fault, blame, or censure is of course fatal to agreeable converse, and a habit of criticizing or contradicting on the spot the statements of others is unpleasant even in a comrade or friend, and more so in casual acquaintances. Engrossing the conversation is another ill-mannered practice to which even the possession of a remarkable wit in the speaker will fail to reconcile the aggrieved listeners. An opposite source of offense is a continuous silence, which implies lack of interest in the conversation or inattention to it. An eager talker with a story to tell in which he is much interested may often find very exasperating the mere silence of his imperturbable, though amiable listener. No ceremoniousness is agreeable except as it is obviously intended to show respect or deference, and there is nothing more disagreeable in the intercourse of civil people than the deference which descends to flattery and obsequiousness.

GOOD MANNERS AS A PERSONAL INFLUENCE

EMERSON in his admirable essay on "Manners" points out that underneath the best manners must lie some spiritual power or ascendancy, perceived by every observer, although held in reserve. The gentleman or the lady ought to possess a personal influence distinct, though often unconscious, as well as beauty of form or feature and grace in action, and to that end should be manifestly a truthful, straightforward, and self-reliant person. It is impossible for a lying, insincere, fawning man to have the best manners, although he may be polite in the ordinary sense. Every exclusive set of people, like a royal court, or a group of county families, or the fashionable set in a great city, or the leading group in a lodge or grange, is based on the

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possession of some kind of power, political, magisterial, financial, or industrial. The advantages won by the valor or virtue or capacity which distinguished one generation will carry over to another generation which may not possess the natural or acquired powers of the preceding, imparting to these descendants some distinction, cultivation, or excellence which they could not have secured for themselves.

The often-mentioned difference between good manners and good breeding, namely, that the latter involves a long education and the acquisition of much knowledge and skill, whereas the former do not, is quite as important in democratic society as in aristocratic. Peasants, barbarians, and illiterate persons often exhibit some of the best elements of good manners, but their experience of life has not given them access to good breeding.

Selfishness, ignorance, stupidity, and habitual inattention to the desires and claims of others are the chief causes of bad manners; and since these qualities are rather common among mankind and some admixture of them often exists in meritorious characters, bad manners are not uncommon.

Like good manners, bad manners have a universal quality, since they are due to the absence of sound moral qualities, or of fine perceptions, or of the indispensable conditions of a refined and beautiful life. Savage or barbarous peoples often exhibit in their finest specimens personal dignity, composure, and a grave decorum; but they also exhibit in general a lack of cleanliness, slovenly or hasty ways of eating and drinking, and lack of consideration for the weak, and they often manifest their individual emotions with the *abandon* of children.

Although good manners are based in all societies and all nations on character and the possession of good sense and good feeling, it cannot be alleged that there is any universal ritual of good manners. To be sure, there are many obvious "don'ts" or prohibitions and a few positive, universal affirmations. Thus deference is expressed in different postures or gestures in different nations, and even in different groups within the same nation. Persons of good sense can exercise great freedom in adapting their manners to their surroundings and their companions of the moment, provided they exhibit composure, gentleness, and disinterestedness. Nevertheless, there is, on the whole, a remarkable agreement about certain points of good manners among peoples that exhibit strong differences in other respects. Thus, the soldier's attitude of respect is common to many peoples. He stands erect, with his heels together, and touches his cap or fez with his right hand. In religious ceremonies many of the same postures are used by Christian and Moslem peoples. During religious service the people sit, stand, bow, and kneel in succession. The Moslem and the Buddhist, however, add one posture of worship which comparatively few Christians use, namely, prostration with the forehead on the ground. Gentle speech is the same thing in all languages, since it is a matter of tone and inflection. Everywhere the gentleman or lady listens attentively to the narrator, petitioner, or dealer who is speaking, since this attention is an inevitable manifestation under the circumstances of interest and good-will. Emerson's remark that "a gentleman makes no noise; a lady is serene" is of universal application.

THE CONTAGION OF GOOD AND BAD MANNERS

In respect to manners, most men and women, and particularly young people, are highly imitative; so that both good manners and bad are contagious. Hence the strong influence of family groups and school groups on the manners of their members, and hence also the deplorable influence of the objectionable social groups in large variety which American urban society has developed, such as the street "gang" of boys; the group of the season's "buds," with their boy comrades, in keen pursuit, without any measure, of their own pleasures and excitements; the "smart set" of fashionable society, with its selfishness and luxury; the base-ball nine, with its vulgar chatter; and the foot-ball eleven, with its secret practice, surprises, and imitation in sport of the barbarous ethics inevitable in combat to the death. The more public the operations of these groups are, the more wide-spread their effects as schools of bad manners. The street-railway companies in American cities maintain active schools of bad manners wherever they fail to provide a number of vehicles

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adequate to carry in a decent manner the throngs that are compelled to use them. Any crowd which is in a hurry is apt to afford practice in bad manners.

WOMAN'S RESPONSIBILITY FOR MANNERS

IN Christian society, where the women are tolerably free, it is they who are largely responsible for the condition of manners. In the absence of the severe physical restraints imposed on women in Moslem society and in much heathen society, tenderness and protection are due from men to women, and for a considerable proportion of their lives a measure of privacy or "touch-me-not" reserve is their right. Every gentleman recognizes these natural rights of women, and every man who is not absolutely brutal recognizes the woman's claim on him because of her relative weakness and delicacy of body. On these chivalrous sentiments toward women the manners of civilized men are in large part formed; so that men are liable to lose all standards in manners whenever any considerable proportion of the women who come within their field of observation show themselves unworthy of these sentiments in men by becoming themselves coarse, combative, rude, and lacking in modesty, or by ceasing to condemn in their male companions insolence, violence, selfishness, and the ungenerous use of strength or power.

The sentiments on which good manners depend being by no means universal, and the real art difficult of attainment, cultivated people have agreed on certain elementary rules of behavior which anybody who wishes to can learn and put in practice; so that multitudes not specially distinguished for good sense or good will may, by taking a little pains, avoid social friction and troublesome breaches of good manners. Many people who do not possess in any large measure the spiritual qualities on which good manners are based do, as a fact, observe these minor rules of behavior, to the great advantage of society. This fact encourages the belief that useful instruction on many details of manners can be given to children in the home and the school, which happily are also just the places where the sentiments and affections of which good manners are the expression can best be fostered.

PERSONALITY IN MANNERS

LITERATURE abounds in statements that manners are to be learned by example rather than by the study of rules, from good company rather than from books. This unquestionable fact makes clear in what consists the high privilege of gentle birth. Such birth secures to children constant examples of gentle manners in both men and women. Republicans are glad to remember that this very precious privilege of gentle birth is not confined to monarchies or aristocracies, or to social systems built on caste or hereditary privileges. It is obviously commoner under republican institutions, which secure widely diffused education in childhood and encourage continuous education throughout life by means of social and industrial freedom, than under any other governmental institutions. Indeed, one of the best ultimate tests of the success of republican institutions will be the relative diffusion of good manners and bad among the people. Locke, in his "Thoughts on Education," gives very sensible directions "how to form a young gentleman as he should be. . . . It is fit his governor should be himself well bred, understanding the ways of carriage and measure of civility in all the variety of persons, times, and places, and keep his pupil, as much as his age requires, constantly to the observation of them. This is an art not to be learnt or taught by books. Nothing can give it but good company and observation joined together." These excellent directions for the bringing-up of a young gentleman by a well-bred governor suggest one explanation of the great difficulty which day schools have, even in the best urban school systems, in improving the manners of children who come from rude or coarse environments, and spend in school only a quarter of their time even during school-terms, and no time at all during rather more than one quarter of the year. They point also to the importance of securing, for all schools, teachers whose speech and manners are gentle, kindly, and refined.

WHAT THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS ARE DOING

IN order to ascertain how much attention is now directed to instruction in manners in American public schools, THE

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CENTURY MAGAZINE sent to 1400 superintendents of public instruction two questions, to which 740 answers were received, with the following results: in 519 school systems there is incidental and discretionary instruction in manners; in 155, there is regular, systematic, and somewhat extensive instruction, for which definite periods are assigned in the school programs during several years; in 50, the teachers are required to give some instruction in manners, but the instruction is only partly systematic, no provision for it being made in the programs; in 16, there is virtually no instruction. The success of the incidental and discretionary instruction depends of course on the capacity of the individual teacher to draw lessons in manners from the happenings in the schoolroom, the reading assigned to the children, and the current events of the day. The regular, systematic instruction is carried on by means of primers or elementary manuals of ethics and manners, supplemented by the explanations and comments of the teacher. In some cities the superintendent had prepared for the use of the teachers a syllabus on manners and the ethics of manners, with numerous references to passages in recommended textbooks, these books being provided for the teachers, but not for the pupils. In some schools instruction has been given by means of lantern-illustrations, with running comments from the teacher. One superintendent reported through the principal of a large school in which more than half of the children came from bare homes, with only elementary notions of manners, and were destined to leave school by fourteen years of age or even earlier, a dramatic or representative method of teaching good manners which was used in addition to a ten-minute daily discussion in each room of the rules of politeness toward elders, teachers, visitors, and strangers, and of behavior at table and in the street, streetcar, shop, and school. Periodically all the children from the different rooms were called together in the assembly-hall, on the stage of which representations of correct behavior were given. This method takes advantage of most children's pleasure in "making believe" and acting. Selected children illustrate on the stage the proper way to speak to a lady or an old gentleman, and how to perform and acknowledge an introduction. Little table scenes are enacted, and a boy helps a lady from a carriage or a car. This is all done in an earnest, serious way; but the children are interested in the performance, and both actors and spectators enjoy it. Much instruction in manners can be given in schools by acting plays and charades which illustrate both good manners and bad. Although children often fail to discern or be interested in the real plot or subtle motives in dramas, they usually apprehend perfectly the manners depicted on the stage. The members of the school and their parents will always provide an interested audience for such plays, and by having several different casts for each play, the number of children who get the benefit of acting may be made considerable, and the number of interested relatives will be so great as to require several representations of each play. There are plenty of plays adapted to this school use; but the selection of those to be presented requires care on the part of the teacher and an understanding of both the capacities and incapacities of the children.[1]

MANNERS AND MORALS

SCHOOL instruction in manners necessarily mixes manners with morals and ethics, and this combination of teaching rules and the moral reasons for rules at the same time is in practice the inevitable way. To teach mere cleanliness and neatness of the body, clothes, and implements for individual use, it is necessary to go beyond the motive of personal hygiene to the altruistic motive of caring for the health and comfort of others. We cannot teach or illustrate gentleness or serenity in manners and speech without inculcating the duty of kindness. We cannot teach children to show deference to elders, parents, and teachers without explaining the debt of each succeeding generation to the preceding. One can hardly teach children who come from coarse environments to avoid profanity, obscenity, gossip, and slander, without expounding the moral principles on which social purity and justice are

[1] It is an incidental advantage of teaching schoolchildren to act, recite, read aloud, and declaim, that such exercises give the teachers opportunity to insist on agreeable tones of voice and distinct enunciation, points in good manners hard to inculcate in any walk of life, and not infrequently lacking in well-to-do families.

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based. The teaching of good manners in school, whether from manuals or by example and oral exhortation, whether systematically in assigned periods or incidentally at the discretion of the teacher, involves giving ethical instruction on the authority of the teacher.

It should be no surprise, therefore, to find that in many public-school programs the heading "manners and morals" appears, and in the time assigned to this instruction the affirmative duties of kindness, truthfulness, fidelity to duty, honesty, and self-control are actively inculcated, and civic duties and patriotism are subjects of discussion and exhortation. Such a course of instruction is intended to lead the child gradually from its natural egoism to a reasonable altruism, and the measure of its success is the degree in which this object is attained in regard first to manners, and then to morals. Of course all well-conducted schools inculcate punctuality, order, quietness, and mutual accommodation, and these are all elements of good manners; but they can do much more than this. They can teach thoughtfulness for others, and the sense of obligation to make others comfortable or happy. They can train in many of their pupils some individual faculty or skill which will enable them to give pleasure to other people, such as a faculty or skill in reading aloud, reciting, singing, playing on some musical instrument, acting, story-telling, or playing sociable games. They can teach all their pupils that the surest way to enjoy oneself is to contribute to the enjoyments of other people. They can teach coöperation in sports or recreations, a kind of cooperation which later leads easily to coöperation in more serious matters. They can utilize emulation and competition as incitements not only to individual improvement, but to social progress.

There can be no doubt that the great majority of American public schools are actively contributing to-day to the diffusion and development of good manners among the people, and hence to the improvement of social conduct. Whoever learns to observe and respect, through manners firmly based on ethics, the lesser rights of others is likely to acquire increased respect for the larger rights of the neighbor and the citizen.

Since the safe conduct of democratic society on its bold voyage of philanthropic discovery depends on an unprecedented development of mutual good-will, manifested kindliness, and hearty coöperation, the function of the common schools in teaching manners and morals is plainly one of the most important parts of public education, and the main reliance of democratic optimism.

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TRYING A DRAMATIST[1]

AN ORIGINAL SKETCH IN ONE ACT

BY SIR WILLIAM S. GILBERT

Author of "Pinafore," "Patience," "The Mikado," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERICK GARDNER

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MR. JUSTICE RHADAMANTHUS, *the learned judge*
MR. POPHAM, MR. COCKLE } *counsel*
MR. JOHN JOPKINS, *a dramatist*
MR. JERMINGHAM, *a theater manager*
MR. JOHN JONES, *a plumber*
LORD REGINALD FITZACRE, *of the Household Cavalry*
MR. WILKINSON, *a medical student*
MR. JOSEPH SHUTTLEWORTH, *a clerk in the Home Office*
MR. JAMES JOHNSON, *a low comedian*
FOREMAN OF THE JURY
ASSOCIATE
MISS EMILY FITZGIBBON, *a leading lady*
MISS JESSIE JESSAMINE, *a singing chambermaid*
JURYMEN, MEMBERS OF THE PUBLIC, ETC.

SCENE: *A criminal court. The learned judge on bench, learned associate beneath him. Jury in box R. Prisoner in dock up C. Counsels' table C. Solicitors' table between counsels' table and dock. Witness-box down R. Miscellaneous public, about eight ladies L. Mr. Popham, counsel for the prosecution, and Mr. Cockle, counsel for the defense, are seated at farther side of counsels' table.*

Associate:

Gentleman of the jury, the prisoner, John Jopkins, is indicted for that he did, on the fourth day of the present month, produce or caused to be produced a tedious and unsatisfactory stage-play at the Pandemonium Theater, whereby a false pretense was created, tending to cause a breach of the peace. To this indictment the prisoner has pleaded not guilty, and you are to determine whether he be guilty or not guilty.

Mr. Popham:

(*Rises.*) May it please you, My Lud, Gentlemen of the jury, the prisoner is indicted, as you have heard, for having on the fourth instant produced a dull and tedious stage-play, which was then and there damned by the audience assembled. The play was put forward ostensibly as an entertainment which was worth the cost of admission, and the case for the crown is that it was, as a stage-play, absolutely worthless. The facts lie within a very small compass, and I believe that the evidence I shall call will make the prisoner's guilt so clear to you that you will have no alternative but to convict. Expressed shortly, the piece was put forward presumably as a good play, and the case for crown is that it is a bad play; thereby a false pretense was created. Call John Jermingham.

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(*John Jermingham enters witness-box, and is sworn.*)

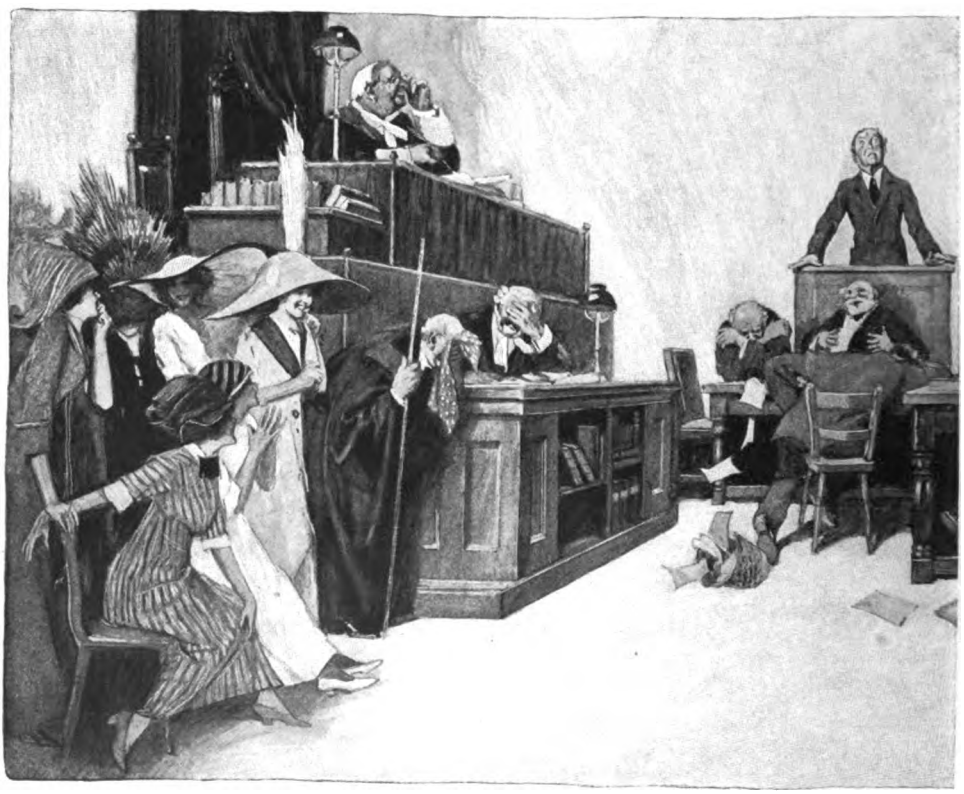
You are, I believe, the manager of the Pandemonium Theater, where the prisoner's play was produced?

Mr. Jermingham:

I am.

(*Cross-examined by Mr. Cockle.*)

I did not read the play before accepting it because I do not profess to be a judge of a stage-play. I accepted it because a French translation on which I had counted proved a failure. I was at my wit's end.



Drawn by Frederick Gardner

THE COURT.

Mr. Popham:

Please state to the jury how the play came under your notice.

Mr. Jermingham:

Six months ago the prisoner submitted his original play, called "Lead," for my approval, and I accepted it because I had nothing else ready. I did not read it because, if I had, it would have conveyed no idea to my mind. I expect that by its failure I shall be four or five thousand pounds out of pocket. (*Murmurs of sympathy.*)

Mr. Cockle:

Have you been there before?

Mr. Jermingham:

I have. I soon get there. It is quite a short journey.

Mr. Cockle:

Have you had any special training for the position of a manager:

Mr. Jermingham:

Training? Certainly not. I am not aware that any special training is required. It is a very easy profession to master. If

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you make a success, you pocket the profits; if you fail, you close your theater abruptly, dismiss your company, and a benefit performance is organized on your behalf. Then you begin again.

Mr. Cockle:

Do you not think that you ought to be held responsible for the character of the entertainment you provide?

Mr. Jermingham:

What, I? Most certainly not. What have I to do with it? I am only the manager. (*Stands down.*)

Mr. Popham:

Call John Jones.

(*John Jones enters box and is sworn.*)

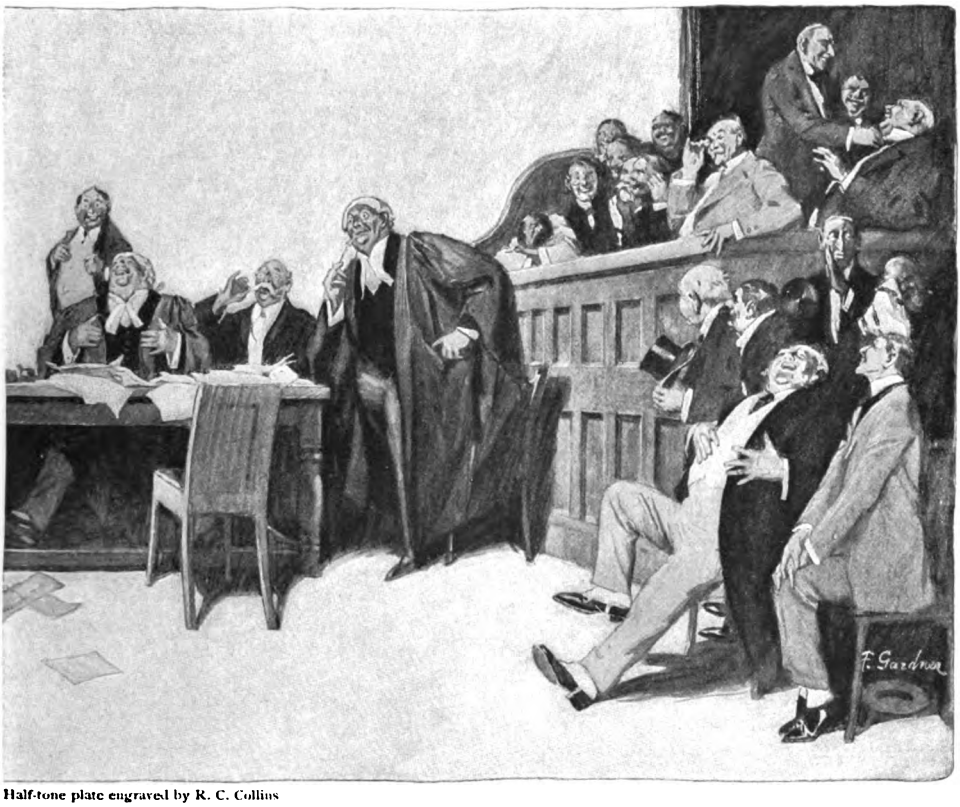
You are a journeyman plumber, and you were a member of the audience on the night of the production of the prisoner's play?

Jones:

I was.

Mr. Popham:

What is your opinion of that play?



Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

ROOM SCENE

Jones:

I think it a rotten play. It is full of very long and very tedious speeches. I was pleased with the scene between the small tradesmen in the plumber's back parlor as being remarkably true to nature, but I consider the scene between the duke and duchess highly improbable. The scene between the Home Secretary and the wicked member of Parliament is open to the same objection. I consider myself a judge of a play. I have written a play myself. It has not been acted—not yet.

(*Cross-examined by Mr. Cockle.*)

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Mr. Cockle:

You are a journeyman plumber, Mr. Jones?

Jones:

I am.

Mr. Cockle:

Now, do you, as a journeyman plumber, consider yourself a judge of what dukes and duchesses would be likely to say to one another?

Jones:

Certainly I do—at least as good a judge as any author. I have plumbed in the very best families. I have supplied a ball-cock to a royal cistern. Dukes and duchesses talk quite unlike ordinary persons. They use much longer words. For instance, I consider it most unlikely that a duke would exclaim, "By Jingo!" I do not believe that duchesses ever ride in taxicabs.

Mr. Cockle:

Do you consider yourself a judge of metaphysics?

Jones:

I do not profess to be a judge of metaphysics, because I do not know what metaphysics are. I consider it very likely that I am a judge of metaphysics without knowing it. (*Stands down.*)

Mr. Popham:

Call Lord Reginald Fitzacre.

(*Lord Reginald sworn.*)

You were in the theater, Lord Reginald, when the prisoner's play was produced, and, if so, give us the benefit of your impression of that production.

Lord Reginald:

I was, and I was bored to my back teeth by it. I saw nothing to complain of in the scenes dealing with high life, but I consider the scene in the plumber's back parlor ridiculously improbable. For instance, small tradesmen always misplace their "h's." No "h" was misplaced on that occasion.

(*Cross-examined by Mr. Cockle.*)

Mr. Cockle:

What are you by profession, Lord Reginald?

Lord Reginald:

I am an officer of the Household Cavalry.

Mr. Cockle:

Have you had any practical experience of stage-plays?

Lord Reginald:

A very extended experience. I believe that nothing is easier than to write a good

Drawn by Frederick Gardner

THE PLUMBER

stage-play. I have written one myself. I found it extremely easy. Mounting guard is an intellectual exercise not to be mentioned in the same breath with it.

Mr. Cockle:

Has your play been produced?

Lord Reginald:

It has not been produced—not yet. I have shown it to several managers. They are all most anxious to produce it, but hesitate to do so on the ground that it is

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too intellectual. I have no objection to bringing it down to the comprehension of an audience; but I do not see any way of making it less intellectual than it already is.

Mr. Cockle:

Have you any objection to state the name of your play?

Lord Reginald:

None whatever. It is called "The Gar-

Drawn by Frederick Gardner

MR. POPHAM

ter Girl, or Suspenders, What ho!" (*Stands down.*)

Mr. Popham:

Call Thomas Wilkinson. (*Wilkinson sworn.*) You are, I think, a medical student, Mr. Wilkinson?

Wilkinson:

I am.

Mr. Popham:

Did you hiss the prisoner's play?

Wilkinson:

I did. I hissed it vigorously because, as I believed, Miss De Vere had to die in Act I. I did not know at the time that she was not really dead, but only in a swoon, or I should not have hissed. I thought it bad art that a singularly beautiful and talented young lady, one of the brightest and most bewitching stars that ever sparkled on a London stage, should be disposed of finally at an early stage of the play. If the author allows an audience to suppose that a young lady of exquisite charm is dead while she is only insensible, he must take the consequences of the imposition he has practised on them.

(*Cross-examined by Mr. Cockle.*)

Mr. Cockle:

I believe, Mr. Wilkinson, that you are a professed admirer of that young lady?

Wilkinson:

I have no hesitation in saying that I am devotedly attached to her; but of course that fact does not affect my opinion.

Mr. Cockle:

Do you consider yourself a judge of a play?

Wilkinson:

Undoubtedly. I have written several plays. They have not been produced—not yet. (*Stands down.*)

Mr. Popham:

Call Joseph Shuttleworth.

(*Mr. Shuttleworth sworn.*)

Mr. Shuttleworth, I believe you are a clerk in the Home Office. Please give his lordship and the jury your opinion of the prisoner's play.

Mr. Shuttleworth:

I think it is distinctly a dull play.

Mr. Popham:

Did you hiss it, and, if not, why not?

Mr. Shuttleworth:

I did not hiss it simply because I do not see the necessary connection between a hiss and a bad play. We do not hiss bad

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speeches in the House of Commons. We do not hiss a bad picture in the Royal Academy. We do not hiss a tainted chop in an eating-house. I would hiss indecency and profanity and even outrageously bad taste, but not mere dullness. I regard a dull author who has to depend on his pen for his livelihood as an object of pity, not of execration.

(*Cross-examined by Mr. Cockle.*)

Mr. Cockle:

Then am I to understand, Mr. Shuttleworth, that as a clerk in the Home Office you do not agree with the opinions of the witnesses who have already given evidence?

Mr. Shuttleworth:

On the contrary, I entirely concur with the general opinions which those witnesses have expressed, though I do not agree with them in detail. For example, I think the scene between the Home Secretary and the wicked member is very characteristic, and contains some capital hits at the maladministration of our home affairs; but I regard the scene between the duke and the duchess and that between the two small tradesmen as ridiculously untrue to nature.

(*Cross-examined by Mr. Cockle.*)

Mr. Cockle:

Are you aware that, owing to nervousness on the part of the actors caused by expressions of disapproval on the part of the audience, much of the dialogue was omitted and still more of it paraphrased?

Mr. Shuttleworth:

I was not aware of it.

Mr. Cockle:

Were you aware that, owing to imperfect rehearsals, many of the "situations" missed fire, that certain characters and scenes were omitted, and others were rewritten in opposition to the author's earnest entreaty?

Mr. Shuttleworth:

I knew nothing of that. The piece is advertised as having been written by the author, and of course I held him responsible for every word that was spoken on the stage.

Mr. Cockle:

Do you consider yourself a judge of plays?

Mr. Shuttleworth:

Most certainly I do. I have myself written many plays—everybody has.

Mr. Cockle:

Have they been acted?

Mr. Shuttleworth:

They have not been acted—not yet. (*Stands down.*)

Mr. Popham:

Call Miss Emily Fitzgibbon.

(*Miss Fitzgibbon enters the witness-box.*)

Miss Fitzgibbon, I believe you are an actress?

Miss Fitzgibbon:

I am. I played the part of *Constantia* in the comedy "Lead."

Mr. Popham:

What is your opinion of "Lead" as a play?

Miss Fitzgibbon:

I have a poor opinion of it as a play. The dialogue is scholarly, but it is not dramatic. I found it full of literary beauties, but wholly lacking in well-balanced story and effective action. A series of leading articles, even though they be written in blank verse, do not constitute a play.

Mr. Popham:

Do you consider that a play suffers materially for being written in blank verse?

Miss Fitzgibbon:

Unquestionably. The art of speaking blank verse is, to all intents and purposes, a lost art. *I* speak blank verse as it should be spoken, but I don't know any one else who does. As a play, "Lead" is as clever and as unpracticable as "Manfred."

(*Cross-examined by Mr. Cockle.*)

Mr. Cockle:

Then you consider "Lead" highly cred-

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itable to the author as a literary production?

Miss Fitzgibbon:

Undoubtedly. It is a very thoughtful composition. In point of fact, it is too thoughtful.

Mr. Cockle:

Is it true that three minor parts were

Drawn by Frederick Gardner

THE LOW COMEDIAN

fused into one in order to improve your own?

Miss Fitzgibbon:

It is quite true. It was done to make the part worthy of my high reputation. I did not charge extra for playing the three parts added to my own. I did it entirely in the author's interests.

Mr. Cockle:

But against his wish?

Miss Fitzgibbon:

I dare say. That is not a circumstance that would be likely to dwell in my mind.

Mr. Cockle:

Were you hissed on this occasion, Miss Fitzgibbon?

Miss Fitzgibbon:

(*Indignantly*) Most certainly not. I have never been hissed in my life. The parts I have played have frequently been hissed. The part of *Constantia* was hissed. No one has ever hissed *me*.

Justice Rhadamanthus:

(*Blandly*) I am quite sure of *that*, Miss Fitzgibbon.

Mr. Popham:

Call Mr. James Johnson.

(*She stands down.*)

(*Mr. Johnson enters the box.*)

Mr. Popham:

You are a low comedian, Mr. Johnson?

Mr. Johnson:

I am (*Laughter*). I played the part of Joseph Wool in "Lead" (*Laughter*). It is not a good part (*Laughter*). The humor is too subtle and refined (*Laughter*). In point of fact, the part labors under the disadvantage of not being "low comedy" at all (*Roars of laughter, in which the learned judge joins*). I am sorry to have to say this (*Laughter*), as I have a personal regard for the prisoner (*Laughter*). I did my best with the part (*Laughter*). I bought (*Laughter*)—I bought a remarkably (*Laughter*)—a remarkably clever (*Laughter*)—a remarkably clever mechanical wig (*Laughter*)—for it (*Laughter*). In my zeal for the prisoner, I introduced much practical "business" that was not set down for me (*Laughter*). I did not charge extra for introducing practical business. I introduced it solely in the prisoner's interest (*Sympathetic murmurs*). The part was soundly hissed (*Laughter*), even the introduced scene with the guinea-pig and the hair-oil (*Roars of laughter, in which the learned judge joins*).

(*Cross-examined by Mr. Cockle.*)

Mr. Cockle:

Describe that scene, Mr. Johnson.

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Mr. Johnson:

It is a scene in which I ignorantly attempt to convert a guinea-pig into a rabbit by rubbing it with Mrs. Allen's Hair-Restorer (*Roars of laughter*). I have never known this scene to fail before; its truth to nature insures its success (*Sympathetic murmurs*).

Mr. Cockle:

What was the part you played, Mr. Johnson?

Mr. Johnson:

A London butler (*Laughter*).

Mr. Cockle:

Do you not think it unlikely that a London butler would suppose that a guinea-pig could be converted into a rabbit by such means?

Mr. Johnson:

Most certainly not. In a London cook such a mistake would be highly improbable, but not in a butler (*Laughter*). These nice distinctions are the outcome of very careful studies on my part (*Sympathetic murmurs*).

Mr. Cockle:

Are you aware that the author protested against the introduction of this scene?

Mr. Johnson:

I am. I am accustomed to authors' protests (*Laughter*). I consider that authors should feel much indebted to me for the valuable interpolation suggested by my humor, experience, and good taste (*Hear! hear!*). I cannot say they exactly do (*Laughter*).

Mr. Cockle:

Were you hissed, Mr. Johnson, on this occasion?

Mr. Johnson:

Most certainly not. I have never been hissed in my life. The parts I have played have frequently been hissed. No one has ever hissed me (*Loud applause*).

Justice Rhadamanthus:

(*Blandly*) I can quite believe *that,* Mr. Johnson (*"Hear! hear!" and loud applause*).

(*Mr. Johnson stands down. A dozen ladies crowd round him to obtain his autograph for their books.*)

Mr. Popham:

Call Miss Jessie Jessamine.

(*Miss Jessamine enters witness-box.*)

What are you, Miss Jessamine?

Drawn by Frederick Gardner

THE OFFICER OF THE GUARDS

Miss Jessamine:

I am a singing chambermaid (*Laughter*).

Mr. Popham:

Have you heard the evidence of the last witnesses, and, if so, do you agree with it?

Miss Jessamine:

I agree with the general tenor of it.

Mr. Popham:

Are you on friendly terms with the prisoner?

Miss Jessamine:

Very. I have a strong regard for him,

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and accordingly I devoted myself to making his play a success as far as it was in my power to do so. I introduced a song and a dance in order to give briskness to the part. I do not charge extra when I introduce a song and a dance. I introduced them entirely from motives of regard for the prisoner (*Murmurs of sympathy*).

(*Cross-examined by Mr. Cockle.*)

Mr. Cockle:

Are you aware, Miss Jessamine, that the author protested strongly against their introduction?

Miss Jessamine:

Certainly I am; but I considered that I knew best.

Mr. Cockle:

What was the part you played, Miss Jessamine?

Miss Jessamine:

That of a simple-minded young governess in a country rectory who is secretly in love with the Home Secretary. I did not see any reason why such a character should not sing and dance in the intervals between her pathetic scenes.

Mr. Cockle:

What was the name of the song you introduced?

Miss Jessamine:

"Father's Pants will soon Fit Brother."

Mr. Cockle:

Now, do you seriously consider that "Father's Pants will soon Fit Brother" is an appropriate song for a simple-minded governess in a clergyman's family?

Miss Jessamine:

Most certainly I do. It is merely an expression of simple joy on the part of a member of a humble household that her younger brother will soon be tall enough to wear his father's cast-off wardrobe. I should classify it as humble pathos of the Charles Dickens school.

Mr. Cockle:

But the "breakdown," Miss Jessamine—do you seriously defend the "breakdown"?

Miss Jessamine:

Distinctly. I see no reason why a broken-hearted governess should not endeavor to raise her spirits by dancing an occasional "breakdown." I would not dance one in every scene, because that would not be true to nature. A governess would probably have to teach her pupils to dance, and she would naturally practise occasionally to keep her hand in.

Mr. Cockle:

I presume, Miss Jessamine, you mean your foot?

Miss Jessamine:

(*Warmly*) No, I do *not* mean her foot. I mean what I say, her hand.

Mr. Cockle:

And I believe that, despite the author's protests, you wore short petticoats?

Miss Jessamine:

Certainly I did.

Mr. Cockle:

Very short?

Miss Jessamine:

(*Simpering*) *Tol-lol!* I wore them because the audience expected it of me. I see no reason why a governess in a country rectory should not wear short petticoats if she has good legs.

Mr. Cockle:

Then I suppose we may assume that you are tolerably well furnished in that respect, Miss Jessamine?

Miss Jessamine:

(*Simpering*) *Tol-lol!* I did not charge extra for wearing short petticoats. I wore them entirely in the author's interests. Besides that, I expect one song and two dances in every part I play. I expect this because I possess both accomplishments.

Mr. Cockle:

But, Miss Jessamine, let us assume that you can dance on a tight-rope. Would you insist on displaying that accomplishment in a country rectory?

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Miss Jessamine:

Certainly not, except perhaps on some exceptional occasion, such as rejoicing on the rector's eldest son coming of age. Except on such an occasion, no governess in a clergyman's family would be likely to dance on a tight-rope. In point of fact, it so happens that I *can* dance on a tight-rope, and I did *not* insist upon being allowed to do so on the present occasion, as it would not be true to nature—so there!

Mr. Cockle:

You attach considerable importance to truth to nature?

Miss Jessamine:

The utmost importance. I consider that truth to nature is the dramatic artist's lode-star.

Mr. Cockle:

Then of course you know what a lode-star is?

Miss Jessamine:

No, I do *not* know what a lode-star is; but I am quite sure that "Lead" is a very dull play. Now, I know what you are going to say. Have I ever been hissed? No, I have never been hissed. My parts have often been hissed, but no one has ever hissed *me*.

Drawn by Frederick Gardner

MISS JESSIE JESSAMINE

Justice Rhadamanthus:

(*Blandly*) It is hardly necessary to give us *that* assurance, Miss Jessamine.

(*Miss Jessamine bows and leaves the box.*)

Mr. Popham:

That, My Lud, is the case for the prosecution.

(*Mr. Cockle rises.*)

Mr. Cockle:

May it please you, My Lord, Gentlemen of the jury, the prisoner is a dramatic author who supports himself, his wife, and a large family of children entirely by writing original plays. He is in the habit of doing his very best to please his audience, and when he fails, it is from no lack of careful thought and honest hard work. The unhappy play "Lead" has at least the negative merit of not being an adaptation from the French. Such as it is, it is an original play. It has cost him many months of devoted labor, and that labor has evaporated in one evening. I cannot pretend that the prisoner is an absolutely ruined man, for he could, no doubt, make a much larger or a much more certain income by translating French plays, but he has hitherto steadily resisted this very easy means of earning a handsome livelihood, partly from a not unworthy zeal on behalf of English dramatic literature, but chiefly because he would as soon think of drawing inspiration from the dramatic light literature of modern France as of drawing drinking water from a graveyard. Pray do not misunderstand me. I do not ask that you approve his play because it is original; I merely submit for your consideration whether the enormous difficulties with which a dramatist has to contend in endeavoring to write a high-class play that shall deserve to rank as original should be placed wholly out of the question in estimating the punishment to be awarded to him who fails in a worthy attempt. As regards this unhappy play, what is there to be said against it except that it is tedious and ineffective?

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Is it blasphemous? Is it coarse? Is it indecent? Is there one word in it that a modest young girl should not listen to? If there be, my defense is at an end, and he deserves all and much more than he has received at the hands of his audience. As to how far the play, as presented, is a reflex of the author's intention, I submit that, on the showing of the very actors and actresses called for the prosecution, he has been exceptionally unfortunate. The monstrous liberties taken with his play would be impossible in such admirably conducted theaters as those controlled by Sir Herbert Tree, Mr. George Alexander, Mr. Herbert Trench, and Mr. Cyril Maude, and some others; but at ill-regulated and ignorantly conducted theaters such liberties are unhappily only too possible. In conclusion, while the author has no desire to make out that his play was otherwise than a tedious and ineffective production, he submits that the punishment that inevitably accompanies conspicuous failure is as severe as the offense deserves.

(*Mr. Cockle sits down.*)

Justice Rhadamanthus:

Gentlemen of the jury, you have heard the evidence for the prosecution, and the prisoner's appeal through the mouth of his able advocate, and I do not think it necessary that I should add anything of my own. Consider your verdict.

(*The jury consult for a moment, and indicate that they have arrived at a verdict.*)

Associate:

Are you agreed upon your verdict?

Foreman:

We are.

Associate:

How say you? Is the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?

Foreman:

We find him guilty, with a strong recommendation to mercy.

Associate:

You say that he is guilty, and that is the verdict of you all?

Justice Rhadamanthus:

Prisoner at the bar, you have been found guilty by a most fair and impartial jury of having written an exceedingly tedious and ineffective stage-play. They have, however, strongly recommended you to mercy, and, on the whole, I concur with that recommendation. The piece that has been played is not your own, and although your play may be a bad play, you are entitled to demand that it shall be played in its integrity. I am glad to believe that you are an exceptional instance of an ill-treated author. My own experience as a playgoer teaches me that at all well-conducted theaters pieces are placed upon the stage with excellent taste, and that the companies of such theaters contribute a most valuable element toward such success as the authors play may achieve. But you have not been so fortunate as to have your play produced at one of these admirably conducted establishments. You have had the misfortune to fall into the hands of a manager who is no manager, and of a company who are wholly disentitled by lack of taste and discretion to such latitude as the most experienced author would gladly concede to any actor who has reasonable claim to rank as an artist. In these circumstances, and having the recommendation of the jury strongly before my eyes, I shall permit you to go at large on your own recognizances, to come up for judgment when called on to do so. And I trust that this leniency will have its due effect, and that you will for the future exercise a direct and efficient control over all plays that may be put before the public in your name.

(*The prisoner is removed from the bar.*)

Justice Rhadamanthus:

Gentlemen of the jury, having regard to the extremely dull, tedious, and uninteresting character of the evidence in this case, to say nothing of the unduly labored speeches of counsel and my own rather desultory personal observations, you are excused from further jury service for a period of twenty-five years.

(*Jury bow and shake hands with one another.*)

CURTAIN

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SAUCE ROSEMONDE

BY MARIE CONWAY OEMLER

WITH PICTURES BY HENRY RALEIGH

WALKING laggingly along a side street on a bright May morning, Jules-René-Théophile Charrier, out of tune with the green gaiety of a rejuvenescent world, was reflecting moodily that nothing eventful ever happened: everything was of a drab dullness, a sour sameness. Son of a Gascon mother and a Breton father, had he not the right to demand of life something romantic, exotic, unique? Should not his natural attitude smack somewhat of, say, a beatitude? And when he neither got what he wanted nor wanted what he got, was it not to repine? Of a truth, yes. Therefore Charrier repined, drooped, was of an unhappiness immense.

Ah, ah, he mused, suppose life only lived up to its possibilities! And just then, as if by the merest, barest chance,—as if it had been only the plain and pleasant case of an antiquarian "find"; as if the itching finger of Destiny were not knuckle-deep in the pie,—by one of those sheer, rare miracles of chance, of love, and of fate, his eye, darting lizardlike in and out of dusty doors of the dingy shops that honeycombed the street, fell, in front of the dingiest, dustiest door of all, upon an entrancing little desk.

Charrier paused, thrilled. The mania for possessing things seized him. Long and longingly he looked. Deliberately he entered the shop with the firm intention, although he could not in the least afford it, of purchasing that desk.

It was a trifle discolored and somewhat scratched and chipped, the dealer, brought to bay, grudgingly admitted. The price? Oh, a mere bagatelle. He would virtually *give* it to Monsieur—a frightful, an unheard-of sacrifice—for the miserable trifle of eighty francs. And Monsieur had better take it away at once before he, Nicolas, repented of his too great generosity to a chance buyer. As it was, he was virtually robbing his wife and nine children, all of them under ten, Monsieur, and all of them, he called St. Anne to witness, hungrier than winter wolves.

As one who extracts an eye-tooth, Charrier drew forth his lean and rusty wallet, and lingeringly handed over to Nicolas the eighty francs. Then calling a wagon, he had himself and his new-found treasure conveyed to the Café de l'Etoile, of which he was sole proprietor, and above which was the apartment of Madame, his wife.

This jewel of a desk, he exulted, salving his conscience for having gotten at least one of those things which he wanted and forgotten at least a score of those things which he needed—this adorable desk should grace a corner of the Café de l'Etoile, that alluring haunt to which the impecunious and delightful devil-may-cares of Bohemia, scenting from their attic aeries the aroma of celestial—and inexpensive—cookery, were pulled as by the nose.

Charrier the Breton adored, reveled in, those artists; it was as the breath of his nostrils to set before them meltingly delectable omelets, mysterious entrées, joy-bringing ragouts, heavenly hashes of salads, and then, placing an intimate hand upon their velveteen shoulders, inquire in an anxious voice:

"Aha, and how goes that charming painting of yours, my dear Armaignac? Truly, I am assured it will be exhibited." Or: "And you still work upon your group, your robust and astonishing group, Paret, my friend? An amazing conception! Ah, you are the divine terrorists, the august anarchists of art, you Rodinists!"

And when they lifted to him their friendly and vivacious faces, replying as to one sympathetic and enlightened, he inflated his chest, squared his shoulders, and surveyed those crowded small tables as

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might a wise and benevolent monarch survey his kingdom, wherein the subjects were prosperous and happy.

But when Charrier the Gascon went over his books, audited his bills, *he* did not smile. A frown gathered between his brows —a frown of annoyance and perplexity. They might keep the café alive, these makers of things, lend it, so to speak, a *bouquet* flay off a section of his skin and sell it. But dear as they are to him, one thing is yet more so: as the apple of his eye is the little desk he picked up for eighty francs—the desk of Rosemonde.

It was, of a truth, such a find as one dreams of. Oh, but an enchanting little desk! All carved rosewood, of a satiny, browny-black, it stood upon legs of such

Drawn by Henry Raleigh

"CHARRIER PAUSED, THRILLED. THE MANIA FOR POSSESSING THINGS SEIZED HIM"

de Bohème, but the *Quartier* cannot enrich its chosen haunts. It does, by way of fair exchange, often beautify them. One may find in the Café de l'Etoile a sketch, an exquisite statuette, a bust or two, some bits of canvas, which men whose names are now famous declare better than their crowned and acclaimed latest work; for these were the gay and beautiful flowers of youth and hope, the efflorescence of genius and spontaneity. It is quite useless to offer for any one of them even the most extravagant price: Charrier would as lief shapely slenderness as might lend point and poignancy to the pirouetting personality of a *première danseuse.*

"*Mon Dieu!* But it is of a wonder, a delight, a ravishment, that bit of rosewood!" exclaimed Armand Moragné, the painter. He laid upon it his long, slender hand with a touch as delicately, caressingly tender as if it had been the wonder of a rose-and-marble shoulder—the ivory shoulder of Liane de Lys, the singer, whom he adored.

"To make perfect the *tout ensemble* of

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this empress of little desks, only one thing is needed," he meditated. "There should hang above it a small painting of a blue-and-silver boudoir, wherein, upon a rosewood sofa hung with old brocade, a beautiful woman reclines. She holds in her white, delicate hand a letter from him she adores—a letter which fills her with love, with sorrow, and with longing. One sees in those pensive and downcast eyes these emotions; one divines the slight sigh expanding that enchanting bosom. A sweeping fold of her blue gown reveals a small and slippered foot, and upon her perfect shoulder falls a long, black curl—a curl which in its scented dusk ensnares the hearts of men."

With face flushed, eyes narrowed, the painter turned abruptly to Charrier.

"I will paint for you this picture, to hang above the little desk which has given me a vision of that woman whom I wear, as in a red and flaming casket, in my heart. It shall be as subtle, haunting, charming as Love and Genius and Misery, the terrible trinity of art, can make it."

The Breton listened, delighted, full of sympathy and understanding; but the Gascon, curling a fierce little mustache, remarked tentatively, with a shrewd and sidewise cocking of the eye:

"But you, Moragné, are of such a genius that what you do you can sell somehow even before you are dead. As for me, it is true, this that I say, that I am only a poor man, a *restaurateur*. How, then, am *I* to acquire this gem, this treasure of a painting? Tell me that."

"But it will be from me a present," remarked Moragné, with his Dionysiac smile, the sad, gay, and impenetrable smile of one who tastes deep of life. "It should be good, for I,"—he tapped himself lightly upon the breast,—"am of a great miserableness. I love." A shadow crept into his clear and candid eyes, and after a pause he remarked, as if to himself, in a low voice full of melancholy:

"Do you know that a Russian, a grand duke, one with the eye of the pig and the face of the ham, grovels before her, and that with her satin-shod foot she moves at her pleasure this swine? Therefore I am of a huge miserableness; I lie as upon thorns which draw from me tears and groans. At times it seems to me that of this misery I shall die, or it may be that in my despair I shall become so desperate as to marry, wed some obscure and virtuous female who of art knows no more than the bright labels upon tin cans. Well, it is all one, *hein?* But before either of these deplorable calamities overtakes me I shall paint for you that picture, which will show to you Liane as she appears to my heart. It shall be my farewell to her and to love."

Seizing the painter's hand, Charrier pressed it with feeling. The Breton's tender and amorous spirit grieved to see love depart from his friend; but the Gascon kept his eyes open, as it were, and shuddered to see a baleful matrimony approach him.

"Neither die nor marry," he counseled vigorously. "Avoid with wariness both these culs-de-sac of existence, these oubliettes of fate! What, holy saints! remains for him who falls into either? You die? Very well; you remain dead. You marry? Alas! my friend, you remain thus also. Listen. I who speak am a husband."

"But Madame—she is most estimable, *n'est-ce pas?*"

"Oh, even as the Madonna."

"A-h-h!" breathed the painter, with round eyes. "A-h-h-h!"

Charrier laid his hand upon his heart with a whimsical gesture, half gay, half sorrowful.

"One has the sentiment, the romance, the love of love and adventure, of those airy fantasies, those dazzling desires, which enrich and empurple life," he confided; "and then, my friend, one marries. Weds goodness of a seasoned age, a pickled, preserved, embalmed virtue, as it were—virtue which ties up the head in towels, to which beauty is immoral, which trudges off to mass on freezing mornings, and is enamoured of a large, black prayer-book, a fearsome manual, wherein are fine combings of the Commandments, painful penances, bewildering prayers, also entertaining lists of fascinating sins which one may *not* commit. Ah, *mon Dieu!* shall one, then, bring to a dried vestal, in whose icy grasp he would inevitably perish, the butterfly wings, the gauzy graces, the airy fingers of Love? Alas, no!"

And in a voice of gentle resignation he added:

"One, then, looks at life through the

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eyelashes, glances at love over the shoulder, peeps at enchanting follies through the fingers. Moragné, lose, rather, one whom you adore than gain one whom you do not."

The painter gave the hairy jaw of Charrier a loud and admiring smack. "But you are of an eloquence! You speak even as that little St. John the Baptist—a voice crying in the wilderness of wedlock," he cried. "I listen, I hear with fear and with respect these words of the prophet and of the husband. Me, I shall remain unwed, the faithful lover of art."

"The celibate can retain illusions," said Charrier, sententiously.

Moragné began to laugh.

"It remains for me, then, to cast aside an infatuation which unmans me, since I am neither to die nor to marry," he said presently. His face grew serious. "Charrier, you are right; I will do so. When I again meet that disdainful and ungrateful woman, before whom I have groveled since she was an unknown and poverty-stricken girl, do you know what I shall do? I shall twirl with my thumb and forefinger my mustache; with a cool and level glance I shall meet her fatal eyes, and that glance shall say to her: 'See, Liane, this Moragné who has loved you, who for your sake slighted his divine art, is free of you. Your spell is broken.' That is right, *hein?* Well, we shall see what we shall see."

But Charrier said, with a gusty sigh:

"Me, I wish but that I had a Liane de Lys to love. It is this frightful never-loving which is *my* despair."

When the painter left him, the restaurateur glanced dismally enough about the almost empty little café; for, due possibly to the strikes agitating the city, business had of late been none too brisk. The soul of industry, this enforced idleness appalled him. Ha! he would use this time hanging so heavily upon his hands to polish, to restore to its pristine beauty, his rosewood desk!

Thus, thrust into a far corner of a jammed drawer, he discovered the copy-book—a small, soiled copy-book, such as young children cover with painful and laborious letters. But upon this one the writing was fine and jaunty, the frisky and ebullient writing of youth, full of shaded and tendril-like flourishes. Upon the cover, in graceful and girlish penmanship, appeared, *"The Diary of Rosemonde."*

Charrier had the *flair,* the hound's scent, for tender adventure. He turned these few and yellowed pages eagerly, with nervous fingers, with glistening eyes; read burning and impassioned words penned by the unknown and darling hand of Rosemonde. And thumping with a frenzied fist an enamoured bosom, he said to himself that these words were the declaration, the secret and never-to-be-mistaken voice, of that other soul to which he knew his own was as the golden half-circle of a sundered ring.

Young, lonely, tender, impassioned, she who wrote wished to be loved, wept to be understood. "Why, oh, why is it," she wondered naïvely, "that no one seems to seek the secret and imperishable beauty of the heart? That having eyes only for one's *misleading exterior,* they blindly ignore those *inward perfections* which are of the soul and heaven?" And she asked: "Ah, shall I ever meet him, that other soul which will understand mine? Or shall I, miserable fate! be given by papa and mama to some perhaps mercenary being, a wretch without romance, with no heart save for gain and gold? Ah, *mon Dieu!* to be loved, just *loved!"*

Jules-René-Théophile Charrier read and wept; he gnashed his teeth, and with an enraged and despairing hand he tore his thick hair.

Alas! what scurvy trick had destiny played him! Rosemonde! That dear and exquisite name thrilled him, filled him with rapture. Madame's, good, plain, sensible, was Julie. Ah, why, why had he been as wax in the hands of that formidable woman, his mother, she who so strong-mindedly arranged his marriage with the daughter of an old school-friend, and then grimly shouldered him into it, to her own entire satisfaction, to his now unutterable despair?

True, to Mlle. Trezevant had been left by a miserly old grand-uncle a pretty *dot,* which, after her father's failure and death, had lifted her from actual poverty into comparative comfort. That dot of Julie's had, indeed, made possible the Café de l'Etoile.

And she was a good, good woman, Julie; with all one's heart one admitted that. A woman, too, with an almost un-

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believable power of remaining silent; one smileless, religious, with a pale, still face, with down-dropped eyes, and hair combed into painful tightness of coiffure, such as made one wince. That heavy, smooth twist of black hair upon the extreme top of Madame's head seemed to Charrier ominously like a stout rope tying him to a forlorn and irrevocable fate.

But Rosemonde! *Ai!* that was something nearer the heart! Rosemonde, such as he knew she must have been, rose-lipped, flower-faced, passionately pure, innocently wise, pouring into a child's copy-book the utterance of a flaming heart. And such a one as this, he thought enviously, distractedly, lived in this same city with him; had, perhaps, passed him upon the streets, unknowing and unknown.

Charrier read again and again, thumbed over and over, the little journal. The rosewood desk in which he had discovered, and now concealed, it, became, as it were, the shrine of a secret and innocent passion. For he fell in love, irrevocably, sweetly, sorrowfully, stupidly, horribly, gloriously, miserably, madly in love, and with an unknown chit of a *demoiselle* called by herself Rosemonde, a scribbler of fine fustian, of jejune and stingless Sapphics. With the lovely lure of youth and mystery, Destiny, clapping upon her weazen lineaments the gay and smiling likeness of Romance, seized Charrier as by the ear and handed him bodily over to Love.

Ah, delicious woe, intoxicating and glorious glamour of a secret sorrow! Charrier, hugging his to his breast, would not have taken half Paris in exchange for it. And gazing upon the bristling countenance which confronted him in the glass of mornings, he addressed himself happily sad, sadly happy: "Ah, thou hast the appearance of a wild one of the hills, Charrier, my poor friend! But be of a comfort: in thy heart dwells in secret and solitude an angel, an adored one, who is Rosemonde. Yes, my friend, you love; at last you love. You suffer, you repine, you grieve, you are of a lonesomeness immense, but you love. It is fearsome and terrible, but also of a preciousness, this love."

In the meantime, Moragné, working in a frenzy of creative effort, finished the promised painting, and with his own hands hung it above the polished beauty of the rosewood desk. It was, as he had predicted, a gem. Alluring, it had a smiling and elusive charm, an atmosphere subtle, haunting, delightful. And Moragné, being a painter's painter, the Quartier came to view, to screw the eye, and criticize fluently, to applaud with enthusiasm. They told Charrier that the Salon had crowned pictures which had not a tithe of this one's merit. But Moragné, a cigarette between his fingers, smiled.

Upon a golden forenoon he drifted into the café, and, looking up from his absinthe, beckoned Charrier to his side.

"Is it not to smile? *Hélas!* but this world of ours is of a drollness unique!" he commented. "Charrier, stretch the ears, my friend. I ceased to seek Liane; she has sent for me! Women allow not that one shall cease to love them, although they will give nothing in return. Also she has heard that here, made ideal and fadeless by the art of me, Moragné, she has been lifted up for the worship of us who, unfed of cream, unstroked of dainty demoiselles, are the prowlers upon convention's back fences, the outlaws of social success and smugdom.

"She is curious to see this painting, of which she has heard. Therefore she will come here, and with her she will bring the Grand Duke Mikhailovitch. I, also I, am bidden to the feast. Once, Charrier, she and I dined on brown bread and onions and beer and hope. But that was years, thousands and thousands of years, ago, gone by and forgotten of her. To-morrow night, then,—Thursday,—you may expect us, the illustrious and me." Placing his hand upon Charrier's arm, he added seriously:

"Where Liane de Lys goes, fashion and gold follow. Serve, then, to her and to this grand duke one of Anatole's celestial spreads,—please Liane,—and the rest is easy."

Delighted, hopeful, alert, the Gascon saw his golden chance, and with nimble fingers prepared to seize it. He began to tell upon those fingers, as upon a rosary, the dishes of each course, while Moragné objected or approved.

But the Breton for a moment hung back. He did not altogether relish that change which the coming of the great singer presaged. Mutely he looked into Moragné's blue eyes; and the painter laughed.

"One escapes not one's luck, my friend,"

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he said, with a shrug, tapping his fingers on the table. "In a kingdom, in a salon, in a café, it is of a oneness. Accept, therefore, whatever comes, good or evil, *sans bruit*. This is the secret of winning, without trumps, a trick from life."

"It is of a truth what you say," agreed Charrier, soberly. "Times are not so well with me, what with these high prices, and everything and everybody making the strike. Alas! my friend, they strike with the fiendish regularity, the raucous loudness, the insensate inevitableness, of the town clock! The *garçons* orate; the chef, —he of the genius of the pots,—do you know that he also thumps the breast, that he says his prayers of a socialist to M. Jaurès? Therefore I am of an apprehensiveness, a dismalness as of the abyss."

"To-morrow will, I trust, turn the tide in your favor," said Moragné, with cheerful hopefulness. "Her fashionable friends will follow Liane de Lys, and they also scatter gold."

Charrier took his hand. "I rejoice to see her come. Also, I rejoice that at last the good God has given her a glimmering of wit, so that she may begin to appreciate you, Moragné," he said briskly. "Come, then, with her and that grand duke, and you shall not be ashamed of us. These disturbances, these anxieties of me? *Pouf!* They are gone, vanished! Anatole shall give to you of his best—a best not to be surpassed."

But Anatole was of another mind. In an evil hour, presided over by malign influences, Charrier approached him. With his head thrust belligerently back, a carving-knife in one hand, a copy of *"Humanité"* in the other, Anatole was striding up and down that small galley of the kitchen wherein with ordinary foodstuffs he worked extraordinary miracles. Charrier's heart gave a sickening downward thump, but his confident and agreeable smile was as if engraved upon his lips.

"Do you know that we are trampled upon, downtrodden, stripped, robbed, pillaged, plundered, assassinated, we of the people?" Anatole bellowingly addressed the pacific smile. "And you remain calm, you are unmoved, you smile! Is it to you nothing that we are thus maltreated by these bandits of the government, these pirates of the police, these hogs of capitalists?" He thrust almost into Charrier's jaws his red and inflamed face, upon which the veins showed in purplish network.

Charrier's shoulders went up to his ears, his eyebrows disappeared in his hair, his outspread hands made gestures as of the humming-bird. He wagged his head deprecatingly.

"But one must expect the trouble, the upheaval, the dissatisfaction, foolishness of people, even foolishness of government," he placated. "Let us, then, who are wise seek rather to attend strictly to our own affairs. See, my cherished one, I have for you some news magnificent."

"I see that you uphold this government of brigands, that you espouse not the sacred cause of the people, you!" thundered Anatole. He asked menacingly: "Do you know that Camille—my brother Camille, who spoke with the eloquence upon street corners—is seized upon, is forced into the horrible uniform of the Reserves Nationales, that he parades the streets with the musket in his hands? *Nom d'un chien!* Shall these bandits make us, even *us,* soldiers of peace—a peace which we abhor and repudiate?"

"I regret, I weep, I am desolated because of those actions," Charrier protested, shaking his head still more deprecatingly. "For the love of God, my good Anatole! let us leave these brawlings, these bawlings, these ravings which parch the brains in one's skull even as coffee in an oven! Let us, rather, talk as men and brothers. Do you, my angel, know what comes to you, what test awaits your so great skill—a superlative test worthy even of *your* genius? It is nothing less than to prepare a dinner, such a dinner as might make even a stomachless saint himself overeat. And this dinner, it is for—Liane de Lys, M. le Grand Duc Mikhailovitch!" He pronounced in a hushed and reverent voice these two august names, as one who might say, "Quail for M. l' Archangel, manna for Mlle. la Sainte!"

Snorting, full of contempt, with a withering, annihilating glance, Anatole met the announcement. He folded his arms, advanced one leg grandly.

"I speak to you as a Frenchman, a socialist, a patriot, and you come to me with your Ma'amzelle de Lys, your Grand Duke Mikhailovitch!" he hissed. "Name of a pig! What to me is this Mikhailovitch that I shall employ my heaven-sent

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genius for his satisfaction of a glutton? Aha! but I see through this plot, me! Charrier, you evade, you make the subterfuge, you conceal evil designs behind this animal of a Russian. It is that you have not the sympathy, that you also wish to trample upon the necks of the people! Name of a cow, Charrier, you are a traitor!"

Longingly Charrier glanced at a carving-knife, wistfully at a rolling-pin. Admirably he controlled his rising temper of a Gascon.

"You talk with the foolishness to make one weep, you," he said mildly enough, but swallowing until his Adam's-apple felt horribly like a hot potato in his throat. "Trouble not yourself and me with these vaporings as of the sick child, Anatole, but listen, my seraph, while I plan with you this dinner which we will offer those two dazzling ones to-morrow night. For this means much, very much, to us of the café."

Twirling the little black mustache, and stroking the little imperial, which lent to him a military and commanding air, Anatole, thrusting out a peevish lip, fixed upon his friend and employer a stubborn and mulish glance.

"I cook for no Mikhailovitch, me," he stated flatly. "Too long have these robbers been served, pampered, waited upon. I will be an example to the people. I go immediately, right now, this minute, upon the strike! Listen, you. What, then, is this Russian? Is this despot a better man than I, Anatole, a chef and a Frenchman, *hein?* Aha, animal, I have you there!

"What can he do of a usefulness? Tell me, can he make you the *potage,* the soup, the *soufflé,* the salad, the sauce? Can he mix you even that fearsome *coquetaile* which those copper-lined ones, the Americans, swallow at all hours? Can he broil you the *biftek?* I defy you to answer."

Full of rage, fiery of eye, in a shaking voice, Charrier gritted through his teeth:

"Ten thousand million devils, no! Blockhead, idiot, ass, no! But he *can* make the Café de l'Etoile prosperous, and you, imbecile, famous!"

"But he shall not make me, Anatole, infamous!" roared the chef in a mighty voice. "Regard me, wretch! I abhor, loathe, despise, trample upon you and your grand duke!"

"Ferme ta bouche!" screamed Charrier, stamping his feet. "Bull-mouthed brute of an anarchist! Bandit of a socialist!"

"Hog of a capitalist!" shouted Anatole, tearing off his apron and waving it gallantly. "But you shall suffer for this, oppressor; you shall be as a hissing. I go, I depart, I shake from my feet this detested dust of your café. I report you to the council of chefs, and no respectable chef replaces me. And I go not alone: I take with me François the waiter, he who is a bombmaker and a brother; also Alphonse, his disciple; and Onésime," he added, grinning malignly into the pale and stricken countenance of Charrier. "Serve, then, name of a cat, your hussy of an actress, your pig of a Russian! You have left to help you only one waiter, and he a dolt, a clod, an ass of a Picard."

With a strut that would have made Coquelin in his palmiest days weep with envy, he turkey-cocked through the Café de l'Etoile even to the front entrance; and there, pausing to place upon the nose of derision the thumb of contempt, departed. François, sliding into his coat as he fled; Alphonse, tearing off his apron and throwing it under a table; and Onésime, grinning vacuously, followed almost upon his heels. From the kitchen passageway only the vapid countenance of the loutish Picard lad confronted the wild and anguished stare of Jules-René-Théophile Charrier.

And the duke and the diva were coming to-morrow night! No, no, alas! they were *not* coming! He, Charrier, brought to shame by Anatole's fiendish defection, must put off, evade, refuse, let go by, that glittering golden button on freakish Fortune's cap! Blindly he staggered forward, sick, trembling, overcome with rage and disappointment; flung up his hands; and for the first and last time in his life fell upon the floor in a dead faint.

With open mouth and starting eyeballs the Picard gazed upon this terrifying spectacle, then howling with fright and anguish fled up-stairs, burst into the darkened and silent apartment of Madame, roaring that M'sieu was dying, that he was, alas! already dead!

Charrier struggled back into a miserable consciousness, with a clean, wet handkerchief upon his forehead, a strong scent of smelling-salts in his nose, and the kind and anxious face of his wife bent over him.

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Her hands upon him were ministering and gentle.

"But he groans, he utters the oath, he is saved! My God, I thank Thee!" she exclaimed fervently. And as, still swearing feebly, he sought to rise from the divan to which he had been lifted, she gently forced him back, asking in an alarmed and pleading voice:

"Alas! my friend, what has happened? Why this fainting of you? Explain to me, I beseech you!"

"A frightful contretemps, an accursed and devil-sent complication, is upon me," he told her, grinding his teeth, and with a gesture of fury he clapped his hands to his wet forehead. "But it is of yours no fault, my good, my kind Julie," he added gratefully. "You can, therefore, do nothing more to aid me. I have to offer to you my thanks for your so prompt kindness, and to apologize for perhaps frightening as well as disturbing you." Staggering to his feet, he bowed to her, his shaking hands upon his heart.

Madame flashed over him a swift, strange, lightning-like glance. Her eyes fell. "I do but my duty, whatever it may be, Monsieur," she said in a subdued voice, concealing a sigh. She had turned to leave him when her eyes lighted upon the rosewood desk, and with a wild exclamation she rushed toward it. She embraced it, she caressed it with her hands, uttering little cries of pleasure.

"Ah, my dear little desk, my own little desk!" she exclaimed joyfully. "Truly, he *does* hear one's prayers, that amiable St. Anthony! See, Monsieur, I have made to him, oh, many, many novenas, beseeching that he would recover for me this little desk, which I have ever cherished! It descended to me from a great-grandmother, and when I was ill, after my poor father's failure and sudden death, it was sold, with the rest of our belongings. Almost I despaired of ever again seeing it. Yet, you behold? This is that desk!"

Charrier turned toward her, pale, his hands to his head. His voice, quivering with entreaty, broke:

"You mistake," he protested wildly, "you err, my poor Julie! It is true that I pray not to them, but not even a saint would play me such a trick. This desk, which I bought of Nicolas, the dealer, is not of you: it is the desk of Rosemonde!"

Madame started. "But it is the desk of me, your wife," she said quietly. In her tone was finality. "You doubt, you disbelieve? Look, then, Monsieur, inside that third drawer; you will find, drawn in India ink, a tiny wreath inclosing two initials, J. T. These were the initials of me, Julie Trezevant, now Julie Charrier."

Feverishly the lover of Rosemonde tore open that third drawer. So small that he had to bend down to perceive it, discolored, faded, the little wreath was there!

For a long and anguished moment he stared at Madame before the thought occurred to him that, the desk having been undeniably sold, Rosemonde's ownership had begun after Julie's ended. His face cleared.

"Still, it remains *her* desk," he breathed, sighing with relief. "She vanishes not yet, that adored one! Here, before this little desk, she sat, and here with her hand of an angel she wrote that—"

"Diary?" wondered Madame, in a strangling voice, a flush staining her cheek. "Ah, the good God! and did that poor, foolish little copy-book escape destruction, to fall into the hands of you, Monsieur? Perhaps, too, it is that you laugh at her, that silly Rosemonde?"

But Charrier gripped her by the shoulders, as if he wished to shake from her the truth.

"You knew of this copy-book?" he demanded, with sparkling eyes. But, *mon Dieu!* he was upon her track, the track of Rosemonde! He would, perhaps, learn so much of her from Julie that he might even, glorious thought, look upon her, hear her speak. That was all he asked of fate. "Rosemonde was, perhaps, a friend to you, Julie?" he queried artfully.

But Madame hung her head upon her breast, hiding her eyes. The flush upon her sallow cheeks grew and spread; it stained her very brow. She clasped and unclasped her hands nervously.

"That poor Rosemonde!" she murmured. "I called her that: it seemed to fit the youth, the hope, the dreams of her, that young, young girl, that once was I. For I, too, had hopes; I, also, dared to dream."

She made bold to lift her head and face him. And her eyes, when one thus noted them, were of a soft, clear brown, with a

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certain wistful appeal, a sweet and virginal shyness.

"They are dead now, Monsieur, those dreams and hopes, that youth. Afterward—" she sighed—"I learned to give to the good God the love which life had never asked of me."

With a swift, sly grimace, the Gascon murmured:

"That is all He usually gets from us. One hopes He is grateful, *hein?*" But the Breton, regarding the trembling woman with a kind and searching look, said gently: "But *you,* Julie, *you* dreamed that dream of Rosemonde, knew that the blossoming of the heart is in truth the Rose of the World, put into a child's copy-book those thoughts, fresh with the dew of youth?"

"I was young once, of a spring soul, which put forth little, young leaves of hope and of love," said Madame, beginning to weep softly. "There dwelt with me for a space a seraph, a celestial being, who sang joyously, who painted with rosy fingers pictures of air. I called that winged spirit of my youth Rosemonde. She is dead now; life has slain her. One may weep, Monsieur, but one has no need to blush for the young and the innocent dead. Alas! my husband, do not smile, do not mock, for this is the tragedy of women! And life has not given me anything to take her place—not the love, not even the understanding, of you who married me! I who longed for love, I who wept for motherhood, what have I now?"

Her heavy hair, bluish-black, escaped from that odious twist which irritated her husband, fell in softer lines about her brow. Brightened by her flush, her sallow face took on an unusual and tremulous vivacity, a feminine and poignant intensity of emotion; as through a heavy veil, her brown eyes, limpidly soft, shone through her tears.

She found favor in the man's astonished eyes, which, as one who gazes into a secret shrine, looked into his wife's bared heart, and saw there, as dew within a rose, the jewel of love and maternity. Timidly, almost with reverence, he drew nearer, looking upon her with admiration and affection. He ventured to place his hand, a consoling and friendly touch, upon her shoulder; and as, still weeping softly, she repeated:

"What, my God, have I?"

"You have Rosemonde's lover," he said whimsically. Acting upon one of those divine intuitions which come to men, he kissed her upon the mouth. With parted lips, breathlessly, they regarded each other as if for the first time. Charrier held out his arms, and then Madame was weeping upon his shoulder, good, wholesome, healthy tears, which washed away forever differences and misunderstandings.

"But, my cherished one, what of this evil, this trouble so lamentable that beneath it you collapse?" she wished to know presently, drying her eyes upon his handkerchief.

Through clenched teeth and with brandished fists Charrier explained.

"And is *that* all?" she derided lightly. "Pooh!"

"But you understand not the situation, which is of a desperateness," he protested excitedly.

"Regard me, my husband. I who speak assure you that to-morrow night I will send from this café that singer and that Russian with lickings of the lips." She asked abruptly, "Do you know why my father died?"

"Of an apoplexy?" Charrier wondered. "Me, I thought it would be of a broken heart, from the failure of his business and the so great losses he suffered," he finished delicately.

Madame shook her head. "He died of joy," she said deliberately. "You must know that, outside of his business, my father was a Michelangelo of gourmets, a Napoleon of epicures. He was yet more than this; he was a lover of humanity; his heart, his kind heart, yearned over his fellows, longed to be of a usefulness to them. 'What, then, shall they have of me?' he asked himself. *'Ohé!* I have it! This great gift of mine, this sublimated sense of eatables, this exquisite knowledge of cookery, this perception of tasting at once delicate and divine, I will put all this to use. It remains for me, Trezevant, to search for, to discover, invent, blend, a perfection of all those perfections I have eaten; this shall be of me the life-work.'

"Monsieur," continued Madame, after a pause, and with emotion, "it was. And after years of trial, of experiment, of disappointment, he at last discovered, he invented, he prepared, a sauce so perfect, so

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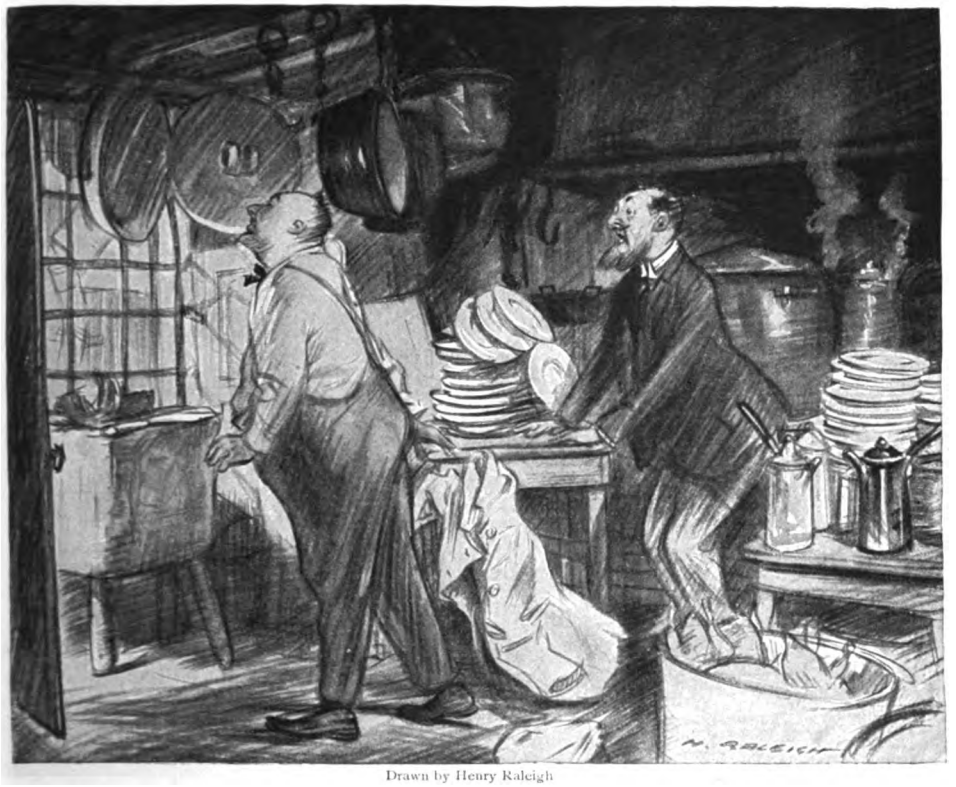

Drawn by Henry Raleigh

"'AND I GO NOT ALONE: I TAKE WITH ME FRANÇOIS THE WAITER'"

wonderful, that with it one could cajole the holy saints from heaven. My father ate of this sauce. Overcome, he died of joy, although those doctors of their stupidity called it an apoplexy. But my father had given to me, his daughter, the recipe—a recipe which, like a jealous miser, I hid from a world none too kind to me. But my heart is changed; to-morrow, I myself will cook for those illustrious guests such a dinner as one remembers all one's life, and I shall serve to those epicures that sauce which I shall call,"—she smiled adorably, so adorably that Charrier kissed her again,—*"Sauce Rosemonde."*

Securing an apron and a cap, which lent to her a coquettish and decorative effectiveness, Madame sallied valiantly into the deserted kitchen, whence presently arose celestial odors. She pressed into nimble service a laundress's brother, a *bonne's* cousin, and under her alert eye it would seem that heaven lent even to the witless Picard an almost human intelligence; for he served the soup upon the table, not upon the bosom; the eggs upon the toast, not upon the legs and laps of diners; and for the first time it seemed to dawn upon him that the outside of the neck is not the safest and most satisfactory repository for one's salad or one's pudding.

Like a visitant from another and a more glittering sphere came Liane de Lys upon the morrow, accompanied by the stout, red Russian, the slim, fair Moragné. Upon the painter her eyes lingered with something of inquiry, of pique, and of a glimmer of anxiety. Spoiled, satiated with success and with adulatory applause, she could adore and fear one who withstood her, who smiled and left her without vociferous reproaches and regrets. Perhaps, she reflected, she would do well to pay more attention to this old friend of hers, this graceless painter who had about him an indefinable and perverse charm. Besides, Moragné, if he chose, could achieve for himself success, a Parisian success at that. The fact that Moragné did not so choose began to puzzle her. Was

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Drawn by Henry Raleigh

"'ALAS! MY HUSBAND, DO NOT SMILE, DO NOT MOCK, FOR THIS IS THE TRAGEDY OF WOMEN!'"

there, perhaps, something Moragné had retained, something which she, Liane, had sacrificed to success? Of a truth she would be more gracious to him in future.

Then art and artists were alike forgotten. Women are not naturally epicures. That is an art purely masculine. But the singer's palate had been trained by past-masters, and she knew that here, in this small café, the ceiling of which showed the simple comeliness of bare, brown rafters, the food of the gods was being served to her. A soup which astonished, fish filched from Arcady, duck poached from paradisiac coverts, fruit from Edenic trees, entrées of magic, *zabiglione* of foamiest perfection, and, more than all, a sauce—a sauce which made her exclaim with joy!

Adoringly the grand duke hung over his plate. He ate in silence—a hushed and reverential silence, as of a high priest of the table. The grand-ducal fork chased down and caught the last lingering morsel. Solemnly, with large eyes, he looked up at Moragné.

"But this is pure genius," he exclaimed fervently. "And you were of a great goodness to bring us to this café. It has not its equal in Paris; its superior does not exist. I tell you, men have been knighted for less service than the making of this sauce. *Eh bien,* how I should love to seize upon this chef and carry him off to Russia!"

"You are charming, my friend," cried Liane, looking at the painter with dark and tender eyes. "We are in your debt. Plunge us still more into it by allowing us to see your picture—a picture of which one hears even from the actors."

She stood before it silently. *Mon Dieu!* did she appear to him so exquisite as this? She looked up at her old friend, who met her gaze with impenetrable eyes. He knew that he adored her beauty, adored what she should have been, disdained what she was.

She drew nearer, and, indolent, full of that perfect peace which is the result of a perfect dinner, she began to smile, showing between her scarlet lips her white and wonderful teeth. Oh, but yes, this picture was delightful, and Armand, her old friend Armand, was delightful also.

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Strange that she had been so blind! Also, the grand duke was beginning to bore her. For they have about them too much of the *grand seigneur;* they are far, far too Oriental and exacting, those Russians.

Mikhailovitch studied that reclining woman, a spiritual and ideal Liane, with amused, cynical, but appreciative eyes. In his red beard he smiled; but with a new, fine respect, an aspect of friendliness and equality, he took the painter's arm. M. Moragné must paint for him two pictures, and later he must come to Russia and decorate the walls of the grand-ducal ball-room. That was settled. Pleased with themselves, the Café de l'Etoile, the world, the three went off together, satisfied, laughing, happy, to be whirled away into the night in the grand duke's car.

And in the tiled and shining kitchen Charrier embraced the flushed and willing Madame.

"They sing the hymn to thy sauce and to thee!" he jubilated. "Ah, my little carrot, even Moragné, used to l'Etoile, seized of me the hand. 'It is of heaven, this dinner!' he told me. 'Me, I wish I could paint a picture so perfect in all its details as that seductive sauce of thine!' And M. le Grand Duc he will eat nowhere else while he remains in Paris. Ah, he is a duke after one's heart, that one! *Ohé!* my angel, l'Etoile is about to become a fixed planet, about which other little stars must faintly twinkle."

A week or so later, exuding content, radiating happiness, Charrier stood in his doorway. In the glaring light of noon,—hot, dusty, blazing noon,—a company of reserves, heavy guns in their hands, heavy knapsacks upon their shoulders, marched laggingly by. They were helping the city keep law and order during the strikes. In an ill-fitting uniform which creased upon his rotund and rebellious shape, red-faced, thirsty, perspiring, with blistered heels, with a soul torn with rage, anguish, helplessness, Anatole marched among them. Thus had those bandits of government, finding him idle and too eloquent, made use of him to serve society, an example to the people, although not such a one as he had planned to become.

Among his potted plants, under the cool

Drawn by Henry Raleigh

"'MEN HAVE BEEN KNIGHTED FOR LESS SERVICE THAN THE MAKING OF THIS SAUCE'"

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and grateful shelter of his green-and-white awning, Charrier stood, and fixed a mild and pensive gaze upon the fallen greatness. Anatole glanced up, grew pale, spluttered impotently, made a frightful grimace, even while uncontrollable tears washed white gullies down his dusty cheeks.

"*Pauvre enfant!*" murmured Charrier.

"It is a needed lesson, that," said Madame, shrewdly, when her husband told her. "You will see him come back cured, that one."

"And we will receive him even as the prodigal son was received," said the Breton. The Gascon added quickly, with a flirt of the eye, a glimmer of the teeth, "And I, good father that I am, will allow this prodigal son to cook for me the fatted calf." He took Madame's hand. "Also, Anatole can by himself manage the café for a week or two, while we, thou and I, take that too-long-delayed honeymoon of ours."

"I shall give to that amiable St. Anthony five pounds of pure wax candles, also a small brass lamp, for throwing in thy way my little desk," promised Madame, piously, gratefully.

Upon the tip of the Gascon tongue trembled the retort discourteous to all saints and their meddling in matters of men; but the Breton teeth came sharply down upon it. Hiding a grimace of pain, Charrier kissed Madame from a full heart.

Drawn by Henry Raleigh

"'*OHÉ!* MY ANGEL, L'ETOILE IS ABOUT TO BECOME A FIXED PLANET'"

It was perhaps a year or two later that Charrier, grown in that time stouter, merrier, happier, called aside Moragné, just returned from Russia.

Smiling, mysterious, a finger to the lip, he said: "You come in a happy hour. I

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wish from you a joyous service: it is to be a godfather! Ah, my friend, I shall be papa, Julie, mama! Such a happiness! I at times find myself weeping from the pure wonder of it. Anatole also is so overcome with joy at the thought of this delicious event that he studies day and night to prepare a cake which shall properly celebrate it, and I myself promise you such a wine as one rarely tastes this side of heaven. You know," he continued tenderly, with a dreamy and reflective smile, "that she is to be called Rosemonde?"

"But, but," stammered Moragné, touched, pleased, surprised, "I did not think—that is, I did not know, my dear, good fellow. When did this so happy event occur?"

"Oh, not yet," said Charrier, serenely. "We cannot say just when, either; but we are quite, quite sure that it will. You know, Moragné, that my Julie has many intimate friends among the good saints. She has besought their kind assistance, and she assures me that it will be granted, and as we both wish. Me, I believe everything Julie tells me; it is *so*. Our little adored daughter will in due time arrive, and she will be Rosemonde."

And is it not to rejoice? She did, and she was!

HIS ALLY

BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

HE fought for his soul, and the stubborn fighting
Tried hard his strength.
"One needs seven souls for this long requiting,"
He said at length.

"Six times have I come where my first hope jeered me
And laughed me to scorn;
But now I fear as I never feared me
To fall forsworn.

"God! when they fight upright and at me
I give them back
Even such blows as theirs that combat me;
But now, alack!

"They fight with the wiles of fiends escaping
And underhand.
Six times, O God, and my wounds are gaping!
I—reel to stand.

"Six battles' span! By this gasping breath
No pantomime.
'T is all that I can. I am sick unto death.
And—a seventh time?

"This is beyond all battles' soreness!"
Then his wonder cried;
For Laughter, with shield and steelly harness,
Stood up at his side!

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AMERICAN ART AND THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM

WITH A REVIEW OF SOME OF THE CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN PICTURES IN ITS COLLECTIONS

BY KENYON COX

WITHIN the last few years the Metropolitan Museum has very greatly increased its usefulness in almost every department of its work, but in no direction has it shown a more complete revolution than in its apparent attitude toward American art and American artists. What that attitude was not many years ago, and what it is to-day, may be shown by typical incidents which came directly under my own observation.

In 1896 occurred the premature death of an artist much loved and admired by his fellows, Theodore Robinson. Cherishing his memory and believing his work to be of permanent value, a number of members of the Society of American Artists subscribed from their slender resources for the purchase of a picture which was selected as the best of those left in his studio. The picture was offered as a gift to the Metropolitan Museum, and the gift was declined. It was afterward asked for by the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, and now forms part of the collection of that institution. Within the last four years the Metropolitan Museum has acquired three pictures by Theodore Robinson, and a fourth, which is only loaned to it, is on exhibition in its galleries.

Just ten years later occurred the second incident. The National Academy of Design had secured for its winter exhibition of 1906–07 that masterpiece of the late Winslow Homer called "The Gulf Stream." Struck by the superb vitality of this work of the most original and most American of our painters, the artists composing the jury of the Academy ventured to address an official letter to the trustees of the Metropolitan Museum respectfully urging its acquisition "as a most notable achievement of American art." The communication was not only courteously received, but promptly acted upon, and the picture was purchased by the museum from the income of the Catherine Lorillard Wolfe Fund—the first American picture to be so purchased. It is safe to predict that the museum will never regret its action.

The present attitude of the museum authorities toward American art and artists, as revealed in the second of these incidents, is compounded of two parts: a desire to complete and make representative the museum's collection of native art, and a willingness to accept the advice of artists as in the nature of expert service. The museum has, indeed, always maintained some relation to the body of artists, as it has always had works of American art in its collections. From its foundation the President of the National Academy of Design, with the Comptroller of the City of New York and the President of the Department of Parks, was ex-officio a trustee of the museum, but this relation had become merely formal. Within recent years it has become the habit to place the President of the Academy upon important committees and to utilize to the full his professional knowledge. At the present time two other artists, Daniel Chester French and Francis D. Millet, are on the board of trustees and exercise a considerable influence upon the policy of the museum, while artists in no way connected

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Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

A YOUNG WOMAN

FROM THE PAINTING BY ABBOTT H. THAYER, IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, NEW YORK

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Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

IN THE GARDEN

FROM THE PAINTING BY GEORGE DE FOREST BRUSH. (GIVEN TO THE MUSEUM BY MR. GEORGE A. HEARN, 1907)

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with the museum are not infrequently consulted, more or less informally, but none the less effectively, on matters within their competence.

The museum has long possessed a considerable number of works by American artists, principally of the earlier schools, and is endeavoring to fill out the gaps in this collection. Ever since 1905 it has printed lists of deceased American artists unrepresented or inadequately represented on its walls as an appeal to owners of the works of such artists, while, as occasion offered, it has added to the collection by purchase. It now possesses an admirable nucleus of a collection of contemporary American art, formed almost entirely within the last five years. Within that period one hundred and sixty-six pictures by American painters and sixty-one pieces of sculpture by American sculptors have been acquired by the museum. The magnificent gift of Mr. George A. Hearn is a very important part of this accession, forty-nine pictures having been given directly by him and twenty-one others purchased from the income of the fund he has created for the purchase of paintings by living American artists only.

Although the continuing nature of this benefaction might seem to provide sufficiently for the expansion of the museum's collection of American paintings, the trustees have not been content to leave its completion entirely to this source, but have purchased forty pictures out of other funds, while gifts and bequests have added forty-nine. Of the sixty-one pieces of sculpture added to the display of American art, fifteen are gifts, the other forty-six having been purchased by the museum. These pieces, mostly small bronzes, are at present not seen together, and it is therefore unfortunately not so easy to estimate the importance of this addition to the collections of the museum as in the case of the paintings. Something of this importance in either case may be gathered from the following incomplete lists of American painters and sculptors represented in the acquisitions of the museum from 1906 to 1910 inclusive. Among the painters are John W. Alexander, F. W. Benson, R. A. Blakelock (two pictures), George deForest Brush, William Gedney Bunce, Emil Carlsen, Mary Cassatt, William M. Chase (three), Elliott Daingerfield, Arthur B. Davies, Charles H. Davis, Henry Golden Dearth, Louis Paul Dessar, Thomas W. Dewing, George Fuller, Childe Hassam, Winslow Homer (five oils and fifteen water-colors), William M. Hunt (six pictures), George Inness (two), Eastman Johnson, H. Bolton Jones, William Sergeant Kendall (two), John La Farge (two), Homer D. Martin, J. Francis Murphy, W. McG. Paxton, W. L. Picknell, Henry W. Ranger (two), Robert Reid, Theodore Robinson (three), Albert P. Ryder (three), John S. Sargent (four), William Sartain, W. Elmer Schofield, J. J. Shannon, G. Gardner Symons, Abbott H. Thayer, D. W. Tryon (two), John H. Twachtman, Elihu Vedder, Douglas Volk, Horatio Walker (three), F. J. Waugh, J. Alden Weir, James McNeill Whistler (five), Frederick Ballard Williams (two), and A. H. Wyant (four). Among the sculptors are Paul Bartlett, the two Borglums, D. C. French, Edward Kemeys, Henry Linder, Charles A. Lopez, Frederick MacMonnies, H. A. MacNeil, Charles H. Niehaus, Bela L. Pratt, A. Phimister Proctor, Frederic Remington, F. G. R. Roth, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, and Bessie Potter Vonnoh.

The hospitality of the museum to the art of our own country is further shown in the exhibition of loaned works. A number of such works are to be found here and there in the galleries devoted to American pictures, while two walls of Gallery XIII are now occupied by American pictures loaned by Mr. Hearn, which form a valuable supplement to the permanent Hearn Collection. Several of the artists represented in that collection are here shown in other important examples of their work, while such men as Gaines Ruger Donoho, Frederick W. Kost, Leonard Ochtman, Henry B. Snell, and Irving R. Wiles are not elsewhere represented in the museum.

Add to these evidences of the museum's interest in American art the Memorial Exhibition of the work of Augustus Saint-Gaudens held in 1908, and the Whistler Exhibition in 1910, together with the probability that other such special exhibitions will be given from time to time, and the demonstration is complete that the authorities of the museum are now fully awake to the intrinsic importance of

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THE MUSE OF PAINTING

FROM THE PAINTING BY JOHN LA FARGE. (GIVEN TO THE MUSEUM BY MR. J. P. MORGAN AND MR. HENRY WALTERS, 1909)

American art as art, and to its special local and historical importance to an American museum.

That a great deal of modern American art is indeed intrinsically of high quality and worthy, on its merits, of a place in any museum of art can be best shown by an examination of a few of the most accomplished works now exhibited in the galleries of the Metropolitan Museum. In attempting this I shall, for the purpose of this article, confine myself to the paint-

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THE LETTER

FROM THE PAINTING BY THOMAS WILMER DEWING. (PURCHASED FROM THE INCOME OF THE ROGERS FUND, 1910)

ings: for the works of American sculpture are not, under the present arrangement of the museum, easily studied, while their appraisal would involve a discussion of the nature of sculpture for which I have not now either time or space.

The merits of the three great American landscape-painters of the immediate past, Inness, Wyant, and Homer Martin, are so thoroughly recognized that it is unnecessary to do more than note their representation in the museum. The museum owns

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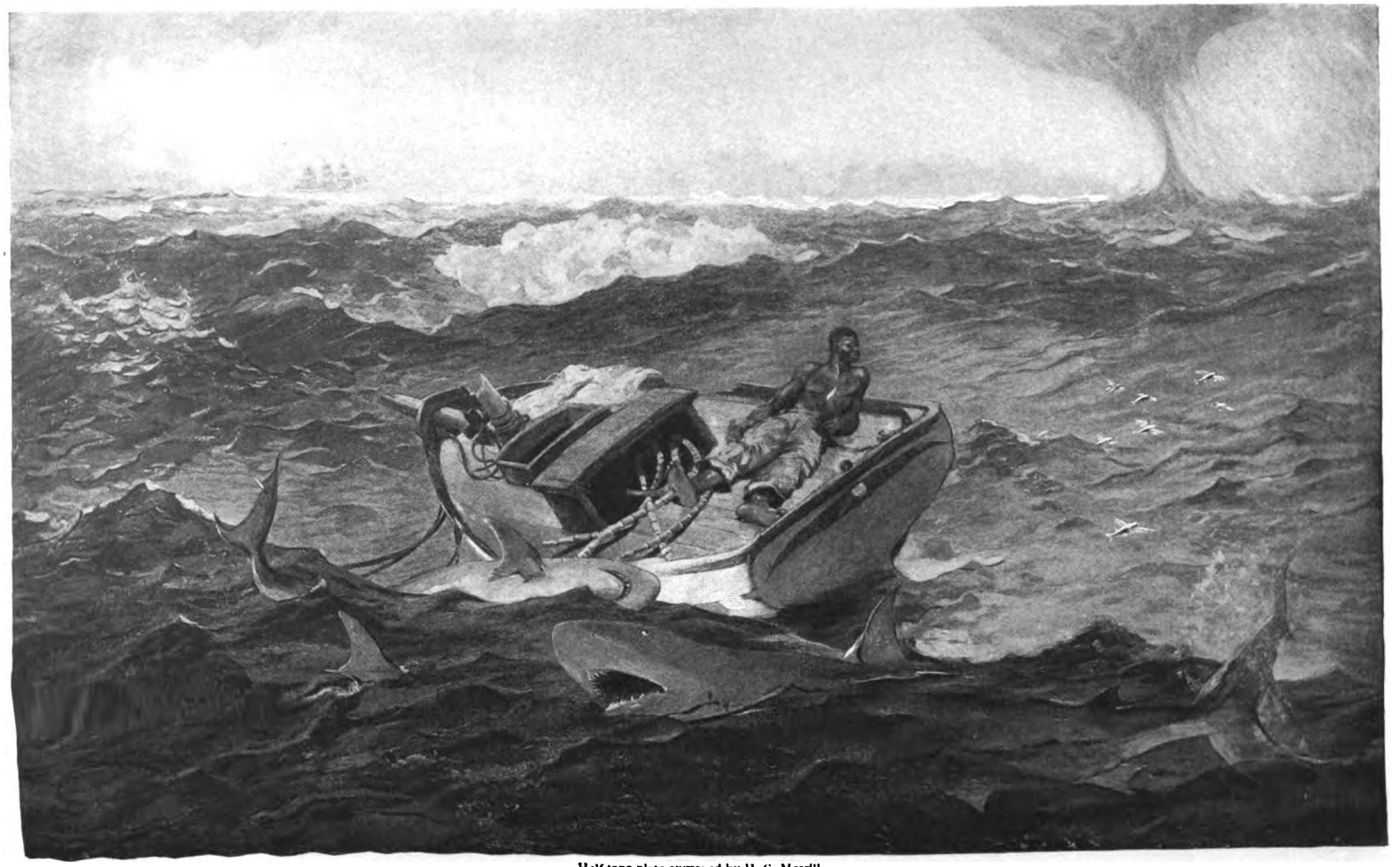

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THE GULF STREAM

FROM THE PAINTING BY WINSLOW HOMER. (PURCHASED FROM THE INCOME OF THE CATHERINE LORILLARD WOLFE FUND)

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seven canvases by Inness, all of them fine pictures, though none of them belongs to his greatest period—the period of grandly synthetized vision and passionate color. They are enough to give the world assurance of an accomplished draftsman and an admirable painter, with a profound knowledge of natural forms and aspects, but not quite enough to make known the fiery soul which shone forth when the years of discipline were finally set behind him. Of the Wyants, the latest to be added is that peculiarly tender and beautiful work, "Forenoon in the Adirondacks," perhaps the loveliest thing he ever did. On that alone his admirers—and who is not his admirer?—may be content to rest his claim to remembrance. Proof of the painstaking study of which such a work was the outcome is to be found in a most interesting early work, loaned to the museum by Mr. Hearn, "The Mohawk Valley." It is a picture quite without charm, and heavy and brown in color, speaking not of poetic reverie, but of the grim determination to master difficult forms at whatever cost of hardness. The drawing of the stream, running sharply away from the spectator until it falls from sight over a rocky precipice, to appear again below, is altogether extraordinary. Among the paintings by Homer Martin the museum is fortunate in possessing so admirable an example as the "View on the Seine," or, as it has also been called, "The Harp of the Winds," a picture which shows all his beauty of tone and more than his usual felicity of composition.

Of the sober talent of Eastman Johnson the museum possesses capital examples in "Two Men," which used to be called "The Funding Bill," and in "Corn-Husking," grave and sincere works of solid merit. John LaFarge is represented by the blue and pale gold and dim green of "The Muse of Painting," the work of a true colorist and a powerful designer, and by the brilliant little landscape, "In Front of our House, Vaiala, Samoa." His greatest works are in churches and public buildings, and are not to be looked for in any gallery. Another of this generation who has just left us, Winslow Homer, is shown in five examples, all admirable. "The Gulf Stream," already spoken of, is masterly as a symphony of swinging lines, and is superb in color; "The Northeaster" is one of those marines in which the bulk and weight and crushing force of water are made evident as no other painter has made them. One could wish for one or more of those pieces in which this same drawing of mass and motion, rather than of precise form, is applied to the rendering of the human figure to complete, as far as a few pictures could, the representation of one of the most masculine, most original, and most varied painters of the nineteenth century.

On the same wall with Homer's "Northeaster," at the time of this writing, hang two other marines by American painters which have, each in its own way, great merit—Mr. Waugh's "Roaring Forties" and Mr. Carlsen's "Open Sea." Mr. Waugh is an objective painter, a cool observer, who draws his waves and foam-loops with great accuracy, and colors them with much truth, but does not quite succeed in conveying the illusion of force and motion. He tells us much about the sea, but he has not Homer's capacity for abstracting two or three essential qualities and expressing them with overwhelming vigor. Mr. Carlsen, though he too is an intense student of nature, is essentially a decorator. Beauty is his aim, and the facts and the force of nature are both subordinated to decoration. In the "Open Sea" it is the exquisitely varied blues and grays of sky and water that have charmed him, while in his "Surf" (loaned by Mr. Hearn) it is not the crash and roar that we are made to feel, but the bold pattern of black and white and blue. Still another marine, if it may be called so, is Childe Hassam's "Isles of Shoals." But with Mr. Hassam the subject matters nothing. Whether he paints the sea or the land, the cool nudity of white nymphs among rose-tinted laurel-blossoms or the cañons of lower New York, his art is of the same quality; and it is the freshness and vigor of his observation, the solidity of his design, his sparkling light and color, and the deft embroidery of his touch, that inevitably attract and delight us.

Among our landscape-painters represented in the museum there are contrasts of manner and of aim fully as great. What could be more different from the rich tones, the full impasto, the floating forms, the enveloping sentiment, of Horatio Walker's "Sheep Fold," than the

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light, dry touch, the crisp precision, the delicate harmony of grays and blues, faint pinks and sharp, high greens, which give a sort of cold and intellectual gaiety to Theodore Robinson's view of "Giverny," seen from above, with its clustering roofs in steep perspective and its pale horizon high within the frame? What could be more unlike than the direct brushing and frank naturalism of Charles H. Davis's "August," with its white sunlight and flying shadows over rough moorland, and the romantic feeling and deep-golden tone of William Sartain's "Kasba"? The latter picture is a loan, and so is another that one would like to see a part of the permanent collection,—Gaines Ruger Donoho's "Marcellerie." Mr. Donoho is a painter who has produced too little, and exhibited too little of what he has produced, but this picture, decoratively designed and closely studied, shows us a talent at once robust and fine.

The importance of our landscape school has long been generally recognized; it is not so generally recognized that we have figure-painters, also, of great merit. Before dealing with them, however, we may consider the work of one who is both landscape- and figure-painter or neither landscape- nor figure-painter—one who is best characterized as painter simply, without qualification. Textures, surfaces, handling—these are the things that most interest Mr. Chase, and his greatest preoccupation is the making paint beautiful. He is never more enjoyable, and perhaps never enjoys himself more, than when he is dealing with subjects that require nothing else, and much of his best work is put into still life. His picture in the Hearn Collection, with its somber glow of copper in the dark background, its iridescent, gleaming fish, its one red apple, and its two wonderfully painted green peppers, is a masterpiece which no living painter could surpass in its own way.[1]

George deForest Brush is one of the few painters left to-day, outside the ranks of the mural decorators, who concerns himself primarily with line and a severe conception of form. He has often fine color, also, in a restrained key, and always a profound feeling for character and for the beauty of childhood. In its composition of long, flowing lines, its firm, clean drawing, its subtle modeling, and above all in the beautifully expressive heads and the radiant charm of blond infancy, his "In the Garden" is worthy of one of those fifteenth-century Florentines with whom Mr. Brush has much more affinity than with the average modern painter. Mr. Thayer is another draftsman, and if he has painted larger canvases and attempted more definite subjects, he has never done anything better or more essentially characteristic of his genius than the picture which he calls "A Young Woman"—characteristic both in its somewhat rude and apparently negligent technic and in its largeness of conception and vision. If the head is modern in character and in expression, there is something else that is Greek besides the costume in this majestic torso and these firmly rounded arms.

Altogether different, but equally distinguished, is the talent of J. Alden Weir. The paramount quality of his "Green Bodice"[2] is a perfection of tone and a delicate observation of the gradations of light which would make it hold its own in any company. Add to such technical merit a certain wholesomeness and purity of feeling which is peculiarly Mr. Weir's, and you have a picture to be loved as well as admired. Mr. F. W. Benson's "Portrait of a Lady" has much the same scheme of black and green and dull gold, and is nearly as fine in tone and color as Mr. Weir's picture; but instead of Mr. Weir's reticence of handling we have a noticeable freedom of touch, and in place of Mr. Weir's quiet masses a somewhat fantastic angularity of silhouette. True artist as he is, Mr. Weir's craftsmanship is not always impeccable; Mr. Benson is at all times a brilliant virtuoso.

If not all that is best of Mr. T. W. Dewing has gone into his little picture called "The Letter," it is yet a very welcome example of his eminently delicate and refined talent, and certainly no one but himself could better it in its own line. Its apparent simplicity and real sophistication; its muted harmony of widely varied grays and purples and ashy tints of rose; its tenuity of material and the minuteness of touch which is not finish, but mystery; its low-toned carnations, greenish or violet,

[1] For a color reproduction of a similar painting by Mr. Chase see THE CENTURY for January, 1911.
[2] Reproduced in THE CENTURY for April, 1899.

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which yet, at a little distance, are blond flesh, living and palpitating—these are of the essence of Mr. Dewing's contribution to art. In sharpest contrast to them are the bright, clear color and frank directness of method of one of the few women who have ever earned for themselves a place among truly original artists. There is generally a superficial oddness about the work of Mary Cassatt which somewhat disguises its real humanity and its real relationship to the art of the past. She is fond of pea-green and light blue and orange, and of a certain wilful eccentricity of arrangement, derived, perhaps, from the Japanese, but her generous, matronly women and wholesome, firm-fleshed babies are descended from those of Titian.

If these are not enough, take for another contrast that helps us to realize the great variety of the present art production of America the careful, accomplished realism seen in William McG. Paxton's "Tea Leaves," a picture in the tradition of the Dutch genre-painters, and the strange somnambulistic intensity of Arthur B. Davies's "Dream," with its entire absence of color and its great beauty of tone, the sense of slow, continuous movement secured not by the drawing of the figure itself, but by the imaginative composition of the background.

I have said nothing about the work of Whistler because none of the pictures by him in the Metropolitan Museum seems to me of his best, and I confess to very little interest in the second best of Whistler. His finest things are better than almost any one's, but his poorer work is inferior to that of many men who have not a tithe of his present reputation. And there are other artists not adequately represented in the collection, as well as some of high rank not yet represented at all. It may suffice to mention such a painter as Edmund C. Tarbell, one of whose admirable genre-pictures should surely hang on these walls, and doubtless will when the right occasion offers. On the other hand, there are many more good pictures here, by good painters, than I have found room to mention—pictures, many of them, as good as those I have commented upon. One has to draw the line somewhere, if one is not to write a book rather than a magazine article, and I trust I have said enough to prove two things that I was desirous of demonstrating: that the museum is making strenuous and already largely successful efforts to secure a representative collection of the American school of art, and that that school is, by its originality, variety, and degree of attainment, as worthy the attention of a museum as any contemporary school whatsoever. If the reader entertains a lingering doubt of this statement, a walk through the Luxembourg Gallery in Paris, followed by another through the Metropolitan Museum, should serve finally to dispel it.

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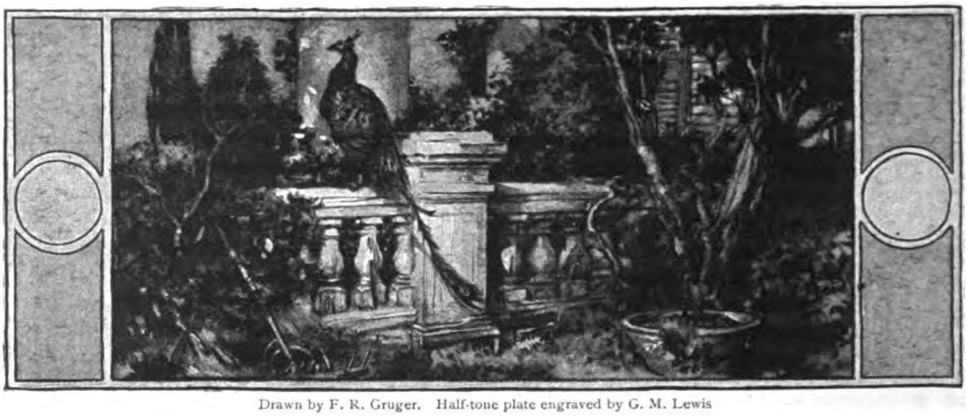

Drawn by F. R. Gruger. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

"RENTIN' HENS"

BY FLORIDA PIER

WITH PICTURES BY F. R. GRUGER

MR. BARNABY was the type of man who called women angels and treated them as fools. He seemed to feel that by doing the former he had done all that could be expected of him, and with this once off his conscience, he could form his conduct more closely according to facts as he saw them. Mr. Barnaby's daughter felt the discomfort of this mode of procedure. It was she who kept their Maryland plantation from a state verging perilously on picturesque destitution, and there were moments when her indolent, oratorical parent proved very trying. He had a theory that he was fond of farming, though of course in a gentlemanly way, and that there was no reason why such a fine old estate as Barnaby Hall should not be made to pay. These were sentiments on which he would dilate with a good deal of grace at any time, and to anybody who would do him the honor to sit on the south gallery and share a glass of "really good whisky, sir."

His long figure, clad always in the same faded riding-clothes, occasionally might have been seen strolling with what was most gracious interest over the nearest fields; but he preferred to recline in a steamer-chair, where, looking down over a tangled box garden, he could keep an eye on the water, and watch the raked masts of the oyster-boats go skimming by. His daughter could watch him where he sat, for his sedentary habits made him more or less of a landmark, as she swabbed out the throats of ailing turkeys, built fences, berated lazy negroes, or rode about personally supervising the harvest. Her tireless activity was doubly necessary, as dilapidation seemed always gaining on her.

Her father, in order to encourage himself in the idea that he ran the farm, from time to time started a new industry that used up the money she had saved, increased her work, and added to the number of failures already visible about the place. He felt that the things she did were too usual. Their humdrum quality he regarded as another proof of that hampering conservatism too frequently displayed by women. Something more spirited would attract success, and it was on this basis that he had tried raising peacocks, with a result so tragic that the one peacock still going forlornly about the garden was an object avoided by the eyes of father as well as of daughter. The fact that it seemed perpetually to have only one feather trailing dismally in the rear was one of the details painful to implicated observers. Mr. Barnaby, blandly vague as he could be about the reason why his numerous schemes had failed, had never been able to

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speak of, much less explain, why his rabbits had died. When rabbits, of all things, not only fail to increase, but actually decrease, and finally die miserably, it seems almost a personal reflection made by nature on one's ability to raise live stock. The story of Mr. Barnaby's rabbits was considered funny everywhere but on the south gallery of Barnaby Hall, and when it was told elsewhere, it was his daughter who grimly supplied the information that they had been of a fancy breed, costing heavily the pair.

These experiments, though not productive of the immediate financial ease which Mr. Barnaby had always prophesied, had nevertheless served to lull any disturbing ideas he may have had as to Joan's running the place with an over-high hand. With their help he had asserted himself, and if his attempts had failed, the fact that no one dared take him to task was doubly bracing to his sense of superiority. His own activity satisfied him that Joan's was a subservient puttering about easily shown up at its real value. Six months before, having reached the conclusion that the apparent prominence of women was not cause for serious concern, he had been comfortably relaxed ever since. It was consequently a shock for him to have hurled across a table laden with more food than either of the two diners could possibly eat the announcement that a woman's suffrage club had been started in the county.

"A suffrage club?" It went like a blow on an exposed nerve through Mr. Barnaby's whole body.

"Umm!" His daughter nodded her head with Southern slackness. "Ah 've been made vice-president."

"A fact which Ah attribute ratha to you' igno'ance than to any ill intention on you' part. Eviden'ly you are not aware that Ah am against suffrage for women. You note Ah say women. Ladies would not go so far as to desiah it." Mr. Barnaby elegantly brushed his mustache upward with a much mended napkin, and looked at his daughter from under commanding eyebrows.

"But Ah do desire it, and so do the Hemingways and the Langdons and old Mrs. Cuthbert. She 's president."

"You don' tell me!" There was despair in his voice. "And on what grounds?"

"The grounds that we deserve it. Women help to make money in which they have no stated share. They take on responsibilities without being given accompanyin' autho'ity. They do men's work, and they have n't men's means to protect their labor." This Joan said firmly, but more to a spiced ham in front of her than to her parent, who at the word "protect" made a desperate effort to grasp what struck him as being rescuingly familiar.

"Protect? What need has a Southern woman of protection when the chivalry of the South—the chivalry—the chiv—" It died away in unhappy blowings from pursed lips.

Joan, well primed, continued to fire pitilessly at her unprotected father. "Every married woman should be regarded as a wage-earning citizen and receive a salary. Woman's work is as big an economic factor—"

Mr. Barnaby saw his daughter escaping to rampant reaches where he feared for her, and made a valiant effort to recapture her. He spoke with that blend of kindly patience and controlled condescension which is warranted to collapse any woman airing ideas in the presence of her family.

"All very interestin', ma dear, all very nice, indeed. Ah am glad to see that you are givin' more time to amusement. Ah believe in it. Man must work; woman must grace his labors." The vagueness of this pleased Mr. Barnaby, and his voice waxed more liltingly oratorical. "Ah like to see you take an interest in such matters. Ah am proud that Ah can discuss ma more serious ideas with you. Ah was just on the point, when you began, of tellin' you of a scheme Ah have which Ah hope will give us both more leisure, and perhaps enable you to have two months or so in Washin'ton this winter. Never forget, ma dear, that one time the Barnabys always spent at least two months of the season at Washin'ton."

"What is you' scheme, Pa?"

Mr. Barnaby winced. In his day women had not been so brutally direct. He considered irrelevancy ladylike.

"Well, it is a thing Ah have arrived at partly from ma meditations, partly from ma readin's. It has to do with hens. It is, Ah may say, an entirely new treatment of hens." The speaker was here forced to dodge a glance of such weighty accusation that a hasty swallow, a readjustment of

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his napkin, and a pulling of his chair nearer the table, were necessary to cover his loss of balance and the difficulty of a fresh start. "Ah am intendin' to raise some white Orpington chickens, with the object of rentin' them out. The idea is entirely ma own. Ah send by express layin' hens to any part of the country, the lessee payin' for nothin' but the expressage and the eggs. Ah should require ten cents per dozen, and at the end of the stipulated time the hens would be returned to me. Thus the keep of the hens would always be bo'ne by some one else, yet Ah would retain ma capital,—that is the hens,—with, of co'rse, sufficient of the eggs for an increase. The money secured for the eggs would be clear gain. There 's somethin' very takin' in the idea, Ah find."

"Pa, you 're not goin' to do anythin' as mad as that?"

"Ah most certainly am, and Ah do not like you' adjectives, Joan."

"But, Pa, you would first have to raise the hens. Orpingtons are mighty delicate and expensive. This is the wrong time of the year. The hens are n't settin'; besides, how would you know how many dozen eggs a hen laid while it was away? It will only be another failure, and more work and worry for me. Pa, Ah can't have it."

"Ah don' know when Ah have been accustomed to you' tellin' me what Ah shall and what Ah sha'n't do. Higgins has Orpington eggs; Ah 'll call on Higgins this afternoon."

"Pa, no hen is goin' to sit on those eggs."

"Joan, Ah reckon that Ah have as much influence with the hens as you."

"Pa, Ah promise you those eggs will never hatch. It 's war between us, Pa."

"Ah regret it, Joan; but Ah fancy that Ah shall be the victor." Mr. Barnaby left the table with a military stride that made him look as if he were bracing himself by imagining a Decoration day parade at his back, the sounding brass of the band obviously ringing in his ears. He habitually wore his buttons like medals, and it was this long-established attitude of mind which enabled him, a few moments later, to pass the window in a sulky and turn down the grass-grown avenue with a brave swing that announced him as bound for Higgins's and launched full on his scheme.

Joan, watching him go, took in critically the bony horse between the shafts, and knew that her father would have a brush or two on the road with possessors of equally sporting but worn-out nags, and no one of a less established position than old Mrs. Cuthbert would presume to pass him, and then he would end up his morning in town with a chat at the stables over the various points of horses all nearing the grave. She continued to sit gazing at the table, meditating on her father's plan. She might frustrate it, but he would think of another. Always her work would be doubled, the authority his, and the labor and worry hers. He must be kept happy; it would be better if he could be kept employed.

She remembered her grandmother as being the busiest woman in the county, and all because of her love of litigation. She had been absorbed in a case that lasted forty years, and filled her time with letter-writing, long dissertations which her family never listened to, and visits to the court which satisfied her to the last need of her nature. Idly Joan thought, "If Ah could only get Pa a case of his own, it would so keep him out of mischief."

Then she gave up the thought with a smile at its impracticability, and turned to listen to the explanations of a negro woman who had come to work only two days out of the entire week because, as she said, Tuesday she had certainly thought it was going to rain; Wednesday she had been most wild with the misery in a place where a tooth used to be, and it looked to her as though that dentist had pulled the tooth and not the misery, which was only what a poor colored woman might expect from a city dentist; and Thursday—well she had certainly meant to come Thursday, but her last husband had been passing through town, and she had just walked the nine miles to the station to ask him if he saw any spectacles in Baltimore that he thought would suit her, would he send them along, because her eyes were n't what they used to be. On her beginning an explanation of Friday's absence, Joan interrupted her:

"Ah sat up all Tuesday night with the turkeys because you did n't mix their food as Ah told you. Three died."

"They did!" Ann was shrilly scandalized. "That 's enough to make you'

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skin slip. You ain't goin' to make much out of them turkeys this yea', Miss Joan, Ah 's sure o' that."

"You 're not very encouraging, Ann. My father has just gone down to Higgins's place to get eggs for settin'.

"You' pa 's goin' to raise chickens?"

"He says so."

"Now, Miss Joan, don' you allow him to cut any capers. You 've got all the work you can do 's 't is. Mind what Ah say: when he puts those eggs under a hen, you take 'em out, quiet-like, an' you boil 'em hard. Ah tell you men has got to be circumnavigated."

"Boil them! Why, Ann!" Joan's face broke out in a series of little smiles that joined and became a laugh. "Boil them? Would you, really? It would waste the eggs. They 're to be expensive ones."

"But would n't those eggs be chickens, and would n't those chickens get the pip or the gaps or somethin', like they always do? And would n't you pester yourself to death about 'em? And ain't you got all you' time laid out to get you' turkeys off to the folks what buys them and pays for 'em? Ain't you, Miss Joan?"

Joan laughed again. "You promise not to tell on me if I do it?"

"Me tell? Ah never tell on Eve when she 's tryin' to get the better o' Adam."

"Then Ah 'll do it; but Ah hope nothin' dreadful happens."

Mr. Barnaby returned, defiantly carrying a dozen Orpington eggs. It had meant a trip to the bank. This was seen in the decision of Mr. Barnaby's manner and a certain "Ah-know-what-Ah-am-about" set to his shoulders.

He experienced some trouble in inducing a hen to set. She seemed to be prejudiced against Mr. Barnaby's scheme, and much averse to taking any part in it. These difficulties were undergone in the disused rabbit-run, and the squawkings, with an occasional word from Mr. Barnaby, reached Joan and Ann where they stood attentively listening inside the kitchen door. Joan was torn with misgivings, but Ann stood firm. The boiling must take place. Presently Mr. Barnaby issued from the rabbit-run and came toward the kitchen door. Both the women were busily working.

"Joan, do you know where that piece of blue chalk is that used to be lyin' round? Ah find Ah 've got to use strategy to make that white hen set."

"Why, Pa, she has n't clucked."

"Yes, she has; Ah heard her this mornin'."

"That was n't a cluck."

"Joan, Ah must ask you to let me be ma own judge of cluckin'. Where 's that chalk?"

"What you goin' to do with it?"

"Joan, Ah 'm not discussin' ma intentions; Ah 'm askin' for the chalk."

Joan searched in a pantry, found the thing wanted, and took it to the door. "Do tell me, Pa," she drawled coaxingly, and Mr. Barnaby melted.

"Ah 've always heard that if you put a hen's nose at the end of a bright line, it can't move. Ah 'm intendin' to draw a line right up to the nest, and arrange the rest of her when Ah get her nose placed."

He walked off, leaving the two women gaping at his back. Ann looked a little nervous. There was a suggestion of black art here that she did not like. Joan was torn between wild laughter and fear for her father's sanity.

When Mr. Barnaby retired to the south gallery to count up on paper how much he ought to make the first year and to draft different forms of advertisements, Joan slipped out to the rabbit-run. There was the hen limply setting, but setting undeniably, her eyes in a maudlin way contemplating a bright line. Now was the time to begin operations. Joan took observations, made sure that her father was engrossed in making out a really binding contract between himself and future lessees of his Orpingtons so that strict honesty would be observed as to the number of eggs laid, and convinced that this would employ him for some time, she started in to persuade Ann that, her hand being more deft, she must undertake to rob the nest.

Ann at first refused, but at last extracted two eggs, boiled them, reduced them to the proper temperature, and replaced them. Mr. Barnaby's anxiety sent him on half-hour visits to the rabbit-run, thus making Ann's work unexpectedly difficult. Joan kept watch, reconnoitered, gave signals, and by the end of the next day all the eggs had been boiled.

The relief Joan felt over the act was considerably lessened by guilty twinges

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every time Mr. Barnaby expatiated on his future plans for the eggs. He contemplated heading his advertisements with "Transient Hens" in big letters, with a picture underneath of a running hen, carrying a suitcase under one wing and an umbrella under the other, and dropping a steady stream of eggs as she ran. At the bottom of the advertisement was to be "HERE TO-DAY, WHERE TO-MORROW?" The space between was to be filled in with breezily worded particulars.

As the time for the hatching approached, Mr. Barnaby hovered with almost maternal vigilance over that hen. On the twentieth day he often peeped under her wings, listened attentively to the tiny peckings which he knew should be audible. This continued in an exaggerated form during the twenty-first day, and on the twenty-second he added to his other employments a furtive sniffing.

Joan, in a voice so small that he might have ignored it if he had wished, asked if the eggs were hatching. An explosive monosyllable was her answer. She pressed the matter further. "It 's the twenty-second day, Pa. Are you goin' to throw those eggs out?"

"No, Ah 'm not."

"What are you goin' to do?"

"Ah 'm goin' to call on that fool Higgins." He went, and the pace at which he rattled down the avenue prophesied ill for Higgins.

During his absence Joan consulted with Ann. At any moment Mr. Barnaby might take out the eggs and discover their boiled condition. Her objection to the scheme from the beginning would point her out as the most likely person to be accused. She would never be forgiven, and for the rest of her days she would hear that she had ruined his great scheme. He even might take over the management of the farm, which would mean that nothing would ever be done, and desolation would close in on them. A way out of her difficulty was necessary, but what way was still a question when her father returned.

He stamped into the room, threw down his hat, and announced: "Ah 'll have the law on that man Higgins as sure 's you live. He says Ah don' know anythin' about eggs and that Ah 've done some fool thing to them. Ah say that when a hen has set for twenty-three days and nothin' 's happened, there 's somethin' the matter with the eggs. Ah 'll haul Higgins up to court if Ah have to give ma life to gettin' him there."

"Wait until to-morrow, Pa. Perhaps the eggs will hatch." Joan courted postponement.

"Ah can't wait; he 's goin' to have the law on me. Ah so far indulged myself as to call him a liar."

"Pa!"

"Well that 's what he is."

A light sparkled in Joan's eye. She had found her way. "Pa, Higgins never liked you, did he?"

"Ah don' know as he did or as he did n't. Why?"

"Well," she proceeded with a cautious drawl, "there was that time you had such bad luck with those rabbits. He used to tell that story pretty often and in a sort o' mean way. Ah don' believe he has ever forgiven you for firin' his sails full of buck-shot that night you caught him fishin' up you' creek."

"We were n't sure it was Higgins." Mr. Barnaby's wrath was smoldering, and while it smoldered he spoke with unnatural forbearance.

"We were as sure as there was any need of bein'. It 's ma opinion he would n't be beneath doin' somethin' to those eggs himself."

"If Ah thought he had, Ah 'd—" Mr. Barnaby's suddenly flaming anger made him inarticulate. He rose and started for the door. "Ah 'm goin' to find out; Ah 'm goin' to smash those eggs."

"Oh, not yet, Pa. Wait until to-morrow."

"Ah 'll do nothin' of the kind. You come along, and we 'll see what that lambasted possum has been up to."

Side by side they marched to the rabbit-run, Ann following by command. Taking the reluctant hen from her nest and putting her without ceremony out of the window, Mr. Barnaby picked up an egg and broke it in two. The halves fell from his hands, and he ejaculated in a hollow voice, "Boiled, by heavens!"

"Boiled!" came from Joan.

" 'Fo' the Lawd, boiled!" cried Ann.

Mr. Barnaby turned, stalked from the place, the women falling back before his mighty indignation; and when he reached

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Drawn by F. R. Gruger. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"'AH CAN'T WAIT. HE 'S GOIN' TO HAVE THE LAW ON ME'"

the door, as from Olympian heights he declaimed: "Joan, from now on Ah shall expect you to relieve me of all care of this place. Ah am intendin' to devote ma time to gettin' justice for havin' been made a fool of. Ah expect Jim Higgins to go down to his grave as Boiled-Egg Higgins, and Ah will even go so far as to give you ma word that such shall be the case."

Mr. Barnaby went away in full cry, and Joan turned to the old woman at her side. "Ann, ma guilt 's weighin' on me already."

Ann began collecting the eggs in the skirt of her dress.

"Childie, don' you know that the way we skin through to happiness is by losin' mos' o' our skin? It 'll heal." She paused over the last egg with elegant hesitation. "Ah don' 'spose you-all min' ma takin' these here eggs. Ma present husband 's right fond o' curry."

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MULTIPLYING THE PLEASURES OF THE TABLE

by Henry T. Finck

ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN PRICE AND STANLEY DAVIS

CARLTON ~ ILLUSTRATORS

IMPORTANCE OF VARIETY IN FOODS

KING PHILIP V of Spain engaged Farinelli, the most famous vocalist of his time, to sing four songs for him, without change of any kind, every evening for ten years. He was not in his right mind, "as a matter of course," one feels tempted to add, and yet are there not at this day, and in this country, many thousands of persons whose musical pabulum consists entirely of half a dozen tunes, which they sing, hum, and whistle decade after decade? For them the countless inspirations of genius given to the world in the last three centuries do not exist at all. And how much enjoyment they thus miss!

Vastly more surprising, since everybody eats, is the fact that the majority of persons are equally ignorant of the countless delicacies invented by ingenious cooks of the past and present. What Sir Henry Thompson wrote, more than a quarter of a century ago, regarding the average Englishman is quite as true to this day of the average American: "He cares more for quantity than quality, desires little variety, and regards as impertinent an innovation in the shape of a new aliment, expecting the same food at the same hour daily."

Breeders of fine animals have long since discovered that nothing is so conducive to health and other desirable qualities as variety in the food given. A monotonous diet soon palls on the appetite, fails to stimulate the digestive organs, and the result is dyspepsia, loss of pleasure, energy, and earning power, and the shortening of life. Think of the pallid victims of the everlasting hog and hominy in the South! "Hasty pudding and milk," as Artemus Ward sagely observed, "are a harmless diet if eaten moderately, but if you eat it incessantly for six consecutive weeks, it will produce instant death."

When the average American or Englishman travels, he is glad to see new cities, new scenery, new costumes, and new faces; but he is comically indignant if he cannot get the same food he has always had at home. It would be much better for him if he could be made to understand that Cowper's maxim, "Variety 's the very spice of life," applies to diet as much as to anything. Every country has something to give and teach us regarding the pleasures of the table. No other land yields such a lavish and varied supply of raw material as the United States, and all we need in order to become the leading gastronomic nation is to wake up to the importance of good and varied cooking and rational eating, and to learn all we can from nations famed for their culinary art. The methods of obtaining the diverse national food flavors can often be studied without traveling abroad, since in our cities we have cooks and restaurants of nearly every land under the sun. In New York one can make a gastronomic trip of the world.

FRENCH SUPREMACY

A GRUMBLER might ask, "What 's the use trying to learn new things from foreigners when so many of our families can hardly afford to buy the ordinary meats and vegetables for any kind of meal?" But it is precisely because food-stuffs are becoming expensive that we ought to look to the older and less extravagant nations of Eu-

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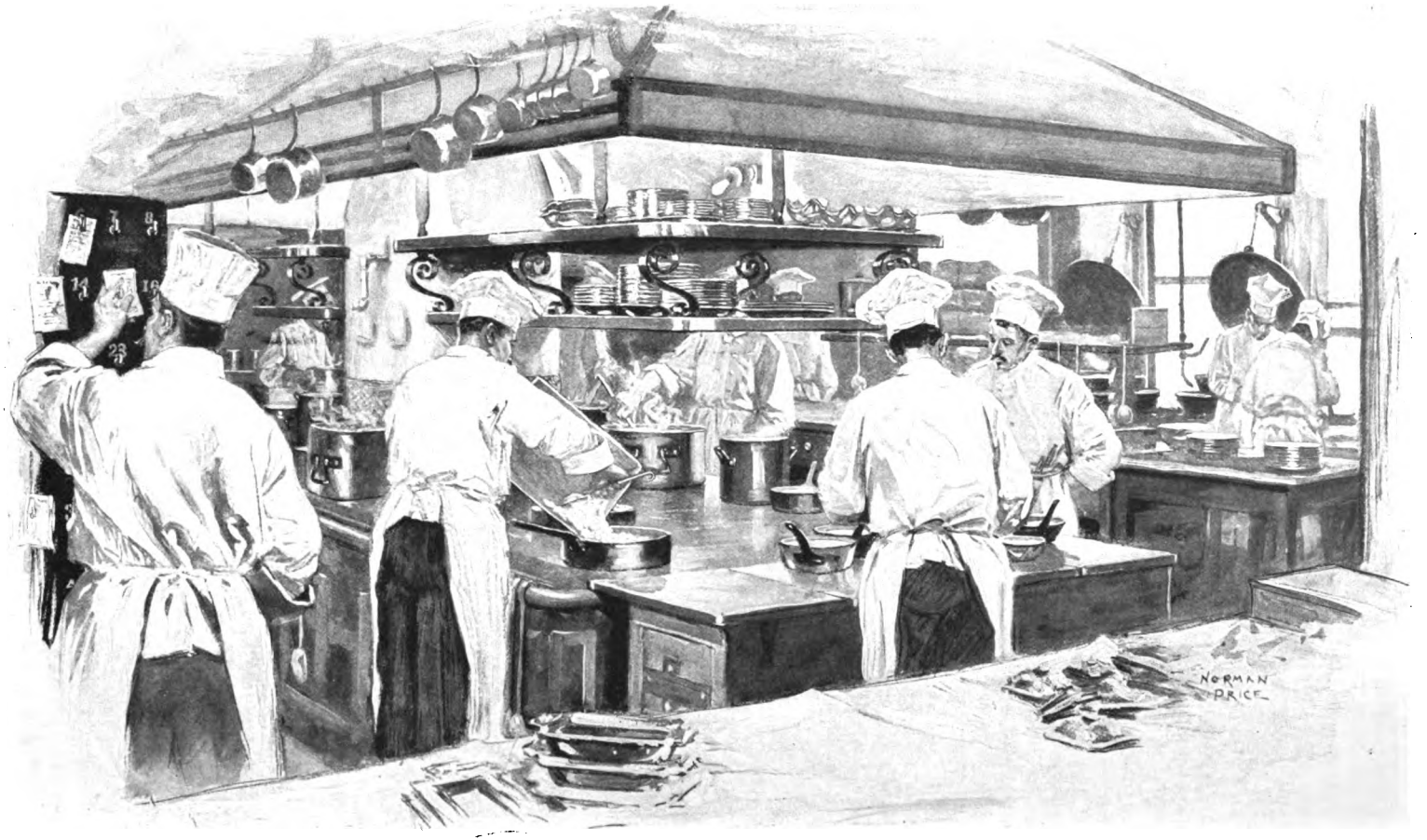

Drawn by Norman Price. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

A FRENCH KITCHEN

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rope for guidance. The Government is commendably alert in this matter. Last year the United States Department of Agriculture issued a valuable treatise by Dr. C. F. Langworthy and Caroline L. Hunt as Farmers' Bulletin 391. It is entitled "Economical Use of Meat in the Home," and it shows how, by expert cooking, the cheaper cuts of meat may be made to yield more nutrition and appetizing flavor than the choicest cuts as at present usually prepared in American households.

It is to France chiefly that the world owes this invaluable lesson, which gives to those of moderate means many of the advantages of the well-to-do. In that country the humblest peasant family enjoys palatable meals because the cook is an alchemist who knows how to transmute the baser metals into silver and gold.

The essence of good cooking lies in four things: the ability to preserve, develop, improve, and vary the flavor of foods. The French excel particularly in the art of varying the flavor. A small piece of meat suffices them to make a whole pot of vegetables redolent of it. Conversely, they use all sorts of vegetables to impart their unique flavor to meats—in soups, stews, sauces, and the water in which meat or fish is boiled. The combinations and variations are endless. An English epicure declares that the secret of the excellence of French cookery lies in the lavish use made of vegetables. "Where we use one kind, French cooks use twenty."

Dumas wrote that the French cuisine owes its superiority to the excellence of its bouillon—the product of seven hours of continuous boiling—for soups and flavoring vegetables. According to Theodore Child, the distinctive excellence of French cooking is due to the thorough comprehension of the methods of seasoning, while Ellwanger declares that the supreme triumph of the Parisian cuisine consists in its sauces, no fewer than 246 of which are described in Charles Ranhofer's "The Epicurean." Each of these experts hints at part of the truth. French cooking has more than one point of superiority.

Drawn by Stanley Davis

A FRENCH COOK

"The cook is an alchemist who knows how to transmute the baser metals into silver and gold."

HYGIENIC VALUE OF SALADS

Probably no detail of the French menu is so important to us as the salad. Very few American families know what an invaluable delicacy a genuine French salad, with a dressing of *good* olive-oil and pure, *fragrant* vinegar, is—invaluable, because of its effect on the digestion and health. There is very little nourishment in salad leaves until the oil has been added, and the oil is what many of us need, according to the doctors, who deplore the insufficiency of fat in the average American's diet. It is excluded therefrom for the very good reason that the average American finds it difficult to digest it. But it is right there that the salad comes to the rescue. The vinegar in it, if genuine, excites by its fragrance and acidity the digestive glands not only in the mouth and stomach, but in the pancreas, which acts on all the constituents of food, particularly the fats. There would be vastly less intestinal indigestion in this country if every family followed the French custom of eating salad at least once a day.

Lettuce, the commonest kind of salad, is unfortunately somewhat indigestible to many, unless very carefully chewed. Those who find it troublesome should try the crisp, bleached hearts of the variety of endive known as escarole. This is still difficult to get, having been brought into our markets only a few years ago; but try

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Drawn by Norman Price. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M Lewis

"THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND"

it once, and you will surely follow the writer's example and make your grocer send it to you daily during its season of several months, after which there is time enough to devote yourself to the many other kinds of green and vegetable salads —or fruit salads, if you share the queer liking for them. More delicious still than escarole is the French, or globe, artichoke, the *fond* of which is among salads what diamond-backed terrapin and canvasback duck are among meats. It also makes a savory vegetable; but how any one can eat it, or asparagus, hot, when he might have it cold as a salad, with French dressing, is a mystery to me. The globe artichoke is unfortunately much too scarce in our markets, and inexcusably expensive. The American lobster and shrimp salads cannot be beaten; but we have much to learn of Europeans as to the possible varieties of fish, meat, green, and vegetable salads, by way of multiplying our pleasures of the table and banishing intestinal dyspepsia, for which salads are more remedial than "Fletcherizing."

DESIRABLE ITALIAN DISHES

CARÊME, prince of French chefs, denounced the cookery of the old Romans as too heavy. The same censure applied to the cuisine of other European peoples be-

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Drawn by Stanley Davis. Half tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

DINING OUT-OF-DOORS IN GERMANY

"They avoid monotony by frequently supping in restaurants or beer gardens."

fore the French began to create and emphasize the importance of lighter viands in the form of diverse entremets, ragouts, salmis, entrées, and other delicacies. However, they were not the earliest reformers by any means. Their first good cooks came from Italy. Even in the ancient days there was the Sicilian Archestratus, "the Attic Carême," who "traveled far and wide in quest of alimentary dainties of different lands," and who, 2241 years ago, wrote a poem on gastronomy. Montaigne expressed admiration of those Italian cooks, "who can so curiously temper and season strange odors with the savor and relish of their meats." Indeed, the Italians still hold their own among the leading gastronomic nations.

It is to them that we owe the best olive-oil for our delectable and sanitary salads, and from them we ought to learn the art of frying meats and fish in the same oil, which is more palatable than our lard or our dreadful "cooking butter." Next to this oil, the best edible thing Italy gives to the world is macaroni. We import four million dollars' worth of it yearly, and we have learned, by raising the durum wheat, to make macaroni almost as good as the products of a Gragnano factory; but most of it is probably eaten by the many Italians who have come to live with us. In the average American household macaroni is far too seldom served. It might advantageously replace potatoes at one of the three meals. Baked, fried, boiled, creamed, hashed, and browned—in all these and many other ways potatoes are good, and we could not well do without them; but macaroni is more digestible. The most familiar of its varieties are spaghetti and vermicelli, but the most delicately flavored, tagliatelli, is known only to Italians. A distinguished Italo-American, criticizing our overboiling of macaroni, declared that it should "resist de toot'."

A peculiarity of the Italian cuisine is the use of cheese not only with macaroni, but with soup and other dishes. Most persons, if asked what country supplies most of the cheese we import, would answer, "France." Seemingly our restaurants serve more Camembert, Brie, and Roquefort than any other kinds. As a matter of fact, however, the two countries which supply the greater part of the imported cheese are Italy and Switzerland.

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Besides the three French varieties named, only about ten European sorts are generally known here: the English Cheddar, Cheshire, and Stilton; the German Limburger, Hand, and Münster; the Dutch Edam; the Swiss Emmenthaler; and the Italian Parmesan and Gorgonzola. The best of all Italian cheeses, Caciocavallo, is unknown to Americans, more 's the pity. How greatly we might diversify the pleasures of the table in this direction any one can realize by sending to the United States Department of Agriculture in Washington for Bulletin 105 of the Bureau of Animal Industries, which describes 242 varieties of cheese.

Our Government is certainly doing its best to advise and guide us gastronomically. In another of its free publications, Farmers' Bulletin 256, Maria Parloa calls the nation's attention to the fact, well known to epicures, that "much of the delicious flavor of French and Italian cookery is due to the skilful combination of several of the onion flavors." The atmosphere, about meal-time, of Italian, French, and Spanish towns tells of these culinary combinations, the results of which are undoubtedly pleasing to us, too, provided the cook uses a very light, pianissimo touch. Unfortunately we Americans cannot, as a rule, stomach solid onion, garlic, leek, shallot, or chives. If we had time for the 718 bites which, according to Fletcher, a mouthful of onion calls for to make it digestible, it would be different; but we have not. However, by using only the water seasoned with these ingredients, we can corral the flavors by themselves, and thus enrich and vary American cookery also in this direction.

SOME ENGLISH SPECIALTIES

THERE was a time when over-seasoning and over-saucing, so to speak, spoiled the French cuisine. In a letter dated 1779, Goethe complained that the cooks in this way so disguised viands that one hardly knew whether he was eating meat or fish, a roast or a boiled dish. Under the first Napoleon the cardinal principle was established that every vegetable and every kind of meat must be cooked in such a way as to retain its individual flavor. In England, so far as meats are concerned, this principle has long held sway: "The roast beef of old England," which long ago aroused the enthusiasm of Henry Fielding, and her broiled mutton-chops, and steaks, her fried soles, her Yorkshire and plum puddings, turtle and oxtail soups, whitebait, rabbit and other meat pies, deserve the flattery of imitation everywhere. In the matter of bottled condiments and pickles, and biscuits in endless variety, England is also preëminent; and what is particularly commendable is that English products for export are usually made as conscientiously as those for home consumption. You can buy them in a Japanese village, and be as sure of their excellence as if you got them in London.

GERMAN DELICATESSEN

APART from a limited number of national dishes, the best cooking in England is in the French style. The same is true in Germany. In the matter of cuisine the Germans are the most cosmopolitan of all peoples; they eagerly learn from all nations, and sometimes improve on the originals. They like variety; when traveling, unlike the English and Americans, they prefer things new to them, and it has been justly said that one of the Germans' chief objects in touring is to enjoy exotic pleasures of the table. At home they avoid monotony by frequently supping in restaurants or beer gardens, the whole family being taken there, including the dog, unless a great crowd is expected because of a special musical treat, in which case a sign is put up: *"Hunde dürfen nicht mitgebracht werden."* (Dogs, by the way, are benefited by variety.) And how enthusiastically these burghers discuss the diverse good things placed before them! A Berlin author maintains that three fourths of all Germans, and four fifths of their cousins, the Austrians, talk more about eating than about anything else, and that the most successful novels in their countries are those in which there are descriptions of banquets that make the mouth water. No need of preaching gastronomy to *them*.

While the Germans are assimilators, they also make, apart from their cheeses, beers, and Rhine wines, various good things peculiar to themselves, which deserve to be transplanted to other countries. Preëminent among these are their bread, their *Mehlspeisen*, their sausages, and diverse appetizers exhibited in their numer-

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ous delicatessen stores. The best German and Austrian bread is quite as good as the best French, and there is a greater variety. German rye-bread is almost unknown in France, but of late the English have taken to it, having discovered, doubtless, that, with good butter, it develops a peculiarly rich and agreeable flavor. Then there is Pumpernickel, the best bread to eat with cheese, also worthy of adoption everywhere. As for the Mehlspeisen, or national farinaceous dishes, they are numberless and mostly excellent. If anything can beat the genuine American pie, over which Henry Ward Beecher waxed eloquent, it is the German-Austrian Mehlspeise, of which there is an endless variety, under the species Nudeln, Spatzen, Kipferl, Kuchen, Strudel, Nockerl, Flockerl, Knödel, Schmarren. Really the Kaiserschmarren and the Apfelstrudel ought to be made national American dishes by special act of Congress.

Drawn by Stanley Davis. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

ARRANGING THE TABLE

"Women naturally want the apples and oranges, the berries and vegetables and other viands on their table to look pretty and inviting."

The delicatessen stores we already have with us in abundance, with their dill and sour pickles, *marinirte* herrings, diverse fishes and fowls in meat jelly, all sorts of fancy groceries, and, above all, cold meats and sausages. The French, Italians, and English are also great sausage-eaters, and so, for that matter, are the Americans; but for variety and excellence in this line the Germans are supreme. There is a story of a wealthy Berlin butcher whose son had been promoted in the army by Moltke, and who, to show his gratitude, advised the field-marshal never to eat sausage. But those days of uncertainty are past. Inspection is now so strict in the fatherland that one can safely eat whatever is offered. There are sausages in endless diversity for every taste and purse; you can get a pair of Selchwürstchen for less than a dime, while a pound of Gänselebertrüffelwurst (goose-liver-truffle sausage) will cost you a dollar or more. Between these extremes there are hundreds of sorts; for, indeed, nearly every locality has its specialty. Nuremberg caps the climax with its Bratwurstglöckle, a place where they broil on stones pork-tenderloin sausages that melt in the mouth. A lunch-room serving exact duplicates of these in New York would be a gold-mine; in a large down-town restaurant you can see, on certain days, more than half the guests ordering "country sausages," which, although good, are not to be mentioned on the same day with those of the Bratwurstglöckle.

Our gastronomic survey might be profitably extended to many other countries, and not in Europe only. We shall probably never indulge to any extent in such delicacies as the Australian kangaroo-tail soup or the broiled elephant's foot

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of the African gourmet, but we can have bird's-nest soup for our money, and the Chinese also have a great variety of kitchen plants in order that all classes of climate in their vast country may be made to yield their share of food; a fact which suggested to the United States Department of Agriculture the issuing of a special bulletin (No. 68), in which Walter S. Blasdell describes the vegetables (among them water-chestnut, taro, lotos-root and seeds, lily-bulbs, and diverse green vegetables and cucurbits) which we might profitably cultivate for our tables, and some of which may be seen in the markets of San Francisco and other cities where the Chinese congregate.

HOW THE GOVERNMENT HELPS

JAPAN erected a monument to the man who first introduced citrus fruits in that country eighteen centuries ago. We have no gastronomic monuments yet, but our Government has emphatically acknowledged the importance of securing variety in our foods and thus multiplying the pleasures of the table. It actually has a special Department of Plant Introduction, the object of which, in the words of David Fairchild, the agricultural explorer, is "forcing into public notice and encouraging the trials of foods that the people of other countries find excellent, and of which we are ignorant." This is true not only of foods entirely new to us, but of others with which we are partly familiar. For instance, we fondly, but mistakenly, imagine that we know dates as we know beans. There might be, and ought to be, as many varieties of dates in our markets as of apples. Five years ago, our Government had already introduced 170 kinds of dates. Search through the deserts of the world revealed the fact that the dates we buy are only one or two kinds of the host of sorts known to the Arabs, and that those we prize as delicious are regarded by these connoisseurs as by no means among their best. "The search has also brought to light," Mr. Fairchild says, "the hard, dry date, which Americans do not know at all, and which they will learn to appreciate as a food, as the Arab has."

Although we import bananas and pineapples by the ship-load, we know no more about their luscious possibilities than we do about dates. The plebeian, coarse kinds we eat would be scorned by the natives of the countries where they grow. In the Year-book of the Department of Agriculture for 1905, Herbert J. Webber relates that when the department's pineapple-breeding experiments were started, the question of what varieties to cultivate gave considerable trouble. Many growers insisted that the red Spanish was by far the best variety, because of its adaptability to open-field culture, freedom from disease, and *good shipping qualities.* Others contended that, "as varieties existed that were of *far better quality and flavor,* the market should be educated to demand these better so-called fancy fruits."

PENNYWISE DEALERS

THE words I have italicized indicate the difficulty that confronts us—a problem of vast and national importance, the chief impediment to our getting the best varieties of fruits, domestic as well as imported, and of vegetables, too, into our markets. While a few dealers are sufficiently astute to realize that sales are multiplied tenfold if the best fruits and vegetables are offered, the ruling majority are so pennywise as to think only of the shipping and keeping qualities. A leading seedsman admits that of the three things to be taken into account by market gardeners in raising tomatoes—appearance, keeping quality, and flavor—the flavor is usually least considered. Luther Burbank declares that "it is palatability that decides the permanence of a fruit"; but what if the dealers enter into a conspiracy to suppress the best because its greater delicacy and juiciness make it somewhat more perishable?

"There has for many years been a strong tendency in the American fruit trade to urge fruit-growers to reduce the number of varieties in their commercial plantations," writes a government expert. The result we all can see every day in our markets. Take grapes and peaches, for instance. Professor Bailey, in his interesting book on the "Evolution of Our Native Fruits," says that the American grape is essentially a table fruit, whereas the European is a wine fruit. He also states that "the American grapes have given rise to

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eight hundred domestic varieties." Of these how many get into our markets? Barely a dozen. We might easily have a dozen more as delicious as the Delawares or as the Muscatels, which, by the way, are immensely superior in flavor to the other grapes that California sends across the continent.[1]

"Attractive diversity in appearance and quality stimulates a demand for fruit among consumers," says William A. Taylor, pomologist of the United States Bureau of Plant Industry. But the dealers are deaf and blind. The condition into which they have brought our peach market is a national disgrace and a gastronomic calamity. Most of the Southern peaches at present seem to be of one kind, and that not one of the best. But it really makes little difference what kind we buy, for all are equally spoiled by not being allowed to ripen on the tree. California peaches melt in the mouth like ice-cream—in California. In the East they used to contrast with Atlantic coast peaches by their leathery consistency and lack of flavor, due to the fact that they had to be picked unripe to stand shipment. To-day they contrast less, because Eastern peaches also are mostly picked unripe.

One grower has related how he compelled the dealers to be fair to the consumers. He allowed the sun to ripen his peaches on the tree, then sorted them into three grades, selling at different prices. He promptly disposed of his ten-acre crop for $9000. But the lesson seems to have been lost. Last October I spent an hour in New York markets trying to find a basketful fit for preserving. One dealer, to whom I remarked that his peaches were too hard, replied that that was the way he wanted them. "All right—then keep them," I retorted, and moved on. If all of us thus asserted the consumer's rights, reform would be sudden and thorough.

EATING WITH THE EYES

It must be admitted that the public has to some extent aided and abetted the dealers in their sacrificing of variety and flavor for the sake of appearance and keeping qualities. Dr. Wiley has written trenchantly on the widely prevalent habit of "eating with the eyes"—of selecting articles of food for their size and color instead of their flavor; and another government official, George K. Holmes, Chief of the Division of Foreign Markets, contributed to the Year-book of the Department of Agriculture for 1904 an eighteen-page article on this same subject, entitled "Consumers' Fancies," which shows how, in the case of many articles, dealers are guided in what they offer by the fanciful preferences of the buyers. To cite one of his illustrations: "Although it may seem that it is positively not worth while, to say nothing of money, to buy a nut except to enjoy its delicious flavor, yet to taste is assigned only 25 per cent., while 50 per cent. is given to the eye, the remaining 25 per cent. going to the convenience of cracking the shells."

What aggravates the situation is that there is *something* to be said also in favor of buying for the eyes. Women naturally want the apples and oranges, the berries and vegetables and other viands on their tables to look pretty and inviting. This being the case, it seems as if there were no way out of the difficulty. But there is. We can reconcile the eye and the palate by breeding fruits and vegetables that combine good looks with good flavor. Luther Burbank has done the world a great service by originating new fruits and vegetables; but his greatest achievement is his demonstration that there is virtually no limit to obtaining fruits of any size, form, or flavor desired, and that the good looks and flavor can be combined at pleasure with shipping and keeping qualities. He himself is preparing many pleasant surprises of this kind besides the one just referred to, and hundreds of others are at work on the same problems, on which, indeed, the Government is at present spending millions. Every State has its Agricultural Experiment Station, where expert hybridizers and variety-makers are helping to multiply our pleasures of the table.

[1] In a letter, dated July 25, 1911, Mr. Burbank informs me that he is "at work on several of the California grapes to give them better flavors, thicker skins, and better keeping qualities, and," he adds, "I assure you that I am having good success. They are not yet ready to send out."

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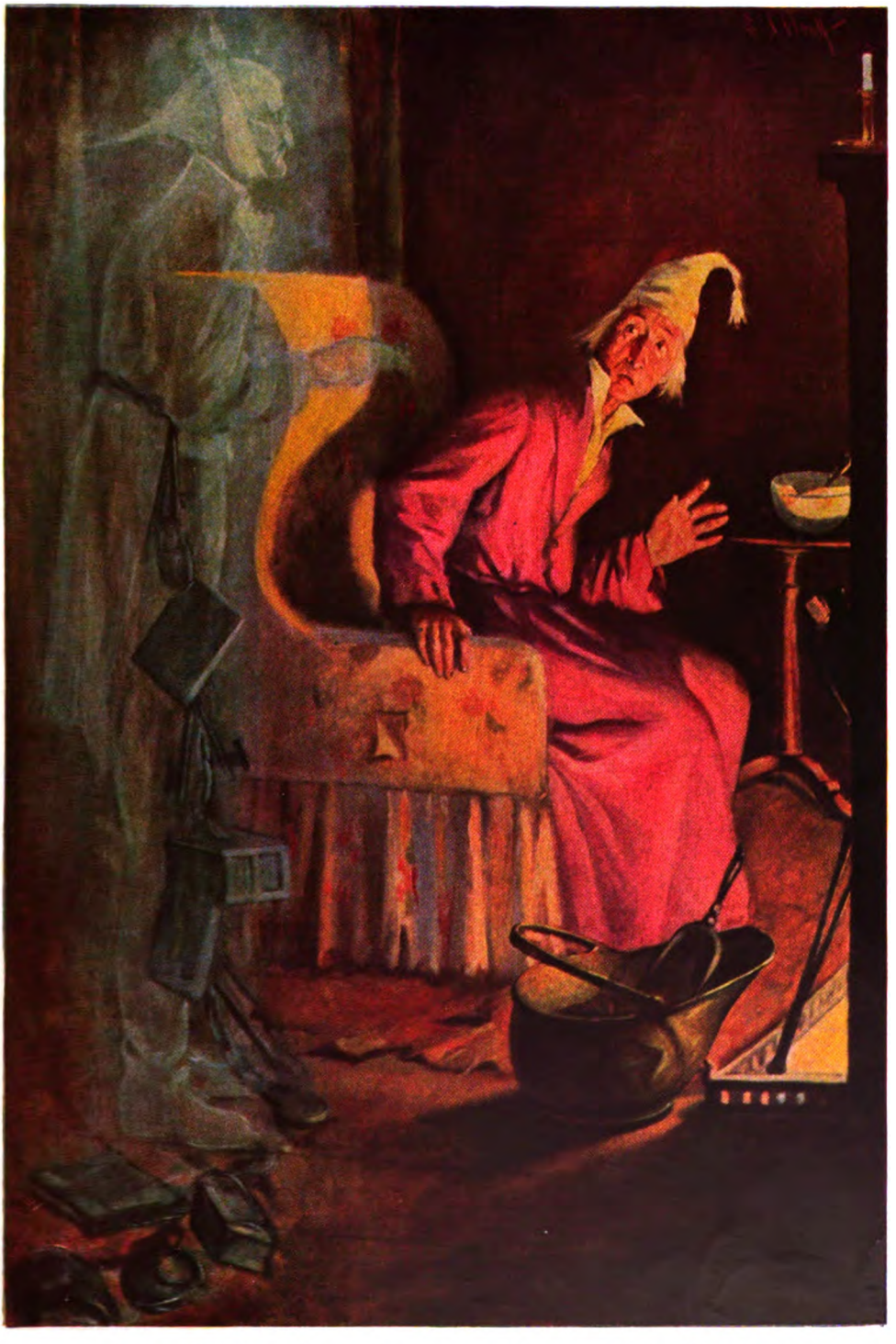

MARLEY'S GHOST APPEARING TO SCROOGE. FROM "A CHRISTMAS CAROL," BY CHARLES DICKENS

PAINTED FOR THE CENTURY BY S. J. WOOLF

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THE GREATER CALL

BY MARY KNIGHT POTTER

JOHN MARLBOROUGH, minister of All Souls', picked up his evening mail from his desk and sank into the big chair before the study-fire. Percival's letter was the topmost of the pile, but he eyed it languidly, too tired even to be interested in news from the old college. Besides, he guessed what it told, for the papers had already chronicled Percival's appointment as dean. The letter would only have the particulars, and somehow to-night he did not wish to read them. He was too exhausted to feel joy for his old chum, too hopeless himself to give him good cheer.

Hopeless—that was it. He had not said the word outright before, but now it loomed within his vision, dominating the days to come, as it had darkened the ones that had passed. With his head on his hands and his eyes shut to the flickering flames, he wondered heavily why he had taken so long to acknowledge his defeat. Why, indeed, could he have dreamed in the beginning that he was the man for such a place as Wellington?

And then his thoughts went back to those last graduate days in the divinity school when the two calls had come: one from the historic, cultivated New England society; the other from the raw, blatant, aggressive city sprung up about its factory chimneys with such incredible swiftness that only yesterday, it seemed, it was not. He could hear now the astonished dismay of professors and classmates at his choice. Half a night Percival had argued that a man with his training and instincts, not to mention his abilities, was throwing away the gifts the gods had bestowed to take them to such a place as Wellington. Even saintly old Dr. Howland had suggested gently that missionaries required the stuff of pioneers, a class hardly needing, nor usually possessing, great learning or exquisite refinements. Marlborough repeated cynically to himself his answer that "Those who knew the best could best get along without it. Until such as Wellington had been taught that best, how could there be any real hope for the republic's future?"

Ah, what an egregious egotist he had been to imagine that he was the man to rouse Wellington to that "best!" Not that he agreed with Percival and the others as to Wellington's necessities. He had failed only because he was not big enough; of that he was sure. If he had been stronger to grapple with its problems, if his ideals could have made his tongue and life more compelling; oh, if he had been other,—better, nobler,—what might he not have done? Instead of which, what was there to show for all his eight years? Had his influence made owners of mill or railroad less oblivious of the golden rule, or their laborers more willing to obey that precept on their side? It was only last year that the corporations had combined to cheat public and workmen alike of long-vested rights. The same year the employees had struck for unearned privileges. The scandalous deal between the railroad and the aldermen had occurred as late as last summer. The utter defeat of his anti-saloon efforts in his working-men's club was history only a few months old. Failure! Everywhere failure!

And yet how he had worked! It was only since his visit that autumn to his old college town that he had begun to realize what a strain he had been under. It was the first vacation he had taken—"like a fool," as Percival told him bluntly. But what a welcome the college gave him! And how he had reveled in the freedom, the quiet, the thought of the whole place! He had gulped it down as a starving man his first full dinner. Then finally on Sunday he had listened once more to Dr. West, just as he used to listen in student days.

That was when the first great tide of

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regret had swept over him. As he had looked at the intent congregation, at the scholarly, refined faces, he saw as through an open window that other congregation that sat below his own pulpit. That was not an assemblage of one type. There was in it pretty nearly every human variety except that so general in this college town. Mill-hands, clerks, superintendents, proprietor, owners—all were represented. But, however differing in apparel, manner, or expression, in one respect at least they were alike: not even the searching eyes of their minister could find trace of the earnest thought or consistent ideals characteristic of those then about him. His spirit had groveled within him and cried bitterly. Surely it must be his fault that Wellington faces had changed so little for the better in all his eight long years of ministry. It was proof enough. He had known it that day, if he had never acknowledged it before. He was not the man for them.

The logs in the fireplace hissed sharply and broke asunder, and the glowing bed of coals threw strange shadows across the bent head of the man. Slowly he roused himself, and almost unconsciously he opened the letter from his college friend.

At first his own thoughts came crowding in between the lines so that he only half assimilated Percival's banter over his new dignities. Then, at the bottom of a page he had not read, a single sentence stood out before him with sharp isolation: "You are to have a chance for Dr. West's pulpit." Twice he read it, unbelieving. Then, while the blood rushed beating into his temples, his eyes raced over the paragraphs following:

"It is not yet public property, but the dear old man is to resign, and he himself has suggested you. Not being on the committee, I 've made no promises of secrecy, and so I 'm not perjuring myself to tell you their plans. Professor Barton intends being at Wellington next Sunday. If his decision is favorable, you are to be invited here for a *try*. They will supply at Wellington meantime. But if you get the first invitation, I 'm not afraid of the rest. And I am jubilating loud enough for you to hear me this minute.

"You well know how I felt about your ever going to such a hole. As the years have gone by and I have seen men with not half your ability making names for themselves, I have felt worse. By now, it seems to me, you must appreciate how much more tremendous an influence a man can wield in a position like Dr. West's than in one like yours.

"It is no use to remind you of what you yourself need. But has it occurred to you that your wife is being sacrificed along with you? Forgive my brutality, John, but how has she existed all these years? Is it a square deal to bury such a mind and nature as hers in the ruins of your quixotic undertaking? Again, forgive me, old fellow. It is partly my own selfish want, I know, that urges me on. I want you here; I need you. We all need you.

"But, now, what I am anxious about is that next sermon. For Heaven's sake! don't preach to the factory-hands or yet to the factory-owners for this once! Preach for thinking, intelligent, cultivated human-beings. Do your own mind justice, that 's all, and you will capture Barton."

"Is it a square deal to bury her beneath the ruins of your quixotic undertaking?" That phrase fairly reverberated in John Marlborough's mind. None but he knew how she had been buried—starved and buried. From the beginning his one fear in accepting the position had been dread for her. If she had not taken the initiative, he might, because of her, finally have refused the call. It was her radiant appreciation, her glad acceptance, of all it meant that had really precipitated his decision. What other woman could have done it so simply?

And never once had she shown even momentary regret or self-pity. John Marlborough's face flushed and his eyes filled. She had borne it long enough, he said to himself chokingly; far too long, since he had only made a failure of it all. His hand clutched the letter fiercely, and a sudden, swift light sprang into his eyes. Thank God! the escape had come in time! For he *would* write a sermon—one that should take Barton by storm. He had it all in mind. For months he had been vainly hunting time to write an article for the "Review," controverting Dr. Shane's "Necessary and Rational Submersion of Religious Faiths," with a triumphant showing of the imperative need of just such a belief as theirs. It certainly would hardly be a sermon for Wellington to appreciate. But already he could hear the

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applause of Barton and the college. What a relief, what an incentive, to feel once more that one's best would find quick understanding and acknowledgment! Then suddenly his exultation dimmed. Was it because his pride was hurt that his failure in Wellington cut so deeply?

He forgot that unanswered question when he told Margaret of Percival's letter. He forgot everything but her first tremulous words:

"Back to the college, John! Back where there is something besides gossip and money! Where we won't be afraid every hour of the day of what 'Boy' may learn on the street!"

She tried to nullify them afterward, telling him that he must do what he thought best. It would be best for her and the boy.

His arms only held her with a more remorseful tenderness. He had not known, he scathed himself, he had not begun to know, the extent of her sacrifice. And for the next three days that was the underthought that spurred his pen to the sermon for Barton.

It was the habit of Wellington to expect to see its minister at any moment which was convenient or desirable for its own comfort. Sermons could be written when everybody else was abed. In ordinary waking hours a minister was public property. To its unbounded astonishment, for these days the study door was locked and Margaret barred the way of approach. At first she had wicked thrills of triumph over her barricade. But since a minister's wife can often, if regretfully, be substituted as burden-bearer, many of those that came proceeded to load Margaret with everything they could lay their tongues to. Till Thursday she kept the half-mocking shine in her eyes, the cheerful curve on her lips. But by Friday night she was so tired that Marlborough's report of progress hardly brought an illuminating ray. It was an added stab and an added incentive to him.

"I 've got to win," he told himself grimly. "Fool, not to have seen how this life is killing her!"

Saturday afternoon the task was finished. Spent, and yet flushed with victory, he ascribed the troubled uncertainty in her eyes to doubts of his success.

"It 's my very best," he assured her. "And if I know Barton at all, Margaret, we have won."

"Of course you 'll win. I 've never been afraid. If only they don't overwhelm you before you have a chance." With a gasp she tried to cover that last sentence with a cough, but he had heard.

"Overwhelm me? Who? How?"

She laughed lamely. "The people who have been after you. In spite of all my attempts to satisfy their insatiable demands, it would n't surprise me to see every one of them lined up between here and church to-morrow. You 'd never escape in time for service."

He did not laugh. Instead, he stroked her hair remorsefully. "Poor little woman! What a time you have had!"

She made a gesture of dissent. "It is not that. But there are such a lot of hard things. It made me feel,—" her breath caught again, and she shook her head,— "You sha'n't hear another word till after church to-morrow. I 've put a list of the worst into your sermon-case, and perhaps you had better take a look at it immediately after service."

"Nothing I ought to see about tonight?" Ministerial conscience insisted upon that.

"Nothing that can't wait. Though I suppose you will have to see Mrs. Tucker to-morrow. Nobody else is to come near you till Monday. Oh, I forgot. I promised to tell you; I could n't refuse him. It 's Jake. His brother came home from prison yesterday, and was here last night helping at the furnace. I did n't see him. He has n't seen anybody, and won't, Jake says. But he has agreed to go to church to-morrow." Margaret stopped a moment, and then went on hurriedly, "Jake seemed to think that hearing you preach would be enough to reform Dick forever."

A quick frown swept her husband's forehead. "To-morrow, of all Sundays!"

"It 's only Jake's idea, you know. You need n't worry. You 'll be able to see Dick, and a talk will do him more good than listening to a dozen sermons."

Though that was certainly probable, the next morning, as Marlborough stepped into the pulpit, he was hoping the boy was not in church. Generally Jake, in his gallery seat, was invisible to the minister; but to-day his glance almost instantly rested on the two brothers. Jake, who had worked

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his way from newsboy to trusted man-of-all-work for the whole neighborhood, sat with his lips parted in a rather uncertain smile. His air of anxious eagerness contrasted sharply with the furtive, sullen manner of the other, doubled up into an indiscriminate heap beside him. Marlborough felt his face flushing. Those two would find very little in his sermon that day. It was such a pity. Then he shrugged his shoulders impatiently. It really could make no difference, since he would see them directly.

Thus reassuring himself, he looked down at his wife. At the moment Professor Barton was being shown into the pew. His heart bounded. How cool and critical that keenly intellectual countenance! How striking the contrast between him and the rest of the congregation! Heavens! how fortunate that Percival had warned him! Margaret, he saw, was a little nervous, despite the control that kept her lips steady and filled her greeting of the professor with exactly the right amount of pleasure.

After the first responsive reading, and while the choir was singing, his eyes strayed about once more. There was Mrs. Farren in her broad-aisle pew, alone as usual. She was not a cultivated body, this wife of the biggest mill-owner in town. She was a browbeaten, neglected little woman, and she bore with her brute of a husband like a saint. What did she say the other day? "If Sunday did not come once a week, I don't know how I could pull through the other six days." Marlborough stirred a bit uneasily. She had always been so grateful for the little he could give. Well, he must call to-morrow.

With a sigh he looked over into the transept. There in the corner sat MacGregor, the tightest-fisted old skinflint landlord in Wellington. He had been at the bottom of the failure of the anti-saloon league,—naturally, as he himself had said to Marlborough, with an ironical twist of his thin, dry lips, since he owned most of the saloons of the city,—and yet he had demolished one fertile source of income by tearing down a brace of rookeries where families swarmed like vermin. In its place he had built a group of decent tenements, which, with the same ironical twist of the thin, dry lips, he had called "The Minister's Folly." It was the only recognition he had ever given of Marlborough's influence, if recognition it were. As he looked at the hard face, Marlborough wondered what brought him to church. Was there not a report that a scapegrace son had just died somewhere off in China? Again he was vaguely sorry. The sermon was not precisely for such as MacGregor.

Opposite, where his eyes turned hurriedly, was Mrs. Tucker, whom his wife had promised he should see after service. Marlborough groaned. Why could n't she have stayed away? Even if she were perfectly innocent, as he believed, considering the scandal, one might suppose she would keep out of sight.

Then it was time for the first Scripture lesson, and he rose slowly. Somehow his elasticity of spirit had departed.

During the singing of the next hymn Margaret's list dropped out of his sermon-case. The mere length of it staggered him. Though he put it back at once, he had seen too much. He found himself going over the names half automatically. Mrs. Jones headed them, he had noticed. Probably she had learned finally that the doctors could give her no more hope. He well knew the fright and despair of that frivolous, vain, empty-headed creature. After all, she had not had a fair show. How could the daughter of such parents be different? It was pity, not censure, she needed.

Was n't Blackwell's name next? Most likely that indicated more trouble at the mill. Those smelterers were a turbulent lot. Fortunately their leader was a young Bulgarian whom Marlborough had befriended some years before in the Boys' Club. When they got beyond Blackwell he sent post-haste for the minister of All Souls' to argue with them. Marlborough smiled a trifle grimly. It was the only time the manager of the Skelton Mills ever found ministerial advice profitable.

And, yes, he had seen Miss Minton's name. The committee, then, had asked her to resign? Poor, little old maid! It was an outrage. She had certainly done better than most of the inefficient teachers in the Wellington schools. What was going to happen to her ninety-year-old mother if she lost the position?

Tom Blake was on the list, too; and Angeline Palmer, and Mr. Flint, and Heaven knew how many more. They were all in trouble of one kind or another;

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no doubt about that, he thought wearily. It was always trouble when he was wanted.

Presently he became aware that the music had ceased and that the congregation was waiting for the second lesson. With an effort he pulled himself together and opened the Testament. To his own dazed surprise he could not remember what he had chosen to read. It certainly was not the fourth chapter of Luke, yet when the leaves separated at that, he felt impelled to read it. As he finished with the eighteenth verse, the words came back to him as if spoken by some one else:

The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the brokenhearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised.

In the prayer that followed, Marlborough scarcely realized what phrases he used. His mind was enveloped in a dull puzzle, and he was aware only of a great longing for some solution—of what he hardly knew.

While he waited for the next anthem, he sat with his head bowed in his hands, still with a desperate feeling of indecision and uncertainty. Then suddenly before his closed eyes rose the picture of his congregation, a definite, composite whole that filled his mental retina to the exclusion of every physical impression. In one sense there was nothing new in those faces as he now saw them. There were the narrow sordidness, the shallow satisfaction, the uneasy greed; there was bad taste everywhere, as there was flamboyant display of wealth. He had seen all that from the beginning. It was what had brought him to Wellington. And because it was still there, he had despaired. But now, as his closed eyes looked upon these, his people, he saw something else. He saw that every face, gray with care or flushed with complacence, was turned to him. And back of all their blindness, all their ignorance, and all their vanity, shone forth their belief in him. And as he felt their trust, Marlborough saw, as he had never seen before, how that very trust was expression of their overwhelming, if still half-unrecognized, need of what he had for them.

The last, low note of the anthem sank into silence, and the congregation settled back with the final rustle that precedes the sermon quiet. Slowly Marlborough rose, and while his eyes rested full on the lifted, watching face of his wife, he closed the open sermon-case before him and laid it aside. The color fled from Margaret's face, and with a half-audible gasp she leaned forward, her eyes meeting his with a questioning that came to him louder than shouted words. For a moment his lids wavered, and his hand moved toward the case. Then, with the quiet power that always filled All Souls' to its last seat in its farthest corners came his text:

Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me.

For whosoever will save his life shall lose it.

As the low, vibrating words broke the hush of expectation, Margaret almost cried out. And yet, after that first shock, it seemed to her she had always known he would say them.

From his wife Marlborough's eyes lifted, slipped over Professor Barton, and rested upon the body of the church, a slight upward motion of his hands emphasizing the wide inclusiveness of his vision. Contrary to his usual upright, intensely quiet pose, he bent slightly over the pulpit, and now and again his hands reached out with an unconscious, but strangely compelling, gesture.

With only half-comprehending ears those before him listened while he urged a new definition of *cross* upon them; but little by little, as he went on, a mighty thrill of intentness, like a long-held breath that dared not break, possessed them, and they leaned toward him, drinking in his rushing torrent of words. The very things they prized most, he was telling them, were their crosses. Their wealth, their power over the forces of men and nature, their opportunities to acquire and to build for posterity—all these, which they took with such confident satisfaction, were the weights that bound them to an earth so deep there was no heaven above.

Probably only Professor Barton could have given afterward a succinct draft of the sermon. It was the man, not the ser-

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mon, that Margaret was hearing, while all the others were listening too absorbingly to remember words or even matter. They only knew that their minds and hearts were being torn out into plain view of their own eyes, and the vision sent the shamed blood over them in waves.

Then he told them how those who saved their lives should indeed lose them. With vivid, stinging words he made them grasp to the full the inexorableness of the law. Finally, while they dared not look at one another, he taught them of that law's reverse. And from MacGregor the landlord to Dick the discharged convict, that congregation for once at least comprehended something of the joy that will come only to him who, losing his life for others, does in fact save it.

From his opening words John Marlborough forgot Barton and the college, forgot even the rights of the woman he loved. It was not till he had slipped into his study that there came the complete realization of what he had actually done —what it meant to him, what, above all, it meant to Margaret. With his robe still on, forgetting the waiting people, forgetting that in mere courtesy he should see Professor Barton at once, he dropped into a chair by the window and tried to think calmly.

But he could only remember that he had sacrificed Margaret—sacrificed her deliberately, too. For when he had stood looking into her eyes as he laid aside the prepared sermon he had made his choice. Afterward, the rushing words had obliterated her as it had obliterated himself and the college. But at the moment he had realized to the bitter full what he was forcing upon her. Yet even that knowledge had not had power to push aside the compulsion that was upon him. Now he wondered drearily if he had not been the victim of some strange hallucination. Why such urgent need? Would it have mattered if that once he had preached for Barton instead of for Wellington? He stared stupidly out of the window. There was no use; he was too exhausted to think. He wished he could get home quietly; especially he wished he might escape Barton.

When, a minute later, a tap came at the door, he did not answer. Perhaps the interrupter would go away if he kept still. But, instead, the door opened softly, and before he could turn, Margaret was kneeling beside him.

"My dear! my dear!" she said.

John Marlborough heard the tears in her voice and did not comprehend the shining in her eyes. And so, though he held her fast, his words halted brokenly.

"I could not help it," he said; "I had to do it."

Her hands slipped to his shoulders, and she drew back a bit from him. "Why, John!" she said. And now he began to guess the meaning of the shining eyes. "You are thinking of me," she whispered, "while I, oh, John! I am only thanking God He let me be your wife!"

It was Professor Barton, who, a few minutes later, shaking Marlborough's hand as if he could not let it go, was saying words not unlike.

"My dear fellow, I 'm thankful I came to-day. You could n't always do it; no one could. But more than anything else in the world we need him who *can* reach that height."

John Marlborough's wife smiled proudly, but Marlborough lifted a startled face. Till that moment he had not dreamed that the sermon which renounced the college pulpit might bring it all the more within his reach. And though nothing could change his decision now, a wave of gladness that was strangely mixed with humility of spirit swept over him.

Professor Barton knew John Marlborough of old, and he had, besides, learned his own lesson anew that morning. He read something of the joy and the humility in the face before him, and he read, too, the unfaltering purpose behind. Once more he shook Marlborough's hand, but it was to Margaret he spoke.

"I never more than half believed he would come back to us. And now he has made it impossible for me to urge the request I bring from the old college. But don't believe, my dear lady,"—a whimsical look flashed through his keen, friendly eyes,—"don't believe I have been converted into thinking Wellington deserves either of you. I am only saying Amen, because—you deserve the Wellington which yet shall be."

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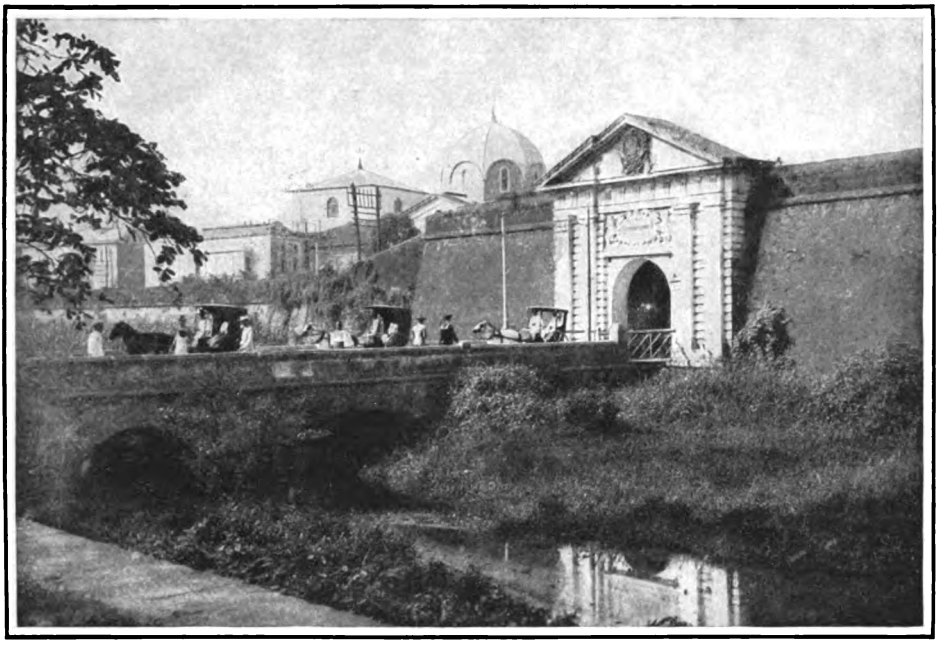

THE PARIAN GATE TO THE WALLED CITY, OR "INTRAMUROS"

With the exception of a short section on the Pasig River, the walls and stately gates of the old city have been preserved.

THE NEW MANILA

WHAT THE GOVERNMENT IS DOING TO BEAUTIFY THE CAPITAL OF THE PHILIPPINES

ON the thirteenth of last August the United States completed its thirteenth year of control at Manila. The American people are little aware of the march of improvements in that time, and especially in the last seven years. Perhaps the average well-informed American will be surprised to learn that the present administration of our far-Eastern possessions receives no appropriation from the United States treasury either for current expenses or for permanent improvements. It is true that a division of the army serves there as a garrison, but our army and transports must be maintained in any case.

Although the American government realized that the first object to be attained in the city of Manila was public health and order, and with that view installed during the years from 1905 to 1910 a modern system of sewage disposal, and brought down from the mountains east of Manila a supply of pure water, they were quick to feel the importance, as pointed out by Mr. Taft when he was Secretary of War, of making the old Spanish city of Manila a modern city, conveniently arranged for commerce, as well as attractive to residents and tourists. Under such conditions residents who have acquired wealth there are contented to remain and continue their interests. Of the cities under American rule to develop town-planning along systematic lines, Manila was one of the first to put extensive plans into execution.

Since 1904 the Philippines have been fortunate in having as one of the commissioners a man who has appreciated the advantage of attractive surroundings from the businessman's point of view, as well as "for art's sake." At the instance of the Hon. W. Cameron Forbes, now governor-

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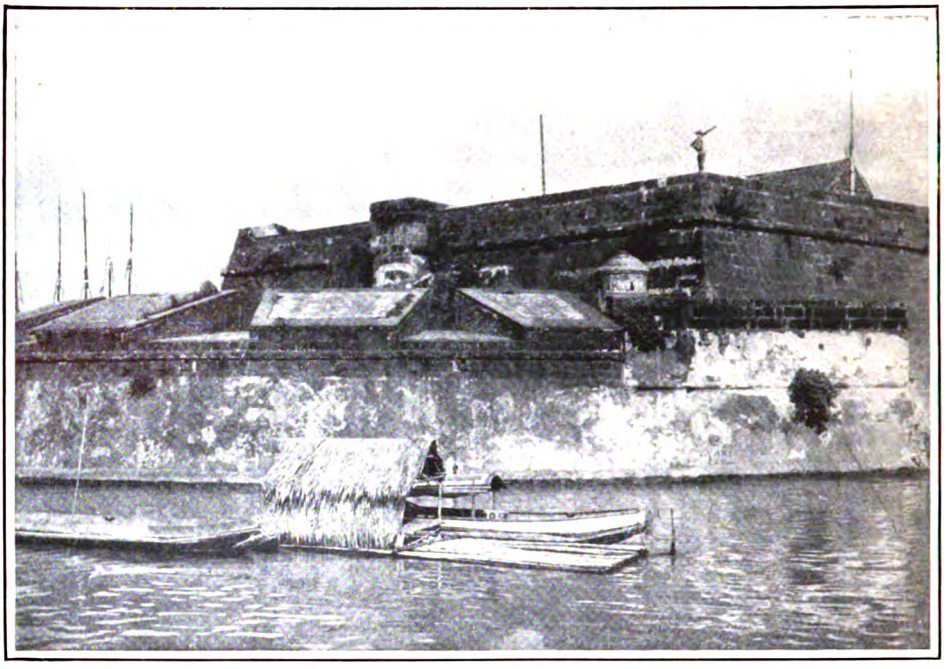

FORT SANTIAGO, A BASTION OF THE OLD CITY WALLS AT THE MOUTH OF THE PASIG RIVER

Parts of this fortification were built in the sixteenth century as a defense against Chinese and Moro pirates.

general, an architect of international reputation, Daniel H. Burnham, visited Manila in 1905, and, after studying its unique conditions, submitted a preliminary scheme for extensive improvements. Although later the plan was considerably modified for reasons affecting real estate and railways, the general lines of that scheme are now being carried out under William E. Parsons of New York City. Mr. Parsons was a student at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts during 1898–1901, and in 1905 was appointed consulting architect for the Philippines government. Under the present organization of the bureaus of government, he has official charge of the designing and building of all public edifices.

Manila has the appearance of an old Spanish city. While parts of the city walls, churches, and monasteries were built in the sixteenth century, structures built within the last century have the appearance of great age, due no doubt to the action of the tropical climate on the soft stone and the tile roofs. The oldest part of Manila, the "Intramuros" (within the walls), is at the mouth of the Pasig River, on its north bank. This region, about three quarters of a mile in length, is surrounded by fortifications, the oldest of which, Fort Santiago, at the mouth of the river, was built in the sixteenth century for protection against the Chinese and Moro pirates. The city walls were surrounded by broad moats and pierced by stately gateways of the best Renaissance architecture, reminding one of the gates at Verona built by the famous Sanmicheli.

Soon after the occupation of Manila by the American troops, the practical Yankee mind began to question the utility of these old walls and gateways, and there was a general disposition to remove them, either entirely or partly. One city engineer favored the use of the stones for road material. Fortunately such vandalism was checked, and with the exception of a short section along the Pasig River they have been preserved, and, wherever gradual but certain injury by vegetation was taking place, restored. Recently the city walls, together with the surrounding moats, have been made a part of the park system. The stagnant moats, foul with the drainage of several centuries, have been filled in with material taken up by the

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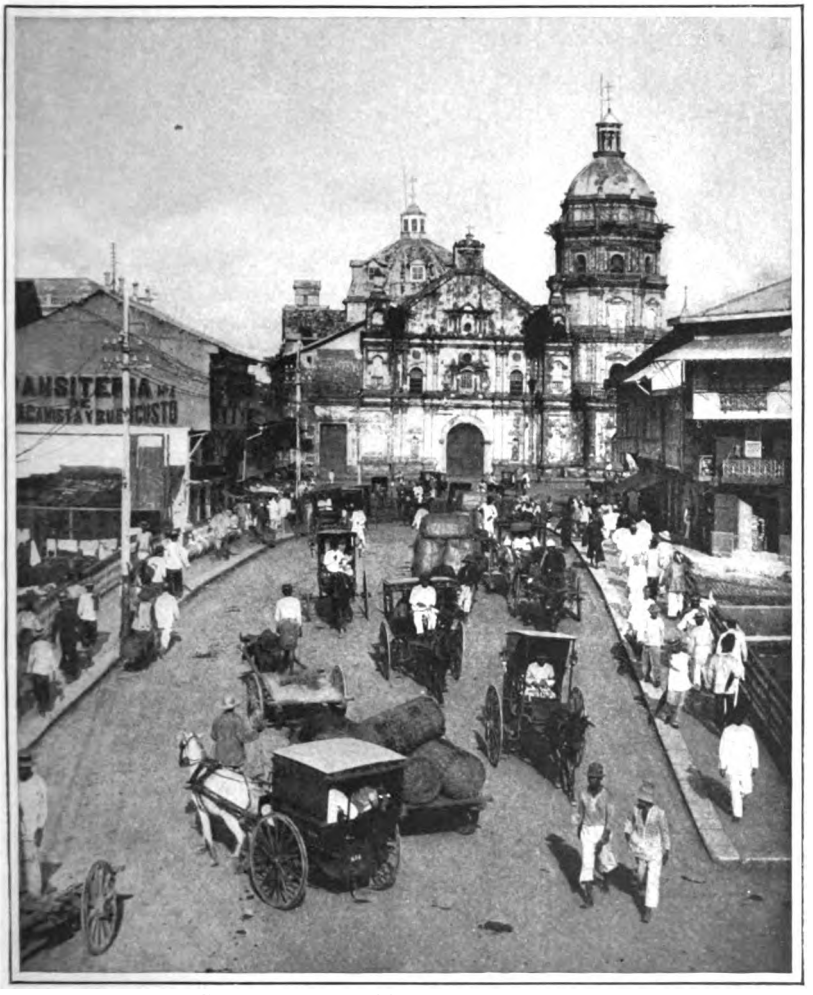
hydraulic dredge in the port, and the areas are being graded in the form of sunken panels of greensward and converted into public gardens and playgrounds.

In the days of fortified cities, the space within the walls was so valuable that few large open spaces could be spared. In consequence, the prominent spaces of old Manila were occupied by churches, monasteries, convents, and public buildings, the towers and domes of the churches rising high above the walls. Spanish architecture in the Philippines is essentially Spanish Renaissance, modified by the tropical climate and other local conditions. Unlike the architecture of southern Italy, where thick stone walls, pierced with small windows, seem to have been the prevailing protection against heat, the Spaniards felt the necessity of ample ventilation. Consequently the windows, especially in the living quarters of the upper story, are wide and are shaded with projecting eaves and canopies. Sometimes galleries surround the entire building and form a passageway several feet in width as an insulation, as it were, against the external heat. Architecturally these projecting second stories produce street effects of very characteristic appearance. Another practical advantage of this treatment is that the rain, which under the



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BINONDO CATHEDRAL, WITHIN THE WALLS

A typical example of Spanish church architecture in the Philippines.

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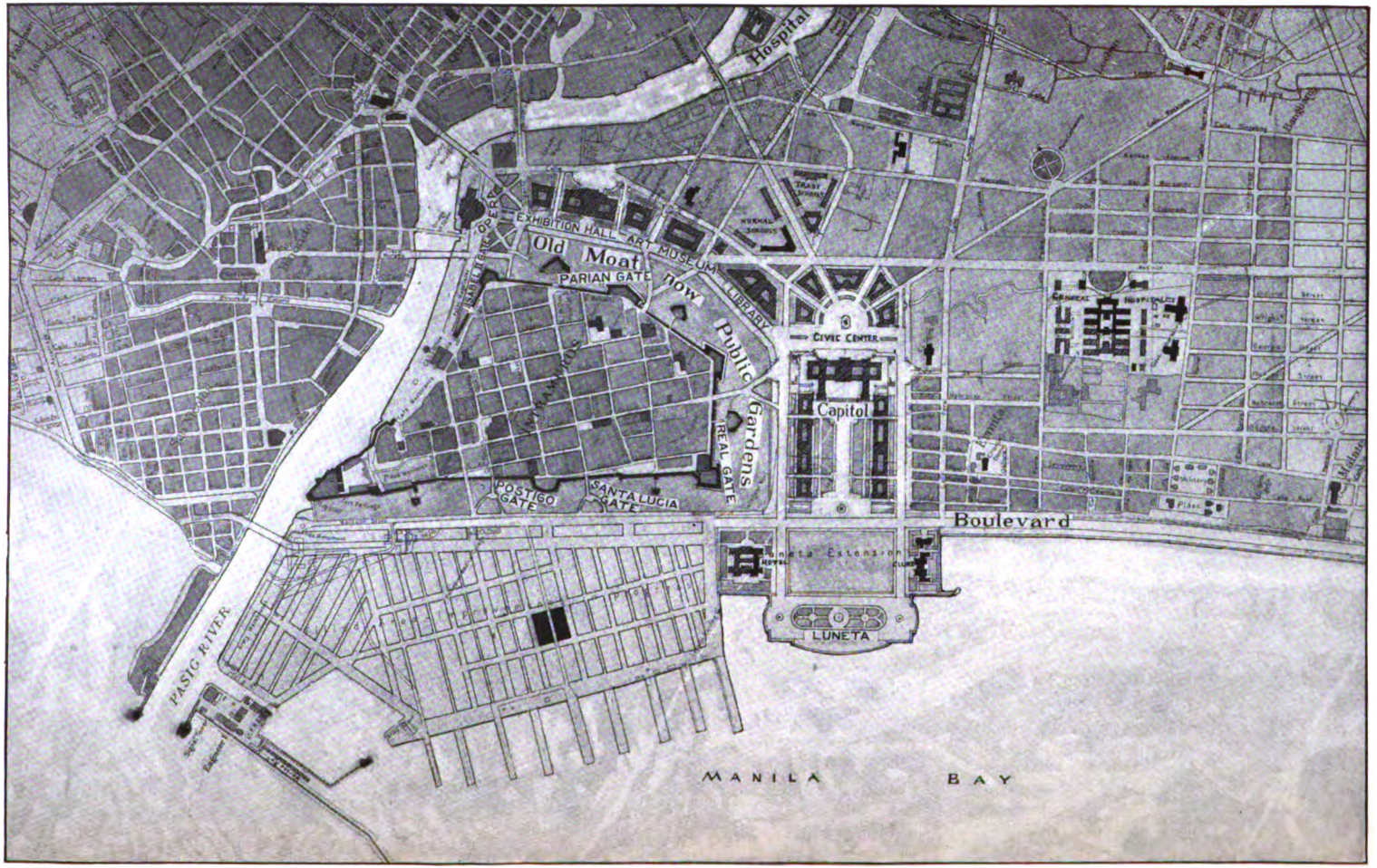

PLAN OF THE CENTRAL PART OF MANILA

On the bay side of the Intramuros is shown the large area recently reclaimed from the bay in connection with the improvements of the port of Manila; the proposed civic center with the radial system of streets; the large hospital, recently completed, at the right of the civic center; and the new Luneta

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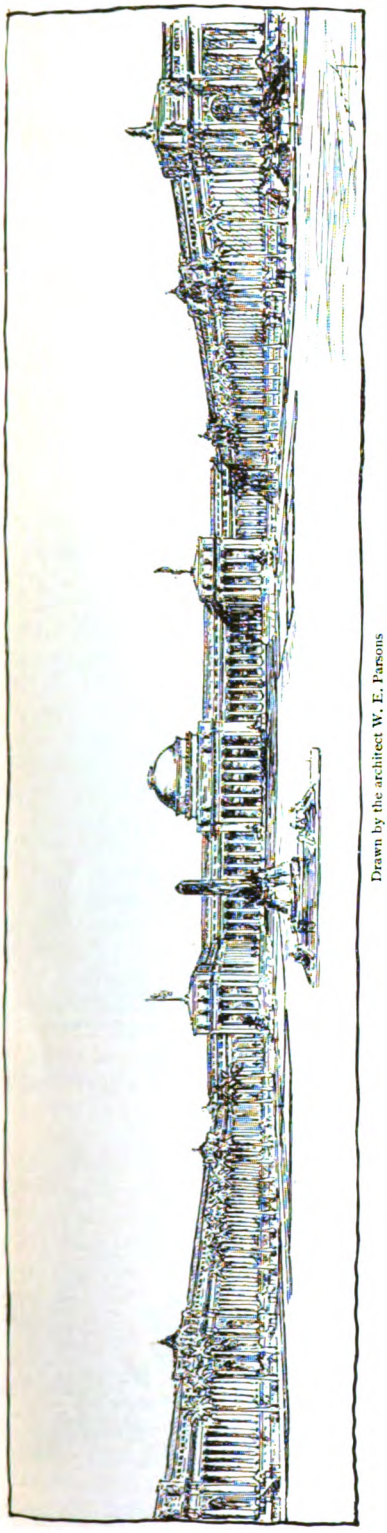

A STUDY IN PERSPECTIVE OF THE PROPOSED GROUP OF GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS, AS SEEN FROM THE LUNETA

Drawn by the architect W. E. Parsons

pressure of high winds is driven through the window-sashes, is allowed to drip through on the outside of the stone walls of the lower story instead of inside the building.

Perhaps in no other country in the world are conchas used as a substitute for window-glass. These shells are flat, nearly round, and average four inches in diameter. The edges are trimmed off, so as to leave panes about three inches square, and these are set in narrow strips of wood. The shells are of course translucent rather than transparent, and the result is a soft, opalescent light, very agreeable in a country where the glare of the sky would be intolerable if ordinary glass were used. To obtain the maximum window-openings, the sashes are made to slide horizontally on wide sills of hard wood in a manner similar to that adopted by the Japanese. By this means, openings as wide as twelve feet are obtained.

The ceilings of the interiors are high, as is usual in warm climates. The minimum height allowed by the building laws is three meters, or about ten feet. In buildings of the better class, ceilings of from fifteen to twenty feet are not uncommon.

To realize the splendid resources of the forests of the Philippines, one has only to see the hard-wood flooring in the public buildings and the residences of the better class. These consist of large slabs of mahogany, or, to use the local names, molave, narra, tindalo, and acle, these being of various colors and graining. Frequently the pieces, occasionally as much as forty inches in width and forty feet in length, are laid alternately in dark and light shades. Polished by the household *muchachos* (house boys) till they reflect like mirrors, they produce a magnificent effect.

Fortunately the physical conditions of the old Spanish Manila have not stood in the way of modern improvements. The city has been allowed to remain virtually intact. Improvements now in progress or proposed are confined to a large open tract adjoining the Intramuros, the reclaimed areas along Manila Bay, and some of the open fields not previously regarded as valuable real estate because of their being only slightly above sea-level. The first of these sites was left open by

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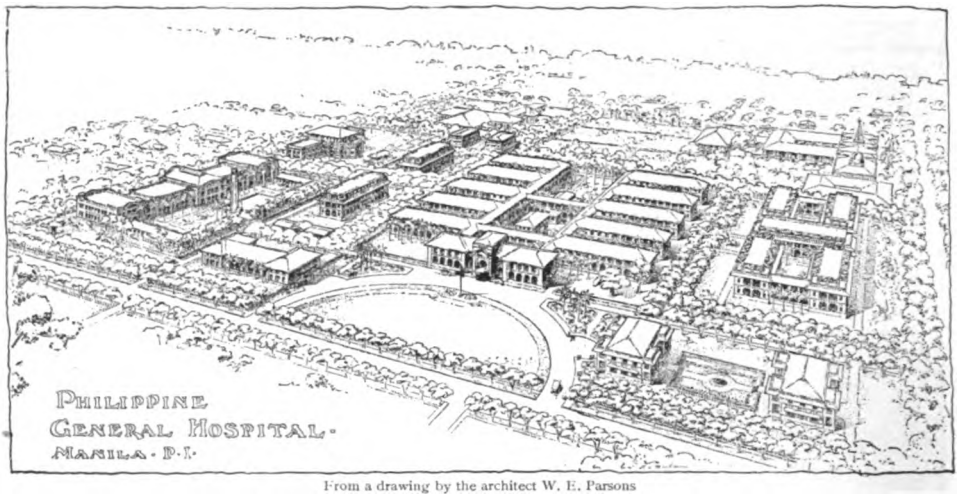


From a drawing by the architect W. E. Parsons

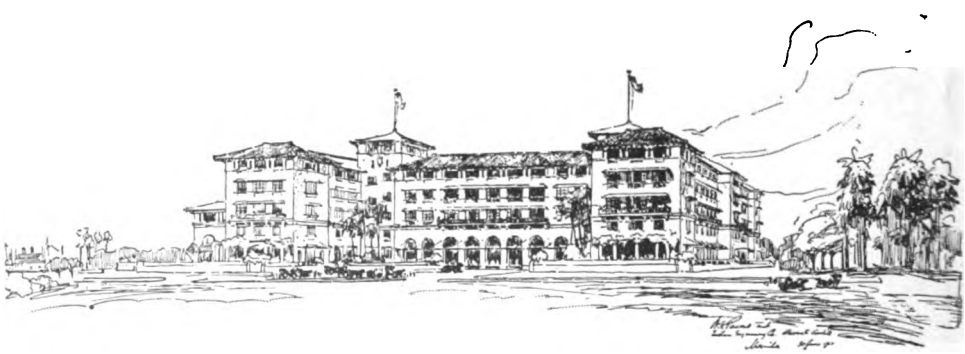
THE NEW GENERAL HOSPITAL AT MANILA

the Spaniards for military reasons, the British having successfully attacked the Intramuros in 1762 by intrenching themselves in a stone church which in those days stood in this field.

According to the general scheme of improvement, this site has been reserved for the government center, and here will be grouped the capitol for the legislature, the executive offices for the governor-general, the supreme court, and buildings for the various departments and bureaus, which are now scattered about in different parts of the city. In composition this group takes the form of a vast quadrangle, open on one side, with an uninterrupted view of Manila Bay and Mount Mariveles, at the entrance to the bay, twenty-five miles to the west.

Between the capitol and the waterfront public gardens are being prepared on ground reclaimed from the shore at the time when, several years ago, the harbor was dredged to a depth of thirty-one feet, the material thus excavated being used to form the reclamation. At the same time suitable sites were obtained for city clubs and a large modern hotel now nearing completion. In January, 1912, Manila will no longer be subject to the reproach of inhospitality to the visitor from foreign shores.

The center of social activity in the early evening hour is the Luneta. This is a plaza, not in the form of a crescent, as the name might imply, but a long, oval-shaped area arranged with paths and lawns and surrounded by a wide driveway where hundreds of vehicles circulate or stand to hear the Constabulary Band. Painted in the glowing colors of the sun setting behind Mount Mariveles, while the lights



From a drawing by the architect W. E. Parsons

THE NEW HOTEL, NOW NEARLY COMPLETED, ON A SITE ADJOINING THE LUNETA

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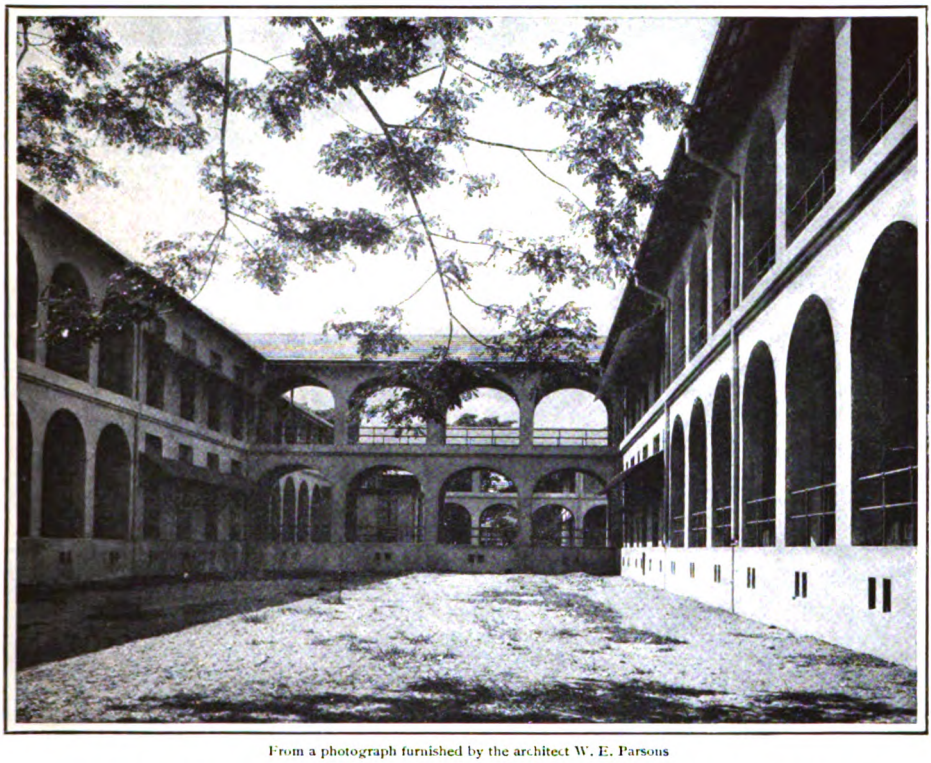
appear on the shipping in the harbor, this makes a gorgeous scene. Evidently the name Luneta is a shortening of the "Paseo de la Luneta," which in Spanish days existed inshore on a much smaller scale, the Luneta itself having been a crescent-shaped fortification detached from the main city defenses, and recently removed to make room for the government center. The location of the Luneta shore-front, a boulevard is being constructed along the shore south from the Luneta. Since the actual shore as far as Malate is occupied by villas and bungalows extending to the water's-edge, to avoid the expense of condemning valuable property, the Government is reclaiming a strip of land two hundred and fifty feet wide and a mile and a half in length. The riprap wall is now completed, and the



From a photograph furnished by the architect W. E. Parsons

A COURT-YARD BETWEEN TWO WARD PAVILIONS OF THE GENERAL HOSPITAL
The verandas are used by convalescents.

and its relation to the government center may be understood by referring to the general plan of the central part of Manila.

In Spanish times Manila had the Malecon, a pleasure-drive bordered with royal palms, in front of the Intramuros, and extending three quarters of a mile along the bay from the Pasig River to the Luneta. With the harbor improvements, however, was involved the reclamation of two hundred acres of valuable commercial property adjoining the port, and the Malecon ceased to be a shore-drive. To restore this indispensable feature of the filling behind it will be made by pumping up the sand and silt of the harbor by means of a hydraulic dredge. The width of two hundred and fifty feet will allow space for pleasure-drives, promenades, and bridle-paths, bordered with palms, mango-trees, and other brilliant tropical foliage, to form an extended bay-side park. This drive is destined to become one of the park wonders of the world.

Reference to the general plan of the central portion of Manila will show the proposed grouping of buildings, those indicated in black being of recent construc-

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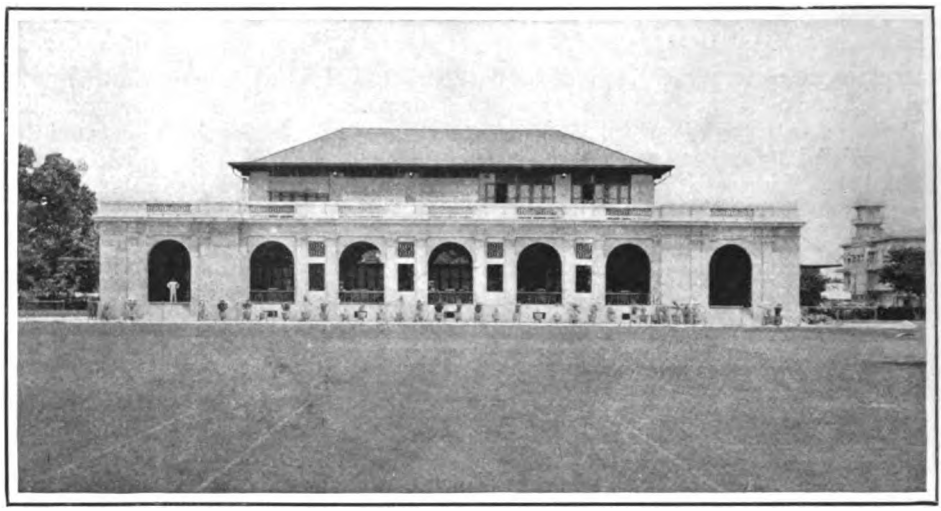
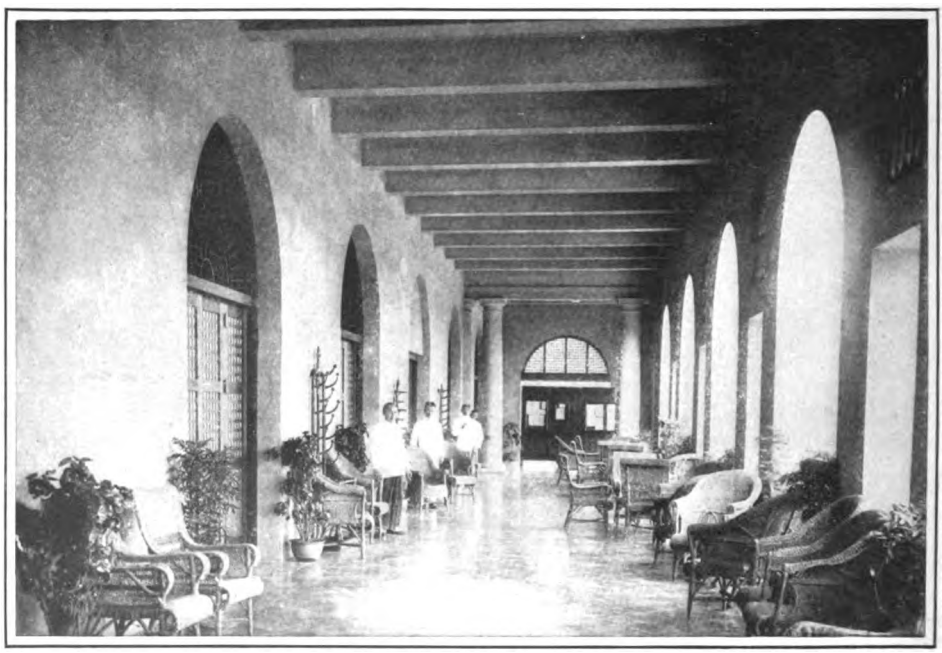


From a photograph furnished by the architect W. E. Parsons

THE MANILA CLUB, COMPLETED IN 1907

tion, and those with cross-hatching being projected for future erection. As the first to be built, the Government selected those of practical need, such as the general hospital and part of the group of insular school-buildings. The hospital was opened for occupancy in the presence of Secretary of War Dickinson during his official visit in September, 1910. That group includes, besides the hospital proper, a medical school, a laboratory for the special study of tropical diseases, a dispensary, nurses' home and training-school, and everything required in a modern hospital. The plan is of the pavilion type, similar to some of the recent hospitals in Germany, with the important difference, however, that the pavilions are connected by corri-



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THE LOGGIA OF THE MANILA CLUB

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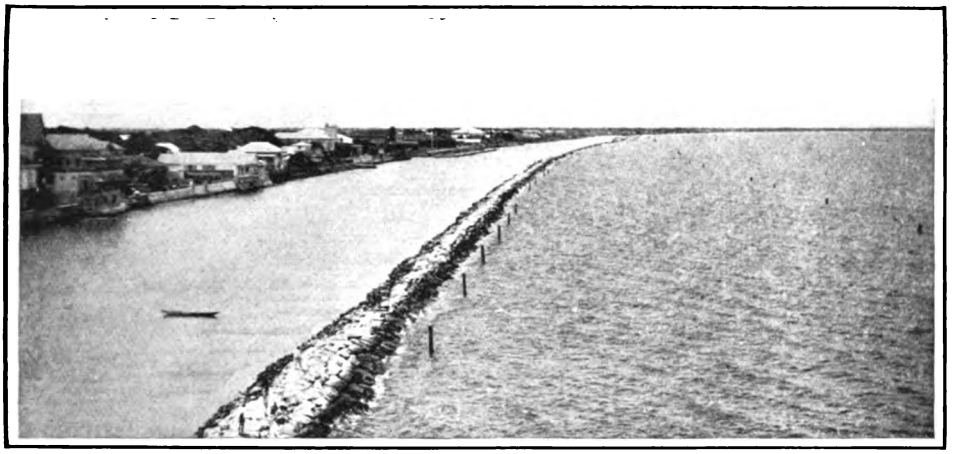


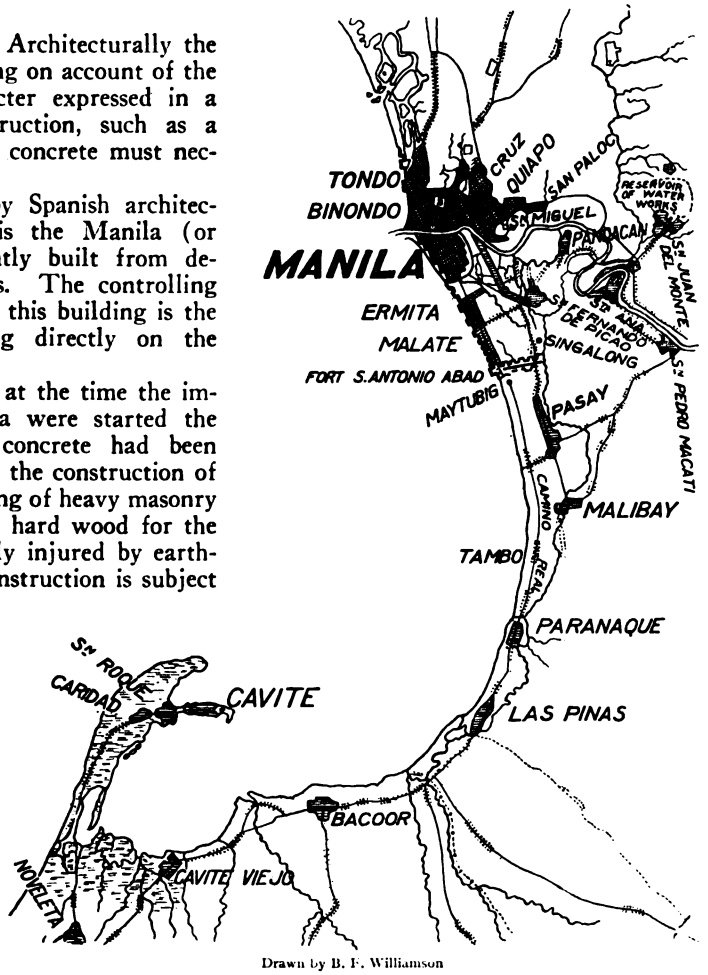
THE RIPRAP WALL OF THE PROJECTED BAY-SHORE BOULEVARD

The fill from this wall to the shore will form a boulevard two hundred and fifty feet wide, which is to be extended to Cavite. The material, gained in deepening the harbor, will be pumped over the wall by means of a hydraulic dredge.

dors on both stories. Architecturally the buildings are interesting on account of the strong Spanish character expressed in a purely modern construction, such as a building of reinforced concrete must necessarily be.

Strongly affected by Spanish architectural tradition also is the Manila (or English) Club, recently built from designs by Mr. Parsons. The controlling point in the design of this building is the spacious loggia facing directly on the club-grounds.

It is fortunate that at the time the improvements at Manila were started the value of reinforced concrete had been demonstrated. While the construction of Spanish times, consisting of heavy masonry for the first story and hard wood for the upper story, was rarely injured by earthquake, still, timber construction is subject to decay and to constant attack from white ants, which do their deadly work in the parts of a structure shielded from view. Of the classes of construction considered suitable in countries where seismic disturbances occur, reinforced concrete has the advantage of being incombustible, as well as comparatively light and not



Drawn by B. F. Williamson

MAP OF MANILA AND THE BAY SHORE TO CAVITE

This map was drawn shortly after the capture of Manila. It is shown here to indicate the extent of the boulevard the beginning of which is pictured above.

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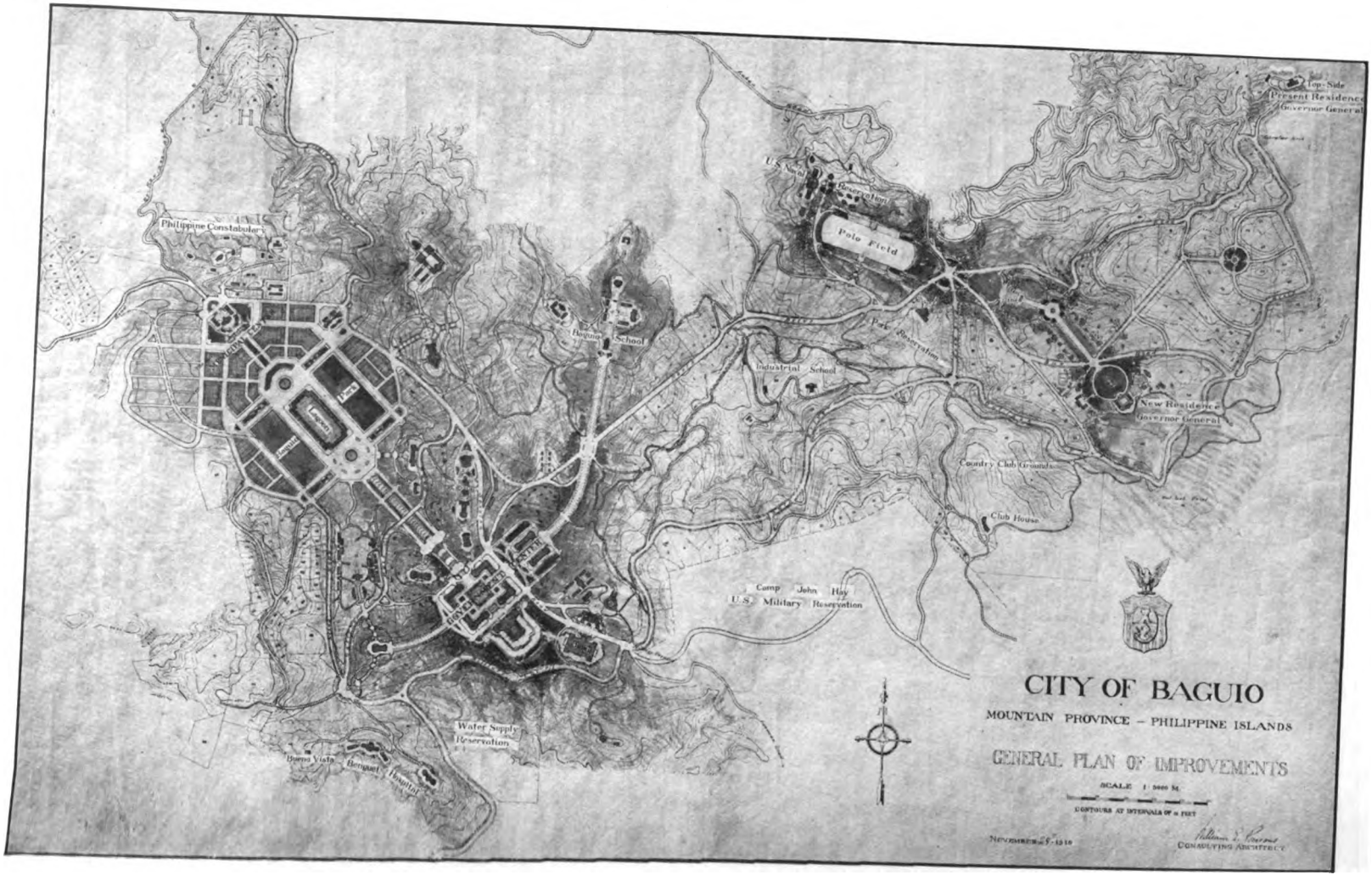

PLAN OF BAGUIO, THE NEW SUMMER CAPITAL OF THE PHILIPPINES

...the sea level in the mountains of northern Luzon. Roads and buildings have been in course

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subject to injury by white ants or moisture. Unlike structural steel, most of the work involved in reinforced concrete can be done by unskilled labor, a fact of great importance in a comparatively undeveloped country like the Philippine Islands. Moreover, the materials required are easily accessible, gravel and sand being

From a photograph furnished by the architect W. E. Parsons

"TOPSIDE," THE TEMPORARY RESIDENCE OF GOVERNOR-GENERAL FORBES AT BAGUIO

obtainable in most riverbeds, steel bars and cement alone being imported. Architecturally considered, concrete is well adapted to tropical countries, where simple wall surfaces, serving as backgrounds for masses of brilliantly colored foliage, and sometimes relieved with columns, pilasters, and other architectural motives, form a successful architectural treatment. A good example of such construction is the Manila Club as seen from the clubgrounds.

Manila was one of the first cities to have the commission form of municipal government. This was organized during the civil governorship of Mr. Taft. Consisting originally of three members appointed by him, it now has six, four of whom are appointed by the governor-general and two (up to the present time natives) elected by the popular vote. Under this form of administration Manila has been able to make rapid progress in practical, sanitary, and esthetic development.

Five years ago the areas recognized as public parks were confined to the Luneta and half a dozen comparatively small plazas. In accordance with plans and reports prepared by the committee on parks, the municipal board has not only converted the moats surrounding the Intramuros, in the heart of the city, into spacious parks and playgrounds, but has been acquiring areas in the suburbs at a rate which in five years more will make Manila, where large, open breathing-spaces are essential to public health and comfort, one of the best parked cities in the world. As a general policy, the areas desired for future parks are being acquired while the price of land is still low, and long before the expense of improvement and maintenance will be incurred. This will be accomplished little by little every year. Some of the lowlands, covered daily by the higher tides (the average tide being only three feet) and unsuitable for habitation without filling in at a cost greater than the value of the land, have

From a photograph, copyright by Squires, Bingham & Co., Manila

COTTAGE OF AN AMERICAN IN BAGUIO

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been acquired at an extremely low cost per acre. Under the administration of one of the municipal departments such land is used as a dumping-ground for street refuse, is raised to the required level, with due allowance for settlement, and the refuse is covered with fresh earth. Such soil becomes in time very rich and well adapted to the growth of grass and shrubs.

In developing the park system of Manila, more attention has been paid to providing sufficient areas for athletics than is usual in American cities. The garden spaces covering the broad moat surrounding the Intramuros will provide a score of fields for foot-ball, as well as base-ball, toward which Filipinos have already shown such an aptitude that many have been led to hope that our national game will follow the flag. Among Americans polo and tennis are popular forms of exercise, and ample provision for these games has been included in the park development.

In Spanish days little or no attention was given to lawns as a feature in landscape-gardening in either public or private work. The first attempts of the Americans to grow grass from seed resulted in failure, and transplanting sod for large areas was impracticable on account of the expense. The solution of this problem is interesting. The grass is transplanted in small furrows about ten inches apart and rolled. Under favorable conditions Bermuda grass will spread so rapidly as to cover the ground within a fortnight. Another method, rather less expensive, is to transplant by scattering the uprooted fragments of grass over the ground, and then covering with two inches of light soil. The grass soon takes root and appears on the surface, spreading rapidly. Apparently the reason why grass cannot be made to grow from seed is that red ants, with which tropical soils are infested, eat the seed before it has time to take root.

A description of the recent improvements in Manila would hardly be complete without mention of some of the resorts accessible from Manila, especially that of Baguio, in the mountains of northern Luzon. This resort, lying on a plateau at an elevation of five thousand feet above sea-level, became the summer capital of the government and the summer resort of Manila society. The temperature of Baguio is equable, varying from 40° to 80° Fahrenheit. While the official season there is during March, April, and May, which are the hot months at Manila, the temperature of Baguio is nearly always from twenty to twenty-five degrees lower than that of the lowlands.

In 1903, when Baguio was covered with a pine forest and accessible only after several days of horseback-riding, Mr. Taft, then civil governor, and his six colleagues forming the Philippine Commission, visited Baguio, and determined to push its development. There, in a cottage of bolo-hewn timbers, in the shade of lofty pines, the Philippine Commission enacted laws.

The first active steps toward the development of Baguio were taken early in 1906, after the opening of the Benguet Road. With the exception of a few acres, the site of Baguio was public domain. Starting with this asset, the Government was able to meet the first expenses in road construction by selling lots at public auction.

As can be seen from the general plan of development, the topographical conditions of Baguio are peculiar, and formal compositions of its landscape architecture have been adapted to the topography. The principal composition is developed on an axis connecting the highest hill, which becomes the government center, with a corresponding hill not quite so high, called the municipal center. The hillsides about the latter form the business section, and the level land in front is devoted to public gardens and playgrounds. At the end, toward the government center, the axis passes through a steep ravine. The only other large formal composition permitted by the topography is toward the east, near the small Igorrot village of Pakdal. This composition extends from the governor-general's residence to the polo-field, a level stretch of land inclosed by wooded hills. The points on the edge of the plateau, extending from "Topside," the beautifully situated stone bungalow of Mr. Forbes at the extreme east, and including the governor-general's residence, the Baguio Country Club, and Camp John Hay, where the United States army has a post for recuperation, command fine views of the deep cañon of the Agno River, with the distant mountain-ranges beyond. From points at the extreme west, such as Mount Mirador, on the summit of

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which the Jesuits have recently built a meteorological station, the China Sea is visible on fair days, fifteen miles away and five thousand feet below.

The work already accomplished includes the construction of nearly all the drives shown on the general plan, first-class roads with Telford base and metaled surface. There is also a system of trails by means of which those proceeding on horseback may avoid meeting motor-cars on the main roads. The buildings already constructed include a large group of buildings for the bureaus of the insular government, a city hall, a well-equipped hospital of fifty beds, a mess-hall and dormitory for government employees, forty cottages for government officials, an assembly-hall and camp for the annual vacation assembly of teachers in the Philippines, conducted on the plan of the Chautauqua assembly, and a group of buildings for the constabulary headquarters, including a training-school for young American officers.

There is a municipal water-system and an electric-light plant owned and operated by the Government. There is a well-located country club, with a club-house commanding a fine view of the Agno cañon; a golf-course, tennis-courts, and a polo-field, where tournaments between the polo-teams of the civil government and the army and the Hong-Kong polo-team are held annually.

The railway which now reaches the foot of the mountains within twenty-two miles of Baguio, will soon be extended to the summer capital. In the meantime a motor-car service on the Benguet Road is maintained by the Government. During the long, arduous, and costly construction of this famous mountain road, there was bitter criticism of the project not only by the enemies, but also by the friends, of the insular administration. The Benguet Road and the Baguio idea were referred to as a "blunder." But even a brief period of usefulness has caused even its enemies to call it a "glorious blunder."

"SO I MAY KNOW"

BY EDITH MINITER

I WOULD that life would give to me
For fairy lore a little space,
Till that to lover's lore give place:
A time for laughter, and a time
When reason shall make way for rhyme;
A little toil ere I shall sleep
Forever in eternity.
Yet through the long, unchanging years
I think that I shall shed some tears,
So I may know why others weep.

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ESTIMATES OF WELL-KNOWN MEN

(INCLUDING EMERSON, DARWIN, CARLYLE, KEATS, SHAKSPERE, BURR, HAMILTON, MAZZINI, GOETHE, BURNS, GLADSTONE, WEBSTER, MILTON, LINCOLN, GRANT, HAY, GILDER, BURROUGHS, MORLEY, BRYANT, AND TOLSTOI)

BY WALT WHITMAN

FROM HORACE TRAUBEL'S MEMORANDA

[FOLLOWING are continued extracts from Mr. Traubel's daily record of conversations with Walt Whitman in his later days in Camden, New Jersey, the first instalment of which appeared in THE CENTURY for November, 1905, and the second and third instalments of which appeared in THE CENTURY for September and October, 1907.—THE EDITOR.]

November 7, 1888.—W. said: "Emerson was a most apt, genuine story-teller. His whole face would light up anticipatingly as he spoke; he was serene, quiet, sweet, conciliatory, as a story was coming. Curiously, too, Emerson enjoyed most repeating those stories which told against himself—took off his edge, his own edge. He had a great dread of being egotistic; had a horror of it, if I may say so—a horror, a shrinking from the suspicion or show of it. Indeed, he had a fear of egotism that was almost,—who knows?—quite an egotism itself. Yet Emerson was on the square—always so. Who ever doubted it?" I quoted an anti-Emerson piece, written by a Presbyterian, in which Emerson was charged with being "egotistic and self-sufficient." W. took that up at once. "No, no, no, no; there never lived a sweeter, saner, more modest man—a less tainted man, a man more gently courageous: he was everything but self-sufficient, taking that word the way it was meant in this instance."

November 8, 1888.—"Emerson never fails; he can't be rejected; even when he falls on stony ground, he somehow eventuates in a harvest."

November 8, 1888.—Discussed the question, Should we set a limit upon ourselves to free expression? W. said: "Some one has said what some people regard as a profound bit of wisdom, 'It is important to say nothing to arouse popular resentment.' Have you ever thought of it? I have often asked myself, What does it mean? For myself, I have never had any difficulty in deciding what I should say and not say. First of all comes sincerity—frankness, open-mindedness. That is the preliminary—to talk straight out. It was said of Pericles that each time before he went to speak he would pray (what was called praying then—what was it?) that he might say nothing to excite the wrath, the anger, of the people." W. shook his head. "That is a doubtful prescription; I should not like to recommend it myself. Emerson, for one, was an impeachment of that principle—Emerson, with his clear, transparent soul. He hid nothing, kept nothing back, yet was not offensive. The world's antagonism softened to Emerson's sweetness."

November 9, 1888.—"Emerson always let it be clearly enough understood where he could be found." I said, "Emerson, like you, never would admit that the anti-slavery question was the only question." W. replied, "Yes, that 's true." Then I

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asked, "Did Emerson take this view from more or less heart?" W. said, "From more, certainly." I said, "The antislavery men thought the labor question would be settled with the abolition of slavery, but they found"—W. finished the sentence for me—"a bigger question than that at once and ever since upon their hands." After a pause, he added: "Yes, many 's the thing liberty has got to do before we have achieved liberty. Some day we 'll make that word real—give it universal meanings: even ministers plenipotentiary and extraordinary will thrive under its wings."

November 10, 1888.—"And Darwin, the sweet, the gracious, the sovereign Darwin—Darwin, whose life was, after all, the most significant, the farthest-influencing life of the age."

He drifted back to Carlyle. "Poor Carlyle! poor Carlyle! the good fellow! the good fellow! I always found myself saying that in spite of my reservations. Some years ago Jennie Gilder wrote me in a hurry for some piece about Carlyle. I said then that to speak of the literature of our century with Carlyle left out would be as if we missed our heavy gun; as if we stopped our ears, refused to listen, resenting the one surest signal that the battle is on. We had the Byrons, Tennysons, Shelleys, Wordsworths,—lots of infantry, cavalry, light artillery,—but this last, the most triumphant evidence of all, this master stroke, this gun of guns, for depth, power, reverberation, unspeakably supreme—this was Carlyle. I repeat it now, have made no change of front: to-day, here, to you, I reaffirm that old judgment—affix to it the seal of my present faith."

November 12, 1888.—"How do you regard Keats, on the whole, anyway? You don't refer to him often or familiarly." He replied: "I have of course read Keats—his works; may be said to have read all. He is sweet—oh, very sweet—all sweetness; almost lush—lush, polish, ornateness, elegancy." "Does he suggest the Greek? He is often called Greek." "Oh, no; Shakspere's sonnets, not the Greek. You know, the sonnets are Keats and more—all Keats was, then a vast sum added. For superb finish, style, beauty, I know of nothing in all literature to come up to these sonnets. They have been a great worry to the fellows, and to me, too—a puzzle, the sonnets being of one character, the plays of another. Has the mystery of this difference suggested itself to you? Try to think of the Shakspere plays—think of their movement, their intensity of life, action; everything hell-bent to get along, on, on; energy, the splendid play of force, across fields, mire, creeks. Never mind who is splashed; spare nothing: this thing must be done, said. Let it be done, said, no faltering." He shot this out with the greatest energy of manner and tone, accompanying animated gestures, saying in conclusion: "The sonnets are all that is opposite—perfect of their kind, exquisite, sweet; lush, eleganted, refined, and refined, then again refined—again—refinement multiplied by refinement." Then he saw no vigor in them? "No; vigor was not called for. They are personal, more or less of small affairs: they do their own work in their own way. That 's all we could ask, and more than most of us do, I suppose." He regarded the plays as being "tremendous, with the virility that seemed so totally absent from the sonnets."

November 13, 1888.—W. gave me this John Hay letter, saying: "It properly belongs in your pigeonholes; it helps to show how we come on with the grandees—what we pass for in the upper circles. John don't call himself upper circle or anything of that sort, but he is in the elect pit—he belongs to the saved, to the respectables. John is first rate in his own way, anyhow—has always been simple enough to break love with me on occasions."

Washington, March 12, 1887.

DEAR WALT WHITMAN:

I have received your book and MS. and send, with my hearty thanks, a New York check for $30. It is a little more than your modest charge. You will pardon the liberty; I am not giving you anything like what the writing is worth to me, but trying to give a just compensation for the trouble of copying, simply.

My boy, ten years old, said to me this morning, "Have you got a book with a poem in it called 'O Captain! My Captain!' I want to learn it to speak in school." I stared at him, having you in mind at the moment, as if he were a mind-reader—and asked him where he had

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heard of that poem. He said a boy had repeated it last year somewhere.

I made him happy by showing him the MS. and promising him it should be his, if he deserved it, after I am gone.

With love and good wishes and hope that the spring may bring healing in its wings to you

I am faithfully yours,
John Hay.

November 20, 1888.—He thought Burr "justly should be regarded as above the ordinary estimate of him—the school-book stories," as he called them. "I thought there had been a reaction from them; yet they crop up again and again, as if to say, 'Burr was a traitor, and that 's the end of him.' But that is not the end of him. Burr was an able man—one of the great men of that day. He had his bad spots; in the turns and twists of life"—W. indicating by a gesture of his right hand—"now and then a dark spot would appear. That spot has set itself in the public eye—that spot alone, as if there was nothing else. Yet the man was mainly good, mostly noble." He did not think Burr "was worse than the average great man of his day: none of them will bear inspection. Franklin, Washington, Hamilton, subject them to the standards of our time, the nice standards; none of them would shine." I asked, "But you justify our standards?" "Yes, yes; but I mean Burr should be judged by a standard applied to all, not to him alone. A century ago drunkenness was not necessarily a dereliction; now it means shame and reproach. Hamilton has come down to us almost deified; but was he exempt from criticism? Hamilton was an intellectualist, cold, dispassionate, calculating; yet he was truly a patriot, performed no inconsiderable part in the consummation of the American revolt. But Hamilton was a monarchist: there was nothing in him to appeal to our democratic instincts, to the ideals we hold so dear to-day."

November 20, 1888.—"Mazzini was the greatest of them all down there in Italy, infinitely the greatest, went deepest, was biggest around."

November 23, 1888.—W. himself spoke of Goethe. "I suppose humility should restrain me; it might be said I have no right to an opinion; I know nothing of Goethe at first hand—hit upon translations, pick up a poem, a glint, here and there. I have read 'Faust'—looked into it, not with care, not studiously, yet intelligently, in my own way." Now he "had an opinion of Goethe," and, having it, "might as well own up. Goethe impresses me as, above all, to stand for essential literature, art, life—to argue the importance of centering life in self, in perfect persons—perfect you, me: to force the real into the abstract ideal; to make himself, Goethe, the supremest example of personal identity—everything making for it in us, in Goethe; every man repeating the same experience." Goethe would ask: "What are your forty, fifty, hundred, social, national phantasms? This only is real—this person." While W. felt that "all the great teachers, the Greek, the Roman,—Plato, Seneca, Epictetus (I remember Epictetus says a very like thing),—in some respects placed a related emphasis on personality, identity," yet he observed a break in the fact that "all those eminent teachers were superbly moral (I confess they quite satisfy me as being so), while Goethe was not. Goethe seemed to look upon personal development as an end in itself: the old teachers looked for collective results. I do not mean that Goethe was immoral, bad; only that he laid his stress upon another point. Goethe was for beauty, erudition, knowledge, first of all for culture. I doubt if another imaginist of the first order in all literature, all history, so deeply put his stamp there. Goethe asked, 'What do you make out of your patriotism, army, state, people?' It was all nothing to him." Here W. stopped and laughed. "So, you see, I have an opinion while I confess I know nothing about Goethe." Further: "I do not think Burns was bad any more than I think Goethe was bad; but Burns was without morale, morality." Goethe always "looked askant" at patriotism. "Burns was as little a patriot in any large sense as any man that ever lived. You know it is very easy to get up a hurrah, call it freedom, patriotism; but none of that is patriotism in any sense I accept."

November 24, 1888.—He spoke tenderly of Darwin. Darwin is one of his loves

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that will last. So of Clifford, so of George Eliot; "Darwin, simplest, greatest, however, of all."

November 25, 1888.—W. spoke of Gladstone: "Gladstone is one of the curiosities; his age, vigor, wonderful alertness, put together, excite respect." He spoke of Gladstone's "wide-awakeness," called him the "rarest among well-preserved human beings." Reference was made to Webster—Carlyle's impression of him. W. said: "I heard Webster often—heard him deliver some of the greatest of his political speeches. The effect he had on me was more of grandeur of manner, size, importance, power—the breathing forth of these—than of things said,—of anything said." I referred to Theodore Parker; remarked that Parker looked a bit like Webster. W. reflected. "Can that be so? If that is so, it may be an important thing to know, to have said. But the men are no way alike in essentials. Parker is 'way and beyond bigger, more expansive, sincerer; he leaves Webster in the lurch every how. Why, in pure intellectuality, where Webster shone, Parker was a brilliant luminary." I said, "I would rather say the godlike Theodore than the godlike Dan." W., fervently: "So would I. Good! good! So would I rather—a thousand times rather."

November 25, 1888.—[From a letter written July 30, 1865, by A. Van Rensalaer to Walt Whitman.] Mr. Lincoln asked who you [W.] were, or something like that. I spoke up and said, mentioning your name, that you had written "Leaves of Grass," etc. Mr. Lincoln did n't say anything, but took a good long look till you were quite gone by. Then he says (I can't give you his way of saying it, but it was quite emphatic and odd), "Well," he says, "*he* looks like a *man*."

November 26, 1888.—The reference to Heine was followed by W.'s question: "Have you read Arnold's essay on Heine? Matthew Arnold's?" Adding, after some interjected remarks, "It seems to me the best thing Arnold ever wrote; it gives me a vein in which I run companionably with Arnold." W. was surprised that Arnold so "thoroughly appreciated" Heine's "unique genius." "Arnold does not always stick to his point, like O'Connor, takes excursions, seems to get away from his subject; but that is no detriment. We discover that though it may go underground—subterranean—or dip into forests, or take unaccountable turns, it is always the same stream."

November 26, 1888.— . . . "Emerson is great, oh, very great; I have not attempted to decide how great, how vast, how subtle: but very, very. He was a far-reaching force, a star of the first, the very first, magnitude, maybe; without a doubt that." I spoke of the wariness of the writers. W. said: "That I noticed, too. They are too wary. Dropping out Shakspere, Byron, Shelley, perhaps,—some of them of the very topmost rank,—I am not afraid to say our fellows, the best of them, deserve an equal rank with the rest—I dare even say Milton." Then further: "I could never go Milton; he is turgid, heavy, over-stately." I said: "Take 'Paradise Lost'; does n't its vogue come mainly from a sort of Christian, theological self-interest rather than from pure delight in its beauty?" He responded at once: "Oh, an immense lot! Besides, it seems to me that Milton is a copy of a copy—not only Homer, but the Æneid; a sort of modern repetition of the same old story: legions of angels, devils; war is declared, waged. Moreover, even as a story it enlists little of my attention. He seems to me like a bird, soaring, yet overweighted—dragged down, as if burdened, too greatly burdened; a lamb in its beak; its flight not graceful, powerful, beautiful, satisfying, like the gulls we see over the Delaware in midwinter, their simple motion a delight, attracting you when they first break upon your sight, soaring, soaring, irrespective of cold or storm. It is true Milton soars, but with dull, unwieldy motion." Then, after a slight repetition of points accented above: "There 's no use talking: he won't go down me. I have sometimes questioned myself, Have I not been too hasty? Have I not rejected unfairly? Was it humor, whim, that stood in the way? Then I would reexamine my premises. Yet each attempt was fruitless. In this way I have gone back to the book repeatedly. Only the other day the same question returned." He pointed to the floor; a pile of books

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were at his feet; he pulled out a Milton. "I have a volume here containing 'Paradise Lost'; I have had it about me for twenty years, but it never attracts or exalts me."

November 30, 1888.—"When Cleveland was being so sharply taken to task for having sent a present to the pope on his jubilee—I wrote a few lines in effect to this purport: I for one must go on record approving the President's action. More than that, I contended that, rather than having done too much, the President has done too little: my own impulse would have been to send—send to the pope; to send likewise to the queen,—to England's queen,—from whose forethought of those serious years so much of good came to us. I never sympathized with—always resented—the common American criticisms of the queen."

He said the subject of the war had come up while Donaldson was here yesterday. "Tom said John Brown, Lincoln, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, were the five men out of that period, brought out by that period, assured of immortality." I asked, "Well, do you accept his selection?" He answered: "Some part of it, anyhow, I have no manner of doubt. I never enthused greatly over Brown, yet I know he is a great and precious memory. I don't deny but that he is to be ranked with the best; such devotion, such superb courage, men will not forget—cannot be forgotten." I referred to Lincoln's "balance, poise," arguing, "We can imagine the war without Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, but with Lincoln not there at that time, *what?*" W. responded: "We must not give too much importance to personalism. It is easy to overcharge it. Man moves as man in all the great achievements—man in the great mass; yet I, too, think of Lincoln much in that same way. As you say, his poise, his simple, loftiest ability to make an emergency sacred, meet every occasion, never shrinking, never failing, never hurrying—these are things to be remembered and things 'providential,' if 'providence' ever has a meaning in human affairs."

December 5, 1888.—Said this of Gilder: "Some of the hard-and-fast penny-a-liners on the poetic field affect to despise Gilder: they are a poor lot, most all of them: Gilder has written some poems which will live out the lives of most of the second-class songs of his day: genuine, fine, pretty big stuff; some of it almost free. I sometimes incline to believe that Watson wants to be free, but don't dare to. At any rate, he has my admiration for some things he has done—yes, admiration; and my personal love surely, always, always." He said of THE CENTURY: "Sometimes I get mad at it: it seems so sort of fussy, extra-nice, pouting; but then I turn about, have another way of explaining its limitations. I say to myself: those very limitations were designed—maybe rightly designed—therefore, it does not belong to me to complain."

December 7, 1888.—[From a letter from John Burroughs to Walt Whitman, July 24, 1879.] "I find I cannot read Whittier and Longfellow and Lowell with any satisfaction. Your poems spoil me for any but the greatest. Coming from them to you is like coming from a hothouse to the shore or the mountain. I know this is so, and is no predetermined partiality of mine."

When I stopped reading, W. said: "Now you probably know what I mean by come-out, unequivocal, as in the last passage, just before closing. He there makes a declaration, is unqualified, wholesale, final: that 's what I call come-out. Also back farther, where he speaks of our science—says he has so far not tripped me up, but that tripping me up is his game." I said: "Brinton has said the same thing to me—that he has tried his best to find flaws in your science, but has failed to do so." "Did Brinton say that?" he replied. "Well, Brinton ought to know; with John and with him on my side I am well defended. John's letter appeals to me because of its undemonstrative personal affection,—that first of all,—then because of its uncompromising red-blooded espousal of the book—of my code. I respond to John: I feel the eminent kindliness, love, of his declaration; John never slushes, but is always on the spot."

December 19, 1888.—"William talks about Grant turning back. When did he ever turn back? He was not that sort: he could no more turn back than time.

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You can turn the clock back, but you can't turn time back. Grant was one of the inevitables: he always arrived; he was as invincible as a law; he never bragged; often seemed about to be defeated when he was in fact on the eve of a tremendous victory."

December 21, 1888.—W. liked what Burroughs said of Emerson: "To me Emerson filled nearly the whole horizon in that direction." W. said: "I guess I enjoy that; I guess I do." He had had me read the line over again. "John was right: Emerson *was* the whole horizon—Ralph Waldo Emerson, the gentle, noble, perfect, radiant, consolatory, Emerson. I think of something Emerson said in one of our talks. He said, 'I agree with you, Mr. Whitman, that a man who does not live according to his lights—who trims his sails to the current breeze—is already dead, is as many times dead as he is untrue.' Emerson lived according to his lights, not according to libraries, books, literature, the traditions. He was unostentatiously loyal: no collegian, overdone with culture: so gifted, so peculiarly tremendous, that, if I may say so, knowing too much did not, as it so often does with the scholar, hurt him." "Did n't you tell me that he expressed regrets to you face to face one day, saying some sort of apologetic thing about his book-learning?" I asked. W. nodded. "Yes, more than once: said he felt like athletes—some athletes—overtrained; that a scholar, like an athlete overtrained, is apt to go stale. He said he felt that culture had done all it could do for him—then it had done something for him which had better been left undone."

December 26, 1888.—Asked about Tolstoi's "My Religion and My Confession." Did not know but he "might read them"; at any rate, would "try." "If they are what they may be, I shall go definitely through them." W. thought "the just word" for Tolstoi to be "vraisemblance." T. is "not surpassed in that Sebastopol book by any of the giants in the history of literature."

December 30, 1888.—"Bryant was very nice to me generally: he seemed to follow my history somewhat—knew about me. He thought I had 'the whole wolf pack' on my heels, and he would say again, 'As you have challenged the whole world, I don't suppose you are surprised or resentful when you find the whole world out against you with its hounds.' It did not seem to me that Bryant was wrong: what else could I have expected? When John Morley came to see me that time he made some remarks of this same tenor. 'Criticism has isolated you here in America,' Morley said, which was true: but it would also have been true to say, 'You have isolated yourself.' I am not a squealer. I don't think that a man has any call to go out breaking heads and expect the people he attacks to bless him for it. In a case like mine it 's give and take: after I 'm on right foundations, no opposition can upset me; if I am falsely rooted, nothing can save me." No day passes now but W. hands over to me some document which he says is for my "archives." I said to-night to him: "You are giving me some great stuff nowadays. I will find real use for it; I 'll make a big story out of it all some day." He nodded. "That 's what I want you to do, if the world will stand it. In the final sense they are not records of my life,—of my personal life, of Walt Whitman,—but scripture material applying to a movement in which I am only an episode."

January 2, 1889.—Has at last started reading Tolstoi's "My Confession." He was "curiously interested"—interested "even in things" he "would seem to be naturally driven to protest against." "What does it all mean?" he asked. His cursory, original look into the book had been if anything unfavorable; now he was "alive with interest—in spite of myself," he first said. Then: "It is scarcely fair to use that term, since I have no desire not to like Tolstoi—only the earlier impression of repugnance, now rapidly vanishing. It is hard for me to explain the book. Is it not morbid? Indeed, may I not say *dreadfully* morbid?" I argued, "It would be morbid for us here in America; it is not morbid for him there in Russia." W.: "That is a better way to put it; yet I wonder to myself how a man can get into that state of mind. It is as though we should sit down to a meal—ask, why do I eat? Why is this good?

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Why will it have such and such results? Or, on a hot day in summer, Why do I feel so good in the glory of the sun? Or, Why do I strip and souse in the water? Or, Why does the flowing river make me happy? Why? Why? Making that mood the talisman for all?" W. raised himself on his elbow as he spoke, then dropped back again. "Yet I realize that Tolstoi is a big, a genuine man; a fact, real, a power" —seeming to reflect in the interval— "Most of all, a fact—as a fact, adopting Frederick's saying, to be reverenced. I do not distrust him: I feel that he is a subject, a bit out of nature, yet to be grasped, yet to be understood. I am not denying, only struggling with, him." It was his "first encounter with the Tolstoi mystery." "While baffled still, still I am not all baffled: I must keep on. For instance, I feel that he is, as a fact, a different fact from Shakspere; a different order, we may describe it to be." I interrupted. "So are you." W. nodded. "I do not forget; I do not say for that to be any the less honored." Tolstoi is "strangely removed from the Shaksperian." How removed he did not seem disposed to define. "That is what 's to come yet." As to being "different" himself, "I feel that at many points, in essentials, I share the Shaksperian quality—except," he apologized, "of course" —here again a reflecting moment—"as to the last point, the highest flights, the latest plays, in which the breadth is so great, so unmistakably phenomenal." But he must still state his dissent even from Shakspere. "Shakspere, however, is gloomy; looks upon the people with something like despair; does so especially in these maturer plays; seemed to say: After all, the human critter is a devil of a poor fellow, full of frailties, evils, poisons, as no doubt he is if you concentrate your light on that side of him—consent that this, this alone, is the man; are determined to take the pessimistic view." But his own "deep impressions run counter to such lack of faith." He recognized Tolstoi's "faith and call." "Perhaps the strongest point with Tolstoi —this point that most fastens itself upon men, upon me, is this: that here is a man with a conviction—a conviction—on which he has planted himself, stakes all, invites assault, affection, hope. That would be a good deal if there was nothing more, not a hint more: whereas that there *is* more to Tolstoi I think no one can doubt." He "clearly perceived, as perhaps not before," that "however little Tolstoi might prove to be *his*, for *him*, his place and purpose, lofty, indeed, for some, perhaps for the modern world, that strange seething European world chiefly, is no longer to be questioned."

January 11, 1889.—In talking of W.'s early adherents, I mentioned Bryant. "Walt, you and Bryant were personal friends. Did he ever care for your work?" "I can't say he did. Bryant was trained in the classics, made no departures. He was a healthy influence, was not a closet man, belonged out-of-doors; but he was afraid of my work. He was interested, but afraid. I remember that he always expressed wonder that with what he called my power and gifts and essential, underlying respect for beauty, I refused to accept and use the only medium which would give me complete expression. I have often tried to think of myself as writing 'Leaves of Grass' in Thanatopsisian verse. Of course I do not intend this as a criticism of Bryant, only as a demurrer to his objection to me. 'Thanatopsis' is all right in Thanatopsisian verse. I suppose Bryant would fare as badly in 'Leaves of Grass' verse as I would fare in 'Thanatopsis' verse. Bryant said to me, 'I will admit that you have power—sometimes great power.' But he would never admit that I had chosen the right vehicle of expression. We never quarreled over such things. I liked Bryant as a man as well as a poet. He, I think, liked me as a man; at least I inferred so from the way he treated me. Bryant belonged to the classics, liked the stately measures prescribed by the old formulas; he handled them marvelously well. Breaking loose is the thing to do—breaking loose, resenting the bonds, opening new ways. But when a fellow breaks loose, or starts to, or even only thinks he thinks he 'll revolt, he should be quite sure he knows what he has undertaken."

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Owned by Mr. H. C. Frick

LADY HAMILTON AS "NATURE." BY ROMNEY

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF MASTERPIECES IN AMERICAN GALLERIES—VI)

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TIMOTHY COLE'S
WOOD ENGRAVINGS
OF
MASTERPIECES
IN
AMERICAN GALLERIES

LADY HAMILTON
AS "NATURE"

BY

ROMNEY

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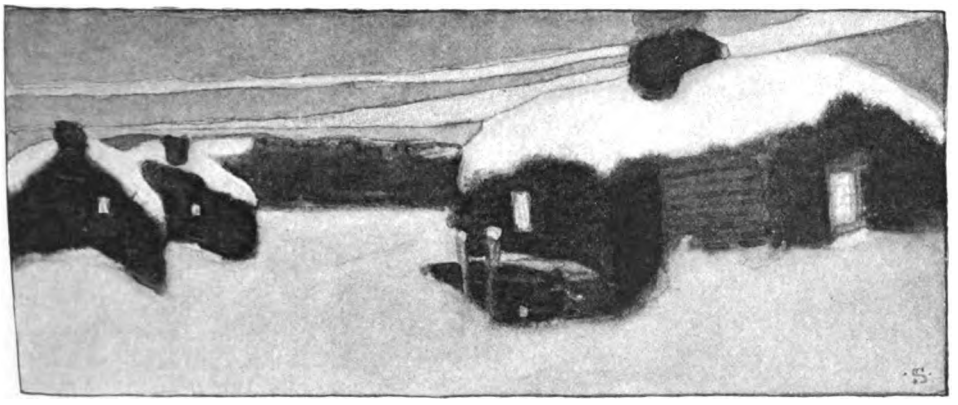

Drawn by F. E. Schoonover

CHRISTMAS SONG OF THE PURITANS

BY AMY HASLAM DOWE

(SEE THE FRONTISPIECE)

NOT feast do we twelve idle days
While foolish mummers dance and sing
Round boar's head, garlanded with bays,
And flaming pudding, impious thing.

No holly wreath and mistletoe,
No priestly and no pagan rite,
In our bare cabins banked with snow
Shall desecrate Thy holy night.

Instead, our heads we humbly bend,
And thank Thee that at last Thy light—
We use no senseless repetend—
Hath pierced the black of bishops' night.

Why need we feast who joyous bow
Before Thy Son, who came from Thee?
His Word, unchained from altar now,
Shall teach Thy people how to see!

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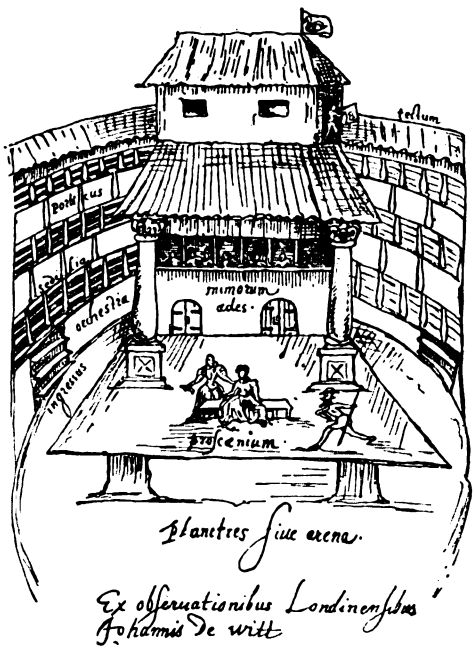
SHAKSPERE HIS OWN STAGE-MANAGER

A NEW METHOD AND IMPORTANT DISCOVERIES IN PRODUCTIONS OF THE NEW THEATRE

BY JOHN CORBIN

THE overwhelming awe with which we have regarded Shakspere as a poet, a figure in literary history, has resulted, as we are coming to realize, in a serious, indeed vital, injustice to his reputation as a dramatist. For centuries the world of scholars has sought out and sifted the minutest facts bearing on his life, has exhausted learning and ingenuity to restore the language of his plays; yet until the present decade it has assumed that the art of stage management as practised in his time was unworthy of his consideration or ours. Gross misrepresentations of his stage pass current in histories of the drama; the grossest misrepresentations of his stage-craft have been thrust into his text, and have been handed down from generation to generation unchallenged. Stage productions of his plays during all this time have been founded on these misrepresentations. The result has been a mangling and distortion, sometimes amounting to a nullification, of the greatest artistic heritage of our race, a stultification of Shakspere as a dramatist and of ourselves as playgoers. Startling as these statements may appear, all modern scholars admit them tacitly; one can scarcely expect them to proclaim the shortcomings of their kind from the housetops.



INTERIOR OF THE SWAN THEATER

The original drawing, preserved in the Library of Utrecht, was made by Van Buchell, about 1596, from a description by his friend Johannis De Witt, a priest of Utrecht. The accuracy of this drawing has been questioned, perhaps unduly. The Swan was of a different type from the Globe, and was mainly used for variety entertainments. (Reprinted from THE CENTURY for September, 1910.)

The case of Molière is in striking contrast. The Théâtre Français has religiously conserved the theatric practice of its founder even to minute and often archaic details. In France stage-craft has always been recognized as one of the finest of the fine arts. It is largely owing to this that the great public has a keen critical appreciation of the theater, and that the drama, classical and modern, has had a majestic history and an unbroken development.

How shall we

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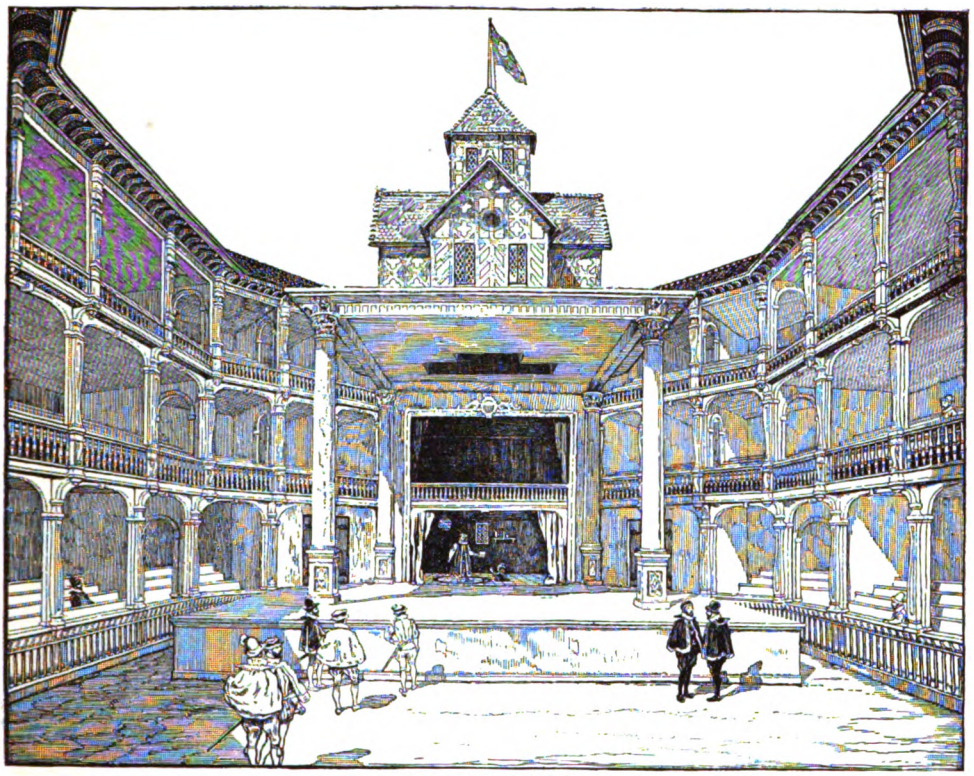

Drawn by George Varian

INTERIOR VIEW OF THE ELIZABETHAN THEATER

The structure of the hutch over the stage is suggested by the old drawing of the second Globe Theater (see the illustration on page 266). The loft hole under the hutch was required in the action of many plays (see the ship scene in "The Tempest," page 262). The scene on the inner stage is after a frontispiece of an old quarto of Marlowe's "Faustus." The doctor's study is furnished with a globe and book-shelf. The casement window is mentioned in the text of the play. From a conjurer's circle on the floor cloth, *Faustus* is raising *Mephistopheles* through a trap.

achieve a true stage tradition—a stage tradition worthy of our great dramatist? Thoughtful artists of the theater everywhere—in Germany and France, as in England and America—are attempting, and with more and more success, to reconstruct and restore the lost Shaksperian dramaturgy. They grant the importance of correcting linguistic errors, though no such correction has ever added an important trait in dramatic characterization, a single throb to the dramatic effect of a scene; but they insist that it is quite as important that an artistically complete version of Shakspere's text be spoken in the theater, that his dramatic action shall unfold in a consecutive and orderly manner, and that his scenes shall be given the form and the effect which he intended. The New Theatre of New York, with the launching of which I was officially connected, has felt the force of this movement, and its audiences throughout the country have responded to the new effectiveness of certain of its productions. Incidentally, in preparing texts for the stage, it has made discoveries which, valuable from the point of view of scientific scholarship, have had the practical result of placing whole scenes and plays before the public with a vitality and force, poetic and dramatic, which they have not had for almost three hundred years. The time is at hand when no playgoer, no student of Shakspere, can regard himself as well informed who has not a general knowledge of Shakspere's stagecraft and of the problem, by no means difficult or abstruse, of giving it due artistic effect in the modern theater.

With the origin of the difficulty most playgoers are familiar. The stage of the Globe Theater on the Bankside was radically different from that which so soon supplanted it. It used to be said that it

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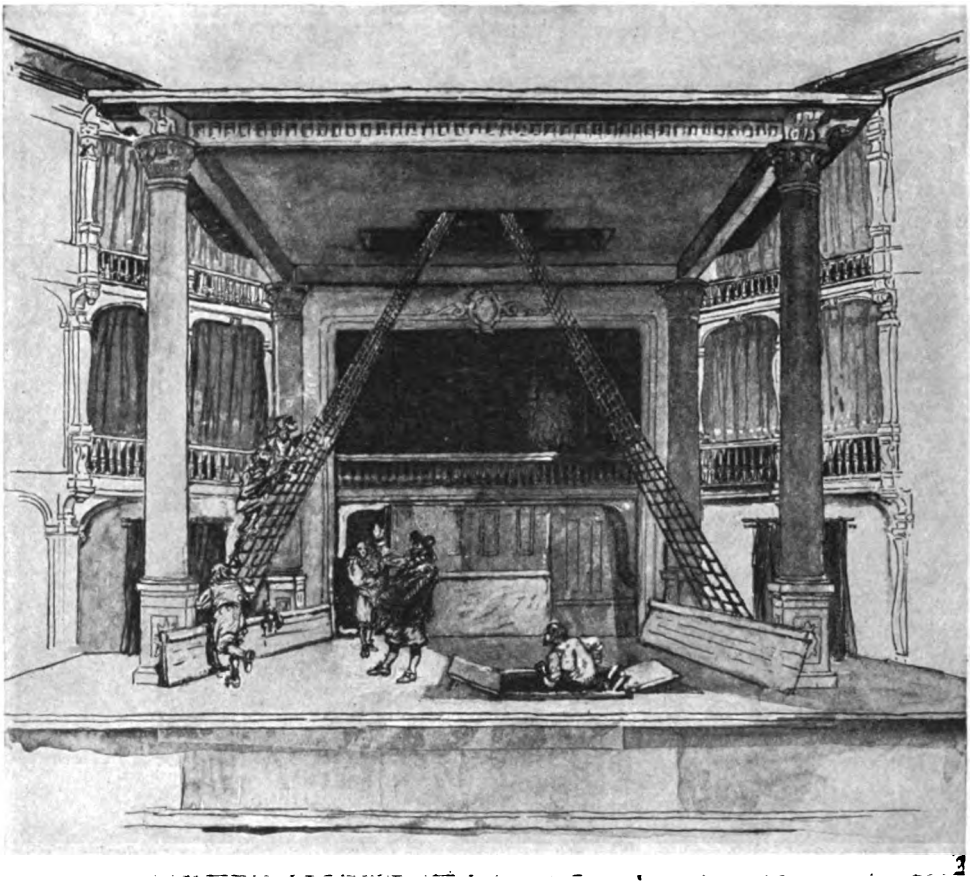

Drawn by Jay Hambidge

THE SETTING FOR THE SHIP SCENE IN "THE TEMPEST"

was bare and crude—"a naked room hung with a blanket," Coleridge called it. As recent and great an authority as Sidney Lee says, in his "Life of Shakespeare," that the stage was "bare of any scenic contrivance," though he has since admitted that the statement is radically misleading. As abundant contemporary records show, and as is manifest, in fact, in almost every extant play, Shakspere and his fellows made constant use of trap-doors; ropes or wires for raising and lowering fairies, gods, and goddesses; rocks, trees, and grass banks; wells and springs with water in them; doors, windows, shop fronts, and city walls.[1] His stage differed in only one principle from the modern stage, but this principle is vital. Being mainly composed of a platform projecting into the amphitheater, the action was witnessed not from a single point of view in front, but from three sides. Thus it did not have, and could not have, a proscenium-arch framing scenes painted in perspective.

The illustration appearing on page 264 will show better than any description what it was. *A* is the main stage. In many scenes this was "naked," or hung at the back with tapestry or arras. When it was left bare, it was a sort of no-man's land which, as Sir Philip Sidney graphically said, might be "Asia or Africk" or any under kingdom, so that "the player, when he comes in, must ever begin with telling where he is, or else the tale will not be conceived." "Well, this is the Forest of

[1] The diary of the Elizabethan manager Henslowe mentions many of these in a list of his properties. The rest, and many others, are called for in the stage directions, or essential to the action, of Elizabethan plays, notably those of Shakspere. See my "Shakspere and the Plastic Stage" in "The Atlantic Monthly" for March, 1906.

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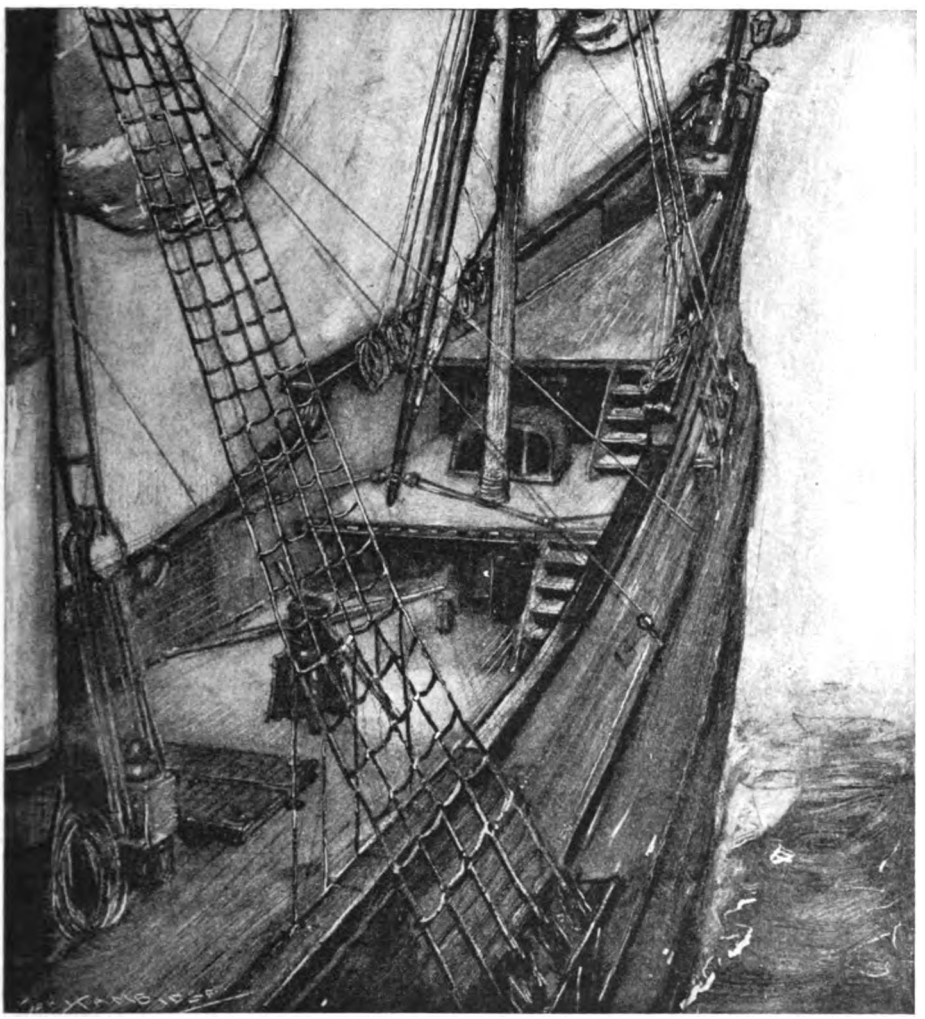
Arden," says *Rosalind;* and similar devices are used to give the locality of scores of scenes in all the old dramatists. Almost as frequently, however, the main stage was set to represent a definite place, such as

used as balconies or second-story windows, and were often furnished with casements. *D* is a gallery which was often used to represent elevated localities, as the wall of a city or of a garden.



Drawn by Jay Hambidge, from the reconstructed model owned by the New York Yacht Club

THE POOP-DECK OF HUDSON'S *HALF-MOON*

The general design of Hudson's ship (which was contemporary with the writing of "The Tempest") is almost precisely adapted to the needs of Shakspere's scene. It is probable that a ship carrying noble passengers would be larger and more ornamented. The space under the poop-deck would be inclosed and entered by doors, and the steps leading to the poop-deck would be less crude. This is the case in the model of a Spanish galley of about the same period, also owned by the New York Yacht Club.

Capulet's orchard, the arbor of *Beatrice,* and *Olivia's* garden.

But this main stage was only one member of the old stage as a whole. *BB* are curtained doors for entrance and exit; *CC* are second-story boxes, which could be

Beneath the gallery was the most interesting feature of all. This was the inner stage, *E,* in effect a proscenium-stage. Being only some twenty feet wide, or ten feet narrower than the smaller modern stages, it was too small for perspective

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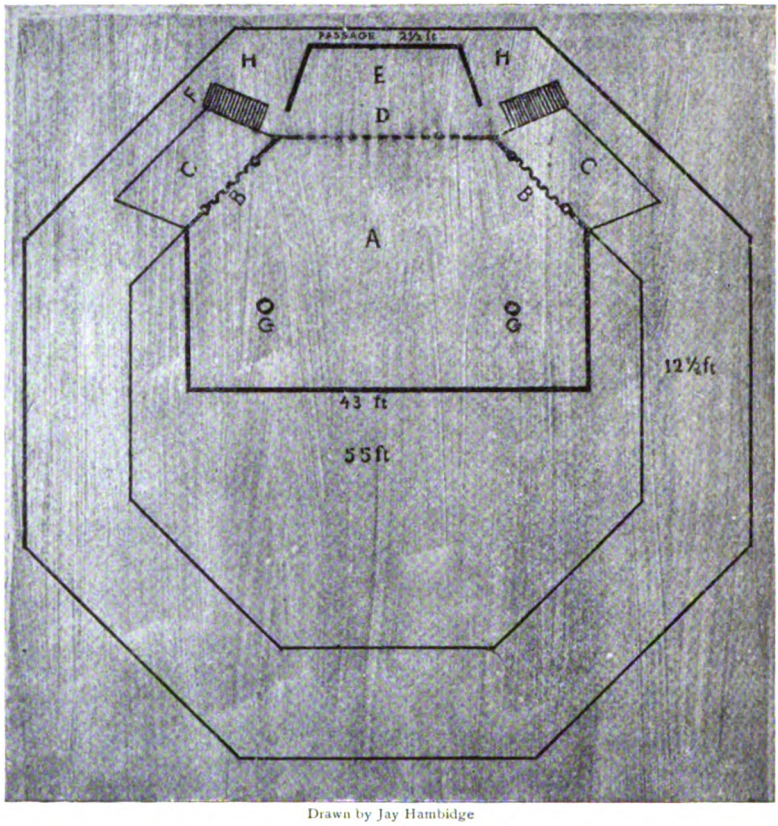

Drawn by Jay Hambidge

GROUND-PLAN OF THE ELIZABETHAN STAGE

The octagonal shape is that of the Globe; the dimensions are those of the extant contract for building the Fortune. The Globe stage was perhaps somewhat smaller, for the Fortune contract calls for "scantlings lardger and bigger in assize" than those of "the new erected howse called The Globe." When exact dimensions are lacking, as in boxes, inner stage, etc., the drawing is conjectural; but the presence of all details indicated is implied in the stage directions and action of countless scenes, and is now generally conceded.

A. Main stage, often used without properties and suggesting no definite locality; sometimes set with trees, furniture, etc., which symbolized a definite locality and were employed in the action.

B B. Doors for exit and entrance, probably hung with curtains. That they were set at an angle is implied in the action of numerous scenes in which actors entering on either side at once face each other, and is natural, moreover, in view of the octagonal shape of the building.

C C. Second-story boxes used to represent a balcony or window, and sometimes furnished with practicable casements.

D. Gallery on level of second story, used to represent walls, etc.

E. Inner stage, closed or disclosed by drawing an arras. Set with properties, it represented a room or cave; fronted with a "flat," it represented a cottage or shop.

F F. Stairs. G G. Columns supporting the loft, or "heavens over the stage."

scenery, which was apparently never employed; but it served very well for interiors—*Prospero's* cave, the cave of the *Witches* in "Macbeth," *Juliet's* tomb, the play within the play in "Hamlet," the hovel in "Lear," and scores of other such scenes. This inner stage, when the curtain was drawn, usurped the outer stage, so to speak, which was set with properties in keeping with it; so that inner and outer stage merged into a single locality. Thus in "The Winter's Tale," when the inner stage showed the *Shepherd's* cottage, the main stage represented the cottage yard, set for the feast and dance. We shall presently see how all these members were employed, and to what artistic effect.

The chief virtue of Shakspere's stage lay in the fact that an entire play could be run off with no pause except for the occasional shifting of properties. The great vice of the editors is that they assume a complete change of perspective scenery for every slight episode in the action. The sin of the theatrical producer is that, to make time for shifting so many heavy scenes, and also to reduce the number of shifts, he mercilessly cuts the text and rearranges the

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scenes. The Sothern-Marlowe production of "The Taming of the Shrew" lasted three hours despite severe cutting and rearrangement. Yet the waits between scenes occupied over one hour of the three. And the essentials of effect in farcical comedy are speed and continuity in the action!

The modern method of preparing the text for production, or rather the advanced method, which will presently be modern, is to discard the texts of the editors and to ascertain as far as possible the precise manner in which Shakspere intended the scenes to be conducted—in short, to reëstablish Shakspere as his own stage-manager. This method does not assume that all plays, or any of them, should be given an archæologically correct Elizabethan production. The public of to-day is accustomed to perspective scenery; and the lack of it, as a rule, lessens the legitimate dramatic effect of a play. Practical man of the theater that he was, Shakspere would be the first to recognize such conditions. But the modern method does assume that the point of departure shall be not the editors' impertinent interpolations of scenic localities, but a study of Shakspere's own intention as a dramatic artist. This once clearly comprehended, the modern manager considers only what means will produce on the modern mind the fullest measure of the effect Shakspere intended. That does not seem a momentous innovation. But let us judge by results.

Perhaps the most striking example of the havoc wrought by following the editors is in the first orchard scene in "Romeo and Juliet." My attention was directed to this by the fact that without exception the editors have called for a change of scene between the lines of a rimed couplet. *Benvolio* and *Mercutio,* having followed *Romeo* to *Juliet's* orchard, taunt him with his former passion for *Rosaline.* Failing to discover him, *Benvolio* says as they go:

'T is in vain
To seek him here that means not to be found.

Chagrined by their banter, *Romeo* retorts:

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

According to the editors, there is first a scene in which *Benvolio* and *Mercutio* are alone in "a lane by the wall of *Capulet's* orchard." Then follows a scene in which *Romeo* is alone within the orchard. Before he can make his retort and cap the rime, the audience has to wait some five minutes. If the audience understood the retort, which it does not, *Romeo's* wit becomes a fine case of *esprit d'escalier.* Even in reading the text, few can realize—I myself never did—that he is retorting in Scene II to a jest made in Scene I—that the scar he refers to is his old love and the wound his new. The shifting of the scene changes the line from repartee to an irrelevant abstraction.

Applying the new method, how could Shakspere have given effect to the retort? Obviously, both parties must be on the stage at the same time, the two scenes must be one, as, indeed, they are in the text of folio and quarto. Let the gallery *D* be the orchard wall; the opening of the inner stage, *E,* an iron gate; one of the side windows, *C, Juliet's* balcony; and the main stage the orchard, set with trees and shrubs. At the opening of the act, *Romeo* enters on the inner stage behind the gate, as if in the street without. He speaks two lines and, hearing the cries of his pursuers, climbs the wall, leaps down upon the main stage, and conceals himself among the trees. *Mercutio* and *Benvolio* climb the wall after him, railing at his inconstancy. Rightly concluding that

He hath hid himself among these trees,

they launch a parting gibe at him and go. Meantime *Romeo,* unseen by his friends above, has been visible to the audience. As soon as they are gone, he steps forth and retorts to their railing, then turns and sees the light in *Juliet's* window.

The Sothern-Marlowe production of the play followed the scenic plan of the editors. The result was far worse than to obscure the pertinence of *Romeo's* retort. The production as a whole was so long and so interrupted by waits that the scene in the lane had eventually to be dropped, thus sacrificing a brisk episode of youthful rollicking, a passage of delicious comedy, and a very lifelike stroke in the development of *Romeo's* character as a lover. *Bottom,* as he was "translated," was scarcely more grotesque than Shakspere as he is produced. And the pity of

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it is that in many a case, as in this one, the proper and authentic conduct of the scene is as natural to our stage as to Shakspere's. A later scene in this same play has been divided by the editors into three, with the result that two have to be omitted by the producer.

None of the plays can be produced entire with modern scenery in the limit of an evening's entertainment; but by means of a revolving-stage the comedies, which are comparatively brief, may be given an adequate representation. On the huge disk of the "revolver" two, three, even four scenes can be set at once, each being turned into the proscenium-opening as it is required, and then turned back, where it is "struck," and another set in its place while the action is progressing in front. For its production of "Twelfth Night" The New Theatre used its revolving-stage. There were "cuts," to be sure, and once or twice episodes had to be located in "sets" in which they were perhaps not wholly in keeping; but the text was presented with unprecedented completeness, and the scenes followed one another, as on the old stage, with virtually no pauses between.

THE SECOND GLOBE THEATER

The disproportion of the figures to the building is characteristic of the artistic convention of the time. (Reprinted from THE CENTURY for August, 1910.)

"The Winter's Tale" is so long, and its scenes at once so numerous and so brief, that it exceeds even the resources of a revolving-stage. The management decided that the best artistic effect would be achieved by presenting it as nearly as was artistically practicable in the Elizabethan manner. Only in this way could a full text be given; and it was felt that the romantic improbability of the action would be less apparent, less disillusioning, if it took place not in a series of definite and realistically detailed scenes, but among the simple, symbolic decorations of the elder stage, for which it was conceived.

The traditional idea that the Elizabethan stage was small, bare, and crude as an instrument for representing poetic drama had been pretty conclusively disproved. There is precise contemporary evidence that it was large—perhaps as large as the stage of The New Theatre—and that, whenever scenic properties were used, it was richly, if simply, decorated, as indeed it would naturally be in the flood-tide of the Renaissance. Personally I believed that it was by far the most powerful and flexible instrument of the poetic drama, at least for those accustomed to its conventions, which the world has ever known.[1] How a modern audience would respond to its methods was a question of very deep interest.

The New Theatre text of "The Winter's Tale" is probably the fullest which has been given in modern times, and its production the most accurate and beautiful reconstruction of the Elizabethan stage which has been achieved. As yet, however, our knowledge of many of the details of the methods of the old stage, and consequently our mastery of it as a means of reviving Shakspere's stage-craft, is very inadequate. A curious instance of this occurred during the rehearsal of the scene at the end of which the ancient *Antigonus* is directed to *"exit, pursued by a bear."* The scene is one of romantic pathos and of a certain wild grandeur of the elements. But when the savage beast (a stage-hand

[1] The reasons for this belief, and a description of "decorative" as opposed to realistic scenery, I have given in "Shakspere and the Plastic Stage." Subsequent studies by George F. Reynolds, Victor E. Albright, William Archer, Karl Wegener, and others have added much evidence.

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swathed in a bearskin) lumbered across the stage, members of the company, looking on from the auditorium, roared with laughter. Clearly, to an audience that moment would be the death of all dramatic illusion. The obvious remedy was to darken the stage so that the animal would be only dimly visible. *Antigonus* himself says:

> The day frowns more and more:
> . . . . . .
> I never saw
> The heavens so dim by day.

But to Shakspere the resources of electric lighting were of course undreamed of. His light came from the sky above, and how could it be cut off?

In this crisis—and it was indeed a critical moment, for the first performance was only one day off—we recalled that Wegener, in his admirable monograph on Shakspere's stage management, has listed a number of scenes in the old dramatists which, if played in full daylight, would be so absurd as to be virtually impossible. The characters usually describe the scene as quite dark, and often appear with torches. Sometimes there are people and objects present on the stage which, if visible, would "give away" the dramatic situation or render it absurd. Wegener's list could be almost indefinitely extended. Many of the most effective, indeed, crucial, episodes in Shakspere would be robbed of all illusion if played in full daylight—the ghost scenes in "Hamlet," the witch scenes in "Macbeth," the storm scenes in "Lear," and the torch-lighted tomb scene in "Romeo and Juliet." Wegener is, however, at a loss to explain how the effect of darkness was produced.

The solution was suggested by another mystery, hitherto equally impenetrable. In the contract for building the Fortune Theater, which was mainly modeled after Shakspere's Globe, it is specified that there shall be "a shadow or cover" over the stage. Similarly, the contract for the Hope calls for "a heavens." The nature and function of this contrivance, and why the "heavens" were also called a "shadow," have remained unguessed at. If, however, the "heavens" were a cloud of canvas thrown out from the loft above the stage toward the top of the amphitheater, it would very effectually cut off the only source of light, the sky above, and so "shadow" the stage.

In the performance of "The Winter's Tale" the stage was darkened during the transit of the bear, and where the friendly handful at rehearsal had laughed outright, a first-night audience of two thousand critical spectators were manifestly held in the artistic illusion appropriate to the flight and death of the old courtier. Such evidence, to be sure, is not absolutely conclusive, but it at least gives it a strong lead toward solving the question of the lighting and darkening of Shakspere's stage.

The production as a whole succeeded beyond the wildest hopes; and the most remarkable fact was that critics of the most diverse temperament found delight in it. Previous Elizabethan productions, inspired by the old idea that Shakspere's stage was bare and crude, had pleased those who valued a fluent recital of the complete text in its proper sequence; but they had found little favor with the austerer order of mind which is not to be seduced by the lure of textual correctness and archæology. The following citations will indicate the degree of their present conversion. " 'The Winter's Tale' proved that Shakspere undrugged is very much more enjoyable than the painless marmalade brand. In fact, it is quite the best Shaksperian venture that this ornate establishment has yet offered. Its lack of scenery positively helped it." "If the immortal William were alive to-day, he would probably drop dead after one look at the richly beautiful production. Henceforth give me Shakspere in the Elizabethan-New Theatre manner. It puts 'magnificent productions' quite in the shade, and altogether out of the running time." A third critic was more tempered in his transports. "The 'Elizabethan manner' was an object-lesson in the futility of scenic elaboration. The simple, beautiful story held the audience fairly entranced by its human interest." The scholarly critic of "The Evening Post" wrote: "Only after seeing a representation of this kind is it possible to apprehend the full effect of the mutilation of the text demanded by the exigencies of modern spectacle. Last night the story which, improbable and involved as it is in itself, appears yet more wild and incredible in the

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be resisted. Mr. Guérin's drawing of *Cleopatra's* palace—an expanse of sea and shore seen through a towering Egyptian colonnade—was so splendid that it was decided to build up the columns in the round. They were some forty feet high, and the woodwork alone cost four thousand dollars. To shift them frequently during the play was impossible. So they were perforce allowed to stand, and subsequent scenes, mainly out-of-door perspectives, had to be dwarfed, back-drop and all, so that they could be set up inside the square of columns. Even at that the waits were so long that the performance lasted from half past eight until five minutes of one o'clock.

As a result, two of Mr. Guérin's scenes had to be sacrificed—though the text had already been cut to the bone. The dramatic loss was as great as the pictorial loss. One of the sacrificed scenes, that on *Pompey's* galley, is the only passage of comedy in the entire play, and was much needed to relieve the prevailing tragic gloom. Even at this the daily shifting of those gigantic columns (to make way for opera or for other plays in the repertory) necessitated a force of stage-hands whose weekly pay aggregated four thousand dollars. One morning, coming on the stage, Mr. Guérin found the columns gone, and the stage-hands on their backs panting.

"What is the matter?" he asked. "You fellows look as if you were dead."

"No, Mr. Guérin," answered the foreman, whose classical education had been enlarged by The New Theatre, "we are not dead. But we are dying, Egypt, dying."

In the end the solid columns were replaced with profile columns, lowered from the loft. But stage realism had long ago done its deadly work. The mangled play had given little scope to the actors and in itself had failed to make its due effect. The production was an artistic failure. Sothern and Marlowe, quite cast down, resigned from The New Theatre Company. Many people laid the blame on Shakspere and his tragedy. If he had come to life to discover that, he would have "dropped dead" long before the artistic delight of "The Winter's Tale" threatened his vitality.

Such instances could be almost indefinitely extended. If there is a single play which has not vitally suffered from realistic and spectacular production, I am not aware of it. The new method is making its way slowly but inevitably. In almost every New Theatre production it has revealed priceless knowledge of Shakspere's dramaturgy. As yet the discoveries are, in a measure, fragmentary, even conjectural. But when the new method has been practically applied to all the great masterpieces, our knowledge cannot fail to be measurably systematic and complete. When that time comes the craftsmanship of the great dramatist will for the first time have an adequate, a scholarly representation. Personally I believe that his plays will then for the first time become near and dear to us, a vital element in the life of the people.

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ILLUSTRATION OF HANDEL'S "MESSIAH"

PAINTED FOR THE CENTURY BY NORMAN PRICE

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"SLOWLY THE RAFTS SANK UNDER THE WEIGHT"

ACROSS SOUTH AMERICA

A NARRATIVE OF PERSONAL EXPERIENCE ACROSS THE ANDES TO THE AMAZON

SECOND PAPER: SHOOTING THE CAÑONS OF THE EASTERN ANDES

BY CHARLES JOHNSON POST

WITH PICTURES BY THE WRITER

A LONG line of half-naked Leccos trotted across the grass-covered bluff and disappeared over the edge and down the steep path to the river, where our clumsy rafts swung uneasily in the boiling current. They grunted and sweated and laughed as they threw the heavy packages of our outfit on their shoulders, for they could swing a hundred and fifty or two hundred pounds as carelessly as you could handle a valise; and steadily the raised platforms on the rafts piled higher with the accumulating baggage, while slowly the rafts sank under the weight, until the raft-logs were entirely covered by the muddy current. As the last package was put aboard, the Leccos began lashing the cargo in place with our spare rope and the long vines which they used for towing the rafts up-stream. They used as much care in throwing and tightening the lashings as though stowing the pack on a "bad" mule for a mountain-trail. It seemed absurd.

"Here, good," grunted a Lecco, waving a hand toward the mill-race current; "below, very bad, *patrón*—yes."

When later we struck the "bad places," and, waist-deep in the boiling, angry waters of the cañons, clung to those same lashings to keep ourselves from being washed overboard, the need of lashing for the baggage was plain.

The *intendente,* the *jefe politico,* and the only postmaster for many leagues of this virgin interior came down to tender us his farewell embraces; for as a strict matter of fact those three functionaries resided in the single person of one short, stocky Cholo half-breed, who had given all the hospitality in his power during the dreary weeks of waiting in his little palm-thatched domain. Officially he noted with approval that we had already complied with the Bolivian regulations in regard to navigation, and at the bow floated the green, yellow, and red flag of Bolivia, and with much curiosity he viewed our American flag fluttering at the stern. It was the first he had ever seen. It gained, too, much approval from the Leccos, its decorative scheme of stars and red and white bars drawing admiring comment, and we could have sold it many times over as dress goods or as strictly high-class shirting. As a special mark of favor the shrewish, leather-skinned Indian wife of the Cholo jefe came down to see us off, and while we patted her lord on the back in our mutually polite embracings, she fluttered in the background, clacking unintelligible, but cordial, Aymará farewells.

When first we had dismounted in this tiny settlement of Mapiri this Aymará woman had borne us a fierce dislike that was kept from literal and open war only

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by the strong hand of her Cholo lord. A little later, unfortunately, one of our men, in making his offering of candles in the little mud-walled chapel, had ignited a saint. When I saw the saint shortly after, his vestments were charred shreds, he was as bald as a singed chicken, and his waxen features had coagulated into limp benevolence, out of which his sole remaining glass eye stared mildly. He had been placed on a little table up against a mud wall, and the Indian women were weeping and wailing before him in abject apology. They were hastily offering flowers, candles, and libations, but with this last straw the Aymará lady's dislike had become even a more fixed, fanatical hatred. Shrewish, unattractive, and savage though she was, she was devoted in her love for her Cholo husband. One night, some time after the burning of the saint, their son developed a difference with his father in which each tried to kill the other. The father had just reached his gun, and would have been successful, when, being thick-necked, violent, and full-blooded, he toppled over in a stroke of apoplexy. There being no doctor, not even an Aymará *yatari* within three hundred miles, the old lady turned to us in a panic, and, probably despite our amateur efforts, the Cholo pulled through. In the meantime the poor old Aymará woman fluttered about in an agony of helpless fear and love, eagerly hanging on the slow words of translation that came to her, for she spoke nothing but Aymará, and everything had to be translated first into Spanish and then into her own tongue. That very night she burned a box of candles before the charred saint, while in the morning we had for our breakfast a fine chicken apiece. Her gratitude endured, and in the quivering furnace heat she had come to see us depart, and as we waded aboard, she followed, and laid on the cargo a pair of live chickens as a final gift.

Drawn by Charles J. Post

"THE SHREWISH, LEATHER-SKINNED INDIAN WIFE"

The Cholo handed us a small sack of mail, asking us to distribute it on our way down the Rio Mapiri, these irregular trips being the sole means of mail communication with the rubber *barracas* of this far interior; the Leccos cast off the vine ropes that moored us, and a few strokes of their heavy paddles swung us out into the full, swift current of the river. As we struck it there was no feeling of speed or even of motion, but immediately the green walls on each side of the river began flitting past in a shimmering ribbon of confused green jungle. In a moment, far behind, came the crackling of rifle-shots. It was the Cholo and his Winchester in salute; and even while we were pulling our guns to reply, he and his Aymará wife had dwindled to tiny dots that the sound of our guns could have reached only as a faint echo. Then a bend in the river hid them from view, and my river voyage from the Andes to the Atlantic had begun.

For two months since landing on the Peruvian coast I had been slowly working toward the unknown and vague interior of South America. Arequipa, Puna, Lake Titicaca, and finally the gaudy, stuccoed walls of La Paz had been left behind. Slowly each village had become a little more primitive than the last, until here at last, in the struggling rectangle of cane

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and palm-thatch that boasted the official title of Mapiri, we faced the *montaña*. Before me stretched the great interior basin of the upper tributaries of the Amazon, with all the lure, the mystery, and the charm of the unknown. Here at last, ankle-deep in water on the submerged raft, I was leaving behind even the last primitive civilization of the frontier. Vaguely I knew that somewhere there were the districts of the savages, the Paquaguarras, the Guarayas, the Chimanes, the Mojos, and the Tacanas, some of them as primitive and hostile as a jungle animal, and others semicivilized to a degree where they would furnish the river crews. Sometime I would emerge from this uncharted interior at the head of the Falls of the Madeira, and then civilization would come pleasantly again in a gradually ascending scale up to trolleys, paved streets, cafés, and a weekly band in the plaza Sunday nights; and then—home.

For four long, monotonous weeks I had waited in this straggling settlement of Mapiri; for the river was high with the rains, and the only rafts had gone down long before. Runners were sent to the Leccos, and for all those weeks of our monotonous delay they had been trying to drag their *balsas* up through the cañons and against the current to reach us.

The balsas were slender rafts of very buoyant logs spiked together with heavy pins of black palm; they had a rough bow made by the crooked middle log, which turned up in a snout-like projection, giving the affair a curiously animal-like and amphibious expression. For the return voyage three of these balsas are lashed side by side with cross-logs and strips of the inner bark of some tree. The *callapo*, as this combination is called, is entirely submerged except for the cargo-platforms and the turned-up snouts, and nothing else is visible above the muddy river.

As we disappeared around the bend in the swift current, the hills against the background seemed to close in upon us, and, as they narrowed, the muddy river snapped and crackled in little, peevish waves. The banks grew steeper, and the air damp and cool, and although directly overhead there was the glaring blue sky of the forenoon, yet we moved swiftly through the atmosphere of evening. Long, trailing creepers drooped from the overhanging trees into the current near the banks, and cut the water like a spray from the bow of a trim launch; the soft murmurs of rapidly moving water rose, and was broken only now and then by the shrill cries of parrots flying high overhead; sometimes a pair of macaws, with their gaudy plumage flashing in the high sun, flitted across the gorge. But though the river doubled and twisted among the hills, there were yet, according to Lecco standards, no "bad places," and they passed the bottle of *cañassa* sociably around among themselves, inspecting their passengers with interest, and chuckling over their own comments. They had never seen a man with eye-glasses before, and I was a matter of fine interest and guesswork. What were those panes of glass for? Cautiously they would make a little circle with their fingers and thumbs, and peer through it to see what effect of improvement might result. I received my name, "the four-eyed patrón," promptly.

The whole crew of Leccos was amiably drunk; it is the custom of the river, and it seems in no way to impair their efficiency. It has become their right by long custom, and one that it is not prudent to disregard; for a trader, being of a thrifty turn and not caring to buy the cañassa, decided to run the river on a strict prohibition platform. Every one of his callapos was curiously enough wrecked in the same rapids on the day after he announced his thrifty principles. The general allowance is about two quarts a day for three men, and perhaps, if the day has been a hard one, a small teacupful each in the camp. Money to them has no value compared with cañassa. Once, when trying to buy a fine bead neck-band from a Lecco, I offered him money up to a dollar, Bolivian, the equivalent of eight bottles of cañassa, and he refused, for his Lecco sweetheart had made it; then I began to barter all over again by offering him a bottle of cañassa, and at once he handed me the neck-band.

While the current was swift, from eight to ten miles an hour, we had not come to the bad rapids. Sometimes the river would open out into broad shallows, where the callapo would bump and scrape along over the bottom, and then would close up into another gorge that in its turn would merge into tortuous cañons with bluff walls of

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Drawn by Charles J. Post

A LECCO TYPE THE LECCO OF THE TWIG RAFT "NAPOLEON," A LECCO CHIEF

rock. Drunk though the Leccos were, yet their river skill did not seem to be affected. When we floated along the quieter reaches, they would play like silly children. Occasionally one would be tumbled into the river, and would swim alongside in sheepish embarrassment until he decided to climb aboard, amid the pleased cackles of the rest.

One, a young Lecco about seventeen or eighteen years old, who handled one of the stern paddles, accidentally stepped off backward into the river. The others shrieked with delight as the Lecco struck out for shore. We saw him land, pull his machete out from under his shirt, and start chopping down some saplings. Perhaps fifteen minutes later, in the next milder stretch of river, down came the Lecco like a cowpuncher on a pony, only his pony was a bundle of mere sticks lashed together with vine, and in place of a rope he swung a bamboo-pole, using it as a paddle. He was standing up like a circus-rider on his frail raft, shifting it with his pole over to where the current was swiftest; and he coasted down the inclined glissade between rocks, avoiding every little eddy and catching only the roughest and swiftest places, until presently he had worked his way alongside and stepped aboard again. His little bundle of sticks did not number ten, and not one was as thick as your wrist, while merely two bits of vine at each end held them together. I asked what would have happened had the vine-lashings broke. When that was translated to the Leccos, they roared with laughter. That, it was explained to me, was what they were hoping for, so that then he would have had to swim. Swim! A fine joke to swim rapids and whirlpools that looked like sure death or a worse mangling. But I found later that any one of them could have done it through even worse passages. If they are sure to be caught in a whirlpool, they will dive, and the fury of the rapid itself troubles them not the least. A Lecco once, to avoid a whipping by his rubber boss, threw himself into the river and swam six miles in the worst section of the river without a thought. A German later attempted to swim the mildest of these, and his broken body was picked up in an eddy three miles below.

These Leccos are among the finest Indians, or semicivilized savages, I have met. They are sturdy and muscular, with a distinctively Malaysian suggestiveness, and very superior to any of the surrounding savage tribes of the interior. Yet they have neither religion nor superstition; they have no legend or tradition, and their only historical recollection is from the time when quinine bark was the main river commerce instead of rubber,—the time of the "Great Quina" [1] they call it,—about half a century ago. They are brave and loyal, although not a fighting race, and have made but a poor showing against the neighboring tribes. Their life is on the river, chiefly this Rio Mapiri, and they stick close to its banks. Their sole work is transportation with these balsas and callapos up and down the river. For months in the year this river is virtually closed by reason of the rains and the impassable cañons. Down-stream is simple and finely

[1] From fifty to eighty years ago, when quinine was enormously valuable. At present it is a very minor interest and low in price compared with the great interest in rubber.

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exciting, but against the currents up-stream, portaging or hauling the balsas through the cañons, where there is often barely a hand-hold on the naked walls of rock, and often vines must be lowered from above, drenched during the day and sleeping on the *playas* at night, is the hardest kind of labor. As had happened while they were trying to reach me on this trip, if the food gives out,—it is not a game country,—and unless they are near enough to the goal to live on nuts and berries, as they did for two days on this occasion, they have to go back, replenish, and start over again, with all the previous labor lost. And there is scarcely a free Lecco among them; they are always in debt to the rubber barracas, which by the sale and purchase of their debts pass them as veritable chattels. With thriftless, unthinking good nature, they accept this condition and at the end of each trip will squander their credit-wages on worthless trifles. A Lecco friend of mine once squandered the wages of a whole hard trip up-stream on a woman's straw hat and its mass of pink-ribbon bows that he wore for two days in great pride on the drift down-stream until it was lost overboard in one of the worst rapids. He watched it whirling off in the spray and foam with a childish pleasure and no sense of loss, but rather with the calm complacency of a man who had lost a trifle and could with easy labor earn another.

That night we made camp on a sand-bar in one of the more open reaches of water and close to the river's edge. With their short machetes the Leccos cut some canes, unlashed our tentage from the platforms, and rigged a rough shelter. In the balmy air of the sunset there was no indication that it was needed, but during this season a tropical rain comes up with the suddenness of a breeze, and pitching a tent in a driving downpour in the darkness of perdition is no light pleasure. For themselves, the Leccos simply threw a matting of woven palm-leaves on the sand, and their camp was made. The bank was lined with a fringe of driftwood, and Spanish cedar and mahogany make admirable fuel, and give one at the same time a sense of wanton, extravagant luxury that the humbler cooking fires of our North never obtain, and presently little fires crackled into life along the playa while gathering around each were little crews of Leccos in their loose, flapping, square shirts, or else stripped to the waist in the hot evening air, and intent on the small pots of boiling rice, *platinos,* and *chalona.* Quickly the velvet darkness of the tropics fell, and the high lights flickered on naked skins; slowly the moon rose above the purple hills of the background, transforming the muddy sur-

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"THERE WERE YET, ACCORDING TO LECCO STANDARDS, NO 'BAD PLACES'"

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Drawn by Charles J. Post

LOWERING THE CALLAPO THROUGH SHALLOWS

face of the swirling river into a shimmer of molten silver. The smooth playa softened in the mellow light, while, in the foreground, the camp-fires threw in strong relief the easy play of naked muscles in the shifting groups of savage figures; and beyond were other figures silhouetted against the night or merged with the bulk of the callapos, gently swaying at the river's edge, to the low roar of the current. The subdued chatter of the Leccos, the crackling of the driftwood flames, the occasional cry of some morose tropical bird of the night, and once in a while the far-off, snarling howl of a jaguar in the hills beyond, blended like the carefully studied tones of some painting, and the peace that passeth the understanding of cities descended.

Somewhere back in the hills were the savages, the Chunchos and the Yungus; but they rarely come down to this river. It is too populous, according to their standards, and precautions against them are rarely needed. Farther on, when we got into the Rio Kaka and the Rio Beni, some care was essential; and it would be necessary to camp on the largest sand-bars and close to the water's-edge, where the camp could not be rushed in a sudden dash from the jungle.

The next morning, with the first faint trickle of dawn along the rim of purple hills, the camp was astir. A single fire was stirred into activity, and in the dim, gray light there was a hasty cup of tea and a raw platino, and again we waded aboard the callapo and swung out into the current. The cool gray-green of the early morning had faded to a delicate sapphire; the purple hills loomed nearer in the soft haze; above them shimmering waves of amethyst overspread half the skies. A faint glow as of soft coral flickered over the crests of a stray cloud, that, close after, flushed with the bolder brilliancy of the ruby and the topaz. There was no pause; one color after another, exquisite in its gorgeousness or delicacy, as though from the slowly opening door of a prismatic furnace—crimson, violet, deep-sea blues, and old-gold—shifted and coiled above the purple hills. A thread of silver tipped their crests, and then, at their centers, there was for an instant the gleam of molten gold, and a second more above the low morning mist there floated the glowing mass of the sun. The day had begun.

For hours we drifted down the swift current. Now and then a snake or perhaps an otter glided silently into the eddies as we drifted by. We seemed to drift with intolerable slowness, and yet, when we watched the jungle on each side slipping by, we could see the speed—six, eight, and sometimes ten miles an hour. The sun rose higher; it beat down on the unsheltered callapo like the hot blast from a furnace; the animal sounds in the forests ceased; the faint morning airs died away, and nothing broke the stillness but the occasional shrill flocks of parrots. The muddy surface of the river turned to a heated brazen glare, and the long breakfastless hours of the forenoon crawled past.

Presently as we swung around a bend there appeared a tiny cane-walled hut surrounded by a few platino- and yucca-trees.

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Splashing in the river were naked little babies, and as our Leccos set up a shout, a woman trotted down to the bank and waved back. We paddled out of the current, and made a landing, while the young Lecco who had run the river on the bundle of sticks took on a sack of clean clothes. The Leccos are very particular in these matters; each morning from out their home-woven cotton sacks they would don clean trousers and shirt, and at every opportunity, going up or down the river, they would stop and turn over to the Lecco wife the soiled ones and take aboard a clean supply. When a trip is too long for a complete outfit, they would get busy at each midday breakfast-time halt and wash their own. The sack they carried would hold about as much as a small keg, and it was always crowded to its capacity with their queer, square shirts and tight-ankled trousers. Their only other baggage was a plate, a spoon, and a tiny kettle for rice. Clean clothes every day is a peculiar hobby for a primitive tribe.

This Lecco woman, or, rather, girl, who trotted down to the water's-edge was about sixteen, wore only a single long garment, a *chula,* that came to above the ankles and had no sleeves. Some forest flower was in her black hair, and she was a beauty. Not by any of the savage standards alone or by the easy imagination that gives some youthful savages a certain attractiveness as a matter of pure contrast, but she was beautiful by any of those standards that obtain in our home countries. She had regular features, delicate nostrils, soft eyes, and regular, curving lips, with a soft, light-coppery, tawny complexion, so soft and light that the color came and went in her cheeks like a fresh-blown débutante. She had the carriage of a queen, though that was nothing to a race of women who carry burdens on their head from babyhood and who can swim like otters. I saw later very many Lecco women, and while all were superior in type to those of the neighboring tribes, there was but one that could compare with the features of this first Lecco girl, and the two might have been sisters, so close was the type of beauty.

More Lecco homes appeared, and at each some one of the crew received his new stock of clean clothes and packed his pouch with them. Then Guanai appeared, or, rather, we stopped under the river-bank close by, for the straggling collection of huts lies some distance back from the river. A few rubber-traders, half-breeds, and Cholos live here, and control the Leccos. Most of them, when I was there, were refugees from the other side of the Andes, and here were beyond the reach of the Bolivian authorities. Once in a while some one of them is caught and taken out in chains by the soldiers sent in for the special purpose, but as a rule that followed only as the result of internecine difficulty and resulting treachery. The head man came down to the bank to meet us with his neck stiff and awkward in some home-made bandage. He was still half drunk, but very hospitable. The night before, it seems, there had been a fight, and when the candles were stamped out in the little hut it became very confusing, he explained; hence the stab in the neck and somewhere a couple of men were nursing bullet-holes. We handed over the few letters from the Cholo at Mapiri, and he was eager to get

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"THESE LECCOS ARE AMONG THE FINEST INDIANS"

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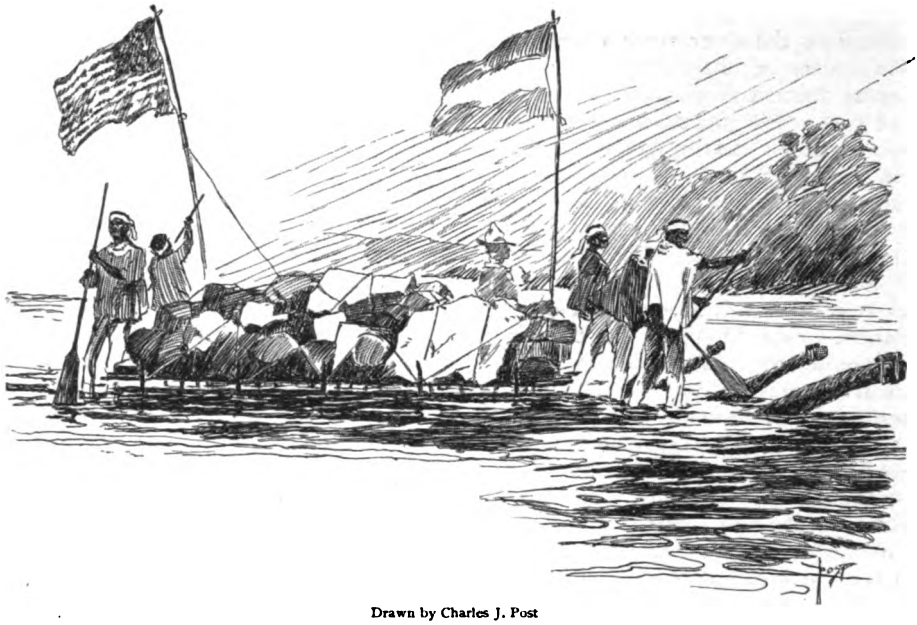

Drawn by Charles J. Post

"WE SEEMED TO DRIFT WITH INTOLERABLE SLOWNESS"

news of La Paz and the outside world. For years he had lived here, a refugee from the law, and unmolested; but some day he will meet with as sudden a death as he had often bestowed, and another head man will fill his uncertain shoes. A torn straw hat, cotton shirt, and Lecco trousers was his sole costume, and he hunts barefoot and runs the river as readily as any of the Lecco tribesmen.

Below Guanai the Rio Mapiri is reinforced by the Rio Coroico and the Rio Tipuani, clear, cold streams. All along little brooks and mountain torrents have also been adding to the volumes of our river, so that it had grown to a goodly size. Below this settlement of Guanai were the worst and most dangerous passages. Any of the rapids are bad, but they are less to be feared than the great whirlpools that form below each one of them. It is these *remolinos* that are more likely to catch the rafts and tear them apart. The rough water of the rapid can be watched, and the callapo can be kept head on in the current, but below there is no means of judging when a whirling vortex will form that will drag the callapo under and perhaps later throw it out farther down in scattered fragments.

For fifty miles the hills crowded in, and there were only rarely any open, slower reaches of river. Huge masses of rock had broken from above and had hurled themselves into the gorges, where the current was choked in masses of high-flung spray. The Leccos knew that on one certain side of these rocks there was disaster and with their heavy paddles they pried the raft in the proper currents. At first the water was smooth,—smoother than in the broader reaches,—but the banks moved past more swiftly, and from out of the water itself came a little rattling, crackling sound—the sound of the boulders on the river-bed crashing together as they were swept down-stream. Then the surface of the river broke up in snapping little ripples, while under our feet there was the feel of the raft straining in the eddying thrust of the current. But it is these parts of the river that the Leccos fairly love; their eyes sparkled and they laughed and chattered with excitement. Ahead there was a roaring smother of foam, which curled back in a crested wave; the paddles, with the callapo snouts as a fulcrum, swung the course to the right, and a second later there came a rush and a crash as a mass of boiling water climbed over the starboard cargo and we careened until the crew on the lower side were breast-deep in the smother. It was only for a second, and the raft drifted out

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among the eddying whirlpools that formed below. One, a fairly small one, caught us at the stern, and we were drawn under as if caught by a submarine claw; the waters rose to the breasts of the stern crew, while they, braced against their paddles, grinned back at us cheerfully. Then the vortex broke, and very slowly the cargo rose dripping into view.

Every rapid, bend, or cataract in this port has its name, an honor denied the distances up the Mapiri of the day before. We passed the Conseli, and entered the Kirkana,—my spelling is phonetic,—a magnified mountain brook that boiled through the tortuous passages for miles. There was not a mile that did not have its channel choked with rock, through which we shot in a smother of foam, like a South Sea Islander on his surf-board. Then came a cañon, with walls of gray rock on which were stains or symbols that in a rough way suggested some of the old Inca forms, and to which the Leccos have given the name of the "Devil-Painted" Rapids. Beyond lie the rapids of the "Bad Waters," and then the Ysipuri Rapids, where there was a large rubber barraca in charge of an English superintendent. The rafts were swung in to the bank, and we paid a visit to the lonely place. It was a small village in itself, all the little huts centering in straggling lines about the chief office and store; the English patron was the law, and was supreme. There was only one bitterness in his cup, and that was the fact that during the hatching season—which, he complained, seemed to be most of the year—his point of land was infested with young boas just out of the egg. He rarely found any of the large parent snakes, although the sand at that particular point seemed to be just what they needed for their eggs, and on some days the newly hatched snakes would be hauled out of hammocks, bins, beds, kettles, and any refuge that had appealed to their infant instincts.

He fed us on cabbage-palm that went into the kitchen like a section of cordwood as large as a man's leg, and came out steaming and looking like a dish of boiled cabbage, though its flavor put cabbage back in the class of a mere stock food for steers. Moreover, he regaled us pleasantly with tales of shipwreck in the Ratama, the great rapids that still lay a short distance before us, and of feats by the Leccos in running it that will in time be legends. There was one of a Lecco who owned a mule that he had acquired after it had been broken down and abandoned at the end of the trans-Andean trail. This Lecco decided to move down the river, and he built on a single balsa a framework of cane for the mule; then he put on his few household affairs, his wife and baby, the latter lashed, so that the woman was free to help paddle, and he shot the cañon. He got through, mule and all, safe, and the feat is still held in highest regard by the Leccos, for it thrilled even their expert watermanship. Also there was another Lecco who, while drunk,—drunk even from the point of view of his Lecco neighbors, and that must be very drunk,—shot the Ratama on a bundle of sticks very much as our man had done the day before, except that by comparison our man had drifted through a mere riffle. And then there were many others who never got through, but were battered and crushed by the whirling logs of their own broken rafts. It was a pleasant thought

Drawn by Charles J. Post

A RUBBER-PICKER

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to cheer us for the prospect. Then emptying our rifles in salute to his Winchester, we started on for the next rapids—the Ratama.

Two miles above the Ratama the walls of the gorge began to close in steep cliffs. Here and there shrubs clung on little niches, while from the high edges long vines hung down and were whipped taut in the swift, glassy current below. The air began to cool in the deep shadows, and there was a damp chill in it like the breath from a cavern. The Leccos were not chattering now, for this place may on any trip prove to be serious, and the silence of the smooth drifting was only broken by an occasional kingfisher, which clattered by like a flying watchman's rattle. Slowly a dull roaring, echoing from the distance, steadily obtruded itself; the current was still glassy, but as it moved, it snapped against the walls of the cañon in angry ripples. Every Lecco in the crew was poised, with his paddle, as tense as a strung bow. Now we knew who was the captain of the crew. It was the forward Lecco on the right; he was the only one who had anything to say. It was no childish joking now; there were his commands. Occasionally he grunted his order, and the paddles dipped as they held the raft true, bow on, in the middle of the current. With a grand sweep we swung round a bend between the walls of rock, and there far ahead the white waves of the Ratama were snapping like great fangs against the dusk of the cañon, while above them hung a heavy mist that blurred the outlines of the gorge beyond. The callapo increased its speed; the Ratama seemed to be springing toward us with each leaping wave; the roaring water deepened, and the voices were drowned. The Lecco captain dipped his paddle, and the rest followed the signal; and gently the callapo was held true, with the three upturned snouts headed straight for the foaming center. The cliffs had closed in like the walls of a corridor, and they flew past like the flickering film of a moving-picture; the spray from the trailing vines was whipped in our faces, and floated upward to form rainbows in the slanting sunlight high overhead. Then for a second we seemed to pause on the edge of a long slide of polished water, the edge of the cataract. The Leccos crouched for the shock, and we could fairly feel their toes gripping the submerged callapo logs, while their paddles were poised above their heads. Then came the brief coast down the smooth water and the plunge into the great wave that loomed above our heads, only to break with a drenching roar over us and the lashed freight. The Leccos dropped on their knees, gripping a hold as best they might; their eyes glittered with excitement, and I could see their wide-open mouths in a yell of wild joy, though every sound was drowned in the crash and roar of waters. The paddles swung in powerful circles, and at each dip the paddlers went out of sight, head and shoulder in the smother of foam. The water was above my waist, and somewhere below the surface I was hanging on to the cargo lashings, with my feet braced against the logs. Under the boiling smother of foam I could feel the callapo writhe and twist in the strain; a keg broke loose, and a Lecco lost his paddle in recovering it. His paddle was of no consequence, for he could whittle another, and he fondly believed the keg held the beloved alcohol,—cañassa,—though he was wrong, for it held nothing but pickled beef, and worthless, as I later found.

Drawn by Charles J. Post

A LECCO IN ROUGH WATER

Sometimes a Lecco's shoulder would rise

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Drawn by Charles J. Post. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

THE RAFT IN THE RAPIDS

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above the boiling smother, with the brown muscles playing in hard knots; sometimes we would slew side on to the current, and no power could hold us straight until a bursting wave would throw us back; sometimes for an instant the dripping snouts of the callapo would be flung high in the air, and fall back with a crash that made itself heard above the roar, and the raft would quiver and strain with the impact. One saw nothing; we might have been standing still. There was nothing but the lashing sting of the whirling spray and the thunder of the cataract. Then, in an instant, the roar and the tumult were behind, the waves calmed, and the callapo shot out into the calmer waters below, where the whirlpools and eddies shifted and coiled.

Vortices into which one might lower a barrel without wetting it whirled lazily past within paddle-reach, and sometimes they would suddenly form ahead and the Leccos would watch them intently as to their possible direction, and then paddle to shift our course. These they can generally avoid. It is when one forms or suddenly comes up from underneath that there is danger. A few did catch us this way, and the Leccos would stand with braced feet, reading by the straining logs the possible strength of the vortex, and the callapo would grind and slowly sink, until by sheer mass it broke the force of the whirl. Often we would go down by the stern until the after Leccos kept only their heads above the water, and even we, farther forward, would be submerged up to our shoulders. There was nothing to do but wait until the vortex broke of itself. In the Ratama the roar and excitement drowned any emotion, but this was slowly waiting in uncertainty and speculating on how far one could really swim before being drawn under like a chip. Not far, that was certain, and the Leccos watched this shifting, coiling passage in a silent gravity that they had shown nowhere else on the river. It is the breaking up of the logs and cargo that make the danger, at least to the Lecco,—greater than the power of the river itself,—and a white man would have no chance.

From the Ratama the river and the country back of it opened out, and the last of the eastern Andean foot-hills were almost passed. A few more rapids were left,—the Nube, the Incaguarra, the Beyo, and the Bala,—but after the Ratama they dwindled to harmless riffles. The Beyo Cañons resound with a deafening roar, but it is from the thousands of macaws that have their nests in the soft sandstone cliffs, and it is their clatter that carries for miles in the soft evening air. Down here signs of game began to appear, and the Leccos got out their bows and arrows and shot fish as we drifted slowly along. Sometimes a stray monkey or pig would get within range, and the steady diet of rice and chalona would be pleasantly interrupted. Sometimes a little palm-leaf shack would appear on the sand-bars, a remnant of some savage excursion to the river after fish, and then for hours nothing would break the long stretches of virgin, tropical desolation. And then came Rurrenabaque, the last village for many days, and where the Leccos turn back for their slow work up-stream. From here the big canoe, with its crew of Lacanas, would start down the Rio Beni through a virgin country in which the jungles and savages still held uninterrupted domain.

(To be continued)

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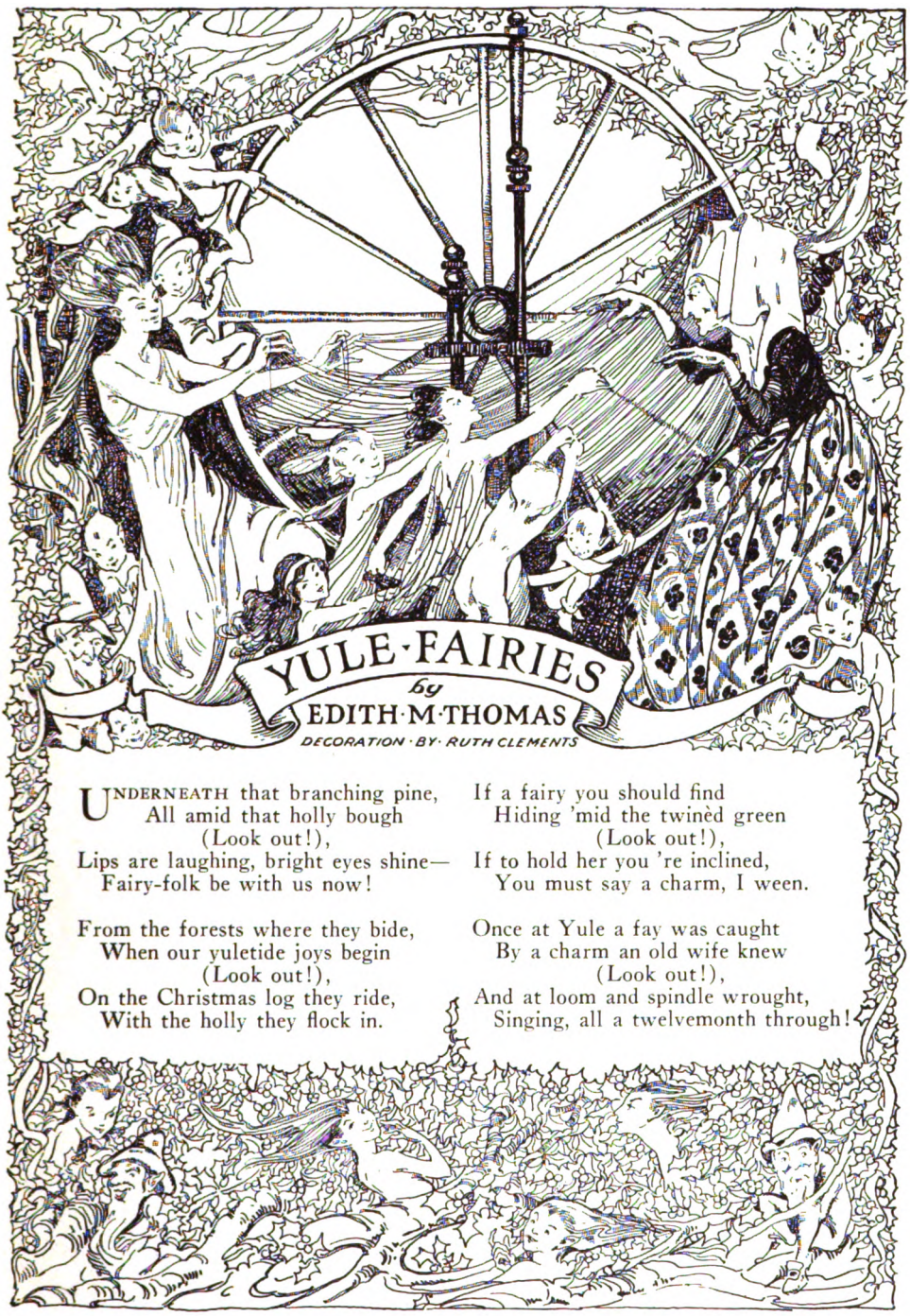

YULE-FAIRIES

by

EDITH M. THOMAS

DECORATION BY RUTH CLEMENTS

UNDERNEATH that branching pine,
All amid that holly bough
(Look out!),
Lips are laughing, bright eyes shine—
Fairy-folk be with us now!

From the forests where they bide,
When our yuletide joys begin
(Look out!),
On the Christmas log they ride,
With the holly they flock in.

If a fairy you should find
Hiding 'mid the twinèd green
(Look out!),
If to hold her you 're inclined,
You must say a charm, I ween.

Once at Yule a fay was caught
By a charm an old wife knew
(Look out!),
And at loom and spindle wrought,
Singing, all a twelvemonth through!

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BRER RABBIT

The awful fate of Mr. Wolf

FOUR PICTURES
DRAWN FOR THE CENTURY
by CARTON MOOREPARK
ILLUSTRATING 'UNCLE REMUS'

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Drawn by Carton Moorepark. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

THE TAR BABY

"'Ef you don't take off dat hat and tell me howdy, I 'm gwineter bus' you wide open,' sezee."

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Drawn by Carton Moorepark. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

BRER FOX TURNS LOOSE

"He rip, en he r'ar, en he cuss, en he swar: he snort en he cavort"

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Drawn by Carton Moorepark. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

BRER FOX FEIGNS DEATH

"Mighty funny. Brer Fox look like he dead, yit he don't do like he dead. Dead folks hists der behime legs en hollers wahoo!"

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A LOVE-SONG

BY JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

LOVE me for nothing time may take away,
But for my very self that must endure,
Fixed as the stars along the eternal way,
Strong for your strength and for your love's sake pure.

Then though this glowing force and frame decline
Through gradual changes to the withered worst,
Still through the veiled defeat you shall divine
The immortal soul that turned to you at first.

THE BLUE HANDKERCHIEF

BY GEORGE MADDEN MARTIN

Author of "Emmy Lou," "Letitia," etc.

I

SINCE mulatto Livy had been taught to regard the human chattel as transferable property, I can see now, looking back to that far time, how she doubtless considered that she was plainly within her rights when she gave away her child Susy, aged six.

In the phrase of the South, where this happened, Susy was termed "colored." Not for one moment of the years that I knew her did she herself accept this classification.

Forty years have passed since she lived that pitiable thing, her childhood. Pride of race is being preached, and has awakened among the people she was conceded to belong to. Under conditions such as these, a Susanna or a Miriam or an Esther might have been saved in her to that race.

As it was, since she herself fiercely repudiated the claims of this race upon her, and the other race to which the white blood in her answered repudiated her, she was driven back through the only escape offering the proud and fierce spirit which characterized her.

The story of Susy is worth the telling, or so it seems to me, who will tell it as faithfully as I can, because the history of the individual and its fulfilment of itself or not, according to the direction in which it has been impelled to go, sometimes seems to shed light upon other racial experiments.

To call Susy either white or black or both is only partly true. She was the child of Livy, a slattern mulatto woman who did washing for the soldiers at the barracks still maintained in our town in the early '70's. But her father was Injun John Smith, of the broad face, the wispy, long, coarse hair, the shawl, and the big, rolling hat, known to us as a camp-follower and hanger-on.

About the time that Susy was six, he and Livy had drifted in from no one ever seemed to know where. Soon after Livy proffered her to one Aunt Haggai Mount-

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joy, a straight, spare black woman, cook in the kitchen of my parents.

Aunt Haggai, efficient, saving of words, and non-committal, as a servitor was hardly to be overvalued. As a proprietor in a piece of human flesh she was to prove hard and cruel, loving power for its own sake.

At the time of the transfer of Susy, Aunt Haggai came to my mother, bringing the matter. Slattern Livy, barefooted, in a calico dress and little else, and this sagging and open, exposing her person, followed.

Behind her, plainly a baffled, hounded, and impelled, yet fiercely alien, small creature, came Susy.

I can see her now. The bright hue of her watchful and fierce face was copper. Her cheek-bones were high, and the hair which hung in two small braids down the back of her tattered cotton dress, with a yellow ribbon known as cigar ribbon woven in with each, was straight and blue in its blackness.

I can remember, too, how her eyes roved about the room, with its canopy-bed, bureau, armoire, and little sewing-table, and came to a pause upon the lady in the muslin wrapper lying with a book upon the sofa—came to a pause there, and then swept on to me standing by the sofa's head beside that person, who was my mother.

And if I, the little daughter of the household, who was exactly of an age with Susy, looked back with some awe at this fierce, small creature, it was not without a degree of fascination, too. Indeed, I may say here that it was largely with these two emotions I continued to regard her to the end.

I am quite sure now that my mother from her sofa endeavored to do her duty and her part. The stress of the war was just over. Its personal toll and its heavy hand, laid upon every one, had left the emotions jaded and inelastic, at least in such a matter as any very active curiosity as to why mulatto Livy desired to transfer her child to Aunt Haggai, or as to why Haggai desired to burden herself with the child. There had been a too general and enforced readjustment among families, white and black, and a redistribution of responsibilities of all kinds, for that.

Still, a sense of responsibility toward the black in any and all matters, especially of appeal, was still ingrained and in the order of things. And I am sure that my mother must have been convinced that the transfer was wise before she became a part in it.

For it was then and there effected, and Susy's childhood and early adolescence from this hour when her mother gave her away were lived under the roof of my mother and my father, side by side, so far as the lines drawn allowed, with my own.

I was Isabel; she was Susy. I had a wax doll; she had a china one. And if I had toy dishes and other such matters, she played with them in equal sharing. And not only with them, but with the white children of the neighborhood who came and joined us in that scene of our play, the back yard.

The back yard! It is borne in upon me to repeat this. For it was the distinction belonging to the established order, before which we were as powerless as she, that Susy, the companion, and indeed the dictator, in our play in the back yard, might not be included in any way whatsoever in our games upon the front sidewalk.

She the born leader, and the dominant will in all our affairs up to that line of demarcation called the fence must stop there, and from behind its pickets, at that entrance known as the side gate, stand and watch us. Poor little peri, other side of the palings of a forbidden paradise!

As I recall her small copper-hued face as it used to look out upon the rest of us, fresh in our summer-evening array, I can see that the fierceness of a potential race hatred was awake in her even then. How cruel God's creatures are! We of the privileged race played on without conscious thought about it other than as its being the accepted thing.

In so far as Susy regarded me, both then and afterward, she was tolerably well disposed toward me as an individual; but as one of the race she hated she had no good for me. Her distinction between the two identities was curious. I enter into these things because they seem now to shed light on what comes hereafter.

As the little companion of her daily intercourse, she vouchsafed me occasional glimpses of what was passing in her mind. As a member of the race banded against her, she never once in all the years we were dwellers together, so far as I can re-

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call, gave me the full measure of her real confidence.

As an instance of her distinction between my two identities, I remember this: we were both going to school by the time of which I speak, I with my race, she with that conceded for her to be hers.

I have spoken of the other children she and I played with in the back yard. Her attitude toward them was much the same as hers to me. Dominant from a sense of leadership and superior will with us in all our back-yard intercourse, she was alien and aggressive along all racial lines.

We would meet on the sidewalk on the way home from our two schools, I and my little coterie of whites, she and her tolerated band of colored. It brought Susy past her own gate and on up the street to effect this meeting, but what of that?

For linking arms in a line stretching from fence to curb, she and her myrmidons would come sweeping toward us. And when we broke and gave way, as before her leadership we always seemed to do, the chant of her band would come to us over their shoulders as they swept on up the street:

> Jus' as good as you are,
> We 're free, too;
> Jus' as good as you are,
> We 're free, too."

Yet by the time we had proceeded a hundred yards onward out that street, and I had reached my own gate, Susy would have scudded back past us, returning, and be waiting for me there, noncommittal and impersonal, with nothing of aggressiveness about her, nor anything of apology, either.

And we white children never once told. Why? I think because in our ways we must have felt something of Susy's side of it, have caught a glimpse of some aspect of her share in the tragedy.

But these instances were concerned with the less tangible matters that surrounded her. There were more direct things that had their part in making her fiercer and more alien than she was already by nature.

I have never been able to reason to my own satisfaction why Aunt Haggai took Susy. The amount of work she rendered in return was not of sufficient moment to explain it.

Susy cleaned the steel table-knives on a square of board with a bit of potato and bath-brick. She turned the coffee-mill sullenly. As she grew older she swept out the kitchen and set the breakfast table. I do not recall having seen her washing or wiping dishes, perhaps because her school-hours interfered.

She never appears to have been unjustly overworked, yet to us white children she seemed a little Israelite in Egypt, compelled to servitude and bondage.

True, she always dodged if compelled to pass within reach of Aunt Haggai's heavy hand, and, alas! not without good reason. And after one of these blows on the head or the cheek, or wherever it caught her and sent her reeling, I have seen her flash back upon the old woman who gave it such a baleful look of hatred as I believe held murder in it could it have killed.

More than once she disappeared, always to be returned to Aunt Haggai; and while nothing was ever said on the subject of these absences, it came to be commonly understood that on these occasions she had run back to her parents, who as regularly returned her.

She gave me glimpses, never confidences. She and Aunt Haggai went off at night to their sleeping-quarters of one room somewhere in a negro neighborhood, and returned at morning, and of these times she did at intervals speak.

Unhappy Susy! She would secretly pull up a sleeve or lower a stocking and show me scars and livid welts and bars. And furtive as she was of any actual confidence further than the showing of these, somehow I gathered they were put upon her by Aunt Haggai in an excess of cruelty altogether disproportionate to the offense.

Certainly there seemed no trace of the maternal to explain this person's ownership in the child. I have never been able to account for it on any ground other than that already mentioned—gratification in the lust and exercise of power. This may seem hard toward an otherwise faithful and efficient old woman, yet how else shall her undoubted cruelty be explained?

On the other hand, so far as material oversight went, Susy was scoured. I use the word advisedly. And she was combed. And also her few and simple garments, which came to her from the wardrobes of my elders and myself, were washed and

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ironed with exactitude and regularity until such time came when she was stood on a box before a tub or ironing-board and told to do them for herself.

She was sent to school with scrupulous observance, and at home was made to take her stand upon the kitchen floor and read her book to Aunt Haggai. And if she faltered, Aunt Haggai, who herself could neither read nor write, took down the switch from behind the kitchen clock. Yet she also took Susy with her regularly at night to her church, and kept her a member in good and paid-up standing in a juvenile lodge.

It was a curious relationship, this between the old African-blooded woman and the mixed-breed Susy. The one explanation I ever heard made for the animosity that existed between them was made by old Haggai herself. It was on the occasion of a whipping I stumbled upon in the wood-shed, and reported, because of its terrible severity, to my parents. Aunt Haggai's defense, when summoned by them in account, was outspoken and not servile.

"I was whuppin' the Injun out er her," was her justification.

I have found since that my elders were easily vague about what really happened below stairs. Susy was fed and clothed at their expense, she was given occasional bits of money, and she was remembered at Christmas. If Aunt Haggai whipped her at times, no doubt she needed it. I have asked since if I never pleaded Susy's cause.

"Yes," they say; "but as a child you were given to a mere statement of fact. No doubt you did say, since you did come to us, that Haggai whipped Susy. But while your knowledge of all the circumstances made this graphic in your mind, it probably seemed to us nothing more than the simple statement of an ordinary act."

Well, it all happened so, and there is no help for it now. There were potential qualities for great leadership in Susy. We of her white blood failed her, they of her black blood maltreated her. I think I now have shown you why she was driven to escape through the third blood in her fierce veins.

The story of that ultimate return or self-elected atavism of this driven creature begins here, and also the story of the so-called blue handkerchief.

II

WHEN Susy could get away from her by no means overheavy tasks in the kitchen to us awaiting her in the back yard, I think she must have had her moments of satisfaction. I come now to one of her greatest holds over us. She was a baleful, occult creature when she wished to be, and used to scare the wits out of us by her grim recitals. And again she would hold us enthralled. She had imagery and she must have had some command of language. She was no mean creature, for hers was the gift of the born story-teller.

It was a long, narrow, and grassy back yard, with a pavement down the middle; a pleasant-enough place, with oleanders in tubs, a Madeira-vine and a cypress, and a gourd-vine running along the fence.

There were innumerable pleasant corners in that yard, too, as I remember—by the rose-bush, around the swing, or even by the tansy-bed. But, no; in the remote end of the yard against the stable the ground was dank and lowest. Here dock grew, with its rat-tail-like tongues of seed, and flesh-pink smartweed; and here, possibly because it seemed more remote and secure from Aunt Haggai in the kitchen, Susy would lead us.

Her procedure was always the same. Assigning us in her dominant way to our places in a circle about her, she would cast a warning and intimidating glance upon us, *shut her eyes,* fold her arms upon her lap, and begin.

"Why do you shut your eyes?" we asked her, and for a long time asked her in vain.

In time she told us—that is, told Geordie, the round-eyed little boy from next door, Ione from across the street, and me, the three whom she elected to honor beyond the rest.

"I read it off my lids," she told us.

"How do you know how, Susy?" we begged her.

"Injun John showed me. It 's written there. *I 'm a Manco Capac.* It 's always written there for them. Papa Manco Capac was my first father. Mama Oello was my first mother. Injun John would kill me if he knowed I 'd tol'."

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Drawn by F. R. Gruger. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"SHE WOULD HOLD US ENTHRALLED"

Injun John! Ah, now you begin to understand what it was that Susy for so long ran back to!

Not to Livy, her half-negro, half-white mother, not to the blood which had delivered her into Aunt Haggai's hands. I went with her many a time on some trumped-up excuse, called an errand, to the shack behind the barracks where her parents lived. A one-roomed shanty it was, with a mud-and-rock built fireplace wherein swung a round-bellied black kettle. Its window boasted no glass, and its door hung on one hinge. Its bed was minus some of its slats, too, I graphically recall, so that the filthy mattress bulged through.

And oftentimes Injun John was there, sober, amiable, and disposed to take notice of us. At other times, black of mood and evil of eye, he would be there, true, but brooding over a pipe, or hunched together, gazing into the fire. And again, and then he was altogether drunk, he would be rolled in the tattered bed-quilt, and asleep on the bed or the earth floor.

At all times there was sullenness in his face; but there was a certain power, too. He was a muscular, catlike man rather than a powerful one. And his eyes were given to quick turns and glances, as with a person who fears surprise.

"He 's waiting," Susy once told us.

"Waiting for what?"

But she would not say.

Another time she spoke of herself in relation to him. "He would n't of let Livy give me away if I had n't been a girl."

"Why?" we begged her.

But she only shook her head.

And these stories she told us in the back yard, and which she had from him, had always to do with Papa Manco Capac or Mama Oello in some form. She was twelve years old before she stopped telling them.

Within doors we white children heard the usual tales of the nursery and the Bible; from the negro nurses of the other white children we met Br'er Fox and Br'er Rabbit and their kind: but I do not

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think we ever confused the differentiations of any of these. To this day Papa Manco Capac and Mama Oello remain apart for me in their own stories and settings.

But the thing I cannot remember, curiously enough, is the diction or idiom of Susy. I can see her copper cheeks, with their high bones, and her straight hair, and her fiercely furtive and watchful eyes. I can even see the scar running from the edge of her temple back along her skull, supposed to be hidden by the hair combed over it, where her father in a drunken rage at her because of her sex had thrown her into the fire against the irons shortly before she came to us, or so we had gathered somehow.

But her language I cannot recall. I can only retell what she used to tell us in the fashion that it has remained in my mind.

III

Papa Manco Capac and Mama Oello were good. People were poor and used to run on all fours and eat roots before they came. They came from where? Why, stupid, from heaven, of course. From where else?

And Papa Manco Capac smiled, and his smile sank into the earth and warmed it. And Mama Oello stirred the ground with her finger, and things awoke in it and answered her and grew.

Papa Manco Capac took a stick and dipped it in tar and drew lines, this way and that, over earth and rock, from cliff to cliff and from river to river. And behold there were roads climbing and descending. And Mama Oello filled her lap with mighty spiders and went along those roads and tossed her giant spiders forward and back, from side to side of these rivers and these cliffs, spinning as they went. And behold, like cradles swung between, there were bridges.

And when Mama Oello stirred the ground with her finger, a plant came up. And Mama Oello twisted the snow of the blossom of that plant, and behold she had thread.

And Papa Manco Capac took seeds washed upon the sands of that land by the waves, and cast them upon the earth. And from the plants grown of these Papa Manco Capac made a dye of the sea's own blue, and dipped the threads therein. And Mama Oello wove the dyed threads to and fro into cloth of clear blue. And she taught the people.

And Papa Manco Capac walked forth high into the world of rocks among the clouds, and he came back bringing a creature by the horns. And its fleece was neither hair nor wool, and it shed water. And twisted into a thread, it glittered.

And Papa Manco Capac took of the countless creatures on the leaves of the tuna-plant, and made a color like the sun's own blood. And he dipped therein a strand of the fleece that was neither hair nor wool.

And Mama Oello wove these dyed strands from the horned sheep-creature into stuffs that were light and warm and shed water. And she taught the people.

And Papa Manco Capac went up again into the cloud-lands—even unto the highest rock known to all that world—to pray. So high was it that it took the dark of two moons and the light of the same to reach the spot which was nearer to heaven than any other. For Papa Manco Capac had taught his little children that the souls of men should draw near thus to heaven once in a lifetime at least.

And to show his people that he had been there, over the awful passes and rocks between, Papa Manco Capac brought back two feathers, black and white, one each from the wings of the cora bird, which dwells in pairs, one pair at a time, and only there. And Papa Manco Capac taught the people to pray.

And it was a mighty country. And its people were called the children of the country of the sun.

And Papa Manco Capac called for a three-days' fast for his people. It was the Fast of Thankfulness. And Papa Manco Capac came forth in the rays of the rising sun before his assembled people. And his head was dressed in this way: about his forehead, around his straight-cut hair in a band, was a blue head-cloth made of the woven thread that was dyed to the blue of the sea. From the blue head-cloth hung to his eyebrows a sun's-blood fringe of the fleece that was neither hair nor wool. And fastened in that sea's-blue band, above that sun's-blood fringe, were two feathers, black and white, from the wings of the cora bird, which of all creatures lives nearest to heaven. For of

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these three things had the happiness of his little children come. And he and they kept the Fast of Thankfulness.

And when at last Papa Manco Capac came to die and go back to heaven, and when Mama Oello claimed she could not stay without him, and went too, they left their son, little brother Manco Capac, to stay and take care of the people in their place, and at the Fasts of Thankfulness to come out before them in the appointed head-dress.

And when in his time little brother Manco Capac came to die and go to be with them, he pointed with his finger to the one of his sons who was to rule and take care of the people and wear the appointed head-dress. And this son in his time pointed to the son he had chosen in the same way, and this one in turn to his. Thirty times the fingers on Susy's hands, she always told us at this point, it had come down from Papa Manco Capac, son to son—down to Injun John!

"And to me," said Susy. "I am a Mama Oello Manco Capac!"

But it was not a great country any more.

"The white people came," Susy told us, briefly. "Manco Capac's people had to work for these, to go again on all fours."

But Manco Capac was not forgotten, for all that. Unknown to the white people who came and took that country, he rules from chosen son to son among the Manco Capacs still.

Or did until now, when Susy was telling us, Injun John being the true Manco Capac, head of the children of the country of the sun. But bad big brother Huaco sought to kill him, and he, escaping, brother Huaco is the head of them instead. Until when? Until the call comes and Injun John will go back.

And will it come? The call? So far, over rivers and countries and sea? Of a surety. When bad brother Huaco can no longer prevent the three-days' fast of the people from being held again, it will come. For now the children of Papa Manco Capac sleep in their forgetfulness, and are content to go upon all fours. But every now and again some among them awake, and call for the long-forgotten fast. And then! When bad brother Huaco can no longer prevent that fast, then the call will come, and Injun John will go.

Why? Because the true ruler must be the possessor of the blue handkerchief head-cloth. And at the three-days' fast he must come out before the assembled people, with the rays of the rising sun upon him, and the banded cloth about his forehead.

IV

THIS was a story in itself. Susy often told it. When the white people came and took that country, their hunger was for gold. And the snow-blossoming plant died. For the children of Manco Capac had to work for these new masters in toil for gold. And the sea's-blue-dye plant died.

And there were none left, either young or old, to keep up the wall fences of rock, or the osier fences of twigs and branches. And the horned sheep-creatures escaped back to the rocklands of the clouds. And there was no more need for any sun's-blood dye.

And since Manco Capac's little children were slaves now and must go upon all fours, they could not climb up to the rock nearest heaven to pray. And so in time it came to be that the one square of blue cloth, and the one tasseled sun's-blood fringe, and the two feathers from the last Manco Capac's journey to that far prayer-peak, which were used to dress the head of their Manco Capac ruler, were all, of the things which had made their happiness and greatness, that remained to the children of the country of the sun.

And in time the two feathers fell away into dust, and none knew where to journey to the high peak for more. And in time the sun's-blood fringe frayed to rottenness and fell to nothing. And none knew how to card or dye or spin or knot it more.

But worn about Injun John's body that night he escaped from the hands of bad big brother Huaco was the square of blue cloth of the plant and the dye, and the thread and the weave, now lost to the little children of Manco Capac!

And Injun John had guarded it since with life itself, waiting for the call which would come when the people found the false Huaco did not have it.

V

SUCH in substance were the things which that strange child Susy used to tell us.

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There were many more, but the story of the blue handkerchief, as she herself called it, came first and oftenest. Could this have been because Susy established her claims in telling it, and because we allowed these claims, as it were, in listening? And then came the dramatic happening which seemed to substantiate her claims.

There arrived a morning when she summoned us earlier than usual to our gathering-place in the back yard. There was Geordie, Ione, and myself. We must have been somewhere about eleven years old, the four of us. It is evident to me now that she was driven to tell us from the dire need in every human creature to tell somebody.

Susy still wore that badge of her youthful servitude, a high-necked and long-sleeved checked cottonade apron. Unrolling the front of this, in which her folded arms were wrapped, she held forth something to our gaze as we gathered about her. The very significance of her action made it clear: it was the blue handkerchief!

I can recall every aspect of it now. Somewhere near the clear blue of cobalt in color, in texture it was of a hard, clean, round thread, slightly metallic in the appearance of the fiber and the luster. The weave was diagonal and singular, and the whole worn to the grain and frayed at its edges by time to an irregular fringe.

And Injun John always slept with it beneath him by night and wore it upon his person by day, if we believed Susy!

"Oh, how did you dare?" we asked her.

"I 'm so scart for you," said Ione, our youngest.

"It 's mine," said Susy.

"What?" We stared.

"He 's dead—Injun John."

Then we saw that her small face was gaunt and fiercely set.

"Out on the common," she told us, "outside the barracks. Livy found him this morning, with a knife-blade in here."

She showed us where. Our hands doubtless stole there on our own small persons—below the breast, between the ribs.

"He knowed they were after him. He said so. There were three of them. They been playing in a band at the summer show at Woodland Garden. That 's the way they been traveling looking for him."

It proved to be true that there was such a strolling band in town. It called itself a Mexican orchestra. For Susy, with her story, had to be taken to our parents; we knew enough for that.

But the three mandolin-players on whom her unsupported accusation rested had disappeared, and nothing ever came of it. Whether the story of the blue handkerchief figured in the public airing of the matter, we white children never knew; but I fancy not. The gruesome happening and Susy's part in it were taken up higher into counsels of which we knew nothing, and we heard very little more until she was back among us.

"He knew they were here," then, on our solicitation, she told us. "And he knew what they wanted—the blue handkerchief. Bad brother Huaco had sent them hunting it. Injun John he tried to get away as soon as they come to town; but they were watching. So he come back to the barracks and hid; but they found him and killed him. But"—and she gathered us about her with a look as her voice fell—"they did n't get it. He knew what was going to happen. He 'd give' it to me."

Little by little she told us more. Wonderful and strange little creature, telling us, and yet hating us for what we were!

"Injun John never thought much of me because I was a girl; but when he come to give me the handkerchief, 'ca'se they should kill him, he tol' me a Manco Capac woman had been head of the people once before. And that I would be their Mama Oello Manco Capac when he was gone. And I am!"

It is curious that we seem to have confided so little of all this to our elders. It may be that Susy bound us, though I cannot remember it. Or it may be that we did talk more about it than they will allow. I have found concerning elders, since becoming one, that they all too often give a tolerant, good-humored ear to children, which listens, but does not always hear. And, again, it would have made a childish tale, with our poor powers of reproducing, to which they could scarcely have been expected to listen.

VI

Susy and I were twelve, or possibly entering upon our teens, when she came to me one day with her geography. She was a

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passably fair enough student when she wanted to be.

"Injun John come up through here," she told me, her finger sweeping across the pink area of Mexico.

About this time she showed me, too, a mark on her arm where Aunt Haggai had beat her. It was the last time that it happened so far as I know.

"I could kill her," said Susy with perfect calmness.

When she was fourteen they both left us. Aunt Haggai had saved enough to become the owner of a one-roomed house, and retired to take in washing. Almost immediately following this Susy left her.

The agreement was mutual, so we heard, Susy going to live with the colored sexton of one of the white churches and his wife, who was a teacher in the colored school. How this came about I do not know, except that Susy was fiercely scornful of any but the best among that race.

So far as Aunt Haggai's consent to this went, there were rumors that she had come to be afraid of her long-time victim, and was more than willing she should go.

Occasionally after this I would see Susy in the street, and we would stop and exchange a word. We were both fast-growing girls, she fiercely and sullenly handsome, with a promise of early womanhood. I remember that I proffered her various of my personal belongings, hats, dresses, and the like, if she wanted them; but she never came for them.

The year of the Southern Exposition given in our city Susy and I had achieved sixteen. I came on her here in a booth in the section given over to freak novelties. Her part seemed to be to keep in order the small inclosure, with its show-cases and wares, and to price the articles for customers.

The proprietor of the booth was a small, swarthily good-looking young Mexican, so-called. Working the tread of a machine with his foot, he turned out these articles from a vegetable ivory, while the spectator watched.

The last piece of confidence I had from Susy was in a brief word over this counter.

"He knows the people I belong to. He 's not Mexican," was what she told me.

Six months later when, at the close of the exposition, he departed, Susy disappeared. The sexton and his wife seemed to think there was no doubt she went with him.

And then I altogether and for many years forgot her except as a part of the background of a far-receding childhood.

VII

It was years later. I was a long-time married woman, and convalescing at the moment from an illness, when the events I am now to relate happened.

After a lifetime's intention to read a certain two-volumed book, I unexpectedly, even to myself, asked for it one evening during this convalescence. It at once enthralled me, as it has thousands before me. I marveled that I had so long delayed in knowing it. It was Prescott's "Conquest of Peru." Beyond what I read in it that evening I have not touched it since, waiting until this story might be written. I shall finish the volumes now.

I was on a couch under the light, reading. My husband was near by. Suddenly I exclaimed, passed the volume to him, and sat up. I was excited and incredulous.

"Take the book! Here, please, at the chapter I have just begun. I—I know it! I have heard it before. Let me tell it."

And I did know it in a way—knew the people of that country, their red-gold-tipped spears, their red-gold shields, their feather canopies and panoplies, their industries and agricultures. I knew crudely, and told of them.

And I knew more—of the gardens set with gold-and-silver-wrought flowers and maize; of the image on the wall of their temples facing the east, with its human countenance on the disk of gold, looking forth from innumerable rays, an image called Manco Capac.

And as I said this, I caught my breath as the clue came.

"Then it was Peru her father came from. She was an Inca—Susy!"

And thereupon, for the first time, I told my husband about the little servant child in our household.

And now comes the end. My husband, a colored driver, and a friend were with me when it happened.

Late one afternoon, in this company, I was taking my first drive after my ill-

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ness. The carriage was an open trap, and the locality was near that same city where I had been born, and which is on a river tributary to the Mississippi, and so to the Gulf of Mexico and its outlets. We were well identified with the neighborhood, and it would have been perfectly simple to find us, and to be aware of our movements, had any one cared to inform himself of these beforehand.

We were turning at our club-house corner, there being only one main road to this point from our gate, when, presto, the macadamized highway we were turning into was a-glitter with a halting cavalcade of wagons and gaily trapped ponies, swarthy people, chatter, color, and bustle.

I became fixed in the idea that they were gipsies. I am not justifying this stupidity; I am setting down what actually happened.

It was a long train—six showy house-wagons with prosperous ponies and several outriders. These had halted at the side of the way, and a group of women, girls, and children on foot were in the road. One of these girls, a dark, smiling creature, with enormous earrings, as big as small oranges, that almost touched her shoulders, immediately detached herself from the others and came toward us, her teeth a-glitter, her smile gleaming, and, as she reached the carriage, a begging palm out.

As we stopped, the better to view the whole picturesque company and to give her a coin, a boy of not more than five approached on the other side. He wore long, fringed trousers, a beaded shirt, and a small sombrero on his flowing black hair. He was smoking one cigarette and wanting another and a match, as he made clear to my husband by cleverly impudent pantomime and a word or two of broken English. My husband, amused, supplied him.

Whereupon,—was it at a touch or a word or a presence?—I turned. At my side of the carriage stood a voluptuously and barbarically impressive woman.

Brazenly and indifferently, the red-and-black calico waist, the single garment on her upper person, fell apart as she leaned or swayed, showing the pendent breasts of oft-bearing maternity. And between these breasts dangled some charms on a leather string, of which I remembered later a tiny figure carved in turquoise and a scarlet, spotted bean. Silver buttons of a beautiful filigree pattern, strung on a cord, dangled at her throat.

When I turned, it was to find this woman's face so near that it startled me. I remember I thought it a smiling face, for all its heavy fleshiness, until on a second scrutiny I discovered, on the contrary, that it was passive.

She motioned to the mesh bag on my lap, extended her hand, then lifted her strange, meaningful eyes again to my face. Curiously affected, I put what was in it, a little small change, into her hand. She shook her head incredulously, with her steady look on me.

My husband had descended and came around to my side of the carriage. At my imploring eyes, he put a larger coin into her hand.

She said no word of the usual jargon at this, but leaned in, took my hand, and, carrying it in hers, laid it against the great bulk of her body between the loins; and, still with her eyes on my face, kept it there. Strange, strange were the warmth and pulsing that seemed to pass in comforting strength into me.

"Out of me to you," she said, and relinquished my hand, but only to lean across, take up the other, and study it.

"No children!" Alas! the scornful pity in that tone!

Dropping it, she pulled up a beaded pouch from within her waist somewhere, turning a big, voluptuous shoulder as she did so, so that it was between the carriage and what she was about.

Then she leaned in to me again, put a strand of fine string or thread in my fingers, and closed them upon it, the ends dangling.

"Evil, sickness—" These words among others we heard, and at each utterance she tied a knot in one or the other of the hanging ends. Then she closed the whole within my hand, and unsmilingly blew upon it.

"Open. They are gone."

So were the knots. In my hand lay a straight length of thread. Did I fancy her eyes were full of a gathering disdain? For me or for the artifice she used?

She searched again in the beaded pouch, this time with her eyes lifted to regard the movements of the rest of her company while she did so. Then she called abruptly

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in a tongue my husband thought held some Spanish.

It had its instantaneous effect. The groups on foot climbed into the wagons, the outriders remounted, and the tiny and impudently handsome boy, smoking his achieved cigarette, came and held to her skirt.

Then having found what she was hunting for in the pouch, she leaned over and placed it in my palm. It was a bit of barked twig. I have it now, along with the piece of thread. It is indescribably bitter to the tongue, as I found when she motioned to me to taste it.

As I did, she spoke, with a motion of her head toward the cavalcade.

"As the taste of the twig, so is the life of these to you. The life one of these spat out of her mouth, so was that life to her." And lifting her gaze once more to me, she walked away with the child beside her.

She clambered into a wagon, the last to ascend, and the train started. Its huge vehicles turned one by one at the clubhouse corner, and presently were gone out on the road that led past my own gate.

We resumed our drive. But I was excited and talkative, and very shortly they took me home. It was after dinner before my husband would talk with me at all; but it had been an adventure, and talk of it then I would. I still thought of them as gipsies, and spoke of them so.

He set me right. They were South American Indians. He had been talking with the men, and they said so.

"They expect to take boat at Louisville to-morrow, to reëmbark on a fruit-steamer at New Orleans," he told me. "They are on their way from the exposition at Norfolk, where they formed an outside show. A smaller party of them came up fifteen years ago, they say, to the World's Fair. The woman who talked with you is their head. I asked them from what part of South America, and they said western Brazil. 'La Montaña, or Region of Woods,' the smiling girl with the gleaming teeth who had joined us called it. They spoke of themselves as Peruvian Indians."

I gave a cry, and caught up my mesh bag from the table near me. In it were my trophies, the piece of bitter twig and the bit of coarse thread. And the thread was of a clear blue, worn to the grain, and oddly metallic in its fiber and luster.

She had known me, possibly had come this way looking for me—Susy! She had talked to me, presumably had given me a fragment from the fabled head-cloth of her office for clue. Then fierce, chary, disdainful as always in her strange and alien pride, with no further word, had passed on in swift scorn at my soul's atrophied blindness.

No one believed me of course. They laughed at me, in fact. But the next morning I had my way. I sent my man on horseback to reconnoiter along the pike and its several tributaries to town. Speak again to that head-woman and convince myself I would, if it might be; but it was too late.

He had no trouble in following. It was twelve miles to the city, and their way was blazed by the track of their depredations. A gay and pilfering tribe they, of the family of Autolycus, they had swept forward, filching from hen-roost and nest, clothesline and orchard, too rapidly to make pursuit for their petty thievings worth while. Or perhaps so wholesale a stretch of night marauding was planned to precede the immediate embarkation for departure.

For they were gone, wagon-trains, plunder, and all, on a Cincinnati boat leaving Louisville for New Orleans that next morning by early day.

Wonderful, strange, and occult Susy, a personage, a leader, a Miriam, a Susanna, lost to two races; and in the stead, an abetting head to a thieving, pilfering, half-barbarous, petty people!

I had my chance at sisterhood, I and my race, at communion with a big soul seeking egress from its darkness into whatsoever light it might find its way to; and I failed to know it, and I lost it.

And those strange, hard eyes of this Susy, there on the roadside, told me so—told me so, and then in dumb symbol their owner gave me in big and scornful measure from what she had and I had not, and passed on.

Well, it all happened so, and there is no help for it. Yet in some place today, God will know where, there may be similar driven souls in darkness seeking egress to the light where light offers. For this reason I have set down this case of Susy.

As to her, I, Isabel Prevart, hold myself responsible.

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THE PARRAKEETS

FROM THE PAINTING BY FREDERICK C. FRIESEKE

(THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES)

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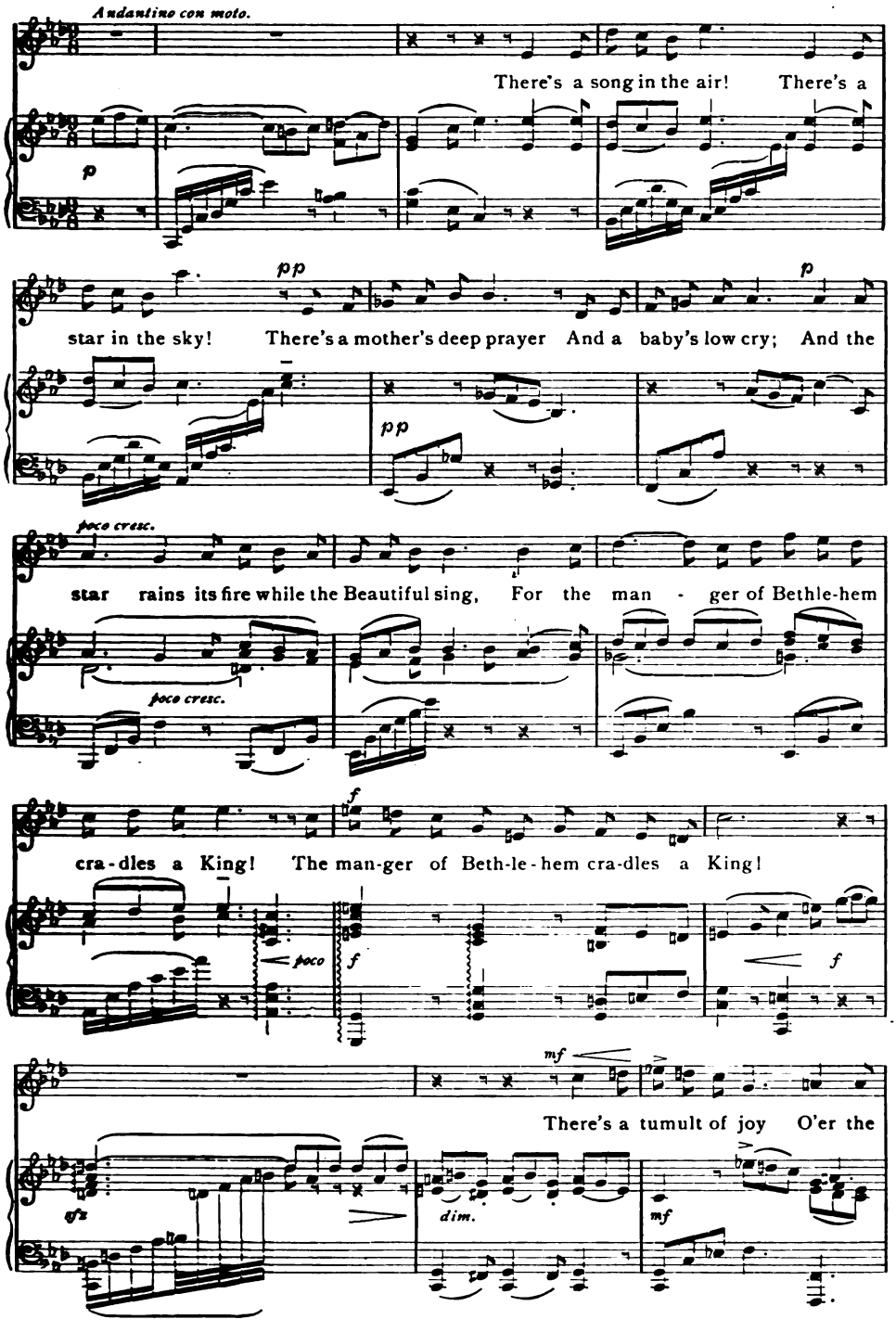
A CHRISTMAS SONG

BY HORATIO PARKER

Author of "Hora Novissima," "Mona," etc.

Composed for THE CENTURY, to the well-known words by Dr. J. G. Holland in this magazine for January, 1871



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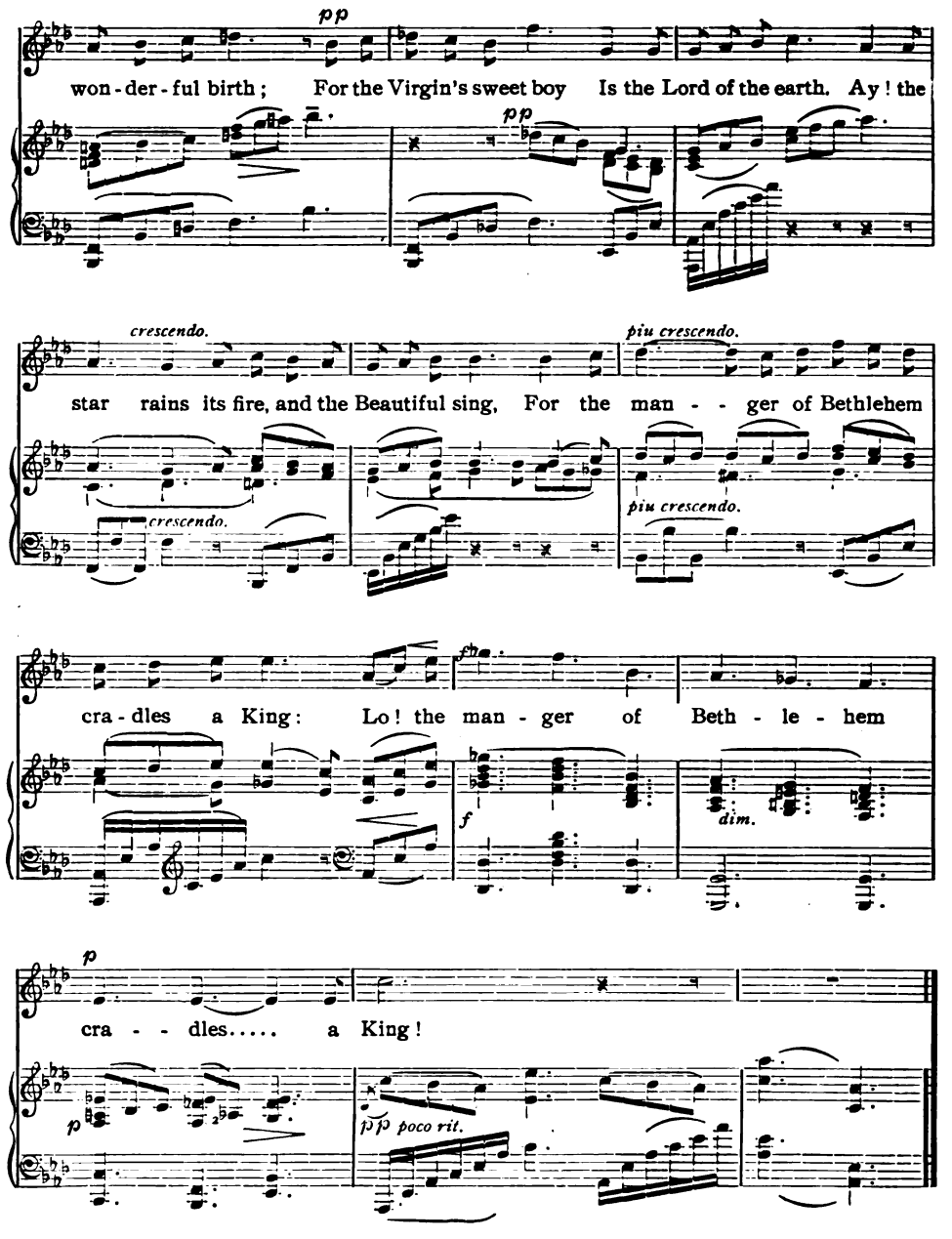

III

In the light of that star
Lie the ages impearled;
And that song from afar
Has swept over the world.
Every hearth is aflame, and the
Beautiful sing
In the homes of the nations that
Jesus is King.

IV

We rejoice in the light,
And we echo the song
That comes down through the night
From the heavenly throng.
Ay! we shout to the lovely evangel
they bring,
And we greet in his cradle our
Saviour and King.

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"CHRISTMAS GIF'!"

A MEMORY OF THE OLD SOUTH

BY VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE

THEY were bringing in holly and mistletoe, heaping it in big piles on the front and back verandas, so that it could be handed in to Ole Miss, Miss Sallie, and Little Miss as they decorated the wide mantels in the dining-room and the drawing-room, and the arches in the hallway, not forgetting the big spray of mistletoe to be hung over the front door.

Everybody had entered into the joy of the season, from the quarters, where the piccaninnies were dancing in anticipation before the cabins, to the big house, where the young people were merrily planning surprises. For over two weeks mysterious odors had been wafted from the region of the kitchen, where Mam' Cicely presided like a bronze priestess, while Ole Miss smilingly held the balance of power between that domain and the big house.

Everybody smiled at everybody else, and everybody felt Christmas in his bones—everybody, that is, with the exception of Ole Marse. Those closest to him knew that he was troubled because he had not sold his cotton, and that very minute the warehouse was full to overflowing. But all the quarters knew that cotton must take a rise sometime, and then Ole Marse could sell at his price, and Ole Marse was "big, rich buckra"—rich enough to wait. Besides, Christmas came but once a year, and nobody could afford to be gloomy.

Ole Marse sat in his study and made figures on paper while they were laughing and joking over putting up the holly and mistletoe, and when Little Miss came in, after it had been tacked up everywhere else, and banked two big branches over the study mantel, Ole Marse shook his head, but Little Miss kissed him and ran away laughing. Only Ole Miss knew that there was a mortgage on the big house, with its teeming quarters, beautiful groves, and cotton-fields—a mortgage that would expire just after Christmas. Ole Marse had expected to raise it by selling the cotton long before that time. But Ole Miss knew that Christmas came but once a year, and she also knew how much it meant to those simple, dusky folk who were dependent upon the big house; so Ole Miss smiled and planned for their happiness, even though her heart was heavy. She had been to the city all by herself, and the day after she came back she gave to each of the girls a purse of gold pieces. Nobody knew where she got them save a certain jeweler in the city, and he was sworn to secrecy.

"Never mind," said Ole Miss to Miss Sallie and Little Miss; "we must have a merry Christmas on the place"; and Little Miss and Miss Sallie were ready for it when it came.

CHRISTMAS had come. In the night a light snow had fallen, which the dawn had frozen hard, powdering the ruts in the big road with white and making the high clay banks look like Mam' Cicely's loaf cakes, dusted over with sugar.

The quarters were early astir and ready to catch the big house "Christmas gift!" just as soon as it would be respectful. Even Uncle Parker, who had been in his cabin for a month with rheumatism, and Aunt Dilsy, who "had a mis'ry in her side," were going up to the big house before breakfast. Everybody who was "grown up" brought his tin cup, for the barrel of cider which always came from the city at Christmas was setting on the back veranda, and everybody knew that Uncle Ike, the overseer, would knock in the head just after he rang the big bell.

By seven o'clock the quarters moved on the big house, led by the house servants,

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and such a Babel there was, with everybody laughing and talking all at once, even though Uncle Ike had not yet knocked in the head of the barrel!

The big house was ready for them, even though the young folks had danced all night; for what young folks would want to go to bed on Christmas day?

"Christmas gif', Ole Miss!" "Christmas gif', Little Miss!" "Christmas gif' ever'body!" "I cotch you! I cotch Ole Miss! Whar 's Ole Marse? I gwine cotch Ole Marse!" sang the chorus.

Ole Miss was ready, waiting with warm flannels and goodies for Uncle Parker, and a large red shawl and goodies for Aunt Dilsy, and goodies for everybody. Little Miss stood by a barrel of things for the piccaninnies, and everybody in the quarters got something. It kept Lush, the dining-room man, and Susanne, the loom-woman, and Patsy, Ole Miss's maid, busy handing them out. And now the big bell rang, and Uncle Ike knocked in the head of the barrel, and drank first, and then everybody drank to the health of Ole Marse, of Ole Miss, of Little Miss, and the health of the big house generally.

But for the first time in forty years Ole Marse was not there. There was momentary wonder, but Ole Miss smiled so sweetly on everybody—and she had not neglected a single one—that it was soon forgotten by the merry crowd that hurried, laughing and heavy-laden, back to the quarters. But there was one who did not forget. For forty years Jerry had been Ole Marse's head carpenter, and forty times Ole Marse had given Jerry a Christmas gift with his own hands. Jerry had lived on the pride of being singled out from the others. To-day he had waited to see the study door open and Ole Marse come out to give him his remembrance before them all; but there was silence within the study, and the door did not open.

He lingered about the veranda long after the others had gone, with a pained expression in his eyes, like that of a faithful dog whose feelings had been wounded. His Christmas cheer was still untasted in his cup. Suddenly he rose, and, hiding it under the edge of the veranda, knocked at the study door.

"Christmas gif', Ole Marse! Christmas gif'!" he called.

As he opened the door, Ole Marse raised his head, and Jerry saw that there were papers scattered over the table. "I come to cotch you Christmas gif', Ole Marse," he said, with his hand still on the knob.

"Did n't you have your dram?" asked Ole Marse.

"Yas, sah," said Jerry.

"And did n't your mistress give you something?"

"Yas, Ole Marse," said Jerry, softly; "but hit was wid all de others. *You* hain't give' me no Christmas gif', Ole Marse."

"I am not giving Christmas presents this year, Jerry. Don't you see that I am in trouble?" said Ole Marse.

"But you allus give me a Christmas gif', Ole Marse," said Jerry, tremulously. "Fur forty year' you allus give me er Christmas gif' all by myse'f, an' you allus say, 'Jerry, you is a faithful nigger.' "

"Never mind; I am bothered now. Go on and have a good time, Jerry," said Ole Marse.

"I 's dat 'shamed erfore de niggers, Ole Marse, dat I cain't raise dis ole haid. Hain't you gwine give me no Christmas gif', Ole Marse? Hain't you gwine say dat no mo'?" Jerry's insistence was almost a wail.

"You 'll have to wait until next year, Jerry. Go away and don't trouble me now." Ole Marse turned nervously to his papers again.

Jerry closed the door slowly, then taking his tin cup from its hiding, he poured its contents on the ground.

"Uncle Ike want you ter come hope 'em fix fer de dinner, Uncle Jerry," said Selim's Mady. "He done sont me, an' he 'low' fer you ter herry."

"Um! Um!" said Jerry. But instead of taking the path to the quarters, where the great dinner was being spread and where they were making ready for the Christmas breakdown, Jerry wended his way to his shop and unlocked the door. Turning a piggin which he had finished the day before, he seated himself on it disconsolately.

"Ole Marse done 'shame Jerry 'fore all de niggers," he moaned. "Hain't none of 'em gwine 'spect me no mo', 'ca'se Ole Marse done furgit me arter all dese yere Christmases done gone."

Across the road from the shop was the

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"'I COME TO COTCH YOU CHRISTMAS GIF', OLE MARSE'"

gin, and next to it, with an iron door between, was the warehouse where was stored all of Ole Marse's cotton. Heretofore he had always sold it long before Christmas, and had always stood on the veranda to greet his black people on Christmas morning. For forty years Jerry had been specially favored, as Ole Marse favored his overseer. It had been glorious to be thought greater than the others, to have them hear Ole Marse say for forty years, "Jerry, you are a faithful nigger."

To-day Jerry had waited for it, and the negroes from the quarters, after they had filled their cups, had waited to hear it, too; but it never came. Jerry leaned his grizzled head on his big, brown, knotted arms and sobbed like a child. The joy had gone out of the day, the gleam had gone out of the sunshine; he would never be able to explain away his disgrace. He might go on making wagon-wheels and piggins forever, but the days would never be the same again. Uncle Ike did not care that Ole Marse had forgotten him, but Uncle Ike had not been with Ole Marse as long as Jerry had. With him it was different. He could hear the sound of merriment ringing through the quarters like an anthem set in many keys. He could single out the deep bass of Uncle Ike, the high soprano of Susanne, the tenor of Lush, and the rich alto of Mam' Cicely as she cleared the way before her on her brief visits from the kitchen; but Jerry had no part or lot with them.

Now it was time for them to be eating the big dinner in the quarters, but Jerry was neither hungry nor thirsty, for Ole Marse had forgotten him.

Jim, his old hound, came and crouched between his legs. Jerry rose and threw him the bones left from yesterday's dinner, but Jim would not touch them.

"He knows hit 's Christmas, too," said Jerry. "Go on ter de big house kitchen an' git your Christmas gif', Jim." But, instead, Jim laid his long, keen muzzle on Jerry's knee and whimpered. The old negro stooped and gathered the old dog in his arms.

"Dis is all de Christmas gif' I kin give you, Jim."

The wind blew up cold and bleak from

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the river, rattling the dry stalks upon the bank and whirling the dead leaves in heaps against Jerry's shop; but with his head laid close upon his dog's, he slept his sleep of sorrow. Suddenly a gust creaked the door upon its hinges, and Jerry woke with a start.

"Um! I smells sumpen burnin'!" he muttered. Then the dog ran toward the gin-house and barked. "Sumpen 's wrong inside er dar; Jim never tole er lie."

Crossing over, Jerry tried to enter, but the door was locked, and Uncle Ike had the key. Throwing his weight forcibly against it, he broke the lock. From the lint-racks, which were filled to the top, came the stifling smell of smoke. Fearful lest the flames should break out from the fanning of the breeze, he barred the door and ran into the midst of the big dinner in the quarters.

"The lint 's on fire in the gin-house! Fire! Fire!" cried Jerry. Then he ran back toward the river.

The revelers were loath to believe the story, and loath to leave the half-finished dinner.

"He des mad 'ca'se Ole Marse hain't give' him no Christmas gif'," said Lush.

"He des want er spile our good time," said Susanne.

"Yah," said Uncle Parker, with his mouth full, "I 'low' I would n' go, Ike."

And Uncle Ike, once true and tried, but now with Christmas gone to his head, put his cup into the cider bucket again and drank deep and long.

As he rushed back to the gin-house, all the old joy of serving had come again upon Jerry: Ole Marse's cotton, *our* cotton, was in danger. Only when he had reached the gin did he look back, to find that not one of the revelers had followed.

Breaking in the door of the warehouse, and turning back the sleeves from his brawny arms, he began to roll out the bales.

"Ole Marse allus call' Jerry er faithful nigger, an' he know' what it mean'," he said. With all his strength, the bales were rolled out like magic; but still he scarcely missed what he had rolled.

"Dem niggers hain't gwine ter come! Des lack hogs, hain't look up ter see whar de acorns kim f'om," he muttered.

As he leaped upon the bales again, the smoldering flames burst out from the lint, their long, thin tongues licking greedily through the iron door, which was ajar. With a cry Jerry sprang to bolt it; but the big bolt was stiff with rust and would not draw.

Throwing himself against the heavy door, he closed the crack by his own weight, and held it.

"O Lord," he prayed, pitching his voice high in an old camp-meeting song, but not for a moment intermitting his work, "mek dem niggers come! Mek 'em choke wid dat good barbecue, and let de cider strangle ever' one of 'em! Mek de gingerbread what dey eat git sad in dey vitals, an' de dram what dey git dis mornin' burn dey insides like fire! An', O Lord, mek dis po', lone, lorn black man strong —strong like de man in de Good Book what hol' up de sun wid his arms. Mek dis nigger's es strong es him, an' let him hol' out twel dey comes ter put out de fire; 'ca'se we 's got ter save Ole Marse's cotton!"

Just then Jerry caught sight of a long, red tongue of flame bursting through the side of the gin-house, tossing the wisps of burning lint high up into the air.

Ole Marse, a lonely figure, walking up and down the veranda of the big house, caught the gleam of the burning lint, and knew too well what it meant. He ran to the rope and set the bell ringing.

"The gin 's on fire! Fire! Fire! Where 's Ike?" he called. And the revelers in the quarters, led by the sobered Ike, tumbled over benches, tables, and one another in their haste to answer.

"Roll out the cotton!" commanded Ole Marse, when they had reached the gin-house. "Send the orders down the line, Ike!"

But a terror had seized upon Uncle Ike, and his jaws seemed locked together.

Some one had heard, and quick as a flash the orders were shouted from the inside, and the negroes fell briskly into line. Only Ole Marse had recognized the voice.

"O my Gord!" The murmur ran along the line as the flames shot straight up through the roof; but the sturdy old back against the iron door only bore on the harder, as Jerry thundered the orders through the crackling of the flames. At last there were only two bales left on the inside, while the whole roof of the gin was burning.

"Dey 's comin' frough, dey 's comin' frough! We cain't go in again!" came the shout.

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"Roll 'em out once more! Heave ahead!" shouted the voice on the inside, and the weary old back squared itself for the last time against the iron door. But the negroes did not "roll them out" again, for with a crash the burning roof fell in, dragging the warehouse over with it.

A wave of fear swept over the assembled negroes. "Dar was er black man inside, Ole Marse—de nigger what give de order!" they cried.

"He must be saved!" commanded Ole Marse. But not a negro stirred.

"Save him!" commanded Ole Marse. Then like one possessed, Ole Marse himself leaped into the smoke. In a few seconds he reappeared, dragging the unconscious Jerry by the shoulders and, assisted by the now penitent Ike, laid him out of the zone of the heat.

"Hit was Jerry, Ole Marse, what come an' told us, an' we did n't go 'ca'se we 'lowed dat he was mad," said Ike. "Hit was Jerry what roll' out de cotton what we find on de outside, den he hold de iron do' wid his ole back, an' give de orders twel de roof falls in! Hit was Jerry, Ole Marse, what save' de cotton!"

Ole Marse knelt beside the big slave and wiped the soot from his face with his own bandana. The touch of a hand and the cold of the frozen earth beneath him roused him from his stupor.

"Dey won't come, dey won't come," he murmured; "but Jerry got ter save Ole Marse's cotton!"

"Never mind the cotton, old nigger!" cried Ole Marse; "but live, Jerry! live! Live, old nigger, and to-morrow we 'll celebrate your freedom!"

The old negro turned restlessly, then drew a bleeding hand across his blistered face.

"I ain't want dat," he whispered; "I ain't know what hit is; I des wants Ole Marse ter give me er Christmas gif' erfore 'em all."

TOPICS OF THE TIME

THE SENATE AND THE LORDS

SECOND-CHAMBER government has been undergoing a strain both in the United States and England. With us its wrench upon an old institution was less severe than with the British. Yet, in a minor and less critical way, the American Senate was put to the test very much as was the House of Lords. Both these upper houses had to face questions affecting their own rights and privileges, and, above all, both had to make up their minds when and how much to yield to the growing and ineluctable pressure of a popular demand. Students of comparative politics will find interest in observing the way in which similar problems force themselves upon second chambers, whether they exist under what Mr. Bryce calls a "rigid" constitution; like our own, or a "flexible" one, such as the English.

With the Senate the issue came chiefly upon the question of its method of electing its own members. For at least twenty years the proposal to choose Senators by direct popular vote has been agitated. The movement has had its ups and downs, but throughout the whole period the Senate itself had remained apparently impassive before it. No matter how many times, or with what impressive majorities, the House might pass resolutions or constitutional amendments looking to the change; no matter what State legislatures might declare on the subject or party conventions assert, the Senate stood stolidly by the old order. Until this year, no bill or resolution relating to the matter was ever so much as reported, even adversely, from a Senate committee. The Senatorial policy seemed to be that of strangulation. But suddenly this year the waters burst through, and we saw the inert or resistant Senate come over in one session to the acceptance of direct election. The final details have yet to be worked out, but the policy may now be regarded as settled. The chief point of interest, for our present purpose, is that an insistent and continu-

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ous demand by the people at last made a second chamber, of high privilege and historic stability, give way.

If the year's events in the British Parliament seem more startling and even revolutionary,—and constitutional authorities are agreed that no change so sweeping and significant has been seen in England since 1832,—it is partly because they were on a larger scale and were more directly involved in party struggles and passions. But in Great Britain, also, the essential question was that of making the second chamber responsive to the popular will, clearly expressed. We need only to refer to the series of political contests which led up to the final sharp crisis. It is safe to say, because the English Conservatives themselves now admit it, and the warmest apologists for the Lords do not deny it, that a huge tactical blunder was made in choosing the ground on which to fight the Liberals. When the peers nerved themselves to the point of throwing out the budget, they became as so many Philistines delivered into the hands of their enemies. What followed that fatal act was a series of inevitably succeeding steps. The Commons passed the bill to limit the veto powers of the Lords. That, in turn rejected, led to another general election, with the threat latent in it that if the upper house still resisted, the king would be advised by his ministers to use his prerogative to create enough new peers to overcome all opposition. With that defeat and dilution of their own order confronting them, at last the Lords sullenly gave way, and the new constitutional England came into being, in which the second chamber has only a suspensive veto, and the people know that they can make their will supreme in any matter of legislation after a delay not greater than two years.

This Lucifer-like fall of a proud and ancient legislative body, based on caste and wealth, will cause many to think that the great English democracy has become more powerful, because more unchecked, than ours. But nowhere are appearances so deceitful as in political institutions. They do not always work as expected, nor are the consequences of change in them severely logical. Walter Bagehot's thankfulness to high heaven that his countrymen were poor logicians, Englishmen may have frequent occasion to recall during the next few years. For, in case of need, we shall undoubtedly find that the English nation has still reserves of conservatism and resources of caution and deliberation wherewith to prevent a momentary and passionate impulse of the majority from writing itself into law. It may even be that the shearing away of political power from the House of Lords will give to individual peers greater weight with their countrymen than before. If they raise grave and reasoned voices in times of hot crisis, the very fact that they can no longer speak in the arrogance of an assured veto over legislation may cause their arguments and their counsels to be given the greater heed. It is still true, as it was in Plato's time, that forms of government are expressive of national character; and though Englishmen and Americans may make radical alterations in their governmental institutions, the qualities which have made their race and their history what we know them to be, abide as before. A practical, experimental rule-of-thumb people are not going to become infatuated doctrinaires overnight or wreck things in "one burst of liberty" just because some of the old checks upon precipitate action have been lessened or removed.

"MANNER IS A GREAT MATTER"

THERE are signs that we are in the preliminary stage of an era of better manners, namely, the stage of giving serious consideration to the subject. In this country the course of improvement runs somewhat like this: first, there is a general sense that something is wrong, then some one shows us a more excellent way, —thus the imagination is touched,—and after that our native candor directs into the proper channel first our judgment and then our conduct. Though the American imagination may long lie dormant, like the Sleeping Beauty, it awakens to the princely touch of ideality. We are good listeners, and say with Whitman:

Surely, whosoever speaks to me in the right voice,
Him or her I shall follow,
As the waters follow the moon,
Silently, with fluid step, anywhere around the world.

And, then, in most directions we are am-

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bitious. And so, being ambitious, we ought to hold that in manners, as in other things, the best is none too good for us.

There is probably in no other country more genuine good-will to men or more indifference to the agreeable expression of this good-will. "Manners," said an American lady, "are only morals in bloom." Why, then, do we not more generally prize the delicacy, the refinement, the charm of this blossoming of good-will into manners? Why is there not more attention paid in the family, in the schools, and in the press to the inculcation of politeness, of outward consideration, of the grace of doing things? Dean Keppel of Columbia University, writing in the New York "Evening Post" of "Manners in College," ventures an explanation. He says:

> In these days, when everything pertaining to education is being reformed to within an inch of its life, it is remarkable that no one has taken for his theme the need of reform in this field. The reason doubtless is that if any accusation is more unbearable than that of having the attitude of being "holier than thou," it is that of being politer than thou, and a man may well hesitate before exposing himself to the charge. All that can be done in self-defense is to remind the reader of the uniform discrepancy between practice and preaching the world over.

We have already suggested in these pages a somewhat similar theory of the failure to grapple with this question, namely, that we are ashamed of the prominence which either the exhibition in ourselves or the exaction from others of any better standard than the average would impose upon us.[1] Again, our national sense of humor makes us sensitive to the ridicule of the paragrapher and the caricaturist, which, wholesome as it is when properly directed, is too often a foe to ideality. Moreover, the tradition of the best social procedure—and by this we do not mean the now over-formal procedure of the time of Washington—has lost its fine edge in the competition for material benefits. It survives individually in nearly every community and in certain large sections, but *the sense of its importance* is not strong either in city or country. It is perhaps strongest in the smaller and less feverish life of the towns about the large cities, our urbanity being somewhat less desirable than our suburbanity.

The idea that there is something unmanly or undemocratic in the cultivation of the best manners is part of the problem to be contended with. "The gentleman," says Emerson, himself our *preux chevalier,* in his delightful essay on "Manners,"—"The gentleman is a man of truth, lord of his own actions, and expressing that lordship in his behavior, not in any manner dependent and servile either on persons, or opinions, or possessions. Beyond this fact of truth and real force, the word denotes good-nature or benevolence; manhood first and then gentleness." Is there anything in this definition at variance with the conception of the true democrat?

A distinguished superintendent of schools in a large Western city, to whom we sent the circular letter concerning the teaching of manners referred to in Dr. Eliot's paper in the present number, holds that the manners of the time have not deteriorated. Fortunate indeed has been her experience. Discounting our own tendency to overpraise the past, which we share in common with every elder generation, we think she will find few candid observers who will agree with her. Most acknowledge the deterioration and blame the immigrant. But one who knows the immigrant as working-man or servant knows that one of the notable facts concerning him or her is the sudden shedding of politeness in the first six months after setting foot on Ellis Island. In a sense everybody has to be keyed up to his best, but in this respect we are too lax in our sense of duty to ourselves, to our employees, and to society. We need not be solicitous, however, concerning the kitchen so much as the drawing-room. Again, Dean Keppel says, with what justice let the reader's experience determine. "The boys whose grandfathers were aristocrats are frequently the worst-mannered and the most inconsiderate." If this be true, the saying that it takes three generations to make a gentleman may have a counterpart: that it takes only two generations to unmake one.

What is the practical thing to be done? Obviously, to found new traditions, or, better, to revive the old; for fiction and memoirs and the history of American society are full of records of fine man-

[1] "Are We Ashamed of Good Manners?" Topics of the Time, THE CENTURY for December, 1909.

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ners. This can be done in the family, individually. But if society is to resume the functions and the service to the happiness of mankind that it has had in America as well as elsewhere, it is high time that there should be some sort of coöperation to that end. Obviously this is the duty of women, especially of mothers. We respectfully renew our suggestion that there could be no more appropriate subject for consideration by the Federation of Women's Clubs. It is a topic for press and pulpit and platform. Who, if not these agencies, shall arouse us to the fundamental importance of good manners?

NO SUBSTITUTE FOR INDIVIDUAL VIRTUE

IN the boyhood of the writer of these lines he presented an autograph-album to Wendell Phillips with the request for his signature. Phillips, turning over the leaves, came upon the phrase: "Let justice be done, though the heavens fall," and quick as a flash wrote opposite: "If justice be done, the heavens will not fall."

There have been times in this country when it seemed that the heavens were about to fall upon the republic; but with that resilience which is both our hope and our danger, the people have risen to a realization of our destiny, and that storm has passed by. Such crises have been passed so much not through new laws as through the courage, sacrifice, and patriotism of individuals, and by the reassertion and revivification of the old codes of justice.

It is natural that those who have been sorely oppressed through the instrumentality of law should wish to make an end of the specific statute by which the wrong is accomplished. That is the mark upon which their fire is concentrated. Often such action demolishes a line of intrenchments of the enemy, but it rarely destroys his forces or even puts an end to his activities. We are always clamoring for "law to heal our bruises," but law does not heal automatically. It is only an agency through which the public sentiment of a community may be made effective. In Coatesville, Pennsylvania, and in some other parts of the country, the law against murder is, doubtless, perfect, but it is powerless to punish the barbarous and cowardly lynching of a prisoner.

In certain regions of the West where political freebooters or railroad corporations have driven the people to despair, new weapons of defense have been devised in the initiative, the referendum, and the recall. These not only give much promise of a better state of affairs, but, notably in Seattle, some of them have already accomplished remarkable results and have given the people a new feeling of hope. So successful has been the use of the recall that the tendency is to go too far, and in the case of an offending judge to substitute for the sober-minded processes of impeachment and punishment the whimsicalities of popular prejudice.

This change of procedure is of course a virtual revolution against representative government, a tendency to relinquish a republic for a democracy, and sooner or later, in the States which are trying it, it will be justified by success or discredited by failure. Its warmest advocates would probably admit that it is an experiment. One can only hope that it will work well and that it will not break down by overweighting. Surely something is to be gained by processes in which the people have shown confidence.

Yet it must not be forgotten that all such expedients are in the nature of means, and that the virtue of the people must be relied upon for the proper utilization of the new devices. Nay, more: had the virtue of the people been active and single-minded, it would have expressed itself adequately and effectively through the former system. It was while the people slept that the spoilsmen sowed the tares of graft.

And who are the people? Some abstract, intangible, mysterious force, the *zeitgeist*, ruling us without our consent? Not at all. It is the aggregation of individuals, for the most part honest, well-meaning, law-abiding, liberty-loving, who need only to be stirred to a realization of the force of the common homely virtues, one of which, and a very inclusive one, is *to be sure that we do not get our happiness at the expense of others.*

In this season of the great feast of goodwill toward men, it is well to remember that the world advances by the faith and works of the individual, and that while instrumentalities must be made effective, the largest contribution one can make to the progress of his country is to be himself a just man and a good citizen.

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MAURICE MAETERLINCK

THE rumor that Maeterlinck is to visit America emphasizes two pointed facts: first that the age of Herbert Spencer and Edison and the great "Captains of Industry" has enrolled among its guides and leaders a veritable mystic; and, second, that the deaths of Ibsen and Tolstoi and the recession of Hauptmann have raised this mystic to the virtual headship of Occidental literature. In an age of noise the least resonant voice has proved the most penetrative. Maeterlinck, who has scarcely courted even the few, was overtaken by popularity at a time of life when most prophets are facing obscurity or braving contempt. Able to meet and surpass his age on its own ground in a radical discussion of social problems, as in "Monna Vanna," he has sternly renounced the exercise of this power. He has not even paid his age the compliment of disputing its pretensions. He has rejected nothing of modern science except the prevalent estimate of its value. He has refused to admit in either scientific or religious dogmatism any barrier to the quiet but inflexible pursuit of the supreme end of spiritual self-fulfilment. His greatness lies in the fact that he has sought high ends with an almost child-like unconsciousness of the presence of an alternative; in a commercialized epoch he has written works from which a supramundane reader could hardly infer the existence of money on the planet. By some rare fortune or rarer endowment, his remoteness from mankind has never taken the form of estrangement; his latent humanity, his veiled fellowship, have made a half-comprehending public tolerant even of his eccentricities, his tenuities, and his murkinesses. Mr. Maeterlinck would find in America a host who have been touched by the depth, the imagination, and the sympathy of his studies of human life.

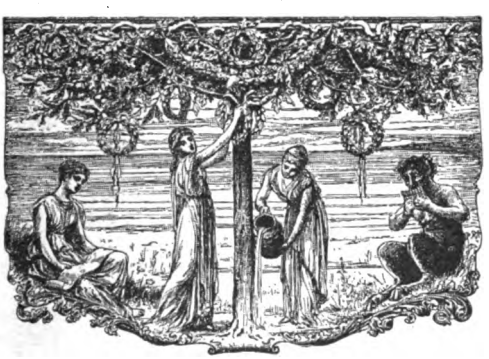
OPEN LETTERS

ON THINGS CHILDREN LEARN WITH EASE

From a Veteran Observer to a Mother in Doubt

Dear Mrs. Colgate:

When we met the other afternoon at Mrs. Brownson's tea, and talked about your children, and what you were doing for their education, I told you that I meant to give you some notions of mine upon that subject. Here they are.



There are certain things which children learn with ease and grown people learn with difficulty. I would have a child taught these. They are languages, riding, dancing, and perhaps music. I would not force any of these upon a child against nature. But almost any child can be taught any of them.

As to languages: by the use of governesses very early in the child's life, he should be able to know French and German almost as well as English. He ought to be able to read story-books in those languages almost equally well and to be able to speak and write them. The child I know best is my niece, seven years old. If this child has a French nursery governess, she is very soon as glib with French as with English. When the French governess leaves and a German governess takes her place, the child is soon as glib with German as with English, and forgets her French, which, however, she picks up quickly when another French governess is employed. I am quite sure that this child at twelve ought to be able to read, speak, and write these languages almost equally well. When I speak of writing,

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I mean that she ought to be able to write in French and German such letters as she can write in English. She is a clever child, and she has an unusually nice ear for the delicacies of speech. But almost any child could be taught to do the same. When it comes to the teaching of writing as a serious art, only one language, of course, should be taught, and that should be the native one.

Speaking of French governesses, many of them are very intelligent—much more so than those of other nationalities. A friend tells me of one who returning to a former mistress found her library in some confusion of house-cleaning. When the lady said something deprecatory, the maid replied in the gracious way of her countrywomen: *"Mais, Madame, comme dit Boileau, 'Un beau désordre fait l'effet d'art.'"* Fancy an American nurse-maid quoting Emerson!

You said you preferred a school to governesses. Well, a child may learn languages in school. I have known a young German girl who had never been out of Germany, and who had learned her English in school, and who spoke it perfectly. But a child might have the advantage of both governesses and schools. Governesses are particularly useful when children are very young. There is no doubt something in what you said of the danger of teaching the child a bad speech and accent. I have indeed known many instances where this has happened. The wife of a Spanish diplomat who had an English governess drops her h's, which however, she does in a very pretty manner. But in selecting governesses, it should not be difficult to avoid this danger. Even where such faults have been communicated to children, however, a language may be well worth having. A Greek young lady of my acquaintance, who knew English, told me that she had learned it in Athens. She looked very Greek, having a nose that joined her forehead in a straight line, as in the picture of Briseis in my old Anthon's "Homer." This young lady spoke English perfectly, but with a Scotch accent. I asked her if she had not had a Scotch governess, and she replied that she had. Of course, it would have been better if she had been without the Scotch accent. But even with that drawback, to have the language was a great advantage. She had a use of it for the purposes of conversation, very valuable to the daughter of a diplomat, and the treasures of English literature were open to her, as I could see from the spirit and the correct emphasis with which she repeated the lines:

> For, standing on the Persian's grave,
> I could not deem myself a slave.

So much for the modern languages. Of course I should like a boy to know Greek and Latin also, and to know them as they are taught in Europe. What elegance that instruction gives a boy's mind! But it does not seem possible to have quite that in this country.

The way we Americans learn Greek and Latin cannot be right. We spend from eight to ten years learning two languages, at the end of which period we cannot read at sight a page of either. There is no doubt these languages are better taught in Europe. There the young are taught not only to read, but to speak Latin. This is done not only in the higher education, but in some cases even in schools for the working-classes. A young woman, a Swiss peasant, once told me, as I sat in her kitchen while she cooked a steak for me and at the same time minded her baby, how she was taught to speak and write Latin in the public schools in Zurich. Zurich is Catholic, and the priests wish children to be taught Latin. She said that she and her classmates translated a book into Latin. I asked her what the book was, and she said it was a German translation of "The Lady of the Lake." I am sure that the members of my class at college at the time of graduation would have found that a difficult undertaking.

What a great thing it is to a boy to have those five languages! It does seem a lot of words to a very few things, but then the boy has them and he has got them with far greater ease than he could acquire them later. Most things he can learn afterward, and with more ease than he could as a child. Geography, for instance, he can learn when he comes to the study of literature, and wishes to know where certain places were or are. As I remember my school geography, I knew the countries chiefly by the colors on the map. I believe I thought these were the actual colors of the countries. Prussia was red; Austria deep green; that fine-sounding country, Ecuador, was purple; Uruguay a bright pink; and so on. I should think that if a map, colored like Easter eggs and with very clear lettering, were hung up in the house in a conspicuous place, it would be difficult for a child to get away from the study of geography. If that handsome and polite object, a globe, were placed in one of the living-rooms of the house, a child would be sure to take much notice of it.

History, too, might be postponed until it was apropos of some subject in which the child was interested. All teachers find that one of their great difficulties is that the interest of the child's mind in the things taught is so remote. The education of chil-

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dren suggests the woman in "Toodles," who brought home from an auction a door-plate with "Thompson" on it, and defended her action with the plea that her daughter might marry a man named "Thompson, with a *p*," in which case it would come in handy.

I suppose it is necessary to teach English spelling. This, however, is painful work for many children. Such at least was the opinion of a friend of mine, who used to say sadly of his own children that

> *Orthography* repressed their noble rage
> And froze the genial current of the soul.

Most children will learn to spell as soon as they begin to write letters. Pride will make them do that. I remember, when a child, my father telling, in the presence of a superior young miss of my own age, who sat with her feet on the rung of a chair and regarded me scornfully, that he had seen a letter of mine to my aunt, beginning, "Dear Ant." I am sure I never addressed my aunt in that way again.

But there is one kind of instruction in English which cannot be begun too early: I mean instruction in speech, the teaching of English pronunciation, and the right way of using the voice. It is in childhood that people should be taught this, and it is very difficult to teach. Speaking our language is that art in which we Americans do worse than we do in anything else. It is sometimes said that our nasal speech is the result of climate. I do not believe it. It is the result of unconscious imitation: people catch it from one another. It is almost impossible to live among people and not catch to some extent their way of speaking. I believe that we nearly all have a way of speaking more or less nasal. Edwin Booth, who had a beautiful voice, acquired toward the end of his life a speech that was occasionally nasal. I remember hearing him once upon a London stage when you could see that he was himself shocked at the sound of his own voice; this would be when his speech became especially nasal, as it would now and then in spite of him. And we have many other faults of speech besides this, the worst of which are perhaps the rough *r's* and the *o* for *a*, and then the flatness and sharpness in speech.

Our faulty speech, I may add, is no doubt partly the result of democracy. There is no class among us whose example is authoritative. Even those who ought to be in a position to set an example often do not speak well. Thus, the profession whose example ought to be more efficacious than that of any other, the clergy, are not so careful in the matter of speech as they should be. (Here is a hint for the theological seminaries.) How are children to learn to speak if their parents do not speak well? It is not easy for them to learn to speak at school, for many teachers do not speak well. The best way out of it that I see is for the teachers to set to work to learn to speak.

I am a great admirer of the mental qualities which are the results of an English classical education, particularly of that peculiar elegance which is the characteristic of the mind of an English scholar. I doubt if you will ever meet one of our countrymen who has just that quality. Our scholars have elegancies of their own, but not quite that, I think. It does not come from the English universities, for I have met with Oxford and Cambridge men who did not seem to me to have it. It comes from certain of the public schools, such as Eton, Winchester, and Harrow. It is an elegance purely mental and easily distinguishable from that which is the result of a gentle birth and bringing up. I have seen it in a boy who dropped his h's. There is no reason why the same methods of teaching should not produce the same results in this country, and it may be that we can work out something even better.

A child ought to learn to ride at eight or ten or earlier, if he is fond of horses and naturally courageous. All children may be taught to ride. This is evident from the fact that there are countries where riding on horseback is the only way of getting about, and where it is merely a question between riding and shank's mare. It was so formerly in my own native region of West Virginia. The country was too rough and the roads too bad for vehicles, so of course everybody rode. But there is a great deal of difference among children in their natural fitness for riding. Children who have a marked natural gift for riding do not need to be taught at all. The best riders I see among children are the little white or colored grooms about the stables, who have never had a lesson in their lives. They have learned to ride by riding. Give a horse to a boy who has a natural gift for riding, and he will himself "shake into" a good style. But most children do not have this resource, and such as do not should be sent to a riding-school. This should be done early, but in the case of a timid child not so early as in that of a courageous one. Care should be taken that a timid child is not hurt or frightened and so given a distaste for riding. But in any case a child should begin young. A rider who has learned as a grown man never has the easy, natural seat of one who has learned as a child. I do not remember to have seen any exception. George Borrow, indeed, in "Lavengro," in a passage

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which seems autobiographical, gives an account of a youth of seventeen who gets on an Irish trotting cob, having never been on the back of a horse before, and goes for a five-mile ride and comes back at near a three-minute gait, an accomplished horseman, riding like a storm, and joyously aware that he is master of this delightful art. It is conceivable that a natural horseman, such as Borrow no doubt was, might have had such an experience. But Borrow was certainly an exception. As a rule, boys and girls should have their first lessons in riding before they are ten years old. That would be the general opinion among horsemen. I used sometimes to meet in Rotten Row that charming old man, Kinglake, author of "Eothen," riding a white horse, upon which, notwithstanding his advanced age, he was evidently at home, and I would remember the passage in "Eothen" in which he says of his mother, "The most gentle and pious of women was yet so proud a mother that she could teach her first-born son in earliest childhood no less than this,—to be at home in the saddle and to love old Homer."

Children can be taught dancing earlier than riding. They should all learn to dance. It is not only that those who are taught dancing in childhood will be better dancers when they grow up than those who have not had this advantage. That is a small part of it. Its general effects upon the manners and even upon the dispositions of children are beneficial, and these effects they will retain as men and women. Dancing, it seems to me, should be an exception to what is now received as the true rule of education. The old idea in education was compensation, that is, the strengthening of the minds of the young in the qualities in which they are deficient. The modern notion, on the contrary, is that life is too short for this kind of vague struggle against nature, which probably, after all, will turn out to be of little avail, and that the best way is to make the most of the qualities in which children are strong and to let the rest go. In the matter of dancing, I should act upon both these principles. I should, of course, send to dancing-school a child who was physically clever and enjoyed dancing and had a natural gift for it. (I may remark that dancing and riding are alike in this respect, that the qualities which make proficiency in both are much the same; a child who can do the one well ought to be able to do the other well.) But I should also wish to send to dancing school a shy or an awkward child. He will learn ease of demeanor and the even more important qualities of confidence and friendliness.

I may add that there is one particular in which teachers of dancing may do a great deal of good, that is, in teaching the right carriage of the shoulders and head. I see many good-looking young people whose figures are spoiled, and spoiled for life, by stooping shoulders and a head bent forward, faults which might have been corrected in childhood. They are, no doubt, faults difficult to cure. Braces, I am told, are worse than useless. An eminent surgeon informs me that the reason people's shoulders go forward is that the muscles of the chest are stronger than those of the back; braces deprive the muscles of the back of exercise, which thus become weaker through want of use, with the result that the shoulders, as soon as the braces are removed, go forward worse than before. Apparently the only thing to do is to "keep at" children about it both at home and at school. I should think that proficiency in dancing would help to prevent or to correct this fault.

As to music, it seems to me that singing is one of the most desirable gifts that one can have. But I am told by experts, like Mr. Frank Damrosch, that it should not be seriously attempted before sixteen years of age. There ought, however, to be no danger in teaching a child enough of singing to interest him in it and to make him wish to learn to sing and to accustom him to sing when in company without timidity. It is said that almost any child can be taught to sing. An acquaintance of mine who has a boarding-school in Massachusetts with about a hundred boys, and who is himself an excellent singer, told me that he wished to find out whether there were boys who could not be taught to sing. He accordingly picked out the four boys in the school who seemed to have the least natural aptitude for singing and set to work upon them, with the result that he taught them all to sing. Instrumental music a child can be taught earlier than singing, but that is hard work.

The above scheme would not apply to a child who showed early a strong bias toward mathematics or natural science or mechanics or the fine arts. You remember, too, that we were agreed that we should be chiefly careful that the pursuit of any scheme of education should not interfere with the health of children or even with the happiness of their youthful lives.

Whew! what a disquisition I have made of it! But perhaps you will excuse this long letter in view of the importance of the subject. And perhaps, again, you may not agree with me.

Sincerely yours,
Bayard Norton.

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IN LIGHTER VEIN

Drawn by G. J. Perrett

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

WILLY GIRAFFE: Mama, may'n't I let Doxie take a pair of my stockings to hang up for his Christmas?

A MODEL LETTER FROM A CONTRIBUTOR

May ninth.

DEAR SIR:

Observing that occasionally the dominant note of humor is subordinated to a pleasing bit of quaintly phrased philosophical reflection in your unparalleled and inimitable department devoted to speculations in the more or less Lighter Vein of human experience, and having acquired in my later years a very decided predilection toward those diversions of the pen which serve to while away the laggard hours of the senile day,—and which it were selfishness to withhold from general publication in a day when the more thoughtful products of the vagrom fancy seem tinged with a lamentable puerility of purpose, if not of expression, feeling that some of the fruits of those hours might not be unreasonably supposed to be unwelcome to you, it has seemed to me appropriate that I, with no inconsiderable diffidence be it confessed, and yet not without hope that you may find in them certain qualities that shall fortuitously differentiate them from that great mass of impossible, or at least improbable, material which I doubt not provides a daily influx of torrential proportions to submerge your staff in an ocean of manuscript with all the whelm and roar of a tidal wave, should send them to you at your regular rates of compensation, which I am told are not altogether illiberal by those who in past seasons have been or are reputed to have been more or less regular contributors to those columns with which you have in countless Centuries past delighted those who, caring for good reading, have chosen to devote those hours of leisure which these strenuous days permit to a perusal of your pages, rather than waste the few and precious moments thus vouchsafed to them on the pernicious fulminations of a yellow press, pandering to depraved appetites, and catering to a public of which it may be said without fear of contradiction that in the larger and more important aspects of modern life, viewed impersonally, their influence is comparable only to a vacuum alongside of which space itself is of infinitesimally small proportions.

Very respectfully yours,

John Kendrick Bangs.

Drawn by J. R. Shaver

"DOOTY CALLS ME, AGONESS"

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THE WEEK BEFORE CHRISTMAS

A TRAGEDY OF THE CALENDAR

BY CAROLYN WELLS

WITH PICTURES BY REGINALD BIRCH

"WHY, goodness me!" said Percy Gunn,
"Christmas is just a week from *SUN!*

"This present business is no fun."
Then he sat down to count his *MON.*

But after paying what was due,
His surplus dollars were but *TUE.*

Then Percy sadly shook his head,
Thinking of one he fain would *WED.*

The weather was depressing, too;
For first it friz, and then it *THU.*

And presents also he must buy
For sisters, aunts, and smaller *FRI.*

No answer could he find to that.
He sat and thought and thought and *SAT.*

And sitting still was Percy Gunn
When Christmas came, and it was *SUN!*

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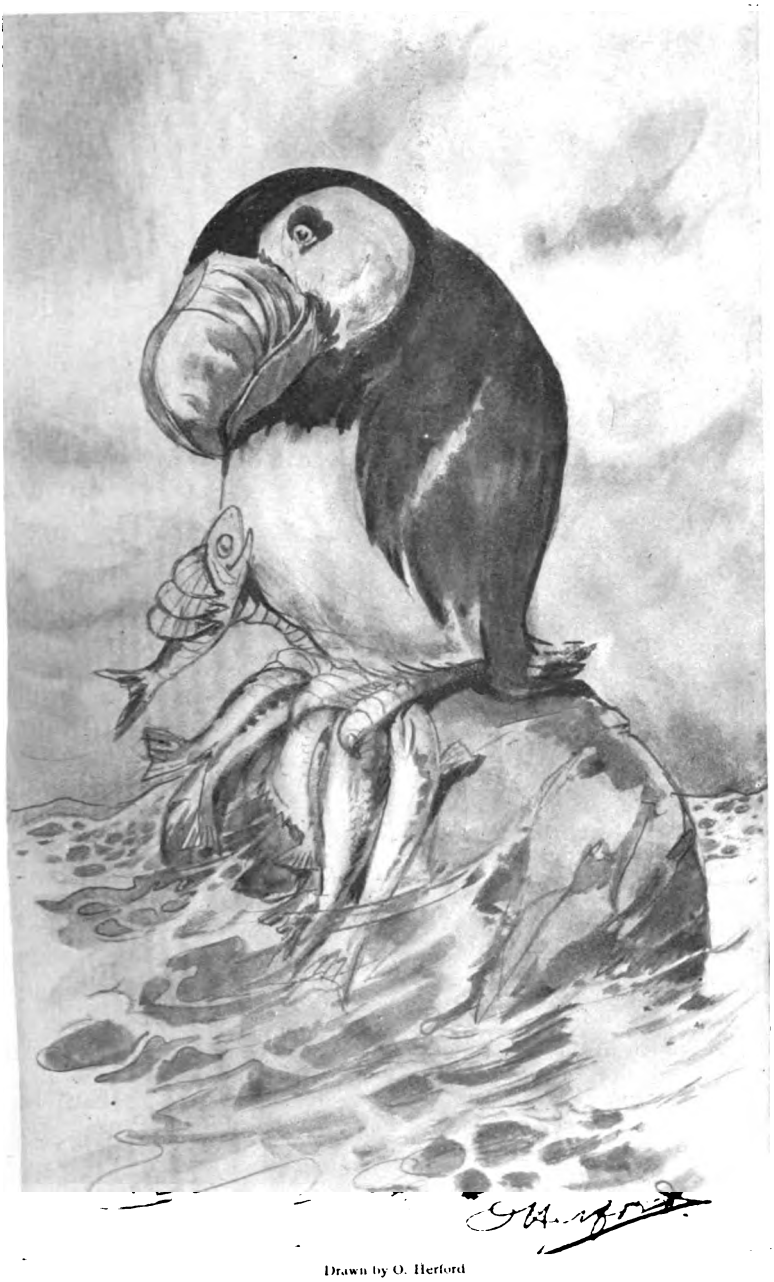
LIMERICKS

TEXT AND PICTURES BY OLIVER HERFORD



Drawn by O. Herford

II—THE PROVIDENT PUFFIN

THERE once was a provident puffin
Who ate all the fish he could stuff in.
Said he, "'T is my plan
To eat when I can:
When there 's nuffin' to eat I eat nuffin'."

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Drawn by J. R. Shaver

CAUGHT!

TIME-TABLES

BY F. H. P.

I AM up in astronomics, and in figures neat and clerical
The orbits of the planets I 've reduced to the numerical,
The paths of all the comets and the other bodies spherical—
It 's really just as simple as can be.
I can figure to a parasang by methods mathematical
The route of any hoplite who has made a march grammatical,
And stopped till "Ho Clearchus" passed a few remarks emphatical—
There 's nothing any easier for me.

But a minus logarithm is a model of lucidity,
The nebular hypothesis, a bit of mere vapidity
Incapable of causing me a jot of the timidity
I feel for railway-folders of the day.
Though "Central Time" and "Eastern Time" means something, undeniable,
And reading up in place of down is never justifiable,
And type that 's black and light-faced is essential, still, I 'm liable
To board a train that goes the other way.

As to modern railway-folders, I admit an inability
For grasping why the data which I 'm seeking with agility
Are always contradicted and reduced to mere futility
By microscopic foot-notes down below.
For "making close connections" I confess an incapacity,
A folder's "A. and P.M.'s" only foster my pugnacity,
And though perhaps I 'm lacking in apparent perspicacity,
I never find the thing I want to know.

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CHARLES DICKENS

PAINTED FROM LIFE BY WILLIAM B. MEYERS DURING THE SECOND VISIT OF DICKENS TO AMERICA, IN 1867

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THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXXIII JANUARY, 1912 No. 3

DICKENS CHARACTERS IN REAL LIFE

BY HAROLD BEGBIE

Author of "Twice-Born Men"

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERICK GARDNER

ON the seventh of February, in the year 1812, there was born on the coast of Hampshire, within cannon-shot of Portsmouth Harbor, and under the roof of a little terraced house, with wooden shutters to the lower windows and a railed-in garden protecting it from the pavement, a delicate child who was entered in the baptismal register of Portsea as Charles John Huffam Dickens. Four-and-twenty years after his wintry arrival on the sea-coast of England, he was sending rare and wonderful laughter around the world, and onward from that great Pickwickian year of 1836 until his death in 1870, he gave to mankind an entertainment unequaled since the days of Shakspere, and came closer to the hearts of his fellow-men than any other writer from the beginning of time until the present day.

The coach has departed, the train is becoming old-fashioned, and young men as unlike Bob Sawyer as the rude hand of evolution can make them are now crossing the Alps in aëroplanes and sending bloodless messages without the aid of wires over thousands of miles of ocean. The hundred years which have rushed over the earth like an express-train since Charles Dickens felt the first pinch of a terrestrial winter have changed the human mind, altered the attitude of the soul to the universe, and modified the affections of the human heart. We are no longer easily moved to tears, we are loath to let exaggeration filch our laughter, we are perhaps less eager than our forefathers to be made to smile, and certainly more avaricious with our tears than were our grandmothers. Nevertheless, the magic of Dickens still touches our lives, and the manhood of the whole Anglo-Saxon race is colored by those ensorceled hours of our boyhood when we roared with Sam Weller, hated Jonas Chuzzlewit and Carker, loved Little Nell, trembled at Quilp, fancied ourselves Nicholas Nickleby, envied David Copperfield, longed to possess a Grip, loathed Pecksniff,

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and felt our hearts grow heavy over the bitter sufferings of Oliver Twist, Poor Jo, and tragic Smike.

Young people, do you smile at us a little disdainfully for this enthusiastic love, this unstudied worship, this affectionate devotion to the magic of an old-fashioned author? Do his books seem tediously long to you, his plots without cohesion, his style of writing too full of pace and headlong joy in itself to be fittingly discriminating and usefully discerning? Have you found that he takes up too much of your time, that after three hours in a motor-car he is too loquacious a companion for an arm-chair? In a word, does he bore you? Oh, I could weep for you! But it is upon you that the light of the future shines; you are the next generation, and with you must be wisdom; go forward, then, with a wondering pity for our superstitious love of a dead writer who has filled our lives with joy, and we old fools will fling no single stone at you for your contempt of him and us, *provided* that—

What is the condition?

That you must not confess yourselves ignorant of the world and inexperienced in life by saying that the immortal beings of Charles Dickens's imagination are *exaggerated* and *unreal*. This is an unpardonable sin. You must not commit it.

Let me tell you in faintest outline of a few people I have encountered in odd corners of modern England; and as you follow the narrative, consider within yourselves how these men and women would have lived and breathed on the pages of literature if they had been observed by Dickens, and had come to your acquaintance through the transmuting, but not distorting, magic of his incomparable genius, his wide comprehension. Remember that he would have seen a hundred things in them that I failed to observe, that his sympathy would have drawn them out of themselves leagues farther than I could compass, and that his unequaled and riotting power of description would have given them an emphasis and sharpness of outline, a multiplicity of lights and shades, and a rich warmth of coloring, which it is beyond my feeble art to accomplish. I seek only to persuade you that with eyes opened by observation and with sympathies warmed by a gentle curiosity in humanity, you would see, and would love, all about you, even in this noisy age of impetuous and impatient egoism, men and women as odd, capricious, eccentric, and delightful as any of the characters in Dickens's novels. They are there, believe me, like the sunsets of Turner, which the old woman said she had never seen, and which Turner said she never would see.

THE BLIND SAILOR AND THE PIRATE

In a neat little court close to the famous thoroughfare of Tabard Street, in the borough where Charles Dickens must often have passed, not long ago I made the acquaintance of two old pensioners who kept me laughing from the moment of my introduction until my departure, who have set me laughing every time I have since visited them, and whose memory brings a smile to my lips as I now set myself to present them. Both of these men were sailors; both had circumnavigated the globe in sailing-ships, and one of them was a pirate. This is Joe, who sits bolt upright, as flat as a cardboard figure, with hanging, helpless legs and trembling arms, over which he can exercise control only for a few minutes together. In his grandfather-chair, smoking a clay pipe, which shakes and rattles in his teeth, his small eyes overflowing with moisture, his throat uttering a perpetual gurgle of contagious laughter, his arms in their shirt-sleeves whirling like the sails of a windmill, Joe, the paralyzed and pensioned pirate, tells as far as his disease will let him, exploding with laughter when he stammers and gasps over a word, the murderous and frightful crimes he committed on the high seas. When he assumes a perfectly ferocious expression of face, and, raising his right arm, draws the hand swiftly across his throat, uttering a sibilant *sh-h-h-h-h-h!* I am to understand that he killed a man in that fashion; when he lifts his poor little shirt-sleeved arm and brings it down with a feeble bang on his right knee, I am to understand that in that manner with a crowbar he once felled a negro, who ever afterward became his devoted slave. Joe delights in his heinousness, rejoices in his crimes, roars with glory over the scarlet past; and he will love you like a brother if you pretend to shudder and regard him with eyes of terror and alarm.

Mr. Wells, his companion, who is neat

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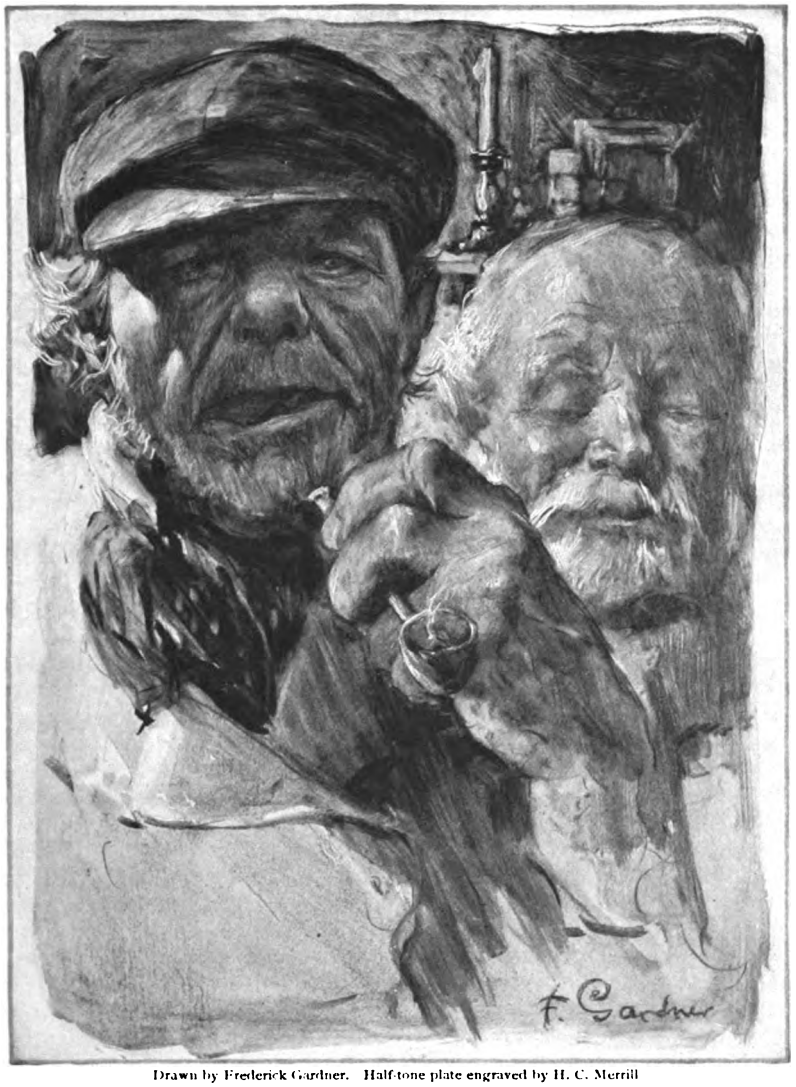

Drawn by Frederick Gardner. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

JOE AND MR. WELLS

and kempt, and who is blind, listens to Joe with huge amusement, even suggesting new tales to him, but whispering occasionally in my ear: "That 's what Joe *thinks* he done. You take my meaning?"

When I say: "But is it not true? Joe was once a pirate, surely?"

"Oh, yes," he replies eagerly; "Joe was a pirate right enough. You must hear him tell the tale of how they boarded a Spanish ship and broke the heads and cut the throats of the swarthy crew; good as a play that is." And when Joe has given this tremendous narrative, Mr. Wells says in a laughing whisper: "Of course he *thinks* he done it, and maybe he did; I 'm not contradicting him, but—well, I think he 's half dreaming and half telling a tale."

The two old men go to church, have religious books on their table and a church almanac on their wall. In his serious moments Joe exclaims, "God has been good to me," with a shout of challenge in his voice and a flash of aggressiveness in his eyes. The next minute, roaring with laughter, and banging his clenched fist on the arm of his chair, he adds: "I 'm happy and jolly, happy and jolly. 'T ain't no good being nuffin' kelse."

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"He 's always like that," whispered quiet Mr. Wells; "wonderful good company, Joe is, specially for a blind man."

Their companionship, which has lasted many years, began in ridiculous fashion. On taking possession of the little slum cottage, the blind and paralyzed companions discovered that it was the property of certain highly disreputable and painfully disagreeable insects, who soon began to make war upon the two intruders. "We suffered terribly," said Mr. Wells; and then, beginning to laugh, he added: "What made it very amusing was the fact that while Joe could see 'em and could n't catch 'em, I, who might have caught 'em, could n't see 'em!" And when he reminded Joe of those days, Joe flung up his hands, laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks, and gave a pantomimic exhibition of Mr. Wells groping in his blindness after the enemies to which he, paralyzed Joe, by hallooing and yelling was vainly endeavoring to guide his attack.

I must relate a conversation with these two old fellows which showed them both in their different characters, Joe as the narrating hero, little Mr. Wells quietly annotating him with admiration and sly humor. Joe was telling him how he had once been fourteen years at sea without coming home: how he had been in the Baltic during the Crimea, and to the bottom of the sea two or three times; how he had fought hand to hand with sharks, and had been six days and seven nights in an open boat with seven others and no food; how two of these seven died, and were eaten by all the others except Joe; how they were picked up by the famous *Alabama;* and how Joe fought in the great American war of North and South. "I was put in prison," he said, "two years—in Allybammer. Two years—dungeon—in the harbor there—Allybammer Harbor."

"Alabama, he means," whispered Mr. Wells. "You 've heard of Alabama, I dare say. Somewhere in Ameriky, is n't it? Ah, well, that 's what Joe means—Alabama."

"Two years—went off my nut—in dungeon—clean off my nut!"

"What Joe means is that while he was in prison in Alabama Harbor he lost his reason. 'Off his nut' is slang for losing his reason. Now, I dare say that *is* true. I should n't be surprised if it was."

Here in the borough, in a slum cottage, do you not seem to see a Dr. Johnson of the high seas and a Boswell with a touch of humor? Think what they might have been in the pages of Dickens!

CHEERFUL CHARLIE, THE CORNET-PLAYER

ONLY the day before yesterday as I was crossing the quarried downs of Dorsetshire I encountered a character. He emerged from the little stone chamber of a quarry, with a hunk of bread and cheese in his hand, and after petting a tethered donkey for a few moments, sat down amid the heather to eat his luncheon in the sun.

"The Lord is smiling on His children," he called to me as I passed, pointing to the blue sky with his clasp-knife.

The old man's handsome face, his picturesque garments, and his ringing voice, attracted me. I sat down and talked to him.

"If it 's beautiful here," he said, "what must it be up yonder? This is fair enough, but heaven must beat it all to bits—no sin, no misery; all beauty, all happiness. What a comfort, what a blessed comfort, to know for certain that after this life, with all its sorrow and heartache, there 's another life waiting for us so wonderful and lovely that it 's like a fairy-tale to dream about it! I love thinking about heaven."

Some one has said somewhere, "The love of heaven makes one heavenly." This old quarryman told me that he was the father of twelve children, that in winter he suffered tortures from rheumatism, that it was always difficult to make both ends meet, but that he was nevertheless known in that neighborhood as Cheerful Charles—Cheerful Charlie, who had brought Four-Ale Joe, a notorious drunkard, to the salvation of religion.

"I always try to put in a word," he said, munching his food. "The other day a gentleman came into our quarry after fossils. He picked up three or four, and asked me if I knew what they were. 'No, sir,' I says, 'I don't; but my big brother knows all about them—knows what they were at the beginning, what they are now, and what they will become by-and-by.' 'Oh,' says he, 'your brother must be a mighty clever chap.' 'There 's nothing he don't know,' I answered. 'I should like to make his acquaintance,' he says. 'You can't be

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happy till you do,' I says. 'How 's that?' he asks. 'Because my big brother is the best friend, and the only true friend, a man can have,' says I. 'You 're talking strange,' he says. 'Not so strange as you might think,' I says. 'Well, explain yourself.' 'I will,' says I. 'My big brother

Drawn by Frederick Gardner. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

CHEERFUL CHARLIE

is the Lord Christ Jesus, and he 's my friend, and without him I could n't be happy for five minutes together.' 'You know that?' he asked. 'I do, sir,' I answered. 'And so do I,' he said, giving me his hand. And what do you think followed? We both kneeled down and prayed God to bless the human race and hasten His kingdom. Truer and sweeter prayer I never heard uttered than that gentleman's, and he came to our service on the next Sunday and preached a beautiful sermon full of the love of God."

In a few minutes this man showed me as much gallant cheerfulness and vigorous piety as one could meet with in any character out of a book. The sun shone in his eyes, on the dust in his hair and mustache, on the red cheese in his worn old hands, on the stains of his corduroys, and the tan of his wrinkled face, as if it loved him and sought to bless him. His cheerfulness, which embraced humanity and reached to God, extended even to the devil, whom he regarded with a large-hearted and tolerant amusement.

"Oh, he 's an artful one, he is!" I was informed, with twinkling eyes. "Never throwing up the sponge, always ready to

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Drawn by Frederick Gardner

EX-FIGHTING MAN, EX-DRUNKARD, EX-MISERABLE

trip a chap up quick as a flash if he finds you napping—that 's the devil to a T. Once I thought he had got me. I fell ill, and my wife said it was from blowing, and I began to think, too, it was from the blowing—blowing the cornet in our little corps of the Salvation Army. 'Hullo!' thinks I, 'the devil is going to do me out of my job; I blow my cornet to the glory of God, and master devil don't like it; it gets on his nerves. I was quite put out by the thought of giving up my cornet. But when the doctor saw me, I asked him if the blowing did me any harm. 'Harm!' says he. 'Why, it does you good; opens your chest and fills your lungs.' Oh, how I did sing in my heart! 'Back seat, devil,' I says; 'not this time, old cock; try something else.' And I often laugh now to think how he was done in the eye over that old cornet of Cheerful Charlie."

Some day I hope to deepen my acquaintance with this merry quarryman in his home, and I feel sure that he will show me shades of character and depths of personality as little normal—horrid and outrageous word!—as anything in the children of Dickens.

A NEW USE FOR BEER-MONEY

Religion intensifies character. The more rugged the mind and the more elemental the conversion, the more vivid and original are the effects upon personality. I was introduced a few months ago to as queer a little stick as ever winked a comic eye or uttered dry wit in a cockney drawl. He was a painter by trade, an ex-fighting man, an ex-drunkard, an ex-miserable. Religion has restored his soul, given him new birth, made him a useful citizen, and at the same time has brought out in bolder relief all the quaintness and oddity of his droll spirit. He speaks in his old drawl, winks his eye when he makes a point, and is serious only with extreme difficulty. He told me how his mates "get at him" for being a teetotaler, and how they are continually asking him, "Don't your missus never give you any beer-money?"

"To which I answers 'em," he said, grinning, " 'Hoh, yuss; my old lady gives me plenty of beer-money—shillings and shillings. And where do you think I keep it? In my garden!' Ain't that artful of me? And some of my beer-money has got feathers and lays eggs, and some has got

Drawn by Frederick Gardner

THE FANTASTICAL CABMAN

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Drawn by Frederick Gardner

THE LADY WHO HAD SEEN BETTER DAYS

fur and makes lovely pie, and some has got flowers and smells a bit of all-right. Yuss, if you 'd like to see my beer-money, drop in some Saturday arternoon and take a walk round my garden. I 'll show you last week's beer-money, the week before's, yuss, and last year's—hopping and clucking, and crowing, and smelling beautiful. By the way, ole friend, where 's *your* beer-money? Where is it? Can you show it me, or is the publican keeping it for you till Christmas?"

The full story of this strange, little, whimsical London painter I have told in a book, and it is too long to be narrated in the course of an article; but I cannot let him make even a brief appearance under my pen without bearing witness to the extraordinary change worked in his character, a fortune by religion. He had lived for years in wretchedness and vileness, sounding the muddiest depths of degradation. A sister of the West London Mission saved him. He is now as happy and as proud a little man as ever paid rent on quarter-day and took his family to the seaside on August bank-holiday. And wherever he goes, faces brighten at his coming, and his friends wait for a witticism. He does not disappoint them.

THE FANTASTICAL CABMAN

PERHAPS the most fantastical man I have ever met was a London cabman, so completely a character from Dickens that he was known far and wide as "Mr. Pickwick." He had a full, round, shaven face, a bald head, wore spectacles, and the measurement of his waist was Pickwickian to a button. His smile, he told me, was worth a pound a week to him. On one occasion the late Duke of Devonshire, that grave and solemn man, occupied the interior of his hansom. "I whipped up," said Mr. Pickwick, "and when the horse was going so fast that his Grace could n't get out, I opened the trap-door in the roof and gave him the Gospel hot and strong till the journey was done." This little man who has been converted not once, but dozens of times, whose trouble is drink, and whose life-story is a terrible tragedy,

Drawn by Frederick Gardner

THE CANDID CHARWOMAN

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has read Schopenhauer, Carlyle, Emerson, Max Nordau, and I know not how many more philosophers. "The great thing," he told me, "is to get rid of the *ego* and replace it by the *logos*. Ego is mischief, logos is peace; what ho! that 's a fact." He would quote for hours from the poets, and at such a pace and with such an equable smile as to bewilder his hearers; but again and again he would return to a verse from a hymn which summed up, in his philosophy, all the wisdom of human experience:

How easy, when sailing
the sea at a calm,
To trust in the strength
of Jehovah's great
arm;
But somehow I find,
when the waves
swamp the boat,
It takes some believing
to keep it afloat.

Unhappy "Mr. Pickwick!" The taxicab has taken away his living, the waves of sorrow have again and again swamped his boat, and the last time I heard from him he was in dire distress.

Drawn by Frederick Gardner

THE APPLE-PIP MAN

THE LADY WHO HAD SEEN BETTER DAYS

AMONG Dickensian women whom it has been my good fortune to meet I remember most distinctly a certain lady living in London on five shillings and sixpence a week, who refused to receive me in her lodging until the indelicate bed had been transformed by means of turkey twill into the oddest-looking "divan" (the word was her own) that ever advertised an irreproachable propriety. This dear spinster spoke to me compassionately about "the poor people in the slums," referred to her grand days, showed me photographs of dashing officers with whom she had danced, never hinted at her poverty, and manifested a consuming interest in the art, literature, and politics of the day. She earns a few extra shillings occasionally by standing at street corners, in all sorts of weather, collecting money for charitable purposes, such as sending children into the country. If you were to see her, you would think, I am sure, that she was a lady of quality sacrificing time and health in the interest of charity. Her features are patrician, her manner is august, she would rather die than let you know her destitution. And when I first met her, out of her five shillings and sixpence a week (the rent of her room is three shillings) she was paying fivepence a week to a burial club. She had one anxiety: not to be buried as a pauper.

She told me that the air of her neighborhood was very "salubrious." Anything that pleases her she "adores." Her ideal of humanity is Queen Alexandra. The rich and powerful she lumps together contemptuously as "jumped-up people." If, as occasionally happens, she drops an *h*, she blushes a dim pink and coughs elegantly, the tips of her fingers at her lips.

THE CANDID CHARWOMAN

I DARE not add to this example of Dickensian womanhood, for women are inordinate readers of magazines; but among my acquaintance, albeit they are quite unaware of their connection, are many a Mrs. Nickleby, not a few Miss Trotwoods, some Miss Pecksniffs, plenty of Mrs. Gummidges, and at least one Rosa Dartle. If they recognized themselves on these pages, how much joy I should lose in life! But I should like to speak of a droll charwoman who once came under my notice, and who was forever saying inconvenient things. She was a thin, ferret-nosed little creature, always rushing hither and thither, always appearing to be frightfully harassed and overworked, and as useless a person as ever set kitchen a-quar-

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reling and drove poor mistress mad. On one occasion she was speaking in the kitchen to her mistress of a former employer, a Lady ——, whose service she had adorned in her early life. "Yes, m'm," she said, "she used to come into the kitchen, talk to me, she did, and be as pleasant as a body could wish; and as for dress, why, m'm, she was just like you—no one would have took her for a lady." Her compliments always had the pleasing nature of lowering one's dignity.

THE "HEAVILY AFFLICTED" LADY

SHE, too, was a character out of Dickens, the old shawl-muffled lady who lived with a prayer-book and smelling-bottle in her lap, who kept all the windows of her room tight shut, had a fire always burning in the grate, and who said to my father, the noblest of parsons who ever served a God of love and detested cant with a magnanimous indignation, "I must tell you, Mr. Begbie, that I am one of God's heavily afflicted children." When he had heard the long catalogue of her sufferings, my father said to this rich and useful parishioner,—it was his first acquaintance with a London parish,—"Shall I tell you what you are? Would you like to know what you are? You are a wicked old woman, a very wicked and selfish old woman." And so she was till he got tears from her.

THE APPLE-PIP MAN

IN the strange and interesting "movements" which distinguish these latter times one is certain of meeting unusual men and women. Have you ever entered a "movement"? Have you met theosophists, vegetarians, fruitarians, Fabians, crystal-gazers, palmists, and spiritualists? If this has been your fortune, and if you are a little observant and touched with the grace of humor, you will know that Dickens never exaggerated the capacity of the human being for grotesque absurdity. Saints there are in all these coteries of mild insanity, but ever the mass is composed of abundant folly. I have met a man who solemnly told me that vegetarians were as stupid as meat-eaters, and that fruitarians were little wiser than vegetarians. "Imagine," said he, "eating an apple, and throwing away the pips! That is to say, eating water and pulp, and flinging into the dust-bin life itself. For the pip is life. A pip not only contains the life of the apple, but the life of potential orchards. Plant it: an apple-tree results. The apple-tree bears hundreds, thousands, millions of apples. These apples in turn contain the seeds of hundreds, thousands, millions of other apple-trees. And all this from one pip." He lived entirely on bird-seed and pips, and, hugging his theory, brought himself to death's door. Otherwise he was a most sane and genial creature, with a passion for rhetoric. He would attend any meeting under the sun for the pleasure of hearing himself speak.

THE SOLEMN DONKEY

How well I remember poor J. A., who lived in London a strenuously ascetic life with ghosts and mahatmas, and, going to America to convert the New World, caught the contagion of commercialism, entered Wall Street, married a wife (frightful offense, for which America may yet be called to account), and died an ordinary man. He would shut himself up in his room, give strict orders that no one should disturb him, and for hours would concentrate his mind on some single and trivial object—an ink-pot, a toothpick, or a collar-stud. Then strange smells would issue from the room, pungent and sickly, and he would be heard uttering weird words in a voice that was as tragic as the old actors of transpontine drama. From these cabalistic exercises he would emerge with a face deadly yellow and spotted with a profuse perspiration, gazing at one through his eye-glasses with a deep and solemn contemplation such as one imagines in the eyes of Elijah or Moses. He never said in my presence—and I knew him well—a profound or arresting sentence, but he would utter the tritest platitude or the most disheveled piece of nonsense with the slow and measured gravity of a German professor. Yet dig him in the ribs, tell him not to make a donkey of himself, and the solemn look would break up, the face become pleasantly human, and he would say like an ordinary man: "Dear old chap, you think I am mad! What a lark!"

THE RIDICULOUS DRESS-REFORMER

THEN there was a dress-reformer, a superb Scot, who went about London in a toga and sandals, and got himself arrested innumerable times for inadequate decency.

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The face of this man was magnificent in its rugged strength, and he wore a great mane of hair, which added to the lion-like effect of his splendid head; but when he came to speak, the voice was piping, the accent was that of Harry Lauder, and he never said anything that was in the least Greek or lion-like. To see such a figure emerging from a London fog and to be greeted by it with "How are ye the day?" was to feel that all the angels must be laughing at us.

"DULKY DORMAN"

BUT I must make an end. Faces come crowding upon me, voices are clamorous in my ear, and from the masters at my school up to the last man I traveled with in a railway carriage, I see a never-ending procession of humanity all ready and eager to justify the realism of Dickens. A few days ago a stranger in the train told me that once upon a time a Winchester school-boy had planted a maze on St. Catherine's Hill, and had died shortly afterward. "And to this day," said the honest fellow, "they keep up his name, which was Dulky Dorman, or something like that, by singing a song about him before they go home for their holidays. All through the song, they tell me, they sing that boy's name, Dulky Dorman, or some such name as that. I forget just what it is."

"Dulce Domum?" I asked.

"Ah, that 's it—Dulky Doman."

"I 've heard of him," I said, and we parted the best of friends.

THE DICKENS IN US ALL

IN fact, steadily contemplated and sympathetically approached, every man and woman has the makings of a Dickens character. Some are a little crude, others have been injured by artificiality, but all in their degree are the raw materials out of which the master compounded his immortals. And it is the wildest folly of ignorance to suppose that odd fish are to be found only in humble streams, to say that it is only among the lowest classes that one finds such characters as those who run riot in the pages of Dickens. I never read a biography without meeting the raw material of Dickensian immortals. Consider such men as Sydney Smith, Benjamin Disraeli, the Duke of Wellington, Charles Dickens himself—all Dickensian characters. Will you allow me to say that Mr. Theodore Roosevelt would have been sure of a double immortality if Dickens had been alive to paint his portrait?

Look long enough and deep enough into personality, and if you have in your temperament something of the whimsicality of Charles Dickens, you will discover in every man and woman that you meet a fragment of that humor or that pathos, that ridiculousness or that heroism, that absurdity or that genial benevolence, which make up the immense and beautiful mosaic of the Dickens temple. I confess that I have found it many times difficult to preserve a grave aspect in the society of the great and learned, that often I have longed to cry out to these mighty ones, "Rogue!" "Humbug!" "Stuff and nonsense!" While again and again, in listening to the tales of the poor and humble, I have maintained a natural behavior only between the two balancing inclinations of laughter and tears. Statesmen, savants, ecclesiastics, men of letters, millionaires, clerks, shopmen, mechanics, and laborers—among all of them I have met the originals of Dickens.

When Landseer suggested to Lockhart that he should paint his portrait, the reply was made, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" Dickens painted many portraits, and certainly they are all marked distinctly and absolutely by the master's hand; as certainly, too, if we ourselves got into that gallery, we should find ourselves Dickensian and vastly more droll and absurd than we think ourselves to be: he would make dogs of us all. But the portrait would be true—true to the very life, and that touch of buoyant and rejoicing ecstasy which we should vainly seek to censure as exaggeration would be the signal note by which our friends recognized the likeness.

I have mentioned only a few of the odd characters I have encountered in my walk through life. Everybody I have ever met is an oddity, and had I the observation and twist of humor which was Dickens's, all of them should live. Charles Dickens was an artist, the greatest since Shakspere. He was not a psychologist, but neither was he a photographer.

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THE OUTLAW

BY ALFRED NOYES

"*I* banish *you.*"
—*Coriolanus* to the Romans.

DEEP in the greenwood of my heart
Is my abiding-place:
I cloak my soul at feast and mart;
I mask my face.

Outlawed, but not alone, for Truth
Is outlawed, too.
You cannot banish us, proud world:
We banish you.

Go by, go by, with all your din,
Your dust, your greed, your guile,
Your pomp, your gold; you cannot win
From her one smile.

She sings to me in a lonely place,
She takes my trembling hand;
I gaze into her lovely face,
And understand,

Outlawed, but not alone, for Love
Is outlawed, too.
You cannot banish us, proud world:
We banish you.

Now, which is outcast, which alone?
Around us fall and rise
Murmurs of leaf and fern, the moan
Of paradise.

Outlawed? Then hills and glens and streams
Are outlawed, too.
Proud world, from our immortal dreams,
We banish you.

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Drawn by Frederick Gardner

CHARLES DICKENS

"THE MAN WHO CHEERS US ALL UP"

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

Lampson Professor of English Literature in Yale University

ON the last page of one of Mr. Arnold Bennett's realistic romances, two men are discussing the character of the hero, and, as might be expected, from totally different points of view. His jealous enemy petulantly inquires: "What has he ever done? He never did a day's work in his life." To which the other responds, "He is engaged in the great work of cheering us all up."

Such work in the world is sorely needed, and is in truth of enormous importance. When it is successfully accomplished, its reward should be correspondingly great; and when a supreme genius devotes all his powers throughout his entire career to this single aim, the result is of incalculable benefit to humanity. The birth of Charles Dickens in 1812 was one of the best things that happened in the nineteenth century; and if the death of a comedian can eclipse the gaiety of nations, the death of Dickens in 1870 took away the world's chief benefactor. Fortunately, when a great writer dies, he does not cease to live, and the sum of happiness that he bequeaths accumulates at compound interest through all time to come.

Now, the great work in which Dickens was engaged was the work of cheering us all up. For the principal aim of his life was not, like that of Flaubert, to write his language well; nor was it, like that of Stevenson, to protest against one form of fiction by writing another; nor, like that of Jane Austen and Tolstoi, to tell the exact truth about humanity. We may not all agree as to whether Dickens was a realist or a romanticist, as to whether his portraits are accurate or caricatures, as to whether his style was fundamentally good or fundamentally bad; but we are virtually agreed that his novels, from "Pickwick Papers" to "Our Mutual Friend," have been, are, and will be, a prodigious and permanent contribution to the happiness of men, women, and children all over the world. He loved humanity, and I do not suppose there ever was a writer more beloved than he. The supreme glory of being an artist lies in the grateful homage of human hearts. We admire our discoverers, our geographers, our inventors; we pay them the tribute of respect. We realize the value of men who throw bridges across vast chasms, who enable us to talk with friends hundreds of miles away—men who conquer like gods the elements of earth, water, and air. We cannot get along without them any more than we can get along without food and clothing. Even more highly do we value those who dwell day and night in laboratories, spending years in patient search after the spirit of evil represented by a microbe; for the result of their lonely

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toil is that sickness and physical pain are diminished. The anguish departs, the blind see, and the lame walk. Strictly speaking, these scientists are perhaps the most useful members of society. But the first place in our hearts is held not by those who make new machinery or by those who arrest the progress of disease, but by those who in a certain sense are not useful at all. Those who give us ideas rather than facts, those who enrich our imagination and our memory, those who ravish our hearts with harmonies, who thrill us with a rag of canvas and a block of stone, who mist our eyes with mirth and with sympathy by purely imaginary persons in imaginary situations in printed type—those are the ones we love. For although man cannot live without bread, he cannot live by bread alone.

Mr. Kipling has neither affection nor admiration for our country, and we are all keenly aware of the fact, yet when he lay close to death in New York, the bulletins from his bed preceded in importance all other news in every town in the United States, and thousands who had never seen him talked of his illness with a lump in the throat. Some years ago, an enterprising German newspaper sent out a vast number of blanks to be filled in with the names of the ten men whose lives were considered most important to the welfare of Germany. Gerhart Hauptmann stood third on the list, while Koch and Roentgen trailed in the rear.

To realize the true greatness of Dickens, one need only think for a moment what English fiction would be without him. If not the highest, he at all events fills the biggest place. Of the dozen British novelists who hold permanent positions, he would be the last one we could spare. For, looking at him from many points of view, he seems the most original writer of them all. In his characters and in his style, he resembled none of his predecessors. If we lost Scott, we should still have Stevenson, and vice versa; if we lost Fielding, we should still have Thackeray; if we lost Jane Austen, we should still have George Eliot. But if we lost Dickens, to whom should we go? The loss would make a blank appalling to contemplate. Smollett? Put Smollett in Dickens's place, and see what becomes of Smollett. Of all the careless, ill-considered commonplaces of criticism, the statement that Dickens resembles Smollett is one of the most absurd. In nearly all vital things Dickens was the exact opposite of Smollett. Those who say that there is a family likeness between Smollett and Dickens have either never seen Smollett in a strong light or else they have forgotten him. And it is surprising how easy it is to forget Smollett, although he was a man of genius.

I say that in nearly all vital things Dickens is the exact opposite of Smollett. The personality of a writer is the thing that counts, and even the most objective writers cannot as a rule conceal their personality. In fact, the only one I have ever read who has really hidden himself is Shakspere—one of the numerous miracles displayed in his works. The personality of Smollett, his way of thinking, his attitude toward life, and his attitude toward the children of his imagination, are in striking contrast to Dickens. Of all the great British novelists, Smollett is the most *heartless,* while the bigness of Dickens's heart—its great, throbbing love and sympathy—is the most obvious and salient characteristic of his books. The moral attitude of a writer, his grasp of the religious and moral basis of life, is of the highest importance, for out of that flows the stream of his work, and its quality and flavor are largely determined by it. Now, there is no English novelist of high rank whose books betray so little of religion and morality as Smollett's, and none who shows more than Dickens. In "Roderick Random" and in "Peregrine Pickle," God, Christianity, and the future life are as though they were not. The light of humor and the light of intellect are there, but there is positively no spiritual radiance. On the other hand, Dickens was so obsessed by religious and moral forces, that his novels, like those of Dostoyevsky, are really a commentary on the four gospels, and his characters concrete illustrations of ethical ideas, while the whole vast panorama is illumined by the splendor of the other world. Take Christianity and immortality out of Dickens, and his fire straightway becomes ashes. You cannot take these ideas out of Smollett, because he never put them in. I do not of course mean to say that Smollett was an immoral writer. He was not nearly so immoral as

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Sterne, although he was a physician and Sterne a minister of the gospel.

The moral grasp of a novelist is shown most clearly in his attitude toward his characters. Tolstoi said that an artist need not write a book with a moral purpose, least of all with the main object of enforcing some particular truth that might be dear to him; but his attitude toward his own characters should always be absolutely clear. He went on to say that this deficiency—the inability to distinguish between what is right and what is wrong, irrespective of creed—is the most glaring deficiency in the works of Guy de Maupassant. That this brilliant Frenchman originally possessed some moral force is clearly evident in the first and greatest of his novels, "Une vie"; that he ultimately lost it, just as one may lose the sense of hearing or of sight, is equally evident in his later books, like "Notre cœur" and "Fort comme la mort." Now, the attitude of Dickens toward his characters, though sometimes unnecessarily evident, was always correct. It is shown not only in a general, but in a particular and peculiarly charming manner—I mean in the way his characters develop. For some of the best of his characters are not at all fixed types. The *Pickwick* of the earlier chapters is different from the *Pickwick* at the end of the book. And the great beauty of this projection is that *Pickwick* does not change; he develops. He seems at first an object meant primarily to arouse laughter, at times the butt of the company, of the reader, and of the author; but when we finish the last chapter, we realize that *Mr. Pickwick* is a noble-minded gentleman, whom we love, honor, and respect. A remarkable instance of this same method of development in character is seen in the case of *Dick Swiveller*. In the early stages of our acquaintance with this never-to-be-forgotten personage, he impresses us as little more than an idle loafer; but Dickens, looking on this young man, loved him, and raised him to the very heights of chivalry. For, with conditions and circumstances considerably altered, the attitude of *Mr. Richard Swiveller* to the wretched little drudge was as full of noble courtesy as that of *Lohengrin* to *Elsa*.

The mind, heart, and soul of Dickens were ablaze with faith—faith in God and faith in humanity. This is one of the reasons why he succeeded so well in the great work of cheering us all up. Faith was the furnace that warmed every room in the great structures he built. A man without faith may have many excellent qualities, he may be a great artist, or become an immortal writer; but he is not "our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." Dickens, however, had sufficient faith to inspire himself and countless thousands who came within the circle of his influence, for he really believed in ultimate good. Like Browning he

> Never doubted clouds would break;
> Never dreamed, though right were worsted,
> wrong would triumph;

and he naturally wrote his novels from that point of view, for he interpreted the significance of life in just that way. Perhaps the most glaring contrast between the work of Dickens and that of much contemporary literature in 1912 is the presence and absence of the central fire of faith. A large number of brilliantly written novels and dramas in our time betray not merely weariness, gloom, and heart-sickness, but, above all, bewilderment and uncertainty. There is not only no helpful philosophy of life, but there is no philosophy of life at all. Thence comes the depressing *monotony* that hangs over modern Continental literature like a cloud—the monotony of a ship whose steering-gear is broken, driven hither and thither by every gust, and at the mercy of the storm's caprice. This atmosphere of monotonous restlessness is well exhibited in a recent French play, with the significant title, "Les marionettes." The only good character in the drama finally speaks out his mind, expressing as well the sentiments of the spectators: "L'air qu'on y respire est mauvais . . . oui, j'ai besoin de calme, de solitude . . . et je serais heureux surtout d'entendre parler d'autre chose que d'amour."[1]

Dickens's characters are not marionettes, because he was not a marionette himself. His pages are charged with the tremendous vitality of their author's mind. Life was inexpressibly sweet to him, and he had a veritable zest for it. He loved

[1] "The air one breathes there is bad . . . yes, I need quiet and solitude . . . and above all I should be happy to hear of something besides love."

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the streets of London because they were filled with crowds of men, women, and children. His zest for life is shown in the way he describes a frosty winter morning, the pleasant excitement of the departure of a coach, and the naïve delight he takes in the enormous meals his characters devour. He fills the hungry with good things. It would be interesting sometime to write a critical essay on various authors from the strictly culinary point of view. Some novelists never give us anything to eat and drink, others give us too much. The delicate reserve, austerity, and shyness characteristic of Hawthorne both as an artist and as a man appear in a great variety of ways, and appear specifically in the fact that he seldom places his characters about the dinner-table, and when he does, the food lacks both variety and abundance. In Dickens there is a vast amount of beef, mutton, vegetables, pudding, and beer. No sooner do two characters meet on the street, than they adjourn to a restaurant, where every article in the long bill of fair is portrayed with realistic relish. Dickens discusses gravy as a Frenchman discusses love or a pedant an old text. Think of the stupendous meals consumed by Homeric heroes, with their "rage of hunger," and then read the "Faerie Queene," where no meals are served except to one of the seven deadly sins! No dyspeptic should ever read Dickens, for the vicarious diet of the characters might kill him.

Every child in England and America to-day should be grateful to Dickens, for the present happy condition of children is due in no small degree to his unremitting efforts in their behalf. Under the Puritan régime, there was no place for children, while to-day we have gone so far in the other direction that many households revolve about the nursery, and the caprices of the child are carefully studied and gratified by doting parents. This is the golden age for children, and I suppose they are making the most of it, and will continue to do so, while the kindergarten and nature-study take the place of discipline. But in Dickens's boyhood the influence of the Puritan autocracy of maturity had by no means passed away. Our novelist must have suffered continual mortification as a child to write about the bad manners of elders toward children with such mordant bitterness. What he emphasized was not so much the material discomfort constantly suffered by children as the daily insults to their dignity. They were repressed, they were beaten, they were starved; but worse than that, they were treated with a grinning condescension more odious than deliberate insult. Dickens, with all the force of his genius, insisted on the inherent dignity of childhood. I confess I cannot read without squirming those passages in "Great Expectations" where every visitor greeted the small boy by ruffling his hair, and I think most of us can remember without any difficulty and with a flush of joy those extremely rare cases in our own childhood when some grown-up visitor treated us with real, instead of with mock, respect. It is perhaps the final test of a gentleman —his attitude toward children.

Dickens's novels are unequal in value, but, unlike many writers, he had no single great period and no prolonged lack of inspiration. "Pickwick Papers" and "Oliver Twist," which came very early in his career, are great books, but so indubitably are "Great Expectations" and "Our Mutual Friend," which came very late. Indeed, I think, with the single exception of "David Copperfield," "Great Expectations" is his finest work. And yet it followed hard upon the only two novels of his that I cannot abide—"Little Dorrit" and "A Tale of Two Cities." As for "Little Dorrit," it is not too much of a good thing so much as it is too much of a bad thing; and as for the much-praised "Tale of Two Cities," it rings to my ears false from first to last. His genius was not fitted for historical romance, any more than it was for the writing of history, as his "Child's History of England" abundantly demonstrates. Indeed, I think that the "Tale of Two Cities" is as inferior to "David Copperfield" as—to refer to that splendid reincarnation of Dickens in our own day, long life to him!—"An Affair of Dishonor" is to "Joseph Vance." All we can say of these two historical romances is that they are better than most contemporary attempts in the same direction. But of genius we always expect works of genius, which is sometimes very hard on the genius.

Two things constantly said of Dickens seem to me in the last analysis untrue—

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that he was primarily a caricaturist and that he was careless as an artist. A caricaturist is not by nature original: he must have a model; otherwise he cannot work, and the point of his caricature is lost. Now, Dickens was profoundly and in the highest sense an original writer; his creation of character had that originality possessed only by genius. *Sam Weller, Dick Swiveller, Ham, Steerforth, Tom Pinch, Mr. Boffin,* to select out of what an astonishing number and variety! are not caricatures; they are original creations, imperishable additions to our literary acquaintances. And if one really doubts that Dickens was a serious and sincere artist, one should read again that chapter in "David Copperfield" where the profound conviction of his life was expressed, namely, that the one sure road to failure is to belittle one's own calling and efforts, and to take one's chosen work in the world in a flippant or ironical way. I am sure that many readers cannot see those words staring at them from the page without a wave of shame.

Some years ago I organized among my undergraduate students a Faerie Queene Club. The sole requirement for active membership was that the candidate should have read every word of that vast poem. One of the youths, writing an essay on his sensations after concluding his task, said, "The Faerie Queene is so great that it is absurd to attempt to measure its greatness; we can only measure ourselves by it." The remark betrayed healthy modesty and true insight, and the boy who said it has already achieved literary distinction. I am glad to adapt his words to Dickens. He is so great that we can only measure ourselves by him. There are many who fancy they have outgrown Dickens; but I suspect that they would change their minds if only they would read him. Those who think they have outgrown him really need him the most; just as no one needs faith so much as those who have lost it. They need to be cheered up. And Dickens was engaged in the great work of cheering us all up.

WATCH-NIGHT

BY FLORENCE MANVEL SCHAUFFLER

HUSH, for the Year is dying! Symbol not
To me its passing as of some old man,
Decrepit, little worth, outworn, sore spent.
The Year is all a mother, young and fair,
Who dies in giving to the New Year birth.
Behold in full-orbed breast and round, lithe limbs
How much of possible life doth still abound,
Of promise in the soul-wide eyes where will
Yet keeps its dominance, fronting Death's behest.

Hush, for the Year is dying! Bend to count
The last, faint flutters of the heart you loved,
Which once was yours, but is so now no more.
Death hath her body, and Time hath her soul,
And thou? Lo! out of death the New Year lies
On her relaxing arm and chilling breast,
And 'twixt the quiver of the parted lips
Her last breath rises to you, one tense cry,
"Ye men, what will ye do with this, my child?"

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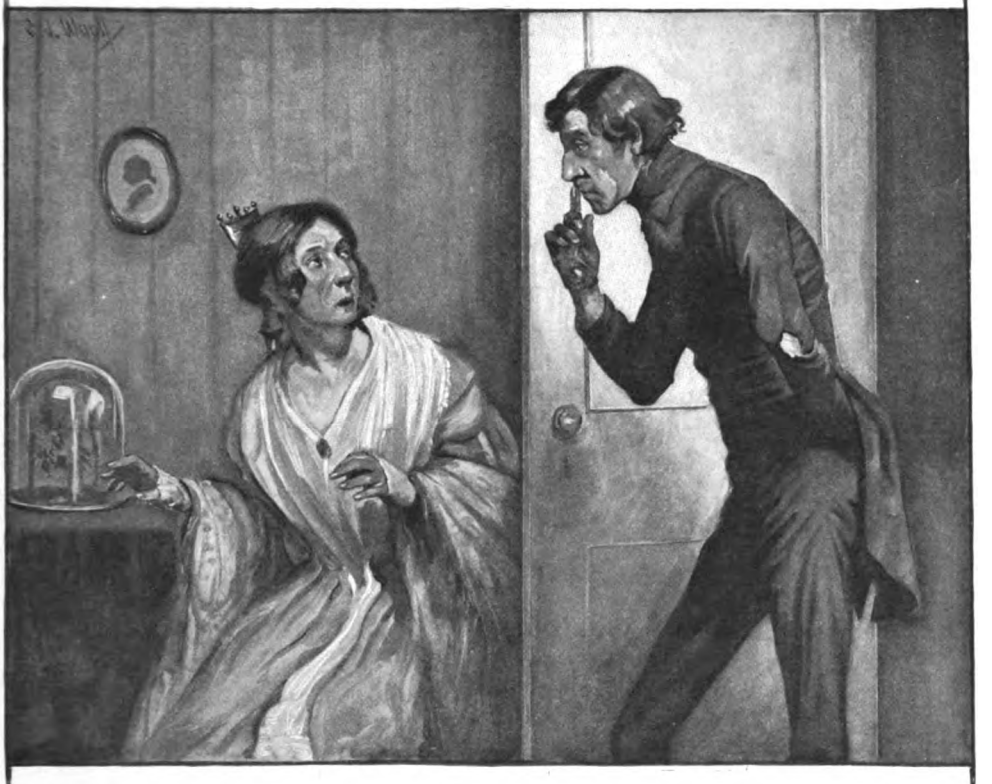
OLD·FRIENDS·FROM DICKENS



FOUR ILLUSTRATIONS
by S·J·WOOLF

1·ALFRED JINGLE·AND·RACHEL WARDLE
2·SAIREY GAMP·AND·BETSY PRIG
3·CAPTAIN CUTTLE·SOL GILLS·AND WALTER GAY
4·DICK SWIVELLER·AND·THE MARCHIONESS

Drawn by S. J. Woolf. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

ALFRED JINGLE AND RACHEL WARDLE

"'Miss Wardle,' said Mr. Jingle, with affected earnestness, 'forgive intrusion—short acquaintance—no time for ceremony—all discovered.'"—"Pickwick Papers."

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Drawn by S. J. Woolf. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

SAIREY GAMP AND BETSY PRIG

"The tea was already made, Mrs. Gamp was not long over the salad, and they were soon at the height of the repast. The temper of both parties was improved, for the time being, by the enjoyment of the table."—"Martin Chuzzlewit."

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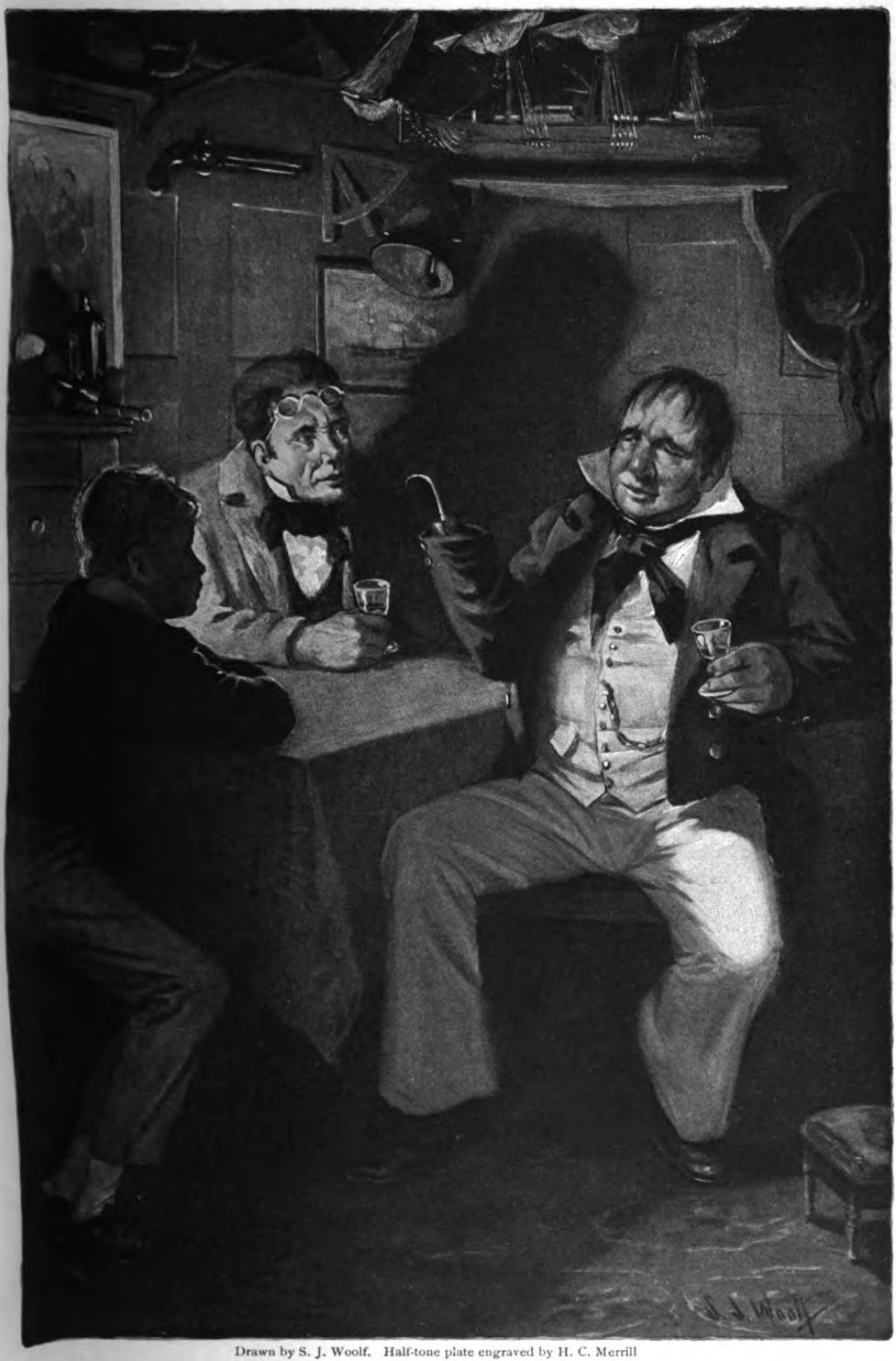

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CAPTAIN CUTTLE, SOL GILLS, AND WALTER GAY

"'Yes, yes,' said Sol, 'a little more. We 'll finish the bottle, to the House, Ned—Walter's house.'"—"Dombey and Son."

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DICK SWIVELLER AND THE MARCHIONESS

"Mr. Swiveller gathered up his knees so as to make a great cone of the bedclothes. But the small servant pausing and holding up her finger, the cone gently disappeared."—"Old Curiosity Shop."

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A GUEST IN SODOM

BY MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

Author of "Jane Field," "The Givers," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY THOMAS FOGARTY

YES that was Benjamin Rice. He has been that way ever since the affair of the automobile. His mind was run over and killed by that machine, if minds can be run over and killed, and sometimes I think they can. I have known Benjamin Rice ever since we were boys together, and he was smart enough, but he never quite got through his head the wickedness of the world he had been born into. He thought everybody else was as good and honest as he was, and when he found out he was mistaken, it was too much for him. His wife feels just as I do about it.

"That automobile was too much for pa," she often says. "Poor pa did n't make a god of his money, but he knew the worth of it, through he and his father before him workin' so hard to get a little laid by, and losin' so much was an awful shock to him; but that was n't the worst of it. Findin' out what an awful wicked place this world he was livin' in was, and what kind of folks there was in it, just broke his heart."

Benjamin's daughter Lizzie says the same thing.

"Yes, that car just broke poor pa's heart," says she. Lizzie calls it car instead of automobile. Sometimes she calls it motor-car. Lizzie has had advantages. Her father did n't spare money where she was concerned. She went to the Means Academy in Rockland, and then her father bought a type-writer for her, and she took lessons. She has n't worked for money yet, and I don't suppose she needs to, but she may, if she don't get married young; for she favors her father's folks, and they don't like to spend and get nothin' back.

I don't know whether it was mostly on Lizzie's account that Benjamin got that car (guess I will call it car, like her; it 's easier) or on his own. For quite a while Benjamin had been sayin' to me sort of mysterious: "One of these days, Billy, I 'm goin' to spend a little money for something extra. I 've never had anything that I could do without, and I would like *one* thing, and I 'm goin' to have it." When he said that, Benjamin would look real decided for him. Take him in the long-run, he was a real meek, mild-spoken kind of man. He was good-lookin' too, with handsome blue eyes, and a high forehead, and a real fair complexion. I always thought Benjamin was n't an appropriate name for him. He ought to have been christened Joseph. He was just the sort to let his brothers chuck him into a pit and take away his coat of many colors, if he owned one.

That makes me think: after Benjamin bought the car, he got a fur coat. I don't know what kind of critter it come from, but Benjamin he looked real funny in it. My wife said she 'd heard of wolves in sheep's clothin', but Benjamin Rice was a sheep in wolves' clothin'. Benjamin's wife did n't have any fur coat,—she wrapped herself up in all the old shawls in the house,—but Lizzie had a real pretty blue coat lined with gray fur.

It is some years ago that Benjamin sold the nine-acre lot and bought the car. He used that money. He sold the land to a real-estate man from the city, and that was where some of the trouble came in. That night Benjamin came to my house and showed me the check he 'd got for the land. He looked real excited. There were red spots on his cheeks, and his blue eyes were shinin'.

"Guess you never saw a check as big

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Drawn by Thomas Fogarty. Half-tone plate engraved by K. C. Collins

"THE CAR ALWAYS HIT HIM A CRACK BEFORE HE COULD GET CLEAR FROM HER"

as that, Billy," says he, and he was right. Big checks have never come in my way, though I 've made a fair livin'. I looked at the check, and then Benjamin put it back in his old wallet real careful.

"Guess what I 'm goin' to spend that for?" says he.

"Guess you 'll put it in Blendon school bonds," says I, laughin', for I could n't imagine Benjamin spendin' that much money except for more money.

Then he just fired the news right at me.

"I 'm goin' to buy an automobile," says he, and then he gives his head a toss, and looked at me as if he thought I might have something to say against it.

"A what?" says I.

"An automobile," says he.

"What for?" says I.

"What folks generally buy 'em for," says he: "to go ridin' round and get a little pleasure out of livin'. Look at here, Billy," says he, "I 'm gettin' on in years, and I ain't never had much except my board and lodgin' for my hard work. Now I 'm goin' to take this money, and I 'm goin' to buy an automobile, and I 'm goin' to have a little fun, and my wife is goin' to, and Lizzie is goin' to before *she* gets old."

"What kind of an automobile are you goin' to buy?" says I, sort of feeble.

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"I am goin' to buy an automobile off the Verity Automobile Advance Company of Landsville, Kentucky," says he.

"Why don't you buy nearer home?" says I.

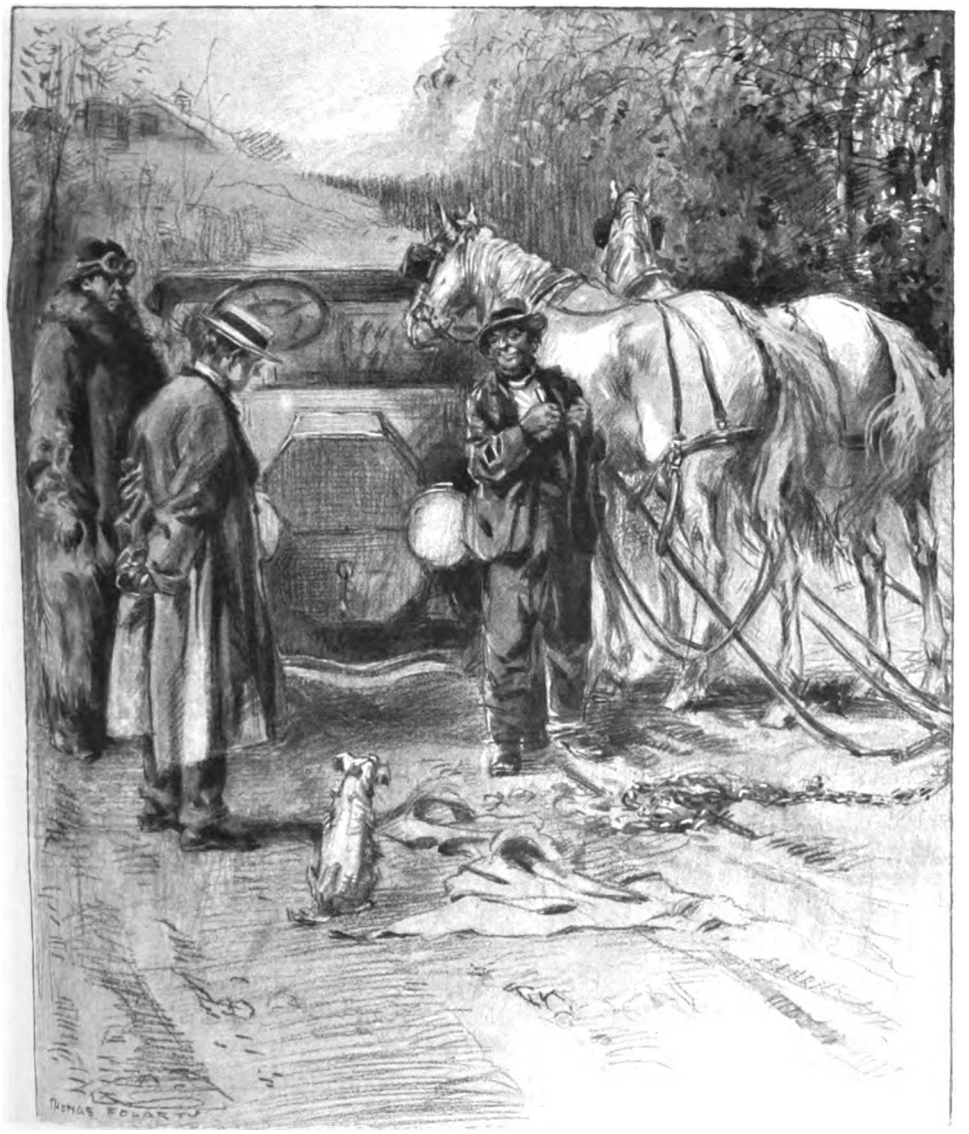
"Sammy Emerson is agent for them automobiles, and he says they are the best to be had for the money, and he knows all about them, and he 's goin' to show me how to run it, and maybe Lizzie can learn, and he 's goin' to keep it in order," says he.

"Have you got a guaranty?" says I.

"Lord! yes," says he; "I 'm dealin' with real square and above-board people. If the first car don't work to suit me, they 'll send me another, and they 'll supply all the parts that get broken for nothin'; but Sammy says nothin' is goin' to get broken. He says that machine is built to last fifty years."

"Well, Sammy Emerson ought to know," says I.

Sammy Emerson we all think is a genius. We should n't be surprised if he



Drawn by Thomas Fogarty. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"I CHIPPED IN AND HELPED HIM PAY A MAN WITH A TEAM"

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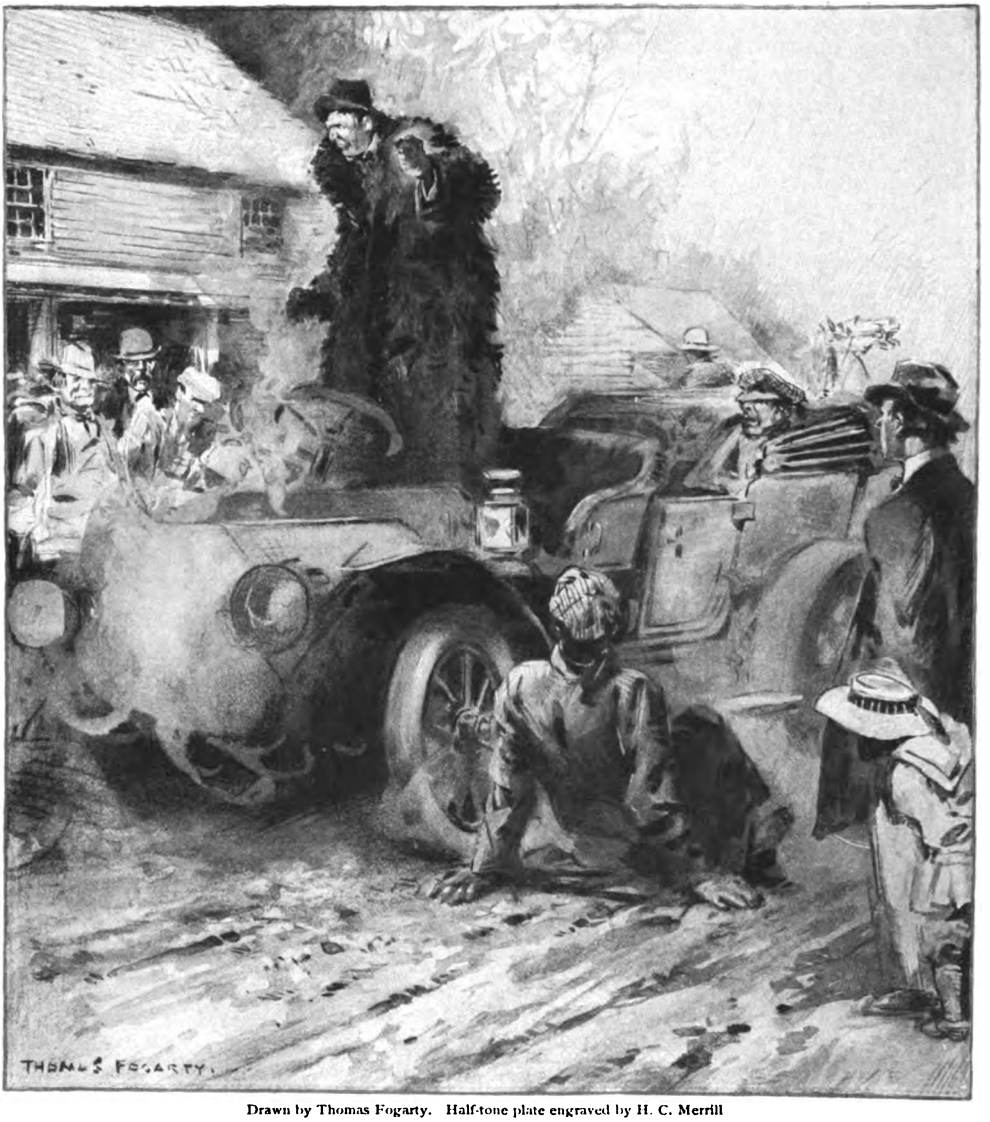

Drawn by Thomas Fogarty. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'I DON'T CARE WHETHER IT 'S THE TRADITIONAL, OR THE TIN DRIVIN'-SHAFT, OR THE TRANSGRESSION THAT 'S BU'ST,' SAYS HE"

did anything. He is a real mechanical genius. We found it out when he stole the works of the Baptist church organ when he was only a boy. That organ began to act queer, and it acted queerer and queerer, and one Sunday Lemuel Jones, the organist, could n't get a solitary squeak out of it, though little Tommy Adkins was blowin' till he almost dropped. Then they found out what the trouble was. The works were gone, and Sammy Emerson had another organ most rigged up in his ma's barn.

There was an awful fuss about it. That organ had to be made over, and all the works carted back from the Emerson barn. Sammy had stolen them piece by piece. He had made a key that would unlock the church door. Mrs. Emerson had to pay a lot of money; for of course it cost, and they would n't let Sammy help set up the organ again, though he offered. But after that we all felt that he was a genius, though we were rather scared. My wife said she did n't know but Sammy would try to steal her sewin'-

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machine and make a flyin'-machine out of it; but Sammy did n't do much harm after that. He just tinkered away, and almost did pretty wonderful things. His ma had money, and she let him have the barn to tinker in, and she let him buy lots of old junk that he thought he could make something of. Sammy had almost made an automobile himself. Everybody thought it would go if he could once get it started; but he never quite fetched the startin'. Then he took the Verity agency. I dare say his ma begun to think he was spendin' too much, and had better try to earn a little to exercise his genius on.

"Well," says I to Benjamin, "I suppose Sammy Emerson knows about it. He ought to."

"Of course he does," says Benjamin. "He says it 's the best car on the market, and there 's millions back of it."

"Who is back of it?" says I.

"The Variable Tea-Kettle Corporation of Vermont," says Benjamin.

"Seems to me rather queer that a tea-kettle concern should take to making automobiles," says I.

Benjamin never got very mad, but he did look a little riled.

"Don't see anything queer about it," says he. "Anybody knows what the observation of boilin' tea-kettles led to, and everybody that has seen one dancin' on the stove at full boil can figure out for himself that if it had wheels and tires it might get somewhere. Accordin' to my way of thinkin'," says he, "a tea-kettle jest naturally leads up to an automobile."

"Does it run by steam?" says I, a little surprised.

"Do you think me and ma and Lizzie is goin' to take any chances of bein' bu'st up by a steam-engine?" says Benjamin. "Of course it runs by gasolene."

"Where be you goin' to get your gasolene?"

"I 'm goin' to buy it in Rockland," says Benjamin.

"You 'll have to cart it."

"Can't I run the automobile over there,—it 's only ten miles,—and have it put in?" says Benjamin. "And I 've cleared out the barn where I kept my hay-wagon and tip-up cart for the automobile."

"What be you goin' to do with those?" I asked.

"Oh, I 've made room in the big barn. I had the carryall and the buggy taken over to Rockland, too, to be sold. No use keepin' them if I have an automobile."

Well, Benjamin went home pretty soon, and I am afraid he was a little disappointed. I tried to act real elated with his scheme and pleased because he said me and my wife and daughter should go to ride in his car, but I was really pretty well taken aback.

Well, it seemed that Benjamin had had his car ordered three months before he told me about it, and it did n't come until the first of September. However, the fall was late that year, and it looked as if he might get a good deal out of it before cold weather set in. Everybody was anxious to see it, and when it came up from the freight-station, Sammy Emerson drivin', —Lord knows how he found out the way; some folks claimed he never took any lessons,—and Benjamin sittin' beside him in his fur coat, although it was an awful' hot day, pretty near all Blendon was out to see. Well, that car came on a Friday,—I remember the day because my wife said it was unlucky,—and they kept it goin' next day, Saturday, and it stayed in the barn Sunday, and Benjamin and his wife and Lizzie walked to church. They had always driven to church, but now they had sold their carryall, and Benjamin thought from the first that it was wicked to go out in the car Sundays.

But Monday mornin' they had it out again, and Benjamin was tryin' to learn to drive, leanin' 'way over, and starin' ahead through his far-sighted glasses. In the afternoon they went out, and Sammy drove real nice and slow, and Benjamin sat 'side of him in his fur coat, and Mrs. Rice and Lizzie were on the back seat. There was room for three, and they stopped to see if my wife or daughter would n't like to go, but both of them was afraid. My wife said she would n't ride on a tea-kettle with Sammy Emerson drivin', and she was sure she would n't ride in an automobile drove by Sammy and backed by a tea-kettle company.

That evening Benjamin came over to see me. He looked real excited and pleased, but sort of scared, too.

"It 's great, Billy," says he; "but I never can crank her." He showed me his hand all bruised. "It 's a knack," says he.

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"You have to let go of her jest so, or she fetches you an awful blow; and, besides, I never was quite right in my side since that pleurisy two year' ago. My side is lame to-night," says he. "Guess I can't ever crank her, Billy."

"How be you goin' to manage?" says I.

"Sammy is goin' to crank her for me, and he says Abel has sense enough for that, he thinks," says he. Abel was Benjamin's hired man, and none too bright.

"I should n't think Abel could do anything that needed a knack," says I.

"Sammy says he can," says Benjamin again, but he did seem kind of sad because he could n't crank it himself. He was just like a baby with a rattle over that car. Well, Abel did learn to crank it, but I don't think he ever could have except he happened to use both hands alike: he was left-handed and right-handed. When one hand was too used up, he could crank with the other; for he never did learn the knack of it, and the car always hit him a crack before he could get clear from her. Then, too, he was n't bright enough to know how lame he was, and say he would n't crank; and, too, the car was n't in shape to run, let alone crank, much of the time.

The trouble began the Tuesday after it came. That evenin' poor Benjamin came down to my house, limpin' and lookin' dreadful cast-down.

"What is the matter?" says I.

"She broke down in Rockland," says he, "and ma and Lizzie had to come home by train, and I walked. It is going to cost so much to keep that car that I must begin to save somewhere. I walked all the way, and my corns are bad, and the bunion on my right foot, and I had n't ought to have come down here to-night, but ma and Lizzie keep askin' me if I think I have got a good car, and I wanted to get away from it. Women mean well, but they don't know when not to talk. Oh, Billy," says poor Benjamin, "I am dreadful' afraid I have n't got a good car, and I have sunk all that money into it! The man over in the automobile place in Rockland says the drivin'-shaft is bent, and he says it is made of tin, when it ought to be steel. Oh, Billy, should you think they would have sold me tin instead of steel?"

Of course I knew better than that. "Could n't have been tin," says I.

"Mighty poor steel, then," says Benjamin, dreadful' mournful. "I 'm afraid I 've thrown my money away, and, worse than that, I 'm afraid there is more wickedness in the world than I 've ever dreamed of. I paid them for good steel, Billy. It don't make much difference whether it is tin or poor steel, anyway; it 's bent, and something else they call the traditional is twisted so it won't work. I 'm afraid it 's a pretty bad business, Billy, and they are goin' to put up twenty little, cheap houses on the nine-acre lot, and ma and Lizzie say only cheap people will live in them, and it will spoil our place. Should you have thought that a man could do such a thing as that, Billy?"

I pitied Benjamin that night, but I agreed with him that he had made a pretty bad bargain, and we were both right.

Once in a while, after Sammy Emerson had done an extra lot of tinkerin', the car would run real nice a day and a half or two days, but she never run over two. I went out in her once, and I was so sorry for Benjamin that I chipped in and helped him pay a man with a team to drag her to Rockland, then we walked home. That settled me. I was glad to have poor Benjamin come and tell me his troubles, but I did n't want to walk home.

Well, things went on from bad to worse. Finally Lizzie Rice wrote a real nice, ladylike letter to the Variable Tea-Kettle Company, and asked for the money back; but they did n't take a mite of notice of it. Then Benjamin got a lawyer to look at the contract, and the lawyer said it was so open that an elephant could walk between every word without jostlin' them. Then Benjamin gave up gettin' righted by the tea-kettle concern, but he was real charitable. He said that he was sure that they made splendid tea-kettles, and all the trouble was in tryin' to apply their tea-kettle rules to automobiles. He said he did n't doubt they meant well.

It was a beautiful fall that year, not a mite of snow and splendid weather up to Christmas. Benjamin and Sammy tinkered and tinkered, and the car would run a little while between tinkerin's, then it would have to be all done over again. And poor Benjamin had to keep sendin' to factories for the parts that got broken or dropped out. Once Benjamin came to my house with a paper bag full of little broken steel things. "I picked them up in

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the barn, Billy," says he; "I don't know what they be."

One evenin' he came to my house and almost cried like a baby.

"Now she has busted her transgression, Billy," says he, "and a new one will cost a lot, and we have to wait an awful time for it, too."

I always suspected that Benjamin must have got some of the names of the parts wrong, but I did n't know. What I did know was that Benjamin, who had never cheated his fellow-men out of a penny, had not been treated likewise. I never knew what was really the matter with the car, and I don't believe anybody else did. Our doctor said it was an instance of congenital malformation, which had a terrible sound, and seemed to me to fit the case exactly.

They tinkered in Sammy Emerson's barn, but they tinkered mostly in Benjamin's, for Sammy had so much junk around there was n't much room. Then two men come from the city, and Benjamin's wife fed them real high, and kept them a week; but though they said they got the car in splendid order, they swore so that Benjamin paid them and sent them off. He said he would n't have such language used over any property of his, even if it was an automobile. But after that he hired a driver from the city. They said he had worked in automobile factories and been to an automobile school, but he only ran the car a week before she gave out entirely. Then he left, and Lizzie she wrote to the Kentucky company, and they wrote right back a real nice letter, and Benjamin was tickled 'most to pieces. He showed the letter to me, and it did read real fair.

"That 's what comes from dealin' with an honest company," says he, for they wrote to ship the car back to Kentucky, and they would send a brand-new one right from the factory.

Well, the car was shipped back to Kentucky, and Benjamin had an awful bill to pay for freight, and after about six weeks the new car came, and he had freight to pay on that, but he was so tickled he did n't complain. That new car run just twice to Rockland and back before she broke down, and the tinkerin' begun again. They took her over to Rockland and had her tinkered there by a man who said he had been born and brought up in an automobile school, but after he was through they were six hours and a half runnin' her home. Then Benjamin and Sammy tinkered again, and finally the cap-climax came. Benjamin Rice had never lost his patience within the memory of man. Folks had always said he was too good to live; but he was tried too far. He and Sammy were out in the car, and they had only got half a mile in an hour, when something went off like a pistol, and the car would n't budge. It was right in front of the store, too, and a lot of folks came runnin'. I was there. Benjamin he just stood up in that car and he damned for the first time in his life.

"I don't care whether it 's the traditional, or the tin drivin'-shaft, or the transgression that 's bu'st," says he—"damn, damn, damn!"

Sammy Emerson he was so scared that he slid out of the car and stood gapin' up at him, and Abel, who had his right hand tied up,—they had taken him along to crank,—sat in the back seat and shook all over. Benjamin went on, and it was something sort of solemn and awful and made you think of the Psalms.

"I am an old man," says he; "never in my whole life have I taken the name of the Lord in vain, but now I am pushed on beyond my strength by the devil and his work. These things"—and he pointed down at the car, which was smoking up in his face—"are the work of the evil one himself. I have lived a decent, honest life, I have never wronged my fellow-man, and now it has come to me in my old age to see evil and have it worked upon me. I have spent for this worthless thing, the work of dishonest hands and dishonest hearts, money which was earned by honest labor in the fear of the Lord."

Then he goes on to tell us something which *did* make us stare. It seemed that Lizzie Rice had lost in the first car a little gold breastpin, and she had found it that very mornin' slipped into a little hole in the linin' of one of the pockets; and Benjamin knew by that that the company had not sent him a new car, but his old one painted up, and I suppose they changed the numbers and things. Folks said they must have, but maybe poor Benjamin never thought about the numbers, any-

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Drawn by Thomas Fogarty. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

"THERE HE SITS IN THAT CAR, THAT WON'T STIR A PEG"

way, and as for Sammy Emerson, he was brighter about mechanics than about some other things, and maybe he never thought either.

Anyway, the point was that Benjamin had his same old car back again, and he knew it. So he keeps on, after tellin' us that. "I will have nothin' more to do with this, so help me God!" says he. "Any man who dares face the father of all lies and tamper with his works can take this automobile and welcome. As for me, I am done with it. I would not sell it for a penny: I should wrong the buyer. I would not give it away: I should wrong the receiver. But I leave it here to be disposed of as any man among you may wish. It is the work of iniquity, which I would have died rather than seen with my old eyes. Oh, if I could have died before I lost my faith in my fellow-men, and seen the wickedness of the world!"

With that Benjamin gets down sort of stiff and majestic, and walks away, and leaves the car starin' at us with its two glassy eyes. But poor Benjamin had not gone far before he began to stagger, and then down he went as if he had been hit on the head. He had a stroke, and they (I was one of them) got him into the storekeeper's wagon, and carried him home, and got the doctor. It was all dreadful. It meant a good deal more than an automobile, as the doctor said. He put it just the way it was. Says he, "that good, simple man has encountered the deadly juggernaut of progress of the times, and has gone down before it."

But Benjamin did n't die, of course, because you just saw him. That automobile stood right there in the road several days while he was so dreadful sick. The horses shied at it, and the women dragged their children past for fear it might start up of its own accord. Then one mornin' comes the doctor, and says that Benjamin had come to himself as much as he ever would, and could speak, though not very plain. "And he wants this confounded rattletrap of a machine," says the doctor,

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glarin' at the car. The doctor never had any use for automobiles, but drove good horses till he quit doctorin'.

So that car was towed back to Benjamin's, and it has set there in his yard ever since. Benjamin's wife and Lizzie made a waterproof cover for the thing in wet weather, and it 's just as good as it ever was, which ain't sayin' much. Lizzie and her mother see to it that it 's kept dusted off and real clean, and they have had it painted once. When the house was painted, there was some paint left over, and they had it put on the car to save it. That 's the reason why it 's white with green stripes. The green was left from the house-blinds. The car was dark blue when it was new.

Well, Benjamin sits in that car every day, dressed up in his fur coat, with his shakin' hand on the wheel, and now and then when he sees anything out on the road he toots the horn. And, though of course it 's a dreadful thing, because he ain't what he used to be, you can't seem to sense it, because, if ever there was a man happy in this world, it 's Benjamin Rice. He just seems to smile on livin', and you saw yourself how fat and rosy he is. There he sits in that car, that won't stir a peg till the day of judgment, and—*he thinks he 's goin' forty miles an hour!*

THE PARTING GUEST

BY EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

WHERE are the good things promised me
By the Old Year that 's dying?
And what care I how ill he be
Who was so given to lying?
A comely youth, he sought my door
And tarried till his locks were hoar;
A fair and foul, capricious guest,
Who swore to give me of his best;
Who pledged himself a true year:
But he was then—the New Year.

Where are the silver and the gold
Ere now should fill my wallet?
What mean these scanty clothes and old,
This attic room and pallet?
The purse he dangled in my view
Betwixt his juggling hands slipped through.
He found me poor, he left me poorer;
But now a richer friend, and surer,
Awaits me—in the New Year.

Where are the poet's bays he said
My dulcet song should gain me?
The wreath that was to crown my head,
Th' applause that should sustain me?
Alack! round other brows than mine
I see the fresh-won laurels twine!
Still, for the music's sake, I sing:
The world may listen yet, and fling
Its garlands—in the New Year.

Where is the one dear face to love
His golden months should bring me,
Whose smile a recompense would prove
For all the ills that sting me?
My heart still beats in loneliness;
There is no darling hand to press:
But, oh, I dream we yet shall meet,
And trust to find her kisses sweet,
And win her—in the New Year!

Where are the works in patience wrought:
The grace to love my neighbor;
The sins left off; the wisdom taught
Of suffering and labor;
The fuller life; the strength to wait;
The equal heart for either fate?
Well may I speed the parting guest,
And take this stranger to my breast!
Be thou indeed a true year,
O fair and welcome New Year!

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Drawn by Charles J. Post

"AT THE TILLER PRESIDED A HUGE TACANA"

ACROSS SOUTH AMERICA

A NARRATIVE OF PERSONAL EXPERIENCE ACROSS THE ANDES TO THE AMAZON

THIRD PAPER: FROM FRONTIER TO FRONTIER THROUGH THE RUBBER COUNTRY

BY CHARLES JOHNSON POST

WITH PICTURES BY THE WRITER

EIGHT hundred miles back, through cañon and mountain torrent, over the giant passes of the inner Andes, lay the Bolivian capital of La Paz, the last civilization from the Pacific shore. Two thousand miles to the eastward from this little frontier nucleus of Rurrenabaque lay the civilization that groped its way westward from the Atlantic, while between were long reaches of desolate rivers and primitive jungle.

The few whites—refugee mostly; two, I knew, had a price on their heads on the other side of the Andes—popped out of their cane-shacks to see me off. Even in these remote parts, where distance is counted in so many days' travel, the long river-trail to the Atlantic is reckoned out of the ordinary. My big canoe would take me only to the Falls of the Madeira, and yet it would be three months before the crew would return to Rurrenabaque on their slow trip against the current. My Rurrenabaque host, a dried-up little Englishman who had packed alone and on foot over the high passes to this interior, and whose reckless nerve will pass into ultimate legend, flapped about in half-slippered feet as he supervised the loading of my baggage on the *batalon* that was sluggishly swinging to its vine moorings in the current. His Cholo wife, with her flaring skirts, high-heeled, fancy shoes, and pink stockings, fluttered amiably about, while a green macaw and its inseparable companion, a big, gaudy blue-and-yellow macaw, crawled affectionately over her shoulders. Such idle Tacanas, Mojos, or Leccos who incautiously and curiously approached were pounced upon by my host, whose reckless Spanish was somehow both intelligible and efficacious. He impressed a little Tacana even to carry my cartridge-belt.

Down on the gravel beach the Tacana crew was gathering. Each had his own paddle, a light, short-handled affair, with

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a round blade scarcely larger than a saucer, and crudely decorated with native forest dyes. The paddle, a plate, a spoon, a little kettle, a short machete, bow and arrows, or perhaps a gaily painted trade-gun and a red flask of feeble powder, constituted his entire equipment for the many weeks on the river. The provisions were stowed; two Tacana girls, still children in years, but brides of two of the boys of the crew, waded out and climbed aboard the canoe; the half-breed threw aboard the little sack of mail; I waded out; the vine moorings were cast off, and with a splashing of paddles and the last clattering farewells we swung out into the Beni's muddy current. The lonely little group of aliens on the beach fired their rifles in salute, I emptied my magazine-rifle in response, and then they turned and plodded slowly back to their cane-shacks.

The sun blazed down on the open canoe, and on each side the heavy jungle dropped to the water's-edge without the ripple of a leaf, and only our progress fanned the air with a thin, hot zephyr. The Tacana brides adjusted themselves to comfortable niches in the cargo, and chattered gaily with the crew. The half-breed and I swung our feet over the tiny deck aft and broiled.

The batalon was a huge, heavy canoe, thirty feet in length, and with a beam of about eight feet, while the bow and stern were blunt, giving the canoe the effect of a pointed scow. At the stern was a rudder with a high rudder-post, and at the tiller presided a huge Tacana upon whose face were traces of the painted stains from some recent celebration. Every plank in the batalon was heavy, hand-sawed mahogany. The cargo was piled high amidships, with the view to its possible use as a breastwork in the event of any encounter with savages, and it was not lashed in place, for there were no more rapids, and the excitement of shooting them was past.

The first day was short, for to make an actual start was most important, and then on succeeding days the daily work from dawn to sunset flowed easily along. We stopped for the night at Alta Marani, where two Englishmen had a little headquarters of their own. They had a fleet of dugout mahogany canoes with which they shot the river between Mapiri and Rurrenabaque. Four canoes were lashed side by side, the cargo was bolted under the decks, so that in principle, independently invented here and by them, they were diminutive whalebacks like those of the Great Lakes, and the gaskets and cargo tarpaulins were of pure rubber. The years of frontier life had browned them like Tacanas; they spoke half a dozen native dialects; barefooted and half

Drawn by Charles J. Post

"THE TACANA BRIDES ADJUSTED THEMSELVES TO COMFORTABLE NICHES IN THE CARGO"

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Drawn by Charles J. Post

"NEVER WAS THERE SUCH AN EXHIBITION IN THE HISTORY OF FIREARMS"

naked, they could run the river or hunt with any Indian; and their toughened skins were indifferent to sand-fleas and mosquitos. One, a mighty hunter, painted his face in ragged streaks, after the manner of the Tacanas when on the hunt. Wild animals, he claimed, seemed to have less fear of him, and in some way he believed it blended the man with the flickering sunlight of the forest.

Half the night, naked to the waist in clouds of mosquitos and insects, they sat talking. The single tiny candle flickered in the cane-walled darkness of their shack; the glittering eyes of the Mojo and Tacana retainers gathered in the doorway to listen to the peculiar noises made by white men in conversation; a tapir wallowed through the jungle across the river; and the occasional wail of a wandering jaguar came to us as we talked—talked for hours of Thackeray, Stevenson, Dickens, Scott. The lives of these men, as they looked at the matter, were filled with trivial routine: romance, character, adventure were the things bound in books. If I would stay, I was promised all kinds of hunting—jaguar, tapir, monkey, wild hog, big snakes, and, as an additional lure, only half a day's march back from the river a brush with the savages! The palm roof of these men was the last that I was to sleep under for many days.

Before dawn the next morning the little camp-fires of the crew sprang up along the bank; the Tacanas shivered in the soft, cool morning air as though it were a biting blast, and then, with the first rays of the rising sun, we waded aboard once more, and were off. Well into the forenoon the Tacanas suddenly stopped paddling. "Capibara, patrón!" they whispered excitedly. On the bank, not forty yards away, stood the capibara, an amphibious, overgrown, long-legged guinea-pig sort of creature, which blinked at us with startled eyes. From the steady platform of the drifting canoe I fired, and missed. The second shot also missed. In brief, I emptied the magazine-rifle while the capibara darted about in a panic, attempting to climb the steep bank. The bullets spurted dirt above, behind, below, and before him. The ninth shot at last laid him out dead. Never was there such an exhibition in the history of firearms. The crew in the meantime had unlimbered their shot-guns and arrows, and were also pouring in a heavy fire, and with equally unsuccessful results: it sounded like a fair-sized skirmish. At noon, when we tied up to the bank, the crew quietly departed into the jungle for game while I was busy; they would take no further chances with the larder with me along.

As we tied up the next day, I saw the crew quietly sneaking their bows and arrows and feeble shot-guns out of the bata-

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lon. I stopped them, and, buckling on my cartridge-belt, prepared to go along. We all went, though it was a very hopeless party of Tacanas; but my luck had turned. Not a hundred yards from the bank we ran into a troop of six big, black spider-monkeys, and I got the entire troop, and only one needed a second shot. It was pure luck, for shooting these monkeys is virtually wing-shooting with a rifle. They dash over their arboreal paths faster than a Tacana can follow them on the ground; and one's only chance is when they pause to swing from one branch to the next. Never again was I able to approach the record of that morning, but after that the Tacanas always left their own weapons in the batalon when we hunted for the larder. They could pick up game-signs as they paddled, and read the indications of animal life as though it were writ large in the silent forests. When we went ashore, they would string out in a long, silent line of skirmishers, and presently there would come the grunting coo of a monkey, the scream of a parrot, or some long-drawn animal-call. The big Tacana helmsman, who kept near me, would say, "There are three spider-monkeys over there, patrón," or perhaps a red roarer monkey, whose bellowing love-song at sunrise and sunset carries through the still air for miles. Always it was as the Tacana said. The line of Tacanas could fairly talk with one another in an animal language that did not alarm the forest, and would deceive any but a Tacana ear.

Sometimes there would be a wild hog, sometimes wild turkey, or a big, black bird very much larger and more delicious in flavor; but it was the monkey that was the standard diet for many days. With seventeen able-bodied appetites in the outfit, the noon hunt was a necessity, and monkey the most accessible game. If there ever seemed to be a trifle too much, the Tacana crew would rouse themselves during the night and have additional feasts, until by dawn the supply was gone. On sand-bars they would forage for turtle-eggs, and every day they usually collected a bushel or two of these. But it was monkey that furnished them with the greatest delicacy and the keenest pleasure in the hunt.

Though monkey-shooting was necessary and there was for the moment the thrill of skilful shooting, yet the element of pathos dominated.

A clean shot stirs no thought, but to wound first, as must happen in many cases, gives a queer little clutch at the heartstrings that can never be shaken off. The little monkey, the frightened, hopeless agony of death stamped on its tiny, grotesque features, dabbles aimlessly with little twigs and leaves, stuffing them at the wound; sometimes it feebly tries to get back among the branches that make his world, and, as you approach, there is never any savage, snarling stand where he meets extinction with the cornered heroism that seems for the moment to balance the scene. Instead, he pleads with failing gestures of forlorn propitiation, and with hoarse, cooing little noises, for the respite that would be far less merciful than the *coup de grâce*.

For the daily hunt the canoe was moored where the jungle met the river, but every evening at early sunset the camp was made at the edge of some broad, sandy *playa* as far from the forest as possible. Long before camping the Tacanas had kept a shrewd lookout for recent signs of savages, and after chattering among themselves would indicate a playa that seemed proper and secure. The savages, primitive and nomadic, scarcely more than animals, offer no menace by daylight, but in the darkness find their opportunity. With instinctive adroitness they can crawl through the jungle without a sound and be in the midst of a camp before it is awakened; but in the open spaces they are timid. They will line up fifty yards away and

Drawn by Charles J. Post

"BUT IT WAS MONKEY THAT FURNISHED THEM WITH THE GREATEST DELICACY"

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Drawn by Charles J. Post

"OFTEN WE PASSED A SHELTER OF PALM-LEAVES"

open with an ineffective volley of screeches and arrows.

Secure in this custom, the Tacanas set no watch, and we all slept peacefully, depending on any savages that might come to furnish the alarm for their own attack. Though signs of them were all about, we were never molested. Often we passed a shelter of palm-leaves by the shore that had been used by some party that had come down to the river to fish; for only in the interior and on the smaller and absolutely virgin rivers and tributaries did they have their headquarters. Sometimes there would be a tiny dugout against the bank, and their camp-fire would send up a thin, blue column of smoke against the purple jungle shadows. The Tacana helmsmen would throw the canoe beyond arrow-range, while the crew would cease paddling and call "Ai-i! ai-i!" across the river, the recognized call of amity. Sometimes there would be the glimpse of a timid, naked figure darting from one shadow to the next, a head peeping from behind a tree, and perhaps a wailing "Ai-i! ai-i!" in response, but rarely more.

Once we came upon a little party working their way in a dugout against the current under the bank. The Tacanas looked to their arrows and put fresh percussion-caps on their shot-guns; but the instant the savages spied us they scuttled up the bank and remained in its shadows till we drifted past.

Day after day passed in the slow monotony of routine. The low, flat country never varied; the hot, brazen glare of the Beni's muddy current rambled in a twisted, aimless course ever to the eastward. Always at the dawn the *viscocha,* or hard biscuit, was soaked to edibility in hot tea, and then we started in the soft, cool stirring of early sunrise. Slowly the cool breeze disappeared, the chatter of the parrots died away, the water-fowl alined themselves in motionless, drying groups, incurious and fearless as we paddled past their sand-bars, and, like the opening door of a furnace, there came the fierce heat of the tropic day. The muddy river gave no hint of its depth or channel, and sometimes the canoe would run aground and the Tacanas would tumble overboard, laughing and splashing, to ease her off and then line out, with wide intervals, as skirmishers, to locate a channel that would pass us through the maze of submerged sand-bars. Not a thought was given to the alligators that infested the river, and the Tacana who located the channel would swim carelessly about with huge enjoyment.

Sometimes after dark the Tacanas would paint their faces in streaks with the berries foraged at noon, and grimace and hop about the glowing embers of the fire with shrieks of joy. Any odd grimace or ridiculous streaking caused a riotous outburst, for their minds were as simple as infants. Once—and it gave them delirious pleasure for a whole night—they set fire to an island of *charo,* the cane from which the

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walls of their shacks are made, and all through the darkness it crackled and burst in little explosions, as though a nervous picket-line were protecting our flank.

Slowly the days passed, and it was with the most cheerful emotions that we at last picked up the first signs of the frontier toward which we were working. It was only the shack of a lonely rubber-picker, and the poorly made hut was bare to the verge of destitution. Near by there was an uncultivated patch of rice, corn, yuccas, bananas, and some tobacco-plants. Under the cane bunk was a pair of primitive rubber shoes, made of the pure rubber mixed with a little gunpowder, and smoked on a block of wood roughly hewn to the shape of a foot. I often saw these curious rubber shoes, which apparently can serve no purpose with their callous-footed wearers except that of stylish ornament. In one corner were a few brown *bolachos* of rubber, which would be valued at twelve or fifteen hundred dollars in the market, but for which the picker would receive from his patrón not enough to free him from debt for his past and future supplies, meager as they are.

As we tied up to the bank, he and a boy helper had just gathered the rubber sap, and were busy smoking it. A huge tin basin was half full of a white fluid that looked for all the world like a rather chalky milk; before it, in a little pit, was a tin arrangement something like a milk-can with an open top out of which poured a thin, blue, hot smoke; and above the pit was a frame on which rested a round stick that held a globular mass of yellowish rubber previously smoked and cured. The round stick was rolled over the basin, a cupful of new rubber was ladled over the mass as it was rolled back into the smoke, and there held and manipulated until the whole surface was thoroughly smoked. In the thin, blue smoke it at once turned a pale yellow. Layer by layer the bolacho is built up with each day's gathering of sap, and months after, when it is cut open and graded, the history may be read in the successive layers: this day's sap was gathered in the rain, the paler, sourer color showing that water had trickled down the bark and into the little cups; the dirt and tiny chips show that this day was windy; and there, in the darker oxidization of the layer, is revealed the fact of a Sunday, a *fiesta,* or a drunken rest before the succeeding layer was added.

As the batalon of the patrón makes its trip for collection, sometimes nothing will be found but a gummy residue of burned rubber, a rectangle of black ashes where the hut had been, and near by the broken and mutilated remains of the picker; for the feeble trade-gun is only one degree better than the enemies with which the rubber-picker has to contend. In such an event the patrón curses the savages and, when these losses become too frequent, may return on a punitive expedition; for labor is scarce in these remote districts, and the loss is economic, not sentimental.

Farther down the river is the *barraca* of the patrón, a large clearing in the forest back from the bank of the river. Here survives feudalism, and justice is administered according to the rough standards of his submissive domain. Somewhere you will find the stocks, with the rows of leg-holes meeting in a pair of great mahogany beams. A pile of chain-and-bar leg-irons lie in a near-by corner, and a twisted bull whip hangs from the thatch above. In an open, unguarded shed beyond was piled thirty thousand dollars' worth of

Drawn by Charles J. Post

"IT WAS ONLY THE SHACK OF A LONELY RUBBER-PICKER"

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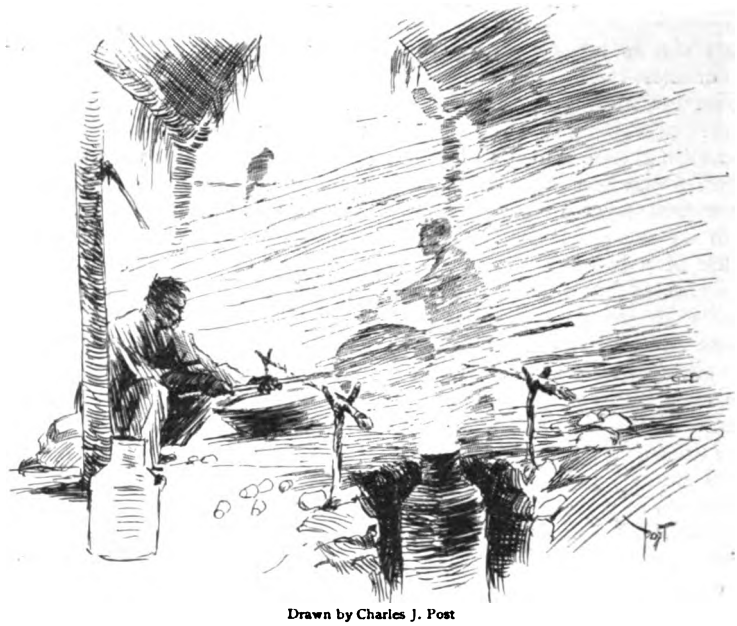

Drawn by Charles J. Post

"IN THE THIN, BLUE SMOKE IT AT ONCE TURNED A PALE YELLOW"

rubber,—it is only a fraction of the crop, —awaiting shipment, and in the early moonlight we sat with the patrón himself, a barefooted, cotton-dressed overlord who was scarcely distinguishable from his own debt-slaves. And he, in his turn, was in almost hopeless debt to the commission-houses, who hold him by their yearly advances in trade.

Vigilance was now no longer needed in choosing a camp, and every night the Tacanas carried our outfit up the bank, where we slept serenely in a rubber-shed. Coffee reappeared, and the Indian wife of the picker or patrón served it at once on our arrival, and then rolled cigarettes from home-grown tobacco. Rubber was the talk—rubber and savages. There was no outside world, and I was a curiosity. The Brazilian boundary was yet a month's journey with the current to the east, and Rurrenabaque, against the stream, was six weeks of hard travel to the westward. To them La Paz was a vague name, the metropolis of the world, perhaps, if their primitive existence has ever stirred with the idea of a metropolis. Money, real money, was useless. Never had a gold coin looked so feeble and futile as on this river, where merchandise was needed. When I bought a big rubber sheet and a rubber bag, and paid a box of cartridges, a package of pencils, and a fountain-pen such as are peddled on the streets of New York, I was supposed to have the worst of the bargain.

One night we made no camp at sunset, but steadily paddled on in the darkness; for the journey was nearly over for the Tacanas, and their paddles dipped in happy, eager rhythm. Then the canoe was beached under what, in the dim starlight, appeared to be a cliff; the crew carried the cargo up the high bank, and there, in scattered groups of twinkling lights, spread the settlement of Riba Alta. It is purely a trading-center where the big rubber houses have their headquarters in widely scattered, high-fenced compounds. There is a church of mud, with a tiny bell; a small detail of Bolivian soldiers and their officer, who, wonderful to relate, speaks English; there are enormous warehouses stacked with goods at startling prices, with French, German, and English clerks who can chatter with the natives in half a score of primitive dialects. It is as isolated as a Hudson Bay post of a century ago.

From Riba Alta the Beni becomes the Madeira River, and a day's journey beyond Riba Alta are the first of the Falls of the Madeira. There are fourteen of them scattered along the river for two hundred or three hundred miles, and ordi-

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narily only two can be run, the others being weary portages, and twelve portages with a heavy mahogany canoe is no light, frivolous trip.

The last canoe that had come up over the falls reported that a steamer from Manaos would arrive and leave the village of San Antonio, at the foot of the last falls, in less than a fortnight, and every effort must be strained in order to make it. If I missed that, there would be six long weeks in that unkempt Brazilian village before the next transport from civilization would arrive.

A German rubber-trader in Riba Alta was fortunately leaving for Europe, and we were able to join forces. He hunted up a little canoe about fifteen feet long, but with a disproportionately wide beam that made it look like a coracle. It was as heavy as a scow, and we stowed a block and tackle to drag it over the portages. We needed four paddlers and a pilot, for speed and safety cannot be secured without a pilot, and the crew had to be rationed for a six-weeks' trip, down and back, while the persistent rumors of savages made a rifle and cartridges a necessity for their return. The traders in the settlement regarded it as hazardous for us to attempt the trip over the falls with so small a party, but my German friend felt that in the speed with which we could pass each cataract with a light boat there was security, and the crew were indifferent, or confident in the presence of white patróns, and so we started.

In Riba Alta there were two young savages that had been captured in a recent raid up one of the tributary rivers. One was an Araona, and the other was a Maropa. Reared in the dim twilight of the jungles, their eyes were unaccustomed to the brilliant tropic light of the open, and since their capture they would hide in the houses by day and venture forth only in the evening. Their skins were rough and calloused from the jungle growths, and clothing was a delightful novelty, though only a toy. They would array themselves in any garments they could for short play-spells, and then discard them and step blissfully forth in their comfortable nothing. The tribes of this part of South America are among the most primitive in the world. Though they had no knotted muscular development, and were slender, each of these savage children already possessed the strength of a man, and in their aimless play could shift boulders that would tax the strength of a Lecco or Tacana. They could scale any one of the branchless trees in the compound like a monkey, and with as little apparent effort. Sometimes, when they were not watched too closely, they would use bow and arrow

Drawn by Charles J. Post

"JUSTICE IS ADMINISTERED ACCORDING TO THE ROUGH STANDARDS OF HIS SUBMISSIVE DOMAIN"

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Drawn by Charles J. Post

DRAGGING A BATALON AROUND A PORTAGE OF THE MADEIRA FALLS

with native skill: like a flash the arrow would be loosed and a lizard would be split as it ran, or a fleeing chicken be skewered. I was told that after a savage child is captured, the greatest care must at first be used in feeding it, as it is totally unaccustomed to salt, and even the slight amount used in bread has a poisonous effect upon it.

Our first day was unlucky. The heavy canoe, with scarce eight inches of freeboard, was swept on a snag that started one of the planks. The inner bark of a tree that is used for calking, and which is always carried for such emergencies, could not keep the water down, and we were forced to beach the canoe for repairs. That night we had to camp on a sandbar, and it was not until the next day that we made the first of the falls—the Falls of Esperanza.

It is not a cataract like Niagara, but a gorge or a series of little cañons channeled through mountains of buried rock lying at right angles to the course of the river. The series of the Falls of Madeira seem to be all of this character—parallel mountain-chains of rock at irregular distances from one another, which come near enough to the surface to act as dams until the ages of insistent current have worn their narrow channels. In high water the rock is often entirely covered, and nothing shows but the shift and coil of great eddies and whirlpools to mark the choked gorges beneath. Each main cataract is guarded by a smaller one above and a second one below, often quite as dangerous, and making an average of twenty portages necessary.

In three days we reached Villa Bella, a tiny settlement on the peninsula formed by the Mamoré River joining the Madeira. In this little wilderness town, a sort of half-way house between Riba Alta and San Antonio, the few streets are already laid out with rectangular primness, each house is compelled to keep a light burning outside until the late hour of 9 P.M., and there is a street-cleaning department of one, whose duty includes keeping the weeds out of the streets. There are also rudimentary sidewalks.

The night of our arrival there was a dance given in the cane-walled house that combined the functions of club, café, billiard-room, and hotel. The sole music was by an accordion, and stately, shuffling, swaying dancers simpered and coquetted and performed all the polite manœuvers to its jerky rhythm, while the dust rose from the corrugated floor of split palm-logs, and the smoking kerosene lamps and tallow candles battled and triumphed over the soft evening atmosphere. Every chink and crevice and window held its glittering, enraptured Indian eye, and even the élite caught their breath at the reckless

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pop of warm imitation champagne at ten dollars a bottle. Truly it was a grand affair. Ice for the champagne had been hoped for, and the gentleman who owned an ice-machine, as he fondly believed, showed it to me and asked my assistance in operating it. Naïvely he had bought an ice-cream freezer, but so far it had proved obdurate to his labor, and had brought forth no ice.

We exchanged our leaking canoe for a sound one, a trifle larger, and pushed on. A few hours below were the Falls of the Madeira proper—a minor one of the series. The guarding little rapids at the head we ran, while a short portage brought us into the clear river again. Three big canoes were running their cargo of rubber through the gorges at the side of the cataract. The bolachos of rubber were threaded on long ropes, like a string of beads; one of the crew would take the end of the rope in his teeth, and, swimming or wading, guide it through the eddies near shore. Often he would have to let go, and with a rush it would be sucked into the cataract like a long, knobbed, water-snake, while others of the crew would swim out and recover it below.

At this cataract the lightened canoes themselves could be run through, and the whole of three crews would be concentrated in one for the passage. Out into the eddies it would sweep with thirty paddles straining over the high freeboard, giving it, in the distance, the appearance of some huge and absurd water-bug. Six weeks it would be before they would land in San Antonio, and then two, perhaps three, months more with their cargo of merchandise working back against the river. With the killing work in the blazing sun, swimming or portaging from the crack of dawn until dark, and a palm mat thrown on the sand-bar at night, it is small wonder that rarely a crew comes back from a trip with its full roster. Even their rugged, animal physique is not proof against the continuous exposure and hardship. In addition, there are the savages. One expedition is still talked of where out of three boat-crews that started, only three men returned.

Slowly cataract after cataract was passed—Madeira, Misericordia, Riberon, —with three long portages that consumed a day and a half,—Araras, Tres Hermanos, Perdonera, Paredon, Calderon de Infierno ("Kettle of Hell"), Geraos, and Teotonio, two cataracts that challenged comparison with the rapids below Niagara, though shorter.

Reports of newly discovered rubber forests had come in, and we knew at the mouth of that river there would be company in the night's camp and the pleasant interchange of rumor. So we made no camp at sunset, though the crew murmured. We literally felt our way through the darkness close by the high bank, while the paddles slipped through the water with

Drawn by Charles J. Post

"THE BOLACHOS OF RUBBER WERE THREADED ON LONG ROPES"

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scarcely an audible drip. The little animals of the night scuttled on the bank, and out of the darkness would gleam tiny, scared eyes. Suddenly from near the bow came the heavy slap of a tongue upon the current not a paddle's length away. An Indian dashed a paddleful of water at the sound, and with a startled crash against the brush there was a heavy leap to the bank above, and there came the low, rippling snarl of a jaguar and the sound of scattering leaves as its angry tail whipped the undergrowth. With cocked rifles we waited for the gleam of eyeballs,—to have fired without that much chance would have made the spring certain,—and motionless the crew let the canoe drift past. It seemed an age!

An hour more, and we came to the mouth of the little tributary. A dozen boats were moored along the narrow beach vaguely outlined in the camp-fires along the bank, and back of them were the rough huts that a Brazilian had already erected at this point. Here and there the feasting crews were gorging themselves on monkey and half-burned strips of tapir, while a tin can of alcohol and a gourd dipper were free to all. A short distance up the river the savages had appeared that morning, and one of their men lay dead back in the jungle, while another was in one of the huts with an arrow-hole through his breast. And in the main shack a few rods off was a woman, white, pure Brazilian, who spoke in the low, soft modulations of a far-off civilization, and who, by any of the standards of all the ages, was a beauty. She wore the simple, single garment of the frontier, with an undergarment, her black hair was coiled in a flowing mass that curved low over her forehead, and over one ear was the brilliant blossom of some jungle-flower. She was playing on a guitar, swinging with white, slender bare feet in an elaborate hammock against a background of rubber-traders, native adventurers, and half-breeds, where the smoking candles dimly outlined their rifles and belted cartridges. A drunken, half-savage woman, her maid probably, whined a maudlin gibberish, and over all rose the pungent smell of rubber from the bolachos piled in the farther shadows of the hut. It was like the touch of fantastic fiction.

At the cataract of Geraos a Brazilian rubber-trader was trying to portage his batalon and cargo with a half-mutinous, lazy crew of Brazilian negroes. A couple of the crew would work shiftlessly while the rest dozed in the shade; it was the last hard portage, and we offered the Brazilian our block and tackle if his crew would help us.

"Look at them!" he said hopelessly. "Talk to the head-man. If they will do it, I shall be glad. Two days have they loafed like this, and it will be two days more," he swore fluently in Portuguese. "If I beat them or shoot one, they will have me put in jail in San Antonio. I am losing money, but it is better than jail." Obviously we were nearing civilization: up-river no lazy mutiny was possible against a white man with a rifle.

The head-man refused surlily unless we would stop and loan *them* our crew.

One of the idling crew—it was not a strike; they were just tired and wanted a rest—sauntered over to me. He was a powerful negro, with the smooth, supple muscles rippling under a skin of oiled coal. He was a man without a language, although he could be barely intelligible in three.

"Me 'Melican, bahs, *tambien.*" He thumped his naked bosom like a war-drum, but he was friendly; to his mind we were two fellow-Americans greeting in an out-of-the-way place. He pointed to his companion: "Him B'itish, ho, yaas." Then, like a chieftain chanting, he recounted their voyage on the river: "Ribber him belly bad. *Muchas* wark—belly ha'd. Me bahs him belly ha'd; go far topside ribber. Me seeck; you got him li'ly rum, *cañassa?* Wanee catchem li'ly d'ink." And his B'itish confrère added also a pleading for a "li'ly d'ink."

But the cataract of Geraos is one of the finest of the whole system. The buried mountain system of rock lies open to the sky; it has been channeled in deep cañons, above which the waves are lifted in angry fangs. Their roar carries through the jungle on each side like the steady thunder of a storm: whole trees that have lazily swept down-stream are caught in the clutch of the great cañon, and are tossed high above the cañon walls as though they were only straws caught in a thresher.

At the Falls of Teotonio we paddled up to the very brink of the cataract and

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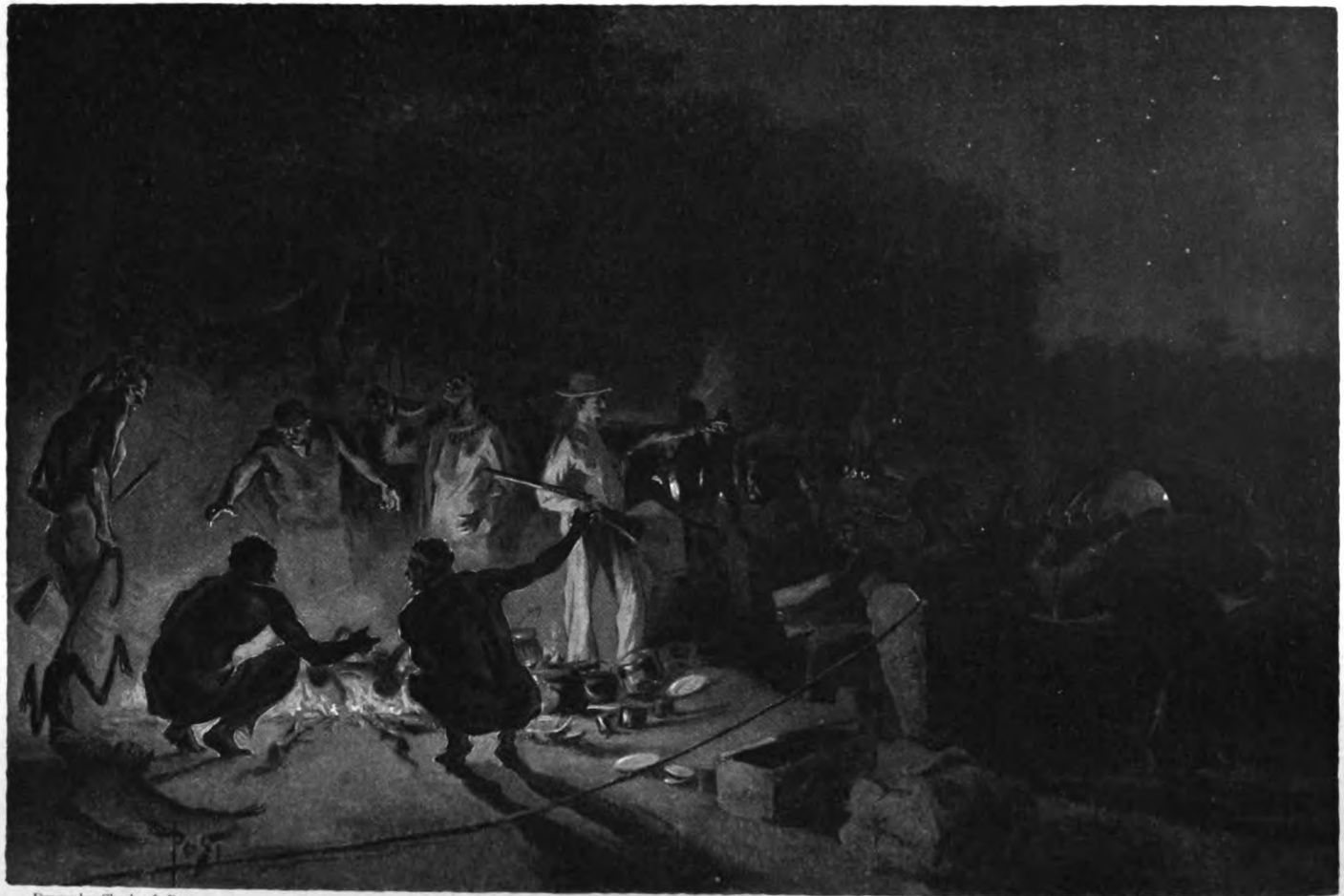

Drawn by Charles J. Post

RUBBER EXPLORERS CAMPING AT THE MOUTH OF THE ALUMA RIVER

Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

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beached snugly in a little eddy at the side. Here a broken-down contractor's railway made the portage an easy matter, even though it was done in one of the hardest tropical rain-storms that I have ever seen. The lightning and the thunder were continuous, and the rain drove in a steady, blinding sheet, like the deluge from a titanic nozle.

The little news that came up from San Antonio drove us to greater haste to catch the steamer: the steamer was there, stuck on a mud-bank; it had gone; it was coming. Every uncertain rumor added to our haste and desire. We had not stopped to hunt, and supplies were running low, and it was necessary to keep the crew well fed for their hard and steady work.

We had expected to portage about the Falls of San Antonio, but as we scanned the distance below, there, against the brilliant green of the forest, was the rusty funnel of the river steamer, with a slender, wispy feather of steam rising beside it. Steam was already up, and how much time had we to portage? If we portaged, it might mean six long weeks of dreary waiting in a frontier village that had none too pleasant a reputation. Should we run the rapids? The pilot shook his head doubtfully, but said he would try. As we paddled along in the swifter current it did not look bad—a few curling waves crested with spray and then long, oily stretches of coiling, boiling water. It seemed possible, and it was worth the chance. We would try, and the pilot swung the canoe for the crested wave and the channel.

We threw off our shoes, unbuckled our belts, and stripped, to be ready to swim in an emergency. We emptied our rifles and revolvers in a fusillade, hoping to attract the steamer's attention and hold it, but no answering whistle came back. An instant later we struck the long plunge down the glassy slope of water at the entrance to the rapids, and a foaming cataract burst over the bow, drenching us with spray. Then came the slower strain and wrestle with boiling waters that burst upward from below, while the crew paddled like mad, with the pilot braced in his cramped quarters aft and chattering at them for still greater effort. The boiling water threw us broadside on, and the whirlpools caught us in a grip that the frantic paddling could not seem to break. It seemed as though we were standing still in the turmoil, and yet a glance at the rocky, boulder-strewn sides showed that they were shooting past like a train. Broadside on we darted for a second glassy slope of water, and only in the last moment did the canoe swing round so as to take it bow on, while the wave that broke over us half filled the canoe. Had we been heavily loaded, we would have had our swim. It was the last of the rapids, and a second later we drifted out into the calm current, where before us loomed the high decks of the river steamer. We could have made a portage without risk, and with ample time, for she did not leave until the next day.

With San Antonio village fading behind us in the soft, blue distance of the tropic morning, civilization began slowly to reconstruct itself, though still side by side with the most primitive. And then, at last there comes a day when, early in the dawn, we swing steadily out of the great mouth of the Madeira River and into the greater waters of the Amazon, hugging the shore. In Manaos, still almost a thousand miles from the Atlantic, there is civilization at last: trolleys, electric lights, little cafés, a theater, and gay shops. La Paz seems half the world away; for it had been three months and twenty-two days since I climbed the long trail to the high plateau above that Bolivian capital.

THE END

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Owned by Mr. Henry C. Frick

LADY PEEL. BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF MASTERPIECES IN AMERICAN GALLERIES—VII)

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TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF MASTERPIECES IN AMERICAN GALLERIES

LADY PEEL

BY

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE

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THE PROPOSED LINCOLN MEMORIAL

BY LEILA MECHLIN

INCLUDING PICTURES OF A DESIGN BY HENRY BACON FOR A BUILDING ON THE SITE RECOMMENDED BY THE COMMISSION OF FINE ARTS, IN POTOMAC PARK

AT last a great national memorial is to be erected at Washington to commemorate the life and character of Abraham Lincoln. For this memorial, Congress has authorized an expenditure of two million dollars, the largest amount ever appropriated for a similar purpose, and there is reason to believe that when it is completed it will satisfy not only the popular ideal, which demands grandeur and beauty, but also the more instructed taste of those who require of such a memorial peculiar fitness and who realize the obligation to make it in every respect worthy alike of the nation and the man.

Monument-building is hazardous work, for it is neither for to-day nor for to-morrow, but for all time. Blunders made in stone and bronze are almost ineradicable, and in defiance of the stern hand of time stand as mute witnesses of the folly or stupidity of their builders. We have not always been happy in our choice of memorials. Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie once said, referring to the memorials to our military heroes in Washington, it was to be hoped that future generations would realize that they were erected through ignorance, and not in malice. But we are learning, in fact, might almost be said to have learned. In selecting the site as well as the design for the proposed Lincoln Memorial, Congress, through a specially appointed commission, has sought the best of expert advice.

Ten years ago, when the Park Commission, composed of Daniel H. Burnham, Charles F. McKim, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, and Frederick Law Olmsted, Jr., reported to a special committee of the United States Senate a plan for the improvement and development of the park system of Washington, a site was designated for a memorial to Lincoln, the erection of which in the near future was then taken as a matter of course. This site was near the shore of the Potomac River, in what is now known as Potomac Park, on the axis of the Capitol and the Washington Monument, and near the approach to the proposed memorial bridge directly connecting the City of Washington with Arlington. This choice has found favor with experts of the highest standing all over the world. By the American Institute of Architects and its several chapters, the American Federation of Arts, and other leading art societies, and by persons peculiarly qualified to judge, it has been enthusiastically indorsed.

Among those who specially favored this location was the late John Hay, one of Lincoln's secretaries and biographers, whose taste and culture, as well as statesmanship, are no less well known than esteemed. Referring to the plan of the Park Commission, he said:

As I understand it, the place of honor is on the main axis of the plan. Lincoln of all Americans next to Washington deserves this place of honor. He was of the immortals. You must not approach too close to the immortals. His monument should stand

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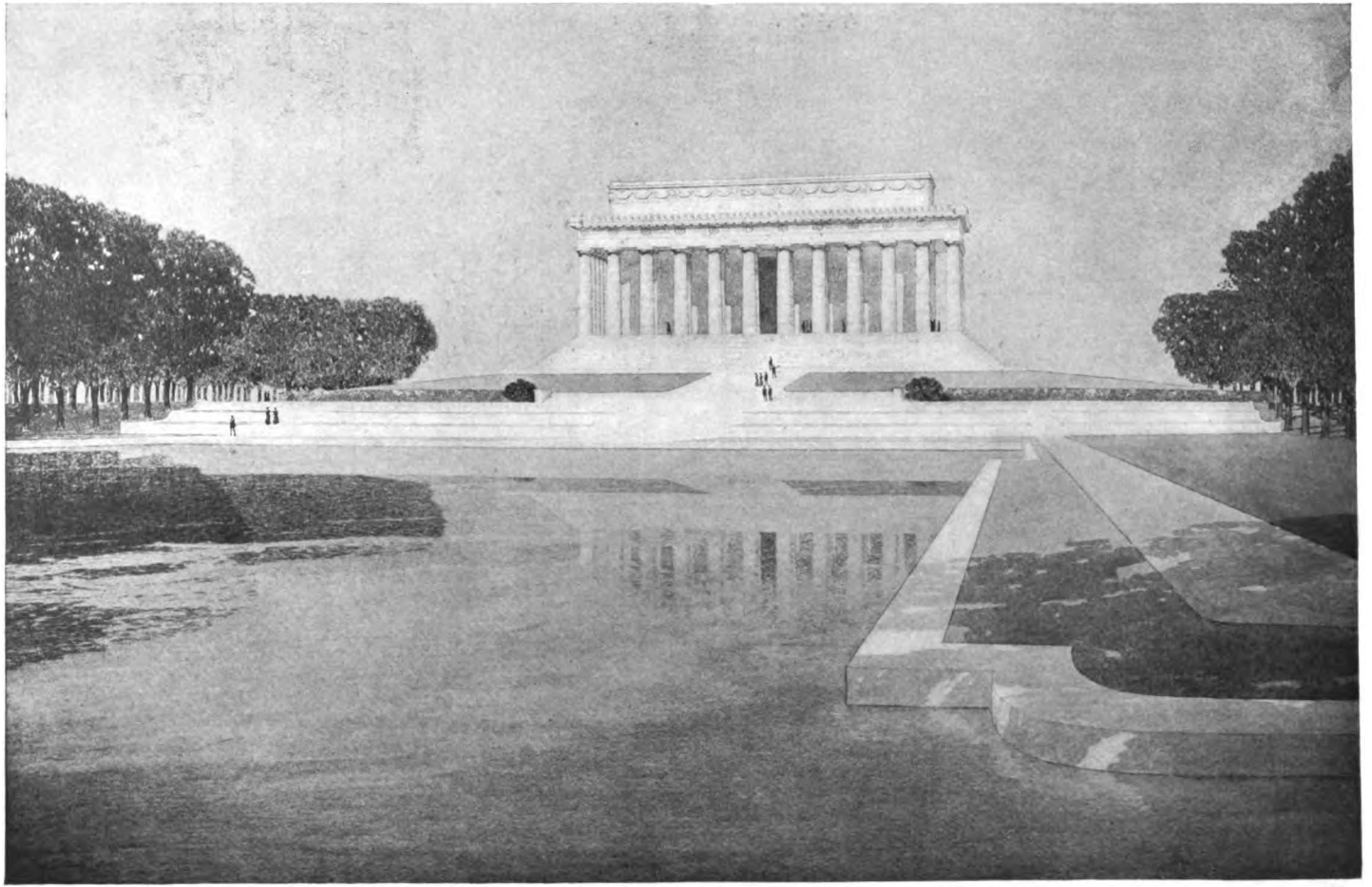

PERSPECTIVE VIEW, FROM THE DIRECTION OF THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT, OF THE EASTERN FRONT OF THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL, SHOWING THE LAGOON IN THE FOREGROUND

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alone, remote from the common habitations of man, apart from the business and turmoil of the city; isolated, distinguished, and serene. Of all the sites, this, near the Potomac, is most suited to the purpose.

This judgment was confirmed by the Fine Arts Council appointed by President Roosevelt, which was a body made up of thirty artists,—architects, sculptors, painters, and landscape-gardeners,—and again more recently by the Commission of Fine Arts composed of D. H. Burnham, F. D. Millet, Thomas Hastings, Daniel C. French, Charles Moore, and Frederick Law Olmsted, Jr., which was appointed by President Taft under the authority of an act of Congress of May 17, 1910.

March 4, 1911, the Lincoln Memorial Commission (composed of President Taft, Senators Shelby M. Cullom, H. D. Money, and George Peabody Wetmore, and Representatives Joseph G. Cannon, Champ Clark, and Samuel W. McCall) applied to this Commission of Fine Arts, for suggestions as to the location, plan, and design for the proposed memorial, specifically requesting consideration of two sites which at various times had been recommended, and also as to the best method of selecting the artists, sculptors, and architects to make the designs and execute them. To have done this was certainly a long step in the right direction.

HENRY BACON, ARCHITECT

The Commission of Fine Arts represents the best expert advice which could be obtained upon such a matter. It is made up of men who have won the highest distinction in their several professions as architects, sculptors, and city-planners, and who, through loyalty to the nation and devotion to the interest of art, give their

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DETAIL OF THE SOUTHEASTERN CORNER OF THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL

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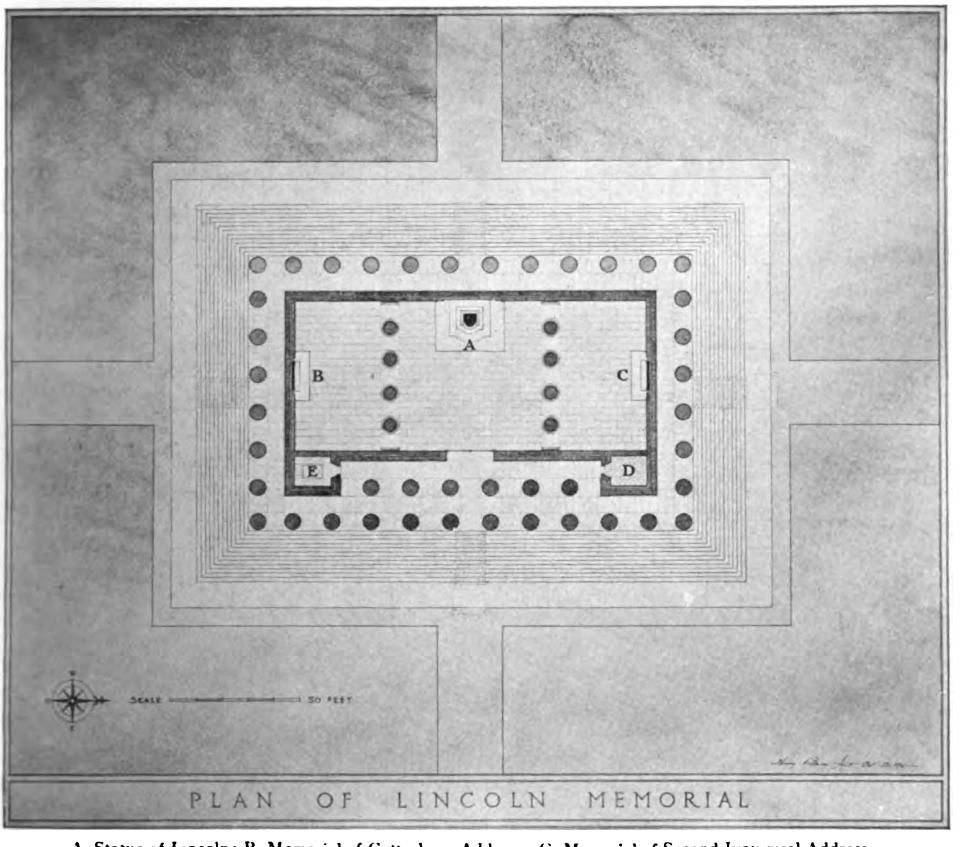
services gratuitously. This commission met in Washington repeatedly in the spring and early summer, and, after an exhaustive study of the question, reported, July 17, unanimously in favor of the Potomac Park site, strongly recommending its selection. The reasons for so doing were clearly stated and are convincing. The necessity of placing a memorial of so great effect of the memorial. The fact that there are now no features of interest or importance, that everything is yet to be done, means that no embarrassing obstacles would interfere with the development of a setting adequate in extent and perfect in design, without compromise and without discord.

". . . Upon no other possible site in



A. Statue of Lincoln; B. Memorial of Gettysburg Address; C. Memorial of Second Inaugural Address; D. Attendant's Room; E. Attendant's Stairs.

a size and importance where its environment could be specially designed to harmonize with it, and where the design need not be controlled or influenced by existing surroundings, was first called to attention, and the advantage of the comparative isolation of the Potomac Park site, which is in the midst of a large area of undeveloped vacant land owned by the Government, was emphasized. The report reads in part:

"For a long distance in every direction the surroundings are absolutely free for such treatment as would best enhance the the City of Washington can this end be secured so completely as upon the Potomac Park site."

Among the further advantages of this site set forth by the Commission of Fine Arts as of determining weight in the matter of selection were not only the possibility of adequate development through the ordinary operations of park improvement, but that while sufficiently isolated to insure dignity of aspect, it is situated in a park destined to become a great popular resort of the people, and that in relation to the general plan of the city as a whole

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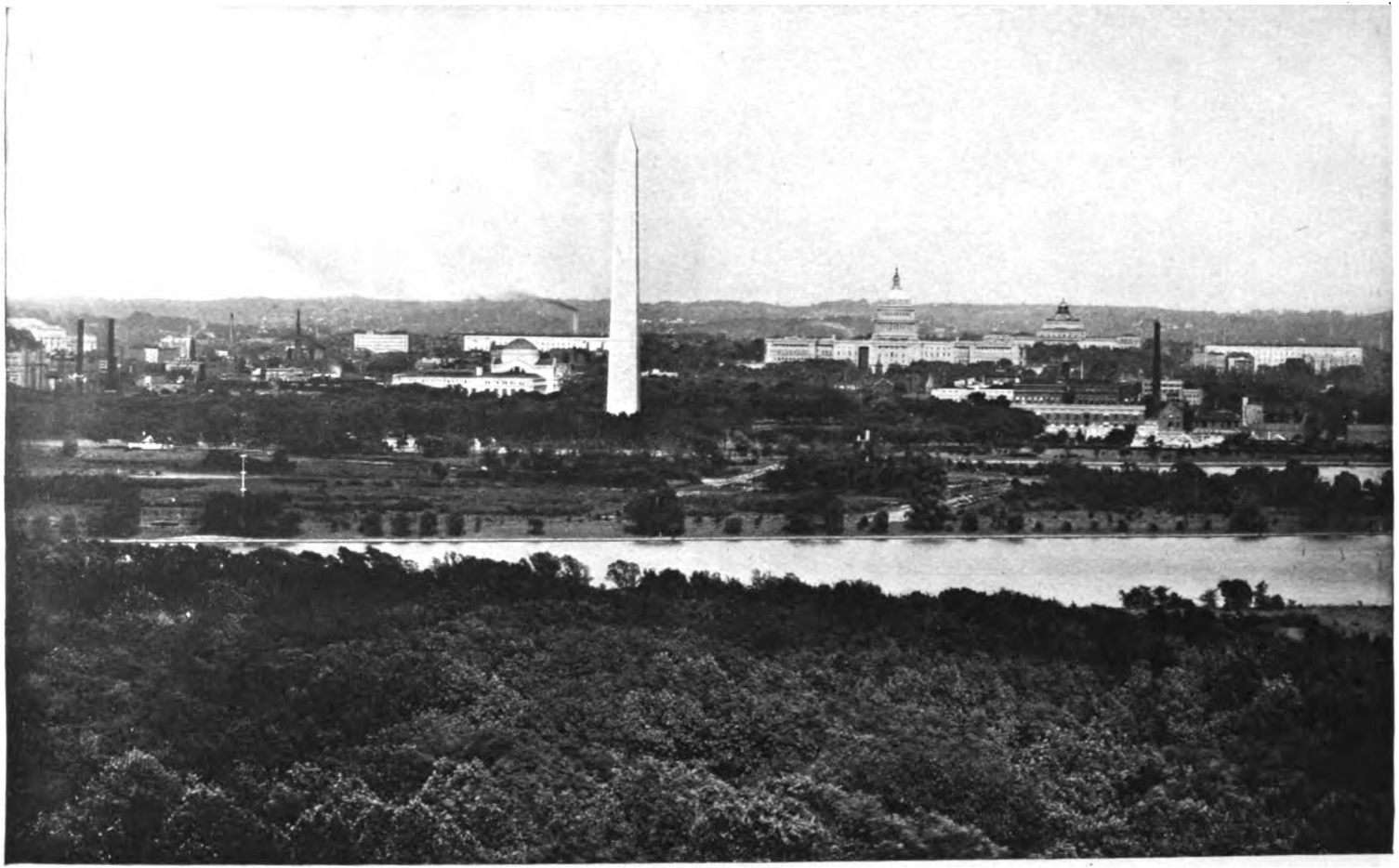

VIEW OF THE PROPOSED SITE OF THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL (INDICATED AT THE LEFT BY A WHITE, CROSSED LINE) AS SEEN FROM FORT MEYER, ON THE VIRGINIA SIDE

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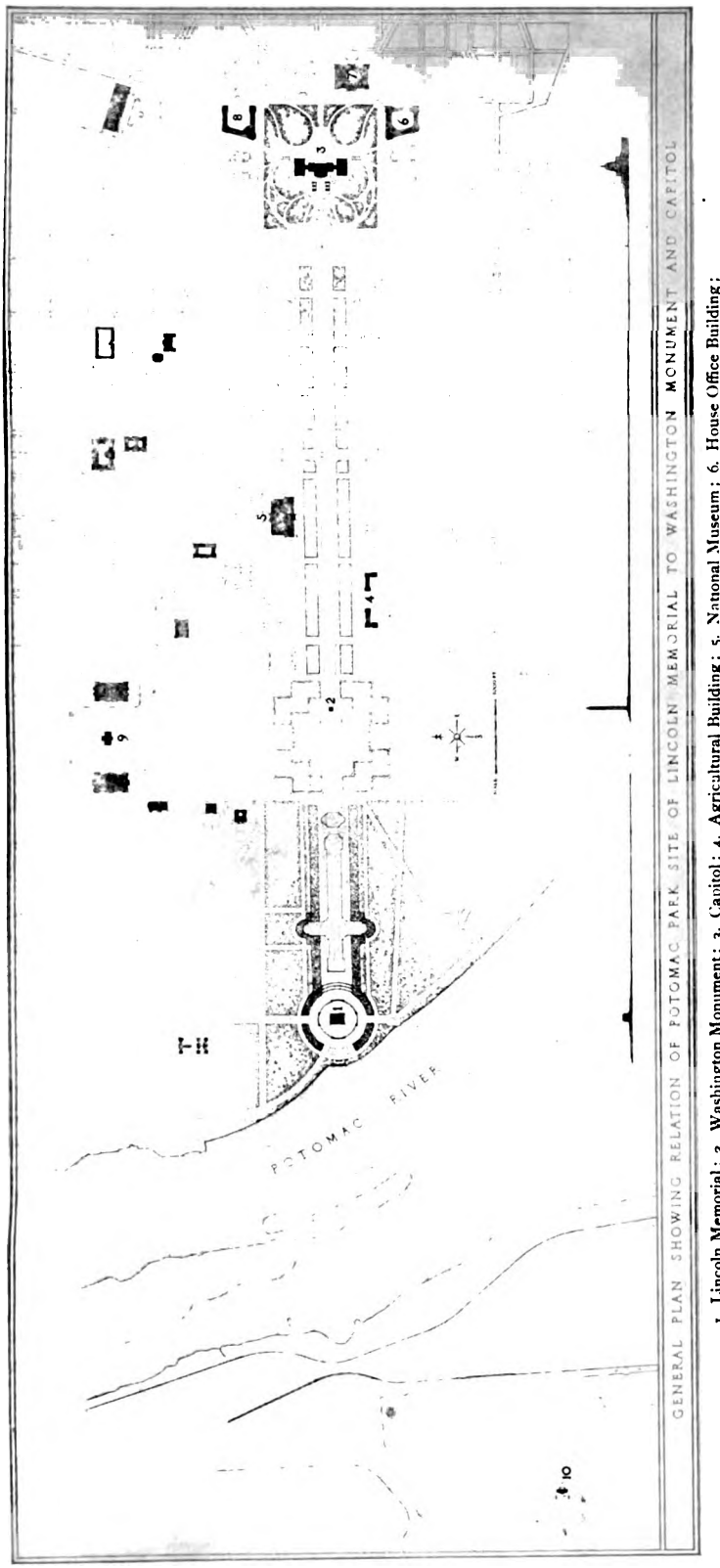

GENERAL PLAN SHOWING RELATION OF POTOMAC PARK SITE OF LINCOLN MEMORIAL TO WASHINGTON MONUMENT AND CAPITOL

1. Lincoln Memorial; 2. Washington Monument; 3. Capitol; 4. Agricultural Building; 5. National Museum; 6. House Office Building; 7. Congressional Library; 8. Senate Office Building; 9. White House; 10. Lee Mansion.

it has an importance comparable only with that now occupied by the Washington Monument.

At the time this report was rendered, some suggestions were made with reference to the general character of the proposed memorial and the direct selection of a designer, who, when appointed, would make and submit tentative plans which could later be adequately and fully developed. These suggestions were heartily recommended.

The Lincoln Memorial Commission, following this recommendation, almost immediately appointed Mr. Henry Bacon of New York, whose name was placed in nomination by the Commission of Fine Arts, to design a memorial appropriate to the Potomac Park site, the drawings or model of which might be presented to Congress with their report during the present session. This was not only a great and well-deserved honor, but an exceptional opportunity, and Mr. Bacon accepted

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the appointment gladly, laid aside all other work, and for several months gave his whole time and thought to the making of this design. He visited Washington repeatedly, familiarized himself with the proposed location and its surroundings, and then gradually evolved his plans.

Originally the thought presented was of an open portico in conjunction with a statue of Lincoln, but this, upon reflection, Mr. Bacon discarded. That which has been venerated by the people has always been set apart and inclosed. The Greeks placed the statues of their gods in their temples, not out of doors; for it is in comparative seclusion that contemplation is induced, and to receive the message of the immortals it is necessary in a measure to disassociate oneself from the bustle and business of the world. So in his design Mr. Bacon places the statue of Lincoln at the rear of a great rectangular hall, lighted from above, and almost, if not entirely, unadorned. The walls will be of marble, and on those at opposite ends will be inscribed Lincoln's Gettysburg Speech and his Second Inaugural.

In order, however, that even these profound utterances of the great statesman may not be confused with his personality, but pondered in seeming seclusion, screens of four Ionic columns will be placed across the hall at equal distance from each end and as far apart as are the opposite walls. The visitor, entering through the great doorway, the only approach, will find himself directly facing the portrait statue, which through subtle interpretation of personality must dominate the hall, and later may pass to the right or left beyond the stately columns to read and consider the words of this inspired man who "though dead, yet speaketh."

The exterior of the memorial, as will be seen by the accompanying illustrations, will resemble to a degree a Greek temple, the rectangular, windowless building being surrounded by a colonnade composed of thirty-six Doric columns forty feet high and seven feet in diameter at the base. The material will be of white marble. This colonnade, with the building it incloses, will stand on a stylobate composed of thirteen plinths. These will typify the thirteen original States; the thirty-six columns will represent the States in the Union in Lincoln's time—the Union which he preserved. On the frieze over each column will be carved in high relief wreaths made of pine and laurel, and to the right of each of these will be cut the name of a State; while on the attic, the extension of the cella appearing above the cornice, will be carved garlands or festoons of immortelles and wheat, representing the States in the Union at the time the memorial is erected, which, presumably, will be forty-eight.

Thus the building will typify the Union, the great idea which was conceived by the builders of the Republic, and which Lincoln helped to preserve and perpetuate—an idea which survives. In no better way could Lincoln be memorialized.

Furthermore, the appearance of the building will in itself commemorate the character of Lincoln in the same manner as the great, white shaft, which, about a mile away, rises over five hundred feet into the air, recalls continually to the people the character of Washington, impressive in its grand simplicity. Lincoln's nature was more complex. He was a man less at one with himself, and lacked that assurance which comes from a long heritage of culture; but he was no less brave, serene, and immovable—a man of the people, one who belonged not to a single age, but to all ages. All this is typified in the memorial which Mr. Bacon has designed. It will present an appearance of grandeur and beauty, but at the same time will suggest force and solidity. It is so simple in its design as to seem almost obvious, and yet so perfectly fitting that when it is erected it should seem to have been long extant, to belong not merely to the present and the future, but to the past, to have been the one and only solution.

It is a memorial that Mr. Bacon has designed, not a tomb or a museum. To the casual observer, to those who pass by, it will have significance, and to those who approach and pause it will convey an intimate message. Lincoln relics may well be relegated to the National and Historical museums: a man's deeds are of greater moment than his clothes. Tears, too, may be reserved for another spot, his burial-place; for this is not a memorial to a hero who is dead, but to one who lives in the heart of his nation. We weep not for Lincoln, but reach up to claim the heri-

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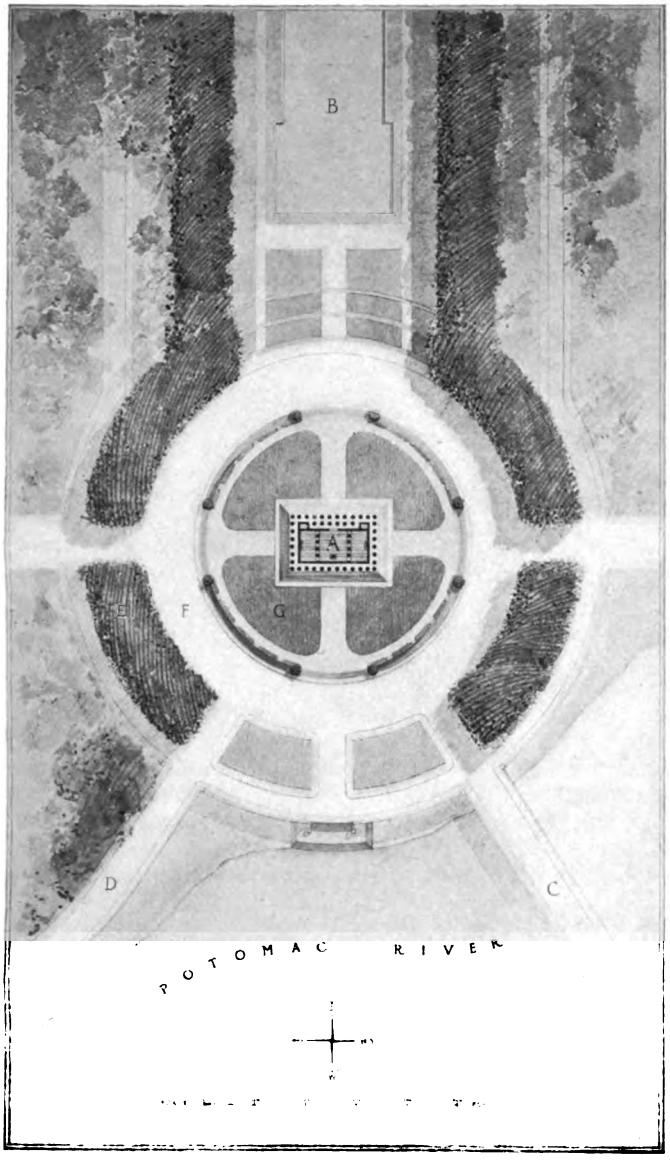

PLAN SHOWING TREATMENT OF THE SITE OF THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL

A. Lincoln Memorial; B. Lagoon; C. Suggested location of future memorial bridge to Arlington cemetery; D. Driveway along Potomac; E. Four rows of trees on circle 1000 feet in diameter, raised 11 feet above present grade; F. Roadway 100 feet wide; G. Circular terrace 500 feet in diameter, raised 27 feet above present grade. The level of the grade at the base of the Lincoln Memorial will be the same as that at the base of the Washington Monument.

tage he has left. To be found acceptable, a memorial to such a man must engender not only reverence, but aspiration.

This it would seem this memorial will do, though it must be remembered that a work of this magnitude cannot be completed in six months or a year, and that in the event of the acceptance of this design it will, in all probability, be much altered and improved before the structure is completed. In fact, as it now appears, it is little more than a suggestion put in visual form. To perfect such a work, many months of study will be required; for though the general lines are determined, there is much detail which will have to be thought out and designed with the utmost care. To maintain on a large scale an appearance of refined simplicity is of all tasks the most difficult. This Mr. Bacon can be counted upon to do. His work is not superficially clever, but invariably refined and thoughtful, well considered and mature.

Henry Bacon was born at Watseka, Illinois, November 28, 1866. His parents were New Englanders, his father a civil engineer. In 1884, Mr. Bacon entered the University of Illinois, but remained there only one year. Then he entered the office of Chamberlin & Whidden, architects of Boston, and three years later that of McKim, Mead & White, in New York. In 1889 he won the Rotch Traveling Scholarship, which enabled him to spend two years abroad, during which time he made a special study of buildings in Italy and Greece. In 1897 he formed a partnership with Mr. James Brite, which continued until 1903, since which time he has practised alone. He has designed the architectural setting for more than sixty

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monuments, working with Augustus Saint-Gaudens, Daniel C. French, Charles H. Niehaus, Karl Bitter, and other distinguished sculptors. He has also designed a number of public or semi-public buildings, such as the Public Library at Paterson, New Jersey, the Waterbury General Hospital at Waterbury, Connecticut, and the railway station at Naugatuck, in the same State.

It was not altogether because of his past achievements, however, that he was selected to design the Lincoln Memorial for the Potomac Park site, but on account of a deep conviction of his capability on the part of the members of his own profession who knew him best. That he would produce a design that would be dignified, appropriate, and beautiful all felt assured. That he has justified this faith is now evident.

Mr. Bacon's design has the first and greatest essential for a memorial to Lincoln, inasmuch as it memorializes his character and his achievement; it also has, however, the virtue of conformity with its surroundings, of being considered as a unit in the composition of the City of Washington, the capital of the Nation. This memorial will terminate the principal axis of the city, it will harmonize with the Capitol, and in no wise conflict with, or be dwarfed by, the Washington Monument.

The style of architecture will agree with that of the best type of public buildings. It is purposed to make the stylobate at its base 231 feet long by 168 feet wide, to make the colonnade 171 feet by 108 feet, and to make the cella 143 feet by 80 feet in dimensions. The ceiling will be 60 feet above the floor, the Ionic columns 50 feet in height. Thus, while not conveying the impression of extraordinary size, the building will have sufficient bulk to assure balance and importance. It will, furthermore, be placed on an eminence many feet above the level of the river and driveways, and be given suitable landscape setting.

The first preparation of the site, according to Mr. Bacon's plans, provides for a circular terrace 1000 feet in diameter, which shall be raised eleven feet above the present grade. On the outer edge of this terrace will be placed four concentric rows of trees, leaving in the center a plateau 750 feet in diameter, or four feet longer than the greatest length of the Capitol. A circular terrace is to be raised in the center of this plateau sixteen feet high and 500 feet in diameter, the diameter being the same as the height of the Washington Monument without its apex. On this eminence, which will be at the same level as the base of the Washington Monument, the Lincoln Memorial will stand.

Mr. Bacon's design is not the only one which will be presented to Congress or will be considered by the Lincoln Memorial Commission, but it is the only one for a memorial to be erected on the Potomac Park site, which, as has been seen, has been unanimously pronounced by experts the best and most suitable location in the City of Washington. That this site and design will not be accepted is beyond belief. When expert advice has been deliberately sought and secured, it is reasonable to conclude that it will be followed.

In the comparatively near future, therefore, there will probably be erected at Washington, near the shore of the Potomac River, in a picturesque park much frequented by the people, a building imposing in appearance, beautiful in design, which will not only fittingly memorialize a national hero, but will testify to our children and our children's children, and to those who come after them, that we ourselves were not without wisdom and culture, reverence and aspiration, that the Union of the States is a monumental conception of abiding significance, and that men like Lincoln do not live in vain. Such a memorial will be worthy of the nation to which Lincoln belonged.

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Drawn by Harry Raleigh. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

A PROTEST AGAINST PROSINESS (SEE PAGE 382)

THE AMERICAN UNDERGRADUATE

BY CLAYTON SEDGWICK COOPER

FIRST PAPER: GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS

THE American college was recently defined by one of our public men as a "place where an extra clever boy may go and still amount to something."

This is indeed faint praise both for our institutions of higher learning and for our undergraduates; but judging from certain presentations of student life, we may infer that it represents a sentiment more or less common and wide-spread. Our institutions are criticized for their tendency toward practical and progressive education; for the views of their professors; for their success in securing gifts of wealth, which some people think ought to go in other directions; and for the lack of seriousness or the dissipation of the students themselves. Even with many persons who have not developed any definite or extreme opinions concerning American undergraduate life, the college is often viewed in the light in which Matthew Arnold said certain people regarded Oxford:

> Beautiful city! so venerable, so lovely, so unravaged by the fierce intellectual life of our century, so serene! There are our young barbarians, all at play!

Indeed, to people of the outside world, the American undergraduate presents an enigma. He appears to be not exactly a

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Drawn by Harry Raleigh

Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE SERPENTINE DANCE AFTER A FOOT-BALL GAME

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boy, certainly not a man, an interesting species, a kind of "Exhibit X," permitted because he is customary; as Carlyle might say, a creature "run by galvanism and possessed by the devil."

The mystifying part of this lies in the fact that the college man seems determined to keep up this illusion of his partial or total depravity. He reveals no unchastened eagerness to be thought good. Indeed, he usually "plays up" his desperate wickedness. He revels in his unmitigated lawlessness, he basks in the glory of fooling folks. As Owen Johnson describes Dink Stover, he seems to possess a "diabolical imagination." He chuckles exuberantly as he reads in the papers of his picturesque public appearances: of the janitor's cow hoisted into the chapel belfry; of the statue of the sedate founder of the college painted red on the campus; of the good townspeople selecting their gates from a pile of property erected on the college green; or as in graphic cartoons he sees himself returning from foot-ball victories, accompanied by a few hundred other young hooligans, marching wildly through the streets and cars to the martial strain,

There 'll be a hot time in the old town to-night!

In other words, the American student is partly responsible for the attitude of town toward gown. He endeavors in every possible way to conceal his real identity. He positively refuses to be accurately photographed or to reveal real seriousness about anything. He is the last person to be held up and examined as to his interior moral decorations. He would appear to take no thought for the morrow, but to be drifting along upon a glorious tide of indolence or exubèrant play. He would make you believe that to him life is just a great frolic, a long, huge joke, an unconditioned holiday. The wild young heart of him enjoys the shock, the offense, the startled pang, which his restless escapades engender in the stunned and unsympathetic multitude.

This perversity of the American undergraduate is as fascinating to the student of his real character as it is baffling to a chance beholder, for the American collegian is not the most obvious thing in the world. He is not discovered by a superficial glance, and surely not by the sweeping accusations of uninformed theoretical critics who have never lived on a college campus, but have gained their information in second-hand fashion from *questionnaires* or from newspaper-accounts of the youthful escapades of students.

We must find out what the undergraduate really means by his whimsicalities and picturesque attitudinizing. We must find out what he is thinking about, what he reads, what he admires. He seems to live in two distinct worlds, and his inner life is securely shut off from his outer life. If we would learn the college student, we must catch him off guard, away from the "fellows," with his intimate friend, in the chapter-house, or in his own quiet room, where he has no reputation for devilment to live up to. For college life is not epitomized in a story of athletic records or curriculum catalogues. The actual student is not read up in a Baedeker. His spirit is caught by hints and flashes; it is felt as an inspiration, a commingled and mystic intimacy of work and play, not fixed, but passing quickly through hours unsaddened by the cares and burdens of the world—

No fears to beat away—no strife to heal,
The past unsighed for, and the future sure.

It is with such sympathetic imagination that the most profitable approach can be made to the American undergraduate. To see him as he really is, one needs to follow him into his laboratory or lecture-room, where he engages with genuine enthusiasm in those labors through which he expresses his temperament, his inmost ideals, his life's choice. Indeed, to one who knows that to sympathize is to learn, the soul windows of this inarticulate, immature, and intangible personality will sometimes be flung wide. On some long, vague walk at night beneath the stars, when the great deeps of his life's loyalties are suddenly broken up, one will discover the motive of the undergraduate, and below specious attempts at concealment, the self-absorbed, graceful, winsome spirit. Here one is held by the subtle charm of youth lost in a sense of its own significance, moving about in a mysterious paradise all his own, "full of dumb emotion,

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undefined longing, and with a deep sense of the romantic possibilities of life."

In this portrait one sees the real drift of American undergraduate life—the life that engaged last year in North American institutions of higher learning 349,566 young men, among whom were many of America's choicest sons. Thousands of American and Canadian fathers and mothers, some for reasons of culture, others for social prestige, still others for revenue only, are ambitious to keep these students in the college world. Many of these parents, whose hard-working lives have always spelled duty, choose each year to beat their way against rigid economy, penury, and bitter loss, that their sons may possess what they themselves never had, a college education. And when we have found, below all his boyish pranks, dissimulations, and masqueradings, the true undergraduate, we may also discern some of the pervasive influences which are to-day shaping life upon this Western Continent; for the undergraduate is a true glass to give back to the nation its own image.

HIS PASSION FOR REALITY

EARLY in this search for the predominant traits of the college man one is sure to find a passion for reality. "We stand for him because he is the real thing," is the answer which I received from a student at the University of Wisconsin when I asked the reason for the amazing popularity of a certain undergraduate.

The American college man worships at the shrine of reality. He likes elemental things. Titles, conventions, ceremonies, creeds—all these for him are forms of things merely. To him

> The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
> The man 's the gowd for a' that.

The strain of the real, like the red stripe in the official English cordage, runs through the student's entire existence. His sense of "squareness" is highly developed. To be sure, in the classroom he often tries to conceal the weakness of his defenses with extraordinary genius by "bluffing," but this attitude is as much for the sake of art as for dishonesty. The hypocrite is an unutterable abomination in his eyes. He would almost prefer outright criminality to pious affectation. Sham heroics and mock sublimity are specially odious to him. The undergraduate is still sufficiently unsophisticated to believe that things should be what they seem to be: at least his entire inclination and desire is to see men and things as they are.

This passion for reality is revealed in the student's love of brevity and directness. He abhors vagueness and long-windedness. His speeches do not begin with description of natural scenery; he plunges at once into his subject.

A story is told at New Haven concerning a preacher who, shortly before he was to address the students in the chapel, asked the president of the university whether the time for his address would be limited. The president replied, "Oh, no; speak as long as you like, but there is a tradition here at Yale chapel that no souls are saved after twenty minutes."

The preacher who holds his sermon in an hour's grip rarely holds students. The college man is a keen discerner between rhetoric and ideas. No decisions are more prompt or more generally correct than his. He knows immediately what he likes. You catch him or you lose him quickly; he never dangles on the hook. The American student is peculiarly inclined to follow living lines. He is not afraid of life. While usually he is free from affectation, he is nevertheless impelled by the urgent enthusiasm of youth, and demands immediate fulfilment of his dreams. His life is not "pitched to some far-off note," but is based upon the everlasting now. He inhabits a miniature world, in which he helps to form a public opinion, which, though circumscribed, is impartial and sane. No justice is more equal than that meted out by undergraduates at those institutions where a student committee has charge of discipline and honor-systems. A child of reality and modernity, he is economical of his praise, trenchant and often remorseless in his criticisms and censures, for as yet he has not learned to be insincere and socially diplomatic. This penchant for reality emerges in the platform of a successful college athlete in a New England institution who, when he was elected to leadership in one of the college organizations, called together his men and gave them two stern rules:

First, stop apologizing! Second, do a lot of work, and don't talk much about it!

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HIS NATURALNESS

THE undergraduate's worship of reality is also shown in his admiration of naturalness. The modern student has relegated into the background the stilted elocutionary and oratorical contests of forty years ago because those exercises were unnatural. The chair of elocution in an American college of to-day is a declining institution. Last year in one of our universities of one thousand students the course in oratory was regularly attended by three!

The instructor in rhetorical exercises in a college to-day usually sympathizes with the remarks of one Professor Washington Value, the French teacher of dancing at New Haven when that polite accomplishment was a part of college education. At one time when he was unusually ill-treated by his exuberant pupils, he exclaimed in a frenzy of Gallic fervor: "Gentlemen, if ze Lord vere to come down from heaven, and say, 'Mr. Washington Value, vill you be dancing mast' at Yale Collège, or vill you be étairnally damn'?' I would say to Him—' 'Sieur, eef eet ees all ze sem to you, I vill be étairnally damn'.' " The weekly lecture in oratory usually furnishes an excellent chance for relaxation and horseplay. A college man said to me recently: "I would n't cut that hour for anything. It is as good as a circus."

The student prefers the language of naturalness. He is keen for scientific and athletic exercises, in part at least because these are actual and direct approaches to reality. His college slang, while often superabundant and absurd, is for the sake of brevity, directness, and vivid expression. The perfect Elizabethan phrases of the accomplished rhetorician are listened to with enduring respect, but the stumbling and broken sentences of the college athlete in a student mass-meeting set a college audience wild with enthusiasm and applause.

Henry Drummond was perhaps the most truly popular speaker to students of the last generation. A chief reason for this popularity consisted in his perfect naturalness, his absolute freedom from pose and affectation. I listened to one of his first addresses in this country, when he spoke to Harvard students in Appleton Chapel in 1893. His general subject was "Evolution." The hall was packed with Harvard undergraduates. Collegians had come also from other New England institutions to see and to hear the man who had won the loving homage of the students of two continents. As he rose to speak, the audience sat in almost breathless stillness. Men were wondering what important scientific word would first fall from the lips of this renowned Glasgow professor. He stood for a moment with one hand in his pocket, then leaned upon the desk, and, with that fine, contagious smile which so often lighted his face, he looked about at the windows, and drawled out in his quaint Scotch, "Is n't it rather *hot* here?" The collegians broke into an applause that lasted for minutes, then stopped, began again, and fairly shook the chapel. It was applause for the natural man. By the telegraphy of humanness he had established his kinship with them. Thereafter he was like one of them; and probably no man has ever received more complete loyalty from American undergraduates.

HIS SENSE OF HUMOR

FURTHERMORE, the college man's love of reality is kept in balance by his humorous tendencies. His keen humor is part of him. It rises from him spontaneously on all occasions in a kind of genial effervescence. He seems to have an inherent antagonism to dolefulness and long-facedness. His life is always breaking into a laugh. He is looking for the breeziness, the delight, the wild joy of living. Every phenomenon moves him to a smiling mood. Recently I rode in a trolley-car with some collegians, and could not but notice how every object in the country-side, every vehicle, every group of men and women, would draw from them some humorous sally, while the other passengers looked on in good-natured, sophisticated amusement or contempt. The whole student mood is as light and warm and invigorating as summer sunshine. He lives in a period when

't is bliss to be alive.

Rarely does one find revengefulness or sullen hatred in the American undergraduate. When a man with these traits is discovered in college, it is usually a sign that he does not belong with collegians. His place is elsewhere, and he is usually

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shown the way thither by both professors and students. Heinrich Heine said he forgave his enemies, but not until they were dead.

The student forgives and usually forgets the next day. The sense of humor is a real influence toward this attitude of mind, for the student blots out his resentment by making either himself or his antagonist appear ridiculous.

He has acquired the fine art of laughing both at himself and with himself. A story is told of a cadet at a military school who committed some more or less trivial offense which reacted upon a number of his classmates to the extent that, because of it, several cadets were forced to perform disciplinary sentinel duty. It was decided that the young offender should be forthwith taken out on the campus, and ordered to kiss all the trees, posts, telegraph-poles, and, in fact, every free object on the parade-ground. The humorous spectacle presented was sufficient compensation to sweep quite out of the hearts of his classmates any possible ill feeling.

The faculty song, the refrain of which is

Where, oh, where is Professor ——?
Way down in the world below,

and is indulged in by many undergraduate students, usually covers all the sins and foibles of the instructors. One or two rounds of this song, with the distinguished faculty members as audience, is often found sufficient to clear the atmosphere of any unpleasantness existing between professors and students.

Not long ago, in an institution in the Middle West, this common tendency to wit and humor came out when a very precise professor lectured vigorously against athletics, showing their deleterious effect upon academic exercises. The following day the college paper gave on the front page, as though quoted from the professor's remarks, "Don't let your studies interfere with your education."

The student's humor is original and pointed. Not long ago I saw a very dignified youth solemnly measuring the walks around Boston Common with a codfish, keeping accurate account of the number of codfish lengths embraced in this ancient and honorable inclosure. His labors were made interesting by a gallery of collegians, who followed him with explosions of laughter and appropriate remarks.

Not long ago in a large university, during an exceedingly long and prosy sermon of the wearisome type which seems always to be coming to an end with the next paragraph, the students exhibited their impatience by leaning their heads over on their left hands. Just as it seemed sure that the near-sighted preacher was about to conclude, he took a long breath and said, "Let us now turn to the *other side* of the character of Saint Paul," whereupon, suiting the action to the word, every student in the chapel shifted his position so as to rest his head wearily upon the other hand.

RELIGION AND THE COLLEGE MAN

I HAVE often been asked by people who only see the student in such playful and humorous moods, "Is the American college man really religious?" The answer must be decidedly in the affirmative. The college boy—with the manner of young men somewhat ashamed of their emotions—does not want to talk much about his religion, but this does not prove that he does not possess the feeling or the foundation of religion. In fact, at present there is a deep current of seriousness and religious feeling running through the college life of America. The honored and influential students in undergraduate circles are taking a stand for the things most worth while in academic life.

The undergraduate's religious life is not usually of the traditional order; in fact it is more often unconventional, unceremonious, and expressed in terms and acts germane to student environment. College men do not, for example, crowd into the church prayer-meetings in the local college town. As some one has expressed it, "You cannot swing religion into college men, prayer-meeting-end-to." When the student applies to people such words as "holy," "saintly," or "pious," he is not intending to be complimentary. Furthermore, he does not frequent meetings "in derogation of strong drink." His songs, also, are not usually devotional hymns, and his conversation would seldom suggest that he was a promoter of benevolent enterprises.

Yet the undergraduate is truly religious. Some of the things which seem at first

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sight quite out of the realm of the religious are indications of this tendency quite as much as compulsory attendance upon chapel exercises. Dr. Henry van Dyke has said that the college man's songs and yells are his prayers. He is not the first one who has felt this in listening to Princeton seniors on the steps of Nassau Hall singing that thrilling hymn of loyalty, "Old Nassau."

I have stood for an entire evening with crowds of students about a piano as they sang with a depth of feeling more readily felt than described. As a rule there was little conversing except a suggestion of a popular song, a plantation melody, or some stirring hymn. One feels at such times, however, that the thoughts of the men are not as idle as their actions imply. As one student expressed it in a college fraternity recently, "When we sing like that, I always keep up a lot of thinking."

Moreover, if we consider the college community from a strictly conventional or religious point of view, the present-day undergraduates do not suffer either in comparison with college men of other days, or with other sections of modern life. The reports of the last year give sixty out of every one hundred undergraduates as members of churches. One in every seven men in the American colleges last season was in voluntary attendance upon the Bible classes in connection with the College Young Men's Christian Association.

The religious tendencies of the American undergraduates are also reflected in their participation in the modern missionary crusades both at home and abroad. Twenty-five years ago the entire gifts of North American institutions for the support of missions in foreign lands was less than $10,000. Last year the students and alumni of Yale University alone gave $15,000 for the support of the Yale Mission in China, while $131,000 represented the gifts of North American colleges to the mission cause in other countries. The missionary interests of students on this continent are furthermore revealed in the fact that 11,838 men were studying modern missions in weekly student mission study classes during the college season of 1909–10. At Washington and Lee University there were more college men studying missions in 1910 than were doing so in the whole United States and Canada sixteen years ago.

During the last ten years 4338 college graduates have gone to foreign lands from North America to give their lives in unselfish service to people less fortunate than themselves. Six hundred of these sailed in 1910 to fill positions in foreign mission ports in the Levant, India, China, Japan, Korea, Africa, Australia, and South America.

THE BACCHIC ELEMENT

FURTHERMORE, the standards of morals and conduct among the American undergraduates are perceptibly higher than they were fifty years ago. There is a very real tendency in the line of doing away with such celebrations as have been connected with drinking and immoralities. To be sure, one will always find students who are often worse for their bacchic associations, and one must always keep in mind that the college is on earth and not in heaven; but a comparison of student customs to-day with those of fifty years ago gives cause for encouragement. Even in the early part of the nineteenth century we find conditions that did not reflect high honor upon the sobriety of students; for example, in the year 1814 we find Washington Irving and James K. Paulding depicting the usual sights about college inns in the poem entitled "The Lay of the Scottish Fiddle." The following is an extract:

> Around the table's verge was spread
> Full many a wine-bewildered head
> Of student learn'd, from Nassau Hall,
> Who, broken from scholastic thrall,
> Had set him down to drink outright
> Through all the livelong merry night,
> And sing as loud as he could bawl;
> Such is the custom of Nassau Hall.
> No Latin now or heathen Greek
> The senior's double tongue can speak.
> Juniors from famed Pierian fount
> Had drank so deep they scarce could count
> The candles on the reeling table.
> While emulous freshmen, hardly able
> To drink, their stomachs were so full,
> Hiccuped, and took another pull,
> Right glad to see their merry host,
> Who never wine or wassail crost;
> They willed him join the merry throng
> And grace their revels with a song.

There has probably never been a time in our colleges when such scenes were less

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popular than they are to-day. Indeed, it is doubtful whether the American college man was ever more seriously interested in the moral, social, and religious uplift of his times. One of his cardinal ambitions is really to serve his generation worthily both in private and in public. In fact, we are inclined to believe that serviceableness is to-day the watchword of American college religion. This religion is not turned so much toward the individual as in former days. It is more socialized ethics. The undergraduate is keenly sensitive to the calls of modern society. Any one who is skeptical on this point may well examine the biographies in social, political, and religious contemporaneous history. In a recent editorial in one of our weeklies it was humorously stated that "Whenever you see an enthusiastic person running nowadays to commit arson in the temple of privilege, trace it back, and ten to one you will come against a college." President Taft and a majority of the members of his Cabinet are college-trained men. The reform movements, social, political, economic, and religious, not only in the West, but also in the Levant, India, and the Far East, are being led very largely by college graduates, who are not merely reactionaries in these national enterprises, but are in a very true sense "trumpets that sing to battle" in a time of constructive transformation and progress.

THE PLAY LIFE OF THE AMERICAN UNDERGRADUATE

UNDOUBTEDLY one of the reasons which helps to account for the lack of knowledge on the part of outsiders concerning the revival in college seriousness is found in the fact that the play life of American undergraduates has become a prominent factor in our educational institutions. Indeed, there is a general impression among certain college teachers and among outside spectators of college life that students have lost their heads in their devotion to intercollegiate athletics. And it is not strange that such opinions should exist.

A dignified father visits his son at college. He is introduced to "the fellows in the house," and at once is appalled by the awestruck way with which his boy narrates, in such technical terms as still further stagger the fond parent, the miraculous methods and devices practised by a crack short-distance runner or a base-ball star or the famous tackle of the year. When in an impressive silence the father is allowed the unspeakable honor of being introduced to the captain of the foot-ball team, the autocrat of the undergraduate world, the real object of college education becomes increasingly a tangle in the father's mind. As a plain business man with droll humor expressed his feelings recently, after escaping from a dozen or more collegians who had been talking athletics to him, "I felt like a merchant marine without ammunition, being fired into by a pirate ship until I should surrender."

Whatever the undergraduate may be, it is certain that to-day he is no "absent-minded, spectacled, slatternly, owlish don." His interest in the present-day world, and especially the athletic world, is acute and general. Whether he lives on the "Gold Coast" at Harvard or in a college boarding-house in Montana, in his athletic loyalties he belongs to the same fraternity. To the average undergraduates, athletics seem often to have the sanctity of an institution. Artemus Ward said concerning the Civil War that he would willingly sacrifice all his wife's relatives for the sake of the cause. Some such feeling seems to dominate the American collegian.

CONCERNING ATHLETICS

BECAUSE of such athletic tendencies, the college student has been the recipient of the disapprobation of a certain type of onlookers in general, and of many college faculties in particular.

President Lowell of Harvard, in advocating competitive scholarship, in a Phi Beta Kappa address at Columbia University, said, "By free use of competition, athletics has beaten scholarship out of sight in the estimation of the community at large, and in the regard of the student bodies." Woodrow Wilson pays his respects to student athleticism by sententiously remarking, "So far as colleges go, the side-shows have swallowed up the circus, and we in the main tent do not know what is going on."

Professor Edwin E. Slosson, who spent somewhat over a year traveling among fourteen of the large universities, utters

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a jeremiad on college athletics. He found "that athletic contests do not promote friendly feeling and mutual respect between the colleges, but quite the contrary; that they attract an undesirable set of students; that they lower the standard of honor and honesty; that they corrupt faculties and officials; that they cultivate the mob mind; that they divert the attention of the students from their proper work; and pervert the ends of education." And all these cumulative calamities arrive, according to Professor Slosson, because of the grand stand, because people are *watching* foot-ball games and competitive athletics. The professor would have no objection to a few athletes playing foot-ball on the desert of Idaho or in the fastnesses of the Maine woods, provided no one was looking. "If there is nobody watching, they will not hurt themselves much and others not at all," he concedes.

Meanwhile, regardless of their doom,
The little victims play.

In fact, such argument appeals to the average collegian with about the same degree of weight as the remark of the Irishman who was chased by a mad bull. The Irishman ran until out of breath, with the bull directly behind him; then a sudden thought struck him, and he said to himself: "What a fool I am! I am running the same way this bull is running. I would be all right if I were only running the other way."

It will doubtless be conceded by fair-minded persons generally that in many institutions of North America athletics are being over-emphasized, even as in some institutions practical and scientific education is emphasized at the expense of liberal training. It is difficult, however, to generalize concerning either of these subjects. Opinion and judgment vary almost as widely as does the point of view from which persons note college conditions. A recent college graduate from a State institution where mechanical education was always placed at the front said that if he were to return to college, he would take nothing that was practical. While a keen professor of one of the universities where athletics too largely usurped the time and attention of students, justifiably summed up the situation by saying:

The man who is trying to acquire intellectual experience is regarded as abnormal (a "greasy grind" is the elegant phrase, symptomatic at once of student vulgarity, ignorance, and stupidity), and intellectual eminence falls under suspicion as "bad form." The student body is too much obsessed of the "campus-celebrity" type,—a decent-enough fellow, as a rule, but, equally as a rule, a veritable Goth. That any group claiming the title *students* should thus minimize intellectual superiority indicates an extraordinary condition of topsyturvydom.

During the last twelve months, however, I have talked with several hundred persons, including college presidents, professors, alumni, and fathers and mothers in twenty-five States and provinces of North America in relation to this question. While occasionally a college professor as well as parent or a friend of a particular student has waxed eloquent in dispraise of athletics, by far the larger majority of these representative witnesses have said that in their particular region athletic exercises among students were not over-emphasized.

Yet it is evident that college athletics in America to-day are too generally limited to a few students who *perform* for the benefit of the rest. It is also apparent that certain riotous and bacchanalian exercises which attend base-ball and foot-ball victories have been very discouraging features to those who are interested in student morality. In another paper I shall treat at some length of these and other influences which are directly inimical to the making of such leadership as the nation has a right to demand of our educated men. At present, however, I wish to throw some light upon the student side of the athletic problem, a point of view too often overlooked by writers upon this subject.

In the first place, it needs to be appreciated that student athletics in some form or other has absorbed a considerable amount of attention of collegians in American institutions for over half a century. Fifty years ago, even, we find foot-ball a fast and furious conflict between classes. If we can judge by ancient records, these conflicts were often quite as bloody in those days as at present. An old graduate said recently that, compared with the

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titanic struggles of his day, modern foot-ball is only a wretched sort of parlor pastime. In those days the faculty took a hand in the battle, and a historical account of a New England college depicts in immortal verse the story of the way in which a divinity professor charged physically into the bloody savagery of the foot-ball struggle of the class of '58.

> Poor '58 had scarce got well
> From that sad punching in the bel—
> Of old Prof. Olmstead's umberell.

It will be impossible in this paper to take up the values of athletics as a deterrent to the dissolute wanderings and immoralities common in former times. Neither can one dwell upon the real apotheosis of good health and robust strength that regular physical training has brought to the youth of the country through the advent of college gymnasiums and indoor and outdoor athletic exercises. Much also might be said in favor of athletics, especially foot-ball, because of the fact that such exercises emphasize discipline, which, outside of West Point and Annapolis, is lamentably lacking in this country both in the school and in the family. While there is much need to engage a larger number of students in general athletic exercises, it is nevertheless true that even though a few boys play at foot-ball or base-ball, all of the students who look on imbibe the idea that it is only the man who trains hard who succeeds.

There is, too, a feeling among those who know intimately the real values of college play life, when wholesale denunciations are made of undergraduate athletics, that it is possible for one outside of college walls or even for one of the faculty to produce all the facts with accuracy, and yet to fail in catching the life of the undergraduate at play. Inextricably associated with college athletics is a composite and intangible thing known as "college spirit." It is something which defies analysis and exposition, which, when taken apart and classified, is not; yet it makes distinctive the life and atmosphere of every great seat of learning, and is closely linked not only with classrooms, but also with such events as occur on the great athletic grand stands, upon fields of physical contest in the sight of the college colors, where episodes and aims are mighty, and about which historical loyalties cling much as the old soldier's memories are entwined with the flag he has cheered and followed. While we are quoting from Phi Beta Kappa orators, let us quote from another, a contemporary of Longfellow, Horace Bushnell, whom Henry M. Alden has called, next to Emerson, the most original American thinker of his day. In his oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard sixty years ago, Dr. Bushnell said that all work was for an end, while play was an end in itself; that play was the highest exercise and chief end of man.

It is this exercise of play which somehow gets down into the very blood of the American undergraduate and becomes a permanently valuable influence in the making of the man and the citizen. It is difficult exactly to define the spirit of this play life, but one who has really entered into American college athletic events will understand it—the spirit of college tradition in songs and cheers sweeping across the vast, brilliant throng of vivacious and spellbound youth; the vision of that fluttering scene of color and gaiety in the June or October sunshine; the temporary freedom of a thousand exuberant undergraduates; pretty girls vying with their escorts in loyalty to the colors they wear; the old "grad," forgetting himself in the spirit of the game, springing from his seat and throwing his hat in the air in the ebullition of returning youth; the mercurial crowd as it demands fair play; the sudden inarticulate silences; the spontaneous outbursts; the disapprobation at mean or abject tricks,—or that unforgetable sensation that comes as one sees the vast zigzagging lines of hundreds of students, with hands holding one another's shoulders in the wild serpentine dance, finally throwing their caps over the goal in a great sweep of victory. One joins unconsciously with these happy spirits in this grotesque hilarity as they march about the stadium with their original and laughable pranks, in a blissful forgetfulness, for the moment at least, that there is any such thing in existence as cuneiform inscriptions and the mysteries of spherical trigonometry. Is there any son of an American college who has really entered into such life as this who does not look back lingeringly to his

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undergraduate days, grateful not only for the instruction and the teachers he knew, but also for those childish outbursts of pride and idealism when the deepest, poignant loyalties caught up his spirit in unforgetable scenes:

Ah! happy days! Once more who would
not be a boy?

A friend of mine had a son who had been planning for a long time to go to Yale. Shortly before he was to enter college he went with his father to see a football game between Yale and Princeton. On this particular occasion Yale vanquished the orange and black in a decisive victory. After the game the Yale men were marching off with their mighty shouts of triumph. The Princeton students collected in the middle of the football-field, and before singing "Old Nassau," they cheered with even greater vigor than they had cheered at any time during the game, and this time not for Princeton, but for Yale. The sons of Eli came back from their celebration and stopped to listen and to applaud. As this mighty tiger yell was going up from hundreds of Princetonian throats, and as the Princeton men followed their cheers by singing the Yale "Boolah," the young man, who stood by his father, looked on in silence, indeed, with inexpressible admiration. Suddenly he turned to his father and said: "Father, I have changed my mind. I want to go to Princeton."

Such events are associated (in the minds of undergraduates) not only with the physical, but with the spiritual, with the ideal. The struggle on the athletic-field has meaning not simply to a few men who take part, but to every student on the sidelines, while the pulsating hundreds who sing and cheer their team to victory think only of the real effort of their college to produce successful achievement.

Standing beneath a tree near Soldiers' Field at Cambridge, with undergraduates by the hundred eager in their athletic sports on one side, and the ancient roofs of Harvard on the other, there is a simple marble shaft which bears the names of the men whom the field commemorates, while below these names are written Emerson's words, chosen for this purpose by Lowell:

Though love repine and reason chafe,
There came a voice without reply—
'T is man's perdition to be safe,
When for the truth he ought to die.

Not only upon the shields of our American universities do we find "veritas"; in spirit at least it is also clearly written across the face of the entire college life of our times. Gentlemanliness, open-mindedness, originality, honor, patriotism, truth —these are increasingly found in both the serious pursuits and the play life of our American undergraduates. The department in which these ideals are sought is not so important as the certainty that the student is forming such ideals of thoroughness and perfection. This search for truth and reality may bring to our undergraduates unrest or doubt or arduous toil. They may search for their answer in the lecture-room, on the parade-ground, in the hurlyburly of college comradeships, in the competitive life of college contests, or even in the hard, self-effacing labors of the student who works his way through college. While, indeed, it may seem to many that the highest wisdom and the finest culture still linger, one must believe that the main tendencies in the life of American undergraduates are toward the discovery of and devotion to the highest truth—the truth of nature and the truth of God.

(To be continued)

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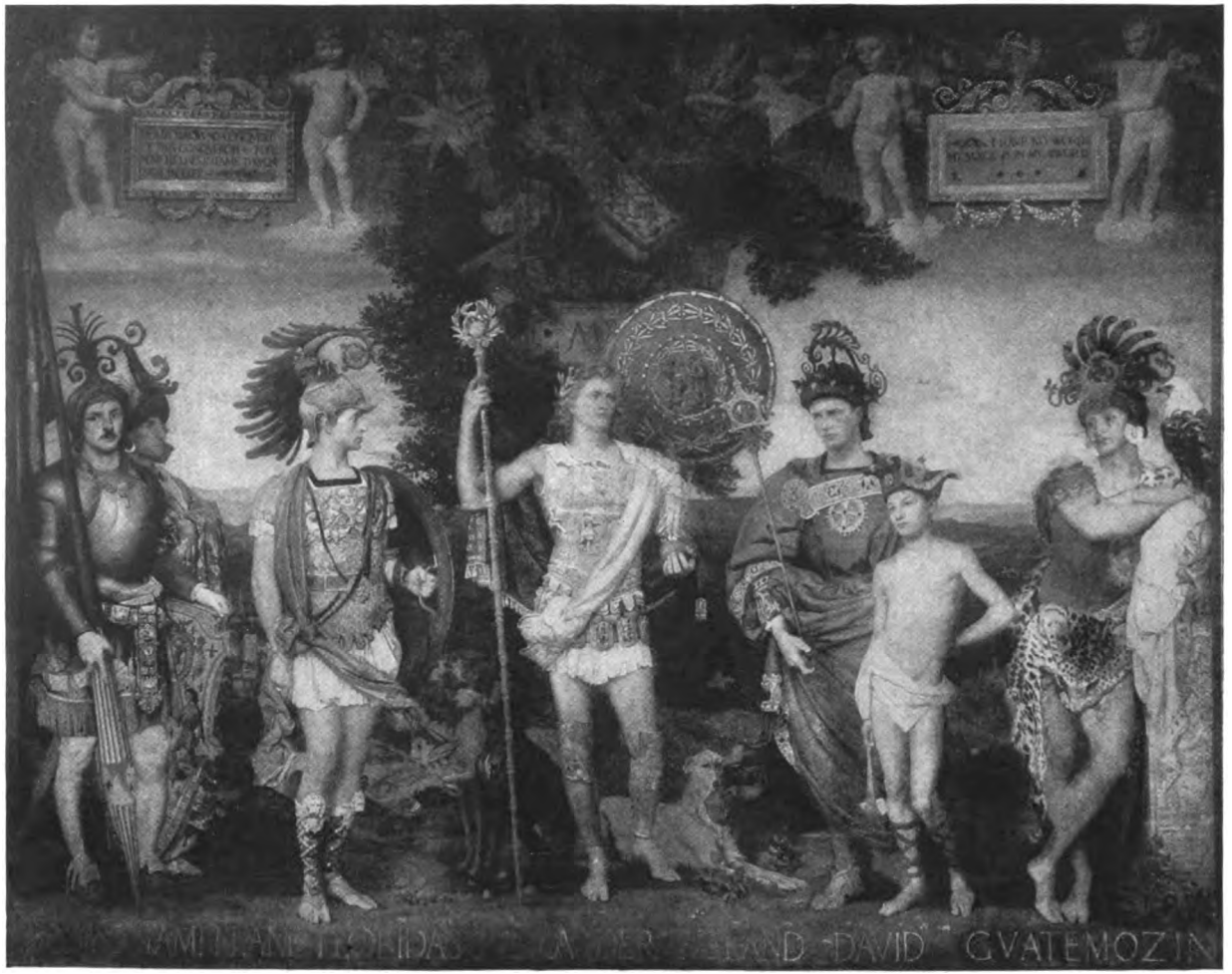

"THE CONQUERORS"

FROM THE MURAL DECORATION BY BARRY FAULKNER. OWNED BY MRS. E. H. HARRIMAN. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON

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SOME SPANISH DANCES

BY ARTHUR STANLEY RIGGS, F.R.G.S.

WITH PICTURES BY W. M. BERGER

BABEL was quiet compared with that narrow, stifling little room in Seville, blue with cheap cigarette-smoke and resounding with the tortured beatings of a worn-out piano, the insistent *dzing-dzing* of guitars, and the pistoling of scores of castanets. Flying feet on the bare floor in the uncertain lamplight raised little eddies of dust, and the dancers sweated cheerily. The noise and the speed were terrific. At last, as though moved by common impulses of sheer exhaustion, piano and guitars ceased, the castanets fired a straggling volley, and the dancers dropped into chairs or convenient laps. A roughly dressed young lout beside me pointed out a great buxom, apple-cheeked girl of twenty leaning against the wall at the farther end of the room. "Amalia, the best of them all."

"Why does n't she prove it, then?" I inquired. "She has n't taken a single step so far."

"Señor, no; Amalia does not dance tonight. She conserves her legs. To-morrow night"—his voice sank to a confidential note—"she dances at the Teatro Duque."

Don't go to the *cafés cantantes,* which smack of the Coney Island music-hall, if you would see genuine Spanish dancing, we were told. Better go to the schools. So immediately after dinner that evening, armed with a four-year-old letter of introduction, we set out to find a certain dancing-master whose classes were recruited from the people. Down black alleys, through side streets, back and forth, each one we asked giving us a different direction, we picked our way, to find at last the house black and deserted. But across the street, from closed doors and shuttered windows, came a muffled roar that drew us into the school.

Inside the noise was not muffled. We stopped by the door, dazed by the confusion of light, heat, dust; the rhythmic movement; the battering volleys of castanets and stamping heels; the whole uncouth medley of those harsh, peculiar, but ordered sounds, beloved by all primitive peoples, that bridge the gap between mere loud noises and true music. It was Spain expressing itself with childlike, innocent abandon.

Don Rafael had vanished, but that made no difference. The new *maestro* quickly found us places among the rows of fond mothers and relatives on the benches and kitchen-type chairs set along dingy walls plastered with advertisements of wine, soap, and olive-oil, and festooned with faded strings of curled-paper decorations.

Spanish dances are composites, built up of parts of all the world's dances. Here one finds the legs doing most of the work, yonder a dance of body muscles and eloquent head, there one full of expressive arms, and sometimes a dance in which everything seems combined. At the moment the class was a kaleidoscope of flying legs and arms that gradually resolved into personalities. Especially was the maestro's daughter, a precocious little imp of six, a true dancer in form as well as in spirit. She was "all about the shop," scolding, posing, illustrating steps, a bundle of nerves working in a perfect fury of enthusiasm. Never did teacher have a more intelligent or tireless understudy.

Her more sophisticated and weary brother Angelito, fourteen years old, who might have stepped from a Murillo canvas save for the fixed desperation of sleepiness in his unfathomable black eyes, lacked her spirit. Only when he was literally dragged from a cool window-seat and innumerable cigarettes did he dance, and then beauti-

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Drawn by W. M. Berger. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"THE YOUNG SEVILLANA"

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fully, perfectly, but with the languid air of one bored to extinction. Clad in the usual black smock of the Spanish boy of the people, he kept it buttoned only at the throat, and the skirts, flying wide as he danced, gave him the inexpressibly droll look of a divinity student on a spree.

So we had our first glimpse of the labor involved in learning to dance naturally in the land where dancing is the natural expression of the spirit of the people. The mechanical part of it the Spaniard has to learn, just as he learns to walk and talk; but we do not think of walking and talking as "arts." No more so is the dance. Many visitors are disappointed in the dance because they fail to recognize its primary significance of artless naturalness as compared with the artificiality of so-called "Spanish dances" in Europe or America, or even in that cosmopolitan city, Madrid. The stage for them is elaborately set. Everything has a specious glamour—a poor cigarette-maker, for instance, wearing a costly gown and blazing jewels. Mostly we look in vain for that sort of thing in Spain. The Spanish dancer needs, and often uses, no furbelows, no costly or elaborate setting, and the disappointed American, not realizing that it is the "trimmings" he misses, forgets that the Spaniard dances because he has to, spontaneously, joyously, carelessly, exactly as he makes love or applauds the bloody skill of the bull-fighter. One thing, however, is dear to the heart of every female dancer—her *manton de Manila,* an exquisite, fringed silk shawl as a rule riotously embroidered in brilliant colors.

Drawn by W. M. Berger

DON JOSÉ OTERO, THE DANCING-MASTER

Gentry and nobility dance as well as commoners, and any one fortunate enough to be in Seville during the great April *feria,* or fair, may see society señoritas gaily, but full of naïve dignity, dancing the Sevillanas, the general amusement of Andalusia. Then the broad *campo,* or field, beyond the city proper is filled with *casetas,* tiny cottages one whole side of which is left open, and there for three days society entertains itself in the public eye.

Talking with Don José Otero, I mentioned the belief that society mothers teach their own daughters in preference to having a master. Don José smiled a quick, radiant smile full of pleasantry.

"It is true," he said; "but not all. I have taught in one noble family for six years; but"—he paused to get exactly the right words, and smiled again with childlike appreciation of himself—"it is because I am deaf, mute, blind. Some maestros, *caramba!* have eyes, ears, tongues."

Don José Otero, the well-known dancing-master, is artless, bluff, and has achieved what many a prophet cannot boast—fame among his own. Small, heavy, the type we confidently expect to see only in the bull-fighter, his plain face lighted by brilliant, kindly eyes, he is a very demon of energy and skill. Knowing my interest in the dance, he came to the hotel one evening and sketched very lightly his part in teaching Spain,—he has been doing it for forty years,—illustrating the steps as he told of them. With true Spanish indifference to curious spectators other than ourselves, he would spring to his feet like a boy, hum a monotonous, though lilting, measure, and trip off a few steps, saying: "So it goes, like this. But come to my school to-morrow evening and see me teach them how to begin."

Very different from the little establishment we had first seen, frequented by the humble, was this most delightful of schools, where that peerless dancer, the

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"MARIA DANCED THE SEDUCTIVE TANGO"

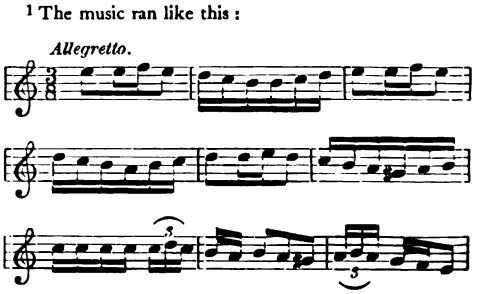
young Sevillana, throws all her native piquancy and fire and *sal*—her "salt," spirit—into the effervescent measures of Tango and Malagueña, Jota and Seguidillas, Sevillanas and even Manchega. The Sevillana loves them all, has danced lightly down the centuries with them from that dim antiquity wherein they were folk-rites. But these women of Seville are true only to the graceful, fiery, languorous dances of Andalusia. To the others they have added just that dash of their own *sal Andaluz* which gives zest, and strips the dance of its genuine provincial significance. Even the slow and awkward Manchega of La Mancha Province they dance so exquisitely that it loses most of its significance as the expression of the Sorrowful Knight's stilted courtesies and Sancho Panza's loutish clumsiness. But they are *simpaticas* in Otero's *Olé Andaluz*. Like many of the dances, it tells a story, in this case of a woman of the streets who impersonates a bull-fighter in her dance, to collect money for decorating her patron saint's shrine, a typically Andalusian theme, close to nature. "It is my own dance. I invented it in my own head," Don José explained proudly.

In the outer room of the school Don José himself, collarless and comfortably slippered, taught the mites receiving their first lessons. A very Argus he, whose myriad eyes missed no false step. Rarely did he raise his voice; the babies caught his instructions apparently by intuition, keeping time to the shattering rattle of castanets and the musical fragment Don José was always humming.[1]

Inside, the older pupils seemed to have gone violently insane under the tuition of Otero's nephew Manuel. They leaped, kicked, pounded, gyrated with astonishing speed and contortions, and each in turn sank back perspiring and breathless. "Loosening them up a little—muscle-softening," was the young dancing-master's laconic reply to my glance of inquiry.

The most charming of all the dances we saw in Spain occurred one evening when Don José invited pretty Lolita, a seventeen-year-old beauty, who embodied all the soft-eyed, bemusing charm of Andalusia, and her equally handsome little brother Ramonet, to show us El Torero y La Malagueña. And exquisitely they did it, she, dainty, haughty, gracious, and cold by turns, inviting, repulsing, cajoling with eyes and hands and fan; he pursuing always, gallant, devoted, beseeching, melting the heart of the proud beauty little by little until, in the last figures, they danced together, a Greek picture of the joy of life.

[1] The music ran like this:



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They were a splendid pair, each fully aware of the other's ability, each proud of the other, each a magnificent dancer, not at all brother and sister for the moment, but what was called for—the cloaked *toreador* and his *querida,* dancing their love-story. As the understanding became more perfect and the swaying, turning figures came closer and closer together, the music softened to subtler harmonies, the poses and steps grew gentler and more refined, and finally, with the last faint whisper from the humming guitars, Lolita and Ramonet stood together in the shelter of the toreador's broad cloak, their lips meeting in as pretty a salute as ever true lovers gave.

In a café, the best of its kind in Seville, we saw a different sort of dancing. The big, square patio and arcades were jammed with a motley throng, and were blue with cigarette-smoke. At one side, on the tiny stage, six or eight elephantine coryphées of dubious youth were dancing the Seguidillas, I think, and, when that was done, leaned breathless against the wall while one danced the Tango fairly well, stamping, writhing, kicking. It would have hurt Don José's feelings, but the crowd approved gravely. To us it was like a Coney Island beer-garden—the dances, the olio, the groups drinking sedately at the tables under the sharp, bluish glare of the arc-lights, the greasy, weary waiters threading in and out among the throng.

But there was nothing boisterous, intoxicated, or clownish. Andalusian spirit is wit and sparkle rather than mere ebullition, and the Spaniard with habitual gravity drinks like the born gentleman he is, to enjoy his liquor, not to boil over. But if we were disappointed in the dancing, we heard dead Egypt rise from the swart throat of a woman who danced never a step, but sang only—the oldest song in the world, that savage-joyous song of life and love the sun has heard go wailing up into the brazen Southern heavens since the travail of Eve. They call it "La Malagueña" in Spain. Africa calls it by other names, but the song is one.

From the cafés to the dim interior of the Cathedral of Seville is a long jump, but even there, in this city of heat and light and joyous life, before the high altar itself, the dance holds prominent place during certain set feasts of the religious year. Centuries ago, before Spain was, the Israelites danced before the ark of the covenant, and as the ages wound their slow course, that ceremony was commemorated in Spain by dancing choir-boys before the high altar at Easter and Corpus Christi. At first the dances were profane, mere folk-customs brought into the sanctu-

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"LOLITA"

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Drawn by W. M. Berger. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE SEISES SINGING AND DANCING BEFORE THE HIGH ALTAR OF A SPANISH CATHEDRAL

ary; but gradually a sacred measure was evolved, and the choir-boys gave place to an endowed body of boys known as the *seises*—the sixes. There are ten of them now instead of the old six, trained and completely educated at the expense of the church.

The dance came late in the afternoon, after an elaborate vesper service. The scene was weird and stimulating. Golden candle-light from the silver high altar flooded the chapel with mellow radiance that brought out the shadows Rembrandt-like; the huge rose-windows at each end of the transept burned in glorious colors in the waning afternoon sunlight; the *reja* threw black shadows on the dull stone floor; there was a great black patch in the

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crossing, where the spectators sat or knelt. The ceremony began to the accompaniment of organ and orchestra, the boys singing with voices shrilly sweet, as if their little throats would burst; the ancient structure rang with their praise:

Hay, Jesús mio,
tu amor me inflame;
hay, hay, Jesús mio,
tu amor me inflame.
Pués ha salido para inflamarme!
Ven, amor mio;
ven, y no tardes;
ven como sueles á consolarme!

Then came the dance, to the repetition of the song. And what a dance! a quaint, reverent series of posturings, not unlike the geisha dances of Japan. In some respects it suggested the lancers, in others the minuet. But each movement—line, star, double chain, or wheel—had a cryptic meaning and a religious purpose; the *S S* of the double chain, for example, indicating Santisimo Sacramento, and so on. Suddenly a sharp staccato rattle startled us, for we had not noticed castanets in the little hands. They side-stepped, reversed, sang, moved forward and back, whirled violently to position with a final triumphant roll of their castanets, knelt, bowed jerkily—boy fashion—to the altar, and the dance was done.

Surprising as it may seem, the ceremony gives not the slightest impression of irreverence or of sacrilege. The solemnity of the cathedral atmosphere, the richness of the archaic costumes, the perfect gravity and earnestness of the young performers, all give it the quality of a fitting part of the sumptuous ritual of the church, as natural as it is at first striking.

Comparatively few of the foreigners who visit Spain witness the dance of the seises, but almost every one sees a gipsy-dance, and many go away with the idea that it is the typical dance of that country of contradictions. It is not: there is no typical dance. Each province has its own distinct type, so delicate and elusive in character that it loses its charm when transplanted from one locality to another. How, then, could we expect to see it in a foreign country?

The *flamenco* dances of the Granada gipsies are the very life of those curious cave-dwellers along the outskirts of the former city of the Moor—cave-dwellers who illuminate their spotless holes in the cliff with electric lights and are said to make their arrangements with a dance-agent in the city by telephone! The name *flamenco,* by the way, was originally applied to the swaggering, dissipated rowdies and wastrels returned from fighting the Dutch in the Low Countries. Afterward—who knows why?—it was attached to the equally unconventional gipsy.

Very comfortable-looking homes these caves are, too, with their shining copper and brass pots and pans and knickknacks—made to sell—hung over the chimneypiece and against the whitewashed walls. Driving out one afternoon unannounced, when the roads were rivers of mud from the heavy rain that had been falling all day, we arranged with the head-man for an impromptu dance in his own cave. The setting was simple. There were no properties; only the immaculate white cave's outer room, and some splint-bottomed chairs. On one side were the women dancers; on the other, the spectators; at

Drawn by W. M. Berger

THE SEISES, OR BOY DANCERS, OF THE CATHEDRAL OF SEVILLE

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the front, their backs to the open door, the head-man, and players for a mandolin, a guitar, and a tambourine; outside, a knot of other gipsies and peasants darkening the door in their eagerness to see.

The dancers themselves, from old Encarnacion, as withered as a sun-dried peach at only forty-odd, to her little daughter Maria, a mere baby, seemed denizens of another world. They were gay in strong colors: some in crimson and white, others in marvelous lavender and red, and little Maria in white and yellow, with a tiny yellow manton. Each wore a flower in her well-oiled, black hair. As in the school, the noise in the cave was deafening —weird gipsy-music and the rattling volleys of castanets, echoing and reëchoing from the rocky roof. The dance was marvelous, and performed as much with eyes and hands as with feet, a turning, twisting, gliding, springing up, falling back, and slapping the earthen floor with broad feet; a serpentine dance in which every muscle and nerve and feature came into play, while black eyes fairly shot sparks, and the gipsy leader and spectators yelled encouragement. They beat time with their feet, clapped their hands, moved heads and bodies in the rhythm of the swinging dancers, shouting "Olé! A-a-ah! Jesus Maria! A-a-ah! *Anda, niña! Maria!*" in a paroxysm of enthusiastic interest.

Unconsciously, too, our feet kept time to the uncouth music of the nasal voices and the strings of the throbbing instruments—music not altogether human, it seemed, which served rather as a mighty intoxicant to stimulate and fire the performers than as a rhythmic governor of their steps. We were forgotten: the gipsies were dancing for themselves. True, they began for the modest fee we paid, and much has been said and more written about the gipsy-dances being simply catch-penny schemes without spirit or spontaneity. Perhaps they are, but I wish the critics could have seen the dance as we saw it. Old Encarnacion seemed a worn-out, sun-wrinkled hag when she stepped forward with a silly smile; but as the hot wine of the music stirred her veins, her hard face lightened, and she passed out of the world of the tourist into a sunny realm of joyous abandon and rhythm, dancing like a child. And after what might well have worn out a vigorous child. ten years seemed to have slipped from her shining face.

Her little daughter Maria danced the seductive Tango, a sensuous, provocative, stirring dance, the call of the wild thing to its mate. She caught the inflammatory spirit of it wonderfully for a child, now bold, thrusting forward with haughty disdain, arms a-kimbo and head high, her greenish-black eyes flashing; now coy, gliding back, inviting, teasing, mocking with a stamp of her tiny foot; but always full of the lithe, tigerish grace of rippling body-muscles. It was all the more remarkable since in other dances she was a sprite, an elf blown lightly from some magic field afar.

Everywhere in the South, especially in Seville, one hears the click of the castanet. Looking from our hotel windows at the sound, we saw again and again two or three little girls gravely dancing together in the street. Walking along in even the very poorest quarters, we heard the same sound day after day—little girls dancing in the meanest of houses for pure joy of it. But as one goes North it is not so easy to see these folk-rites. Queries are met with polite denials that the people ever dance in the streets now—denials that such public diversion has even been heard of for years. So in Saragossa we found no Aragonese jota at all, though that is its home.

But in old Leon, huddled in the lap of the bleak Sierras, we determined to stay until we found it; for the dance was to be seen, we knew. But where? Wandering about town talking with the people, asking the policemen, interesting the fireman with wonder-tales of fire-apparatus in far-away America del Norte, I gathered misinformation slowly and with difficulty, each man straying farther afield in his endeavors to keep my prying camera away. Eventually the tobacconist, when pressed for an answer, said: "They dance in the park on Sunday." But on Sunday afternoon we found only a few sober couples and sedate children, very much dressed, taking the air; for even the children of Leon reflect their bleak surroundings—the broad, calm plain, the distant, guardian hills, the somber atmosphere of still, eternal antiquity in nature. Disconsolately we wandered along the edge of the public gardens, by the trickling

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A COMPANY OF SPANISH DANCERS

PAINTED FOR THE CENTURY BY W. M. BERGER

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rivulet of the Bernesga, wondering if we must miss it, after all, when we noticed a steady stream of people passing by all in one direction. Our curiosity aroused, we followed them out to a fine *alameda* beyond the city, where they strolled up and down among the poplars, chatting and even laughing, and patronizing a little refreshment-wagon full of hard sausage and sour wine and very sticky, sweet soft drinks.

After a while the dance began, the stately Jota de Aragon, the "music" being that of a single tambourine helped out by castanets or simply by the snapping of fingers. We could not understand why such pains had been taken to keep us away, for the dancers paid not the slightest attention to us, but kept on dancing with the same rapt interest that they give to their devotions. And the Spaniard puts his whole soul into his devotions, be it in church or before a mere street shrine. In communion with his Maker, he has neither eyes nor thought for the curious foreigner with a camera.

Drawn by W. M. Berger. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"THE STATELY JOTA DE ARAGON"

The Leonese make their jota a serious business, an austere, rather monotonous dance, full of rapid motion, done entirely with the legs and arms, body and head being held stiffly erect. Ceaseless activity, suggesting certain Irish dances, characterizes it, and it has none of the supple grace, the sensuous or languorous charm of the jota danced by Otero's pupils in Seville, nor the joyous, bacchic, abandon of the gipsy jota in Granada. Yet through it all we could see the spirit of the people—how they enjoyed it, how its rhythm entered their very souls, though they were perfectly natural, entirely dignified. This opened our eyes to the deep vein of quiet humor and humanity underrunning the somber exterior. We were glad of so ingenuous and primitive an upspringing of the human spirit, of the attitude of exaltation, not toward material display or gain, but toward the joy of thankful existence.

As different as Catalan from Spaniard is the Catalan folk-dance of the Sardanas from all the other dances of the country. We saw it in Barcelona, that city whose pulsing commerce cannot rob of its charm. There again we had difficulty in finding the dance, though a friendly old Catalana on the train had told us the people danced it in the Paseo de San Juan every Sunday afternoon. We looked in vain, and had not a friendly policeman chanced to drop a dubious word regarding

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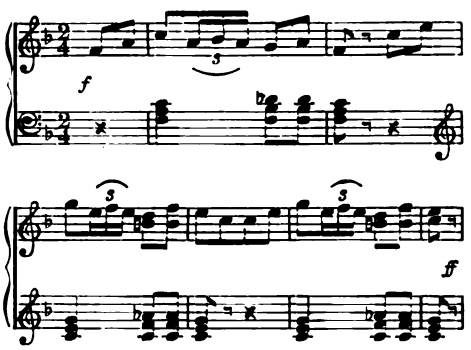
a little inclosed "Sportsman's Park" near by, we might never have found it.

Certainly no setting could have been more the epitome of unconvention—a bare patch of earth trodden hard, shaded by bamboo mats supported on tall poles, a roller-skating-rink in the background and a riding-ring to one side, where ponies trotted gaily about and ran races with phlegmatic little donkeys when excitable patrons demanded stimulation. The dance is a classic, of unknown authorship, like many classics. It has been traced back to the eleventh century. Beyond that no one knows how far it stretches. Gradually, during the bloody and futile years which the Catalans largely brought upon themselves, the fourteenth century *Jochs Florals,* the Sardanas, and even the Catalan speech itself fell into disuse. Eventually, however, about the middle of the last century, the Catalans felt their provincial identity going so fast that a wave of protest took shape throughout the province in a strong popular revival of language and customs.

Not to be technical, the Sardanas seemed to us to be an unusually well-conceived and healthy amusement, a grown-ups' ring-around-a-rosy. It begins usually —at least it always did when we saw it in the informal little park—by three or four couples taking hands and making a ring, the circle grows until there are fifty or sixty people in it, when it divides into two smaller rings without losing a step, and the same process is repeated.

Quaint and curious are the steps. Never do the circles completely revolve, but rather swing to and fro, oscillating upon themselves at times, but never carrying very far from the original position.

Nasal and sobbing at times, the music grips one with a fascination almost painful at first, singing its way straight to the heart—the cry of the Catalan soul for sympathy and appreciation and understanding. And it is a beautiful sight in itself to see the deportment of the people. When the circle dissolves as the last bars of the music die away, the dancers become strangers again, each intent upon his or her own affairs until their eager ears catch once more the welcome invitation:



And literally every one dances. Grave and reverend business men with prosperity marking every feature clasp hands with poor shop-girls; tiny girls of tender years with grim, unshaven artillerymen; women, accompanied and unaccompanied; poets with long hair—at least, they looked like poets—balance and sway and swing with light-hearted enjoyment. It is a singularly even dance in its moments of highest speed and liveliest movement as well as in its quieter rhythms. Here is nothing of the blitheness, the joyous inconsequence of the Andalusian, nothing of the tenseness of the chilly Leonese, but a peculiarly balanced and equable amusement.

Drawn by W. M. Berger

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NEW RECORDS OF NAPOLEON

I. EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF MAJOR-GENERAL A. EMMETT, R.E., IN CHARGE OF THE FUNERAL OF THE EMPEROR AT ST. HELENA

II. RECORD OF THE EXHUMATION OF THE BODY OF NAPOLEON, BY CAPTAIN CHARLES C. ALEXANDER, C.E., OFFICER IN CHARGE

MAJOR-GENERAL A. EMMETT, R.E., from whose diary the following extracts are taken almost verbatim, filled the post of Commanding Royal Engineer at St. Helena for virtually the whole period of Napoleon's detention on that island, and in that capacity he was the officer directly in charge of the arrangements for the interment of the ex-emperor.

So far as I know, his account of his interview with Napoleon, and his relation of the details of the interment, have never before been given to the public.

The description of the exhumation and removal of the body of the emperor in 1840 was sent to General Emmett, having been drawn up by Captain Charles C. Alexander, R.E., who, as Commanding Royal Engineer at St. Helena, was given charge of the proceedings.

General Emmett was a very distinguished officer, who, being gazetted as second lieutenant in 1808, served in the Peninsula from 1809 to 1812. He was present at many battles during this period, and at the storming of Badajos in 1812 he led a Portuguese column to the attack of the breach in the curtain. Here he was severely wounded, and was eventually invalided to England.

On rejoining the army in 1813, he remained with it till the end of the war, being present at the battles of Orthez, Nive, and Toulouse, as well as many minor engagements. He also served in the war with America, at New Orleans and elsewhere, and filled many important positions at home and abroad until he retired in 1855. His death took place in 1872.

General Emmett's widow is still living, and she has kindly placed at my disposal the extracts from his diary now given.—E. I. BOR.

I. GENERAL EMMETT'S DIARY, FROM HIS OWN HANDWRITING

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE EMPEROR

ON the twenty-first of December, 1815, I was gazetted with local rank of Major at St Helena, having been appointed Commanding Royal Engineers at that island, and on January twenty-eighth, 1816, embarked with a company of Sappers and Miners on board the *Phaeton* frigate. Captain Stanfield, Lord Mulgrave, Master General of the Ordnance, Sir S. Chapman, his secretary, General Mann, Inspector-General of fortifications, Sir Hudson and Lady Lowe, Colonels Reade and Lyster, Major Lorrequer, Dr Baxter, Lieutenant Wortham, and Wallace, also embarked. Lieutenant Jackson, Staff Corps, and Mr Jamisch of the Commissariat, were also passengers.

We sailed on the twenty-ninth, anchored at Madeira 14th February, sailed on 18th and endeavoured to make the island of Ascension, but failed in the attempt.

After some very rough weather in the latitude of the Cape, we reached St Helena on the 14th April.

Having been ordered to make an early report on the defences of the island, especially with reference to the detention of Napoleon, my time was abundantly occupied in obedience thereto, and it was not until the 20th July, 1816, that I was introduced to him.

INTRODUCTION TO NAPOLEON AT LONGWOOD HOUSE

COUNTS BERTRAND and Montholon in attendance, Lieutenant Jackson of the Staff Corps, a sort of attaché of Sir Hudson Lowe, accompanied me. Advancing graciously towards us, he addressed me, saying: "You are the chief officer of Engineers?"

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"Yes."

"Have you served in the field?"

"Yes, in the Peninsula and in France."

"With Wellington or Beresford?"

"With both."

"Were you in the lines of Lisbon?"

"No, but in those of Almada, on the opposite side of the Tagus, but I am acquainted with the position of the lines."

"Masséna made a great mistake. He ought to have attacked them immediately on coming before them."

I expressed a doubt as to his carrying them, he asked why—I answered that the lines had been long in preparation—were well armed with artillery—were occupied with some irregulars, and that our army retired to them in good order. He replied that might be, but it was Masséna's only chance of success—by pushing tête baissée into them he might have carried them—At all events it would have been better than rotting before them—Turenne and Montecuculi both said "Give no time to your enemy to entrench."

On repeating to Sir George Murray this conversation, he said I was in error, and that Masséna would have had a fair chance of success, our army having entered the lines in a very disorderly state.

Napoleon then said "Masséna had been beaten previously at the heights of—"

I said, "Busaco."

"Yes. Why did he not acknowledge it?" He spoke with warmth and indignation, adding: "We must all be beaten at one time or another."

He afterwards spoke of our sieges and our great loss at Badajos—on which I observed if we had not been successful in the assault we could not have taken the place—our gabions, fascines, etc, were used up, and we had no additional artillery to bring up. He said "surely Elvas could have supplied you with the latter by the Guadiana."

Answer. "No, Elvas had supplied already all its means, and the Guadiana was not navigable between the two places." He then spoke of the other sieges, dwelling on that of Burgos. On my remarking we had failed there, he said he remembered the place well; he had ordered a strong redoubt to be made there—"Had that been done?"

"Yes, a hornwork had been constructed which was carried at once by assault."

This rather startled him—he asked "How so soon carried?" I answered "Columns attacked the fronts unsuccessfully until another attack at the gorge forced the palisades and then our loss was severe."

This apparently reconciled him to the loss of the place.

The battle of Toulouse was then spoken of—on which I remarked that on riding over the ground after the battle I felt Soult ought to have beaten us, and never ought to have allowed an army to have filed under his position and between it and the difficult little stream, the Lers. To this he listened with attention and asked some questions.

On relating this conversation to Sir George Murray, he told me that the Duke's plan of battle was to force the passage of the Lers, and that Sir George suggested the desperate one of filing between the heights and the Lers. The Duke's would have failed, and Murray's ought to have done so.

I further observed that before the battle a part of the army, under Beresford, had passed the Garonne below Toulouse and was separated from the bulk by the rapid rise of the river, which compelled the removal of the bridge of pontoons, leaving Beresford alone, some days, in a position which appeared to me very assailable of which Soult took no advantage. To this he listened attentively and appeared to acquiesce. In subsequent conversation with Montholon it appeared Napoleon fully concurred in my views.

After other matters of minor moment, he, pointing to Prosperous Bay, said "You are making strong works there."

I said "Merely a battery and guardhouse," and laughing, he said "What is to attack us here, the rats?" Then—"jusqu'au revoir."

Turning to Lieut. Jackson, he said "You also belong to the Engineers?" Jackson said "No, to the Etat Major," when Napoleon most pointedly bowed him out, no doubt supposing him to be on Sir Hudson Lowe's staff, and sent to overhear what passed—which was most probably the fact.

I had but one interview with Napoleon, but might have had many, being constantly at Longwood during the building of the new house commenced in September and

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October, 1818, to the period of his death, the house in which he resided being but 100 yards from its site.

Sensible that I must often see him during the construction, I asked Sir Hudson Lowe how I should act in the event of meeting with him. After a short hesitation and with a growl, he said "I should take off my hat to him and pass on." This was quite enough to assure me I might not be free from injury if I entered into any communication with Napoleon. With Count Montholon I had frequent conversations, as he visited almost daily the work in progress. Our conversations were almost altogether on the events of Napoleon's career, and it must be said of Montholon that he never uttered a syllable suggesting any indirect communication with Napoleon, from whose library I often had books. Montholon was directed by Napoleon to give me for perusal the Archduke Charles' Strategy and Compaign of 1796, and to tell me Napoleon had read it over twice, and should probably do so a third time.

I had taken to St Helena many books relative to Napoleon's history, and was asked for them, for his perusal, by Montholon. Amongst others was the "Siéges de la Revolution" in two quarto volumes. They contained the siege of Toulon. They were returned to me with pencil notes by Napoleon, and of the batteries he had marked out against the place, a valuable memento. These volumes were presented by me to General Mann, Inspector General of Fortifications, in consequence of the kind advice given me on going out. After his death they were sought for by his friends, who enquired of me if any information could be given. It was supposed his butler had taken them away.

Napoleon also had from me Bülow's History of the Campaigns of Marengo and Hohenlinden, which was returned with numerous notes in pencil, condemning the system and views of Bülow. Montholon was told I had other works, but they being severe on Napoleon, I did not wish to send them. He told me to make my mind easy on that score, as Napoleon would only laugh at them. He therefore had Neil Campbell's pamphlet on the journey of Napoleon to Elba, but I do not remember any remarks having been made upon it.

DEATH AND INTERMENT OF NAPOLEON

On the 5th May, 1821, Napoleon died at sunset, and on the 9th was buried at 2:30 P.M.

He had been suffering for some months from sickness of the stomach, often when driving out, being sick. It was supposed his illness arose from diseased liver, but that he himself never believed.

For a few weeks before his death he received Dr Arnott, Surgeon of the 20th Regt—Dr Antommarchi, his own medical man, being more an anatomist than a physician. Dr Arnott gained, most deservedly, his affection and esteem, and a few days before his death, Napoleon presented him with a gold snuff-box, marking on it with the point of a penknife, in Arnott's presence, the letter "N." Napoleon also left for him 500 Napoleons.

During the last two or three days, Napoleon's head was incoherent and wandering. The last words he was heard to utter distinctly were "Tête d'armée." His priest, whose name I do not remember, attended him.

The body was laid out in his green coat, etc; on the bed and in the room where he died, in the cottage in Longwood grounds, a small wretched room, the face very handsome, and much like his best prints when First Consul. He had become corpulent and full in the face. before death. The change was remarkable. On the evening of the death, I met Sir Hudson Lowe on horseback, on the road to Longwood, who pointed out to me the site where the body was to be buried, telling me to have a grave made there. The site was in Slane's Valley, below Hutt's gate, where was a spring of beautiful water, surrounded by a few willow trees. It had been selected by himself, should he be buried in the island. He had often visited it, and, from the spring, water for drinking was taken to his abode at Longwood, nearly a mile distant, in silver vessels.

On examining the ground for the grave, I decided on making a vault of respectable depth. Substantial walls were made at the sides and ends and a sarcophagus for the coffin, supported on stone pillars, to keep it from the damp. The sarcophagus was made of the large flagstones sent from England for the kitchen of the new house

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erecting for him, and of others from the gun platforms of the batteries.

The coffin, etc; under the arrangement of Mr Darling, having been removed to the side of the vault, was let down by tackles to the sarcophagus in a satisfactory manner, a very large and thick flagstone forming its covering. This was again covered over by courses of masonry set in cement and cramped with iron in the presence of Napoleon's staff, such having been desired by them to guard against clandestine removal.

A carriage forming a hearse conveyed the body to the road leading to the bottom of the valley, whence it was carried by selected soldiers to the grave, the path being too steep and narrow for horses. The whole of the garrison and a large proportion of the islanders attended. The troops formed on the main road on a long and lofty ascent over-looking the valley. All passed over well: the scene was beautiful and solemn. At the grave the Governor and his staff, the Admiral and his staff, attended, as also the foreign Commissioners and all the establishment of the great Emperor. The day was fine.

Thus ended the career of one of the most wonderful men the world has ever produced, and well would it be for England if it could be said that during his confinement its greatest enemy had been treated with noble generosity.

Drawn by H. A. Ogden

NAPOLEON IN A COAT OF WHITE PIQUÉ, AT ST. HELENA

II. CAPTAIN ALEXANDER'S RECORD

Royal Engineer's Office
St Helena. 19th October 1840

REPORT of the operations and ceremonies performed at the exhumation of the remains of the late Emperor Napoleon Buonaparte, and their embarkation at St Helena on the 15th October, 1840, on board the French frigate *La Belle Poule*, commanded by His Royal Highness the Prince de Joinville.

As early as the 8th July, 1840, intelligence had been received at St Helena, by the arrival of H. M. Brig of War, *Dolphin*, bearing official despatches to the Governor, of the intention of H. M. Government to deliver to that of France the remains of Napoleon, and that H. R. H. the Prince de Joinville might be daily expected to receive them. On receipt of these despatches, immediate orders were given by H. E. the Governor, that the Royal Engineer Department should make every necessary preparation for the disinterment and conveyance of the remains from the tomb to the place of embarkation. The tomb is situated in a valley distant from the town, nearly four miles by a very mountainous road, and by the official description sent from England, a copy of which is enclosed, the vault and stone sarcophagus within it were very solidly constructed and firmly secured, and the weight of the three coffins was reported to be considerable.

The carriage part of a chariot, left on the island by the East India Company, was strengthened and fitted with a plat-

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Drawn by Harry Fenn

"LONGWOOD," NAPOLEON'S RESIDENCE AT ST. HELENA

form and canopy supported by four pillars, covered with black satin and crape ornaments, and a satin pall, and housings for four horses and a spare coffin were made. Shears, windlass, and all tools likely to be required were conveyed to the tomb, and tents were pitched in its vicinity for the accommodation of a guard and the workmen. It was not till the 8th October, nearly three months after the preparations had been completed, that H. R. H. the Prince de Joinville and M. le Comte de Chabot, Commissioners on the part of His Majesty the King of the French, accompanied by the former friends of Napoleon hereafter named, arrived at St Helena. The Prince de Joinville was received on his arrival with all the honours, and with every respect due to his exalted rank, but a severe indisposition under which H. E. the Governor had been suffering for some days previously, prevented the possibility of his proceeding to town to receive His Royal Highness.

The Castle in Jamestown had been prepared for the Prince, and a table was ordered to be found every day for the Prince and such persons as H. R. H. might command to be invited.

On the morning after the arrival of the French frigate the Prince de Joinville, accompanied by the French Commissioner and all the persons attending on the part of France, went to Plantation House to see H. E. the Governor, and proceeded afterwards to visit the tomb, and the former residence of Napoleon and the new house built for him at Longwood, and thence proceeded to town where they dined at the Castle, and where they were received by all the public, civil, naval and military authorities of the island invited to meet His Royal Highness.—Col. Trelawney R. A. second in command, presiding. H. R. H. re-embarked about 10 o'ck and slept on board the frigate, his duties not permitting to sleep any night on shore.

In the course of the two following days, the 10th and 11th, it was arranged between H. E. the Governor and the French Commissioners that the disinterment should take place on 15th October, 1840—the 25th anniversary of Napoleon's arrival on the island, and His Excellency appointed the Commanding Royal Engineer to be the Commissioner to act in conjunction with M. le Comte de Chabot.

A sarcophagus or coffin, made of polished ebony, having inlaid on the lid, in gold letters, the word "Napoleon," protected outwardly by a strong oak case secured with iron fastenings and containing

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within it a heavy leaden coffin, three quarters of an inch thick, had been prepared in France, and conveyed in *La Belle Poule* for the reception of the remains.

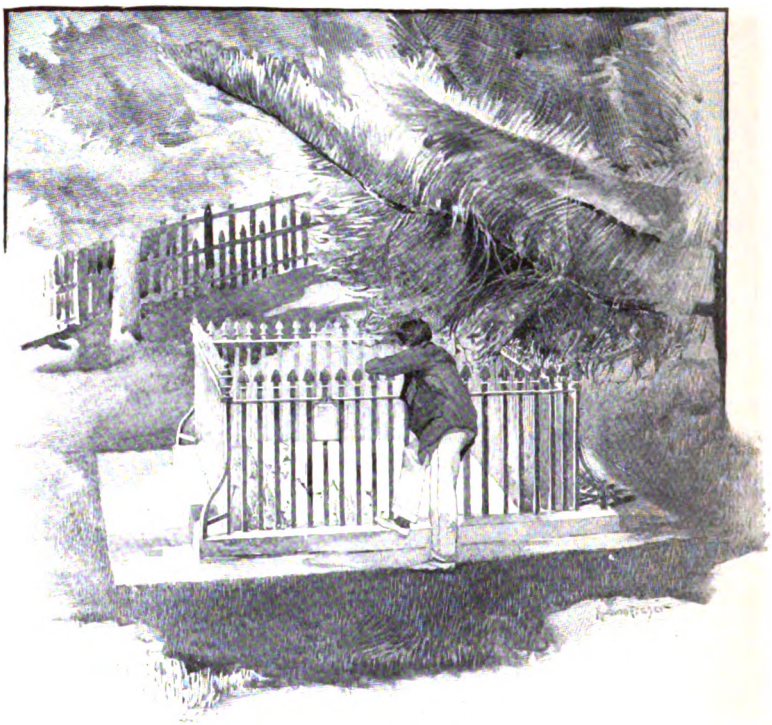
This coffin, which on board the frigate, had been placed in a portion of the main deck, divided off and handsomely fitted up as a chapel, was landed, and it was particularly requested by the French Commissioner that the coffin should be taken to the tomb and the remains when disinterred, placed therein, and so conveyed to the place of embarkation. The great weight of the sarcophagus (23 cwts) rendered compliance with this request a matter of some difficulty and risk, but measures were taken to give increased strength to the springs and carriage as well as to the shears, slings, etc; and the coffin reached the tomb in safety and returned without accident.

On the 14th, a guard of the 91st Regt, and a working party, consisting of a Foreman, five civil and four military artificers, and twenty five civilian labourers, were sent to the tomb. By instructions received by *La Belle Poule* it was permitted by H. M. Government that in the record of the proceedings to be drawn up by the Commissioners, the style and title of the "late Emperor" or "the Emperor Napoleon" might be given, if required by the Commissioner on the part of France.

At 12.30. A.M. 15th October, the two Commissioners proceeded to the tomb, which they found guarded, in obedience to the order of H. E. the Governor, by a detachment of the 91st Regt., commanded by Lieut. Barry, to keep the ground clear of all persons not required to be present at the ceremony or to assist in the operations.

Admittance was given within the enclosure to the representatives of France and England and to the persons superintending and performing the work.

It was then ascertained, in the presence of the two Commissioners and that of the above persons only, that the tomb was en-



Drawn by Malcolm Fraser

NAPOLEON'S TOMB AT ST. HELENA

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tire and untouched when the first opening commenced in perfect silence at 12:30 A.M.

The iron railing surrounding the tomb was first removed, with the stone coping upon which it was fixed. The surface of the tomb, covering an area of 11′ 6″, consisting of three slabs of wrought stone, 6″ thick, fixed on solid masonry and secured by bands of iron, was raised and completely removed by 1:30 A.M. There then appeared a retaining wall, 16″ thick, forming the four sides of a stone vault, 11′ long, 4′ 8″ wide and 8′ deep. This vault was filled with earth to within 6″ of the three stone slabs just removed.

After having removed the earth, there appeared at the depth of 6′ 10″, a layer of Roman cement covering the whole area bounded by the four side walls. The earth having been removed by 3 A.M. the Commissioners descended into the tomb, and ascertained that it was perfect and untouched on all sides. The layer of cement being removed, there appeared a horizontal bed of masonry, 10½″ thick, of hard stone strongly cemented, and secured by iron clamps which required 4½ hours to take up.

The extreme difficulty of this part of the operations made it necessary to excavate a ditch parallel to the left side of the vault, and to take down the masonry on this side, in order to gain an entrance to the sarcophagus by the side, if the masonry of the surface should resist the efforts making to remove it, but this masonry being completely taken up by 8 o'ck. A.M. that part of the operations was discontinued when it had reached the depth of 6′.

Immediately under the bed was found a strong stone slab, 5″ thick, 6′ 7½″ long, and 3′ broad, forming the upper surface of the interior sarcophagus of wrought stone covering the coffin. This slab was firmly secured to the sides by strong masonry built with Roman cement.

This masonry was removed with care, and two lewises let into the slab.

At 9.30 o'ck. all was ready for opening the sarcophagus, and the French surgeon having purified the tomb with chlorine, the slab was raised by shears and placed by the sepulchre.

As soon as the coffin appeared, the chaplain of the French frigate threw holy water on the tomb and read the Psalm "De Profundis," all present being uncovered. The Commissioners then descended into the tomb, to inspect the coffin, which was found sound, except only a small portion of the bottom which was slightly decayed, through lying on a strong stone slab placed at the bottom of the tomb, resting on wrought stone pillars.

Some additional salutary precautions having been taken by the surgeon, a messenger was despatched for H. E. the Governor to report the progress made, and the coffin was raised by hooks and slings, and then carefully taken to a tent erected for its reception. The coffin being placed in the tent, a short prayer was read by the chaplain.

At 11 o'ck. the Commissioners having ascertained that H. E. the Governor had granted authority to open the coffin according to an agreement previously entered into, the outer coffin was carefully removed.

Within it was found one of lead, in a good state of preservation.

H. E. the Governor, accompanied by his staff, at this moment entered the tent, to witness the opening of the inner coffins.

The lead coffin was then placed in that sent to St Helena from France. The upper lid was then cut with great care and a second wood coffin was found, in good condition, and answering the description by, and the recollection of, the persons now present who had assisted at the deposit of the body at the period of the burial. The lid of the third coffin being removed, a lining of sheet tin, slightly corroded, appeared, which being also removed, exposed to view a white satin coverlid covering the body. This being carefully taken off, by the surgeon's hands alone, the body of Napoleon appeared. The features had suffered, but they were readily recognized, and the several articles deposited within the coffin appeared, in the same places in which they had been placed at the time of the burial. The hands were in a remarkable state of preservation: the uniform, the orders, the hat, but little injured, and the whole bore the appearance of but very recent interment. The body was exposed to the air for two minutes, at most, merely sufficient to allow time to the surgeon to take the measures prescribed by his instructions to preserve it from further decomposition.

The coffins were then closed and firmly

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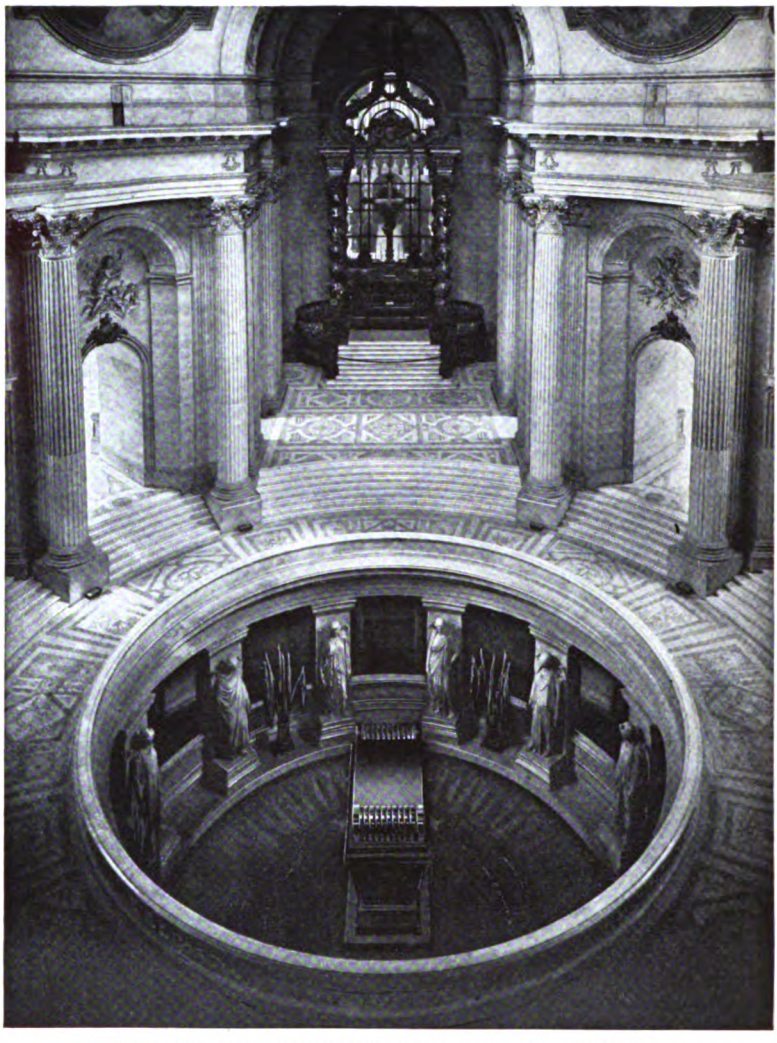

NAPOLEON'S TOMB UNDER THE DOME OF THE CHURCH OF THE INVALIDES, PARIS

secured, with wooden wedges, within the new lead coffin sent from France, the lid of which was then soldered, and sealed in the new wooden one, and the key delivered to the French Commissioner.

The English Commissioner then declared to the French Commissioner that the exhumation being completed he had the directions of H. E. the Governor to state that the coffin containing (as had been duly ascertained) the mortal remains of the Emperor Napoleon, would be at the disposal of the French Government from the moment it should reach the place of embarkation to which it was about to proceed under the immediate orders of H. E. the Governor.

The coffin was then placed in a hearse and covered with the pall presented by the French Commissioners, and at 3:30. o'ck the procession moved off under the command of H. E. the Governor, who had been prevented by severe indisposition from attending the operations during the night.

The garrison fired minute guns during the march of the procession.

At 5:30 o'ck the hearse reached the pier head, when H. R. H. the Prince de Joinville, with his staff and officers, received the coffin, which was immediately conveyed to a state barge and carried with great solemnity on board *La Belle Poule* with royal honours.

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THE RETURN FROM ST. HELENA

HOW NAPOLEON'S BODY WAS RECEIVED IN FRANCE

[FOR the material of this note on the return of the expedition to France and the funeral-pageant at Paris, we are indebted to Thackeray's paper, "The Second Funeral of Napoleon," and to an article, "Napoleon's Return from St. Helena," by Katharine P. Wormeley in the "Cornhill Magazine" for July, 1908. Both were eye-witnesses of the pageant. The pictures are from a series of French lithographs probably published soon after the funeral.—THE EDITOR.]

ON the morning of October 16, 1840, the day after the reception of Napoleon's body on board the *Belle Poule* at St. Helena, mass was celebrated on deck, absolution being pronounced by the Abbé Coquereau. When these ceremonies were concluded, the coffin was lowered between-decks, to rest in a *chambre ardente* which had been brought from Toulon. At that moment the vessels at anchor fired a last salute.

The *Belle Poule* left the island on Sunday, October 18. She did not arrive at Cherbourg until November 30. December 8, the body was transferred to the steamer *Normandie,* the forts of Cherbourg saluting with a thousand guns. Two other steamers escorted the body to Havre, whence it was taken up the Seine. December 19 the expedition was met at Val de la Haye, near Rouen, by a flotilla of ten steamboats which had come down the river. The same day it reached Rouen amid a great demonstration, and, after several hours' stay, went on to Pont de l'Arche, Vernon, Mantes, and Maisons-sur-Seine. Everywhere enthusiastic crowds flocked to the banks of the river.

On the 14th the coffin was transferred to the imperial vessel from Paris. Preceded by a steamboat carrying two hundred musicians, it reached Courbevoie, an outlying part of Paris, in the evening. At daybreak of December 15, amid welcoming cannonades and cheers, the coffin was transferred from the funeral-barge at Courbevoie and placed by the *Belle Poule's* seamen on the imperial car, or catafalque. The day was very cold. The procession advanced slowly from Neuilly, halted a few moments beneath the Arc de Triomphe, which was surmounted by a statue of the emperor surrounded by allegorical figures, and continued down the Champs-Elysées, where the National Guard lined the left side of the avenue. From the Place de la Concorde to the Arch, the Champs-Elysées was decorated with statues of Napoleon's victories, funeral-urns, imperial flags, and triumphal columns bearing bronze shields on which the names of his conquests shone in gold. The avenue was covered with gold-colored sand.

In the military procession was "an old white horse, said to be the son of 'Marengo,' who carried his master at Wagram. At any rate, the saddle, bridle, and housings were those worn by 'Marengo' on that occasion, and preserved in the Hôtel Cluny." A guard of honor followed, and then five hundred sailors of the *Belle Poule* in double file on each side of the catafalque.

From the Place de la Concorde the procession moved to the Church of the Invalides, which was approached through an avenue of statues, of the greatest warriors of France, "from Ney to Charlemagne," alternating with urns of funeral-incense. The chapel of the Invalides was brilliantly lighted, and the ceiling was hung with violet. Trophies and imperial emblems adorned the whole edifice. The catafalque was placed where the altar had stood. A great eagle surmounted it, and tripods smoked about it. High overhead hung rows of faded battle-flags. A cross-bearer and incense-boys advanced, followed by priests and bishops and the Archbishop of Paris. Then came the Prince de Joinville, preceding the coffin, which was borne by seamen and veterans. King Louis Philippe stood at the catafalque, and the Prince de Joinville, advancing, said, "Sire, I present to you the body of Napoleon!"

The king replied, "I receive it in the name of France."

Mass was said, and Mozart's "Requiem" was sung.

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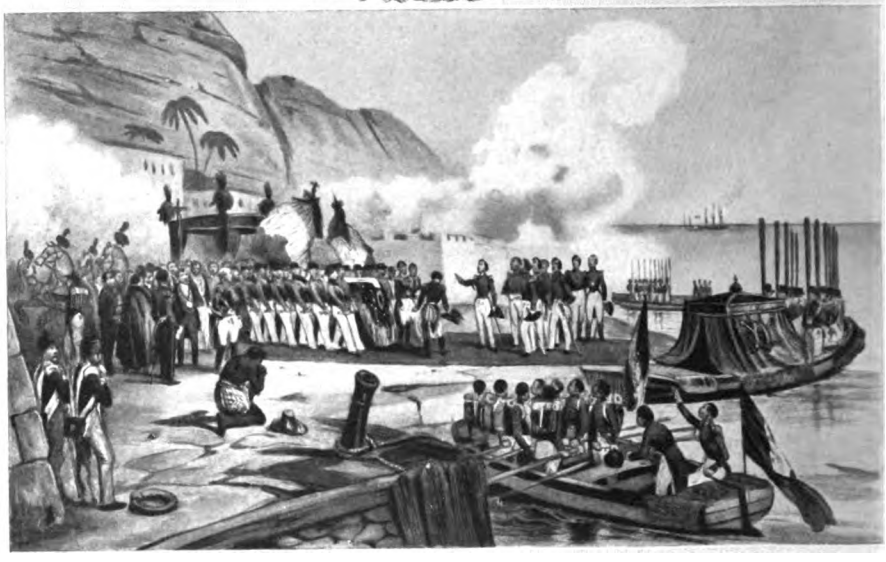
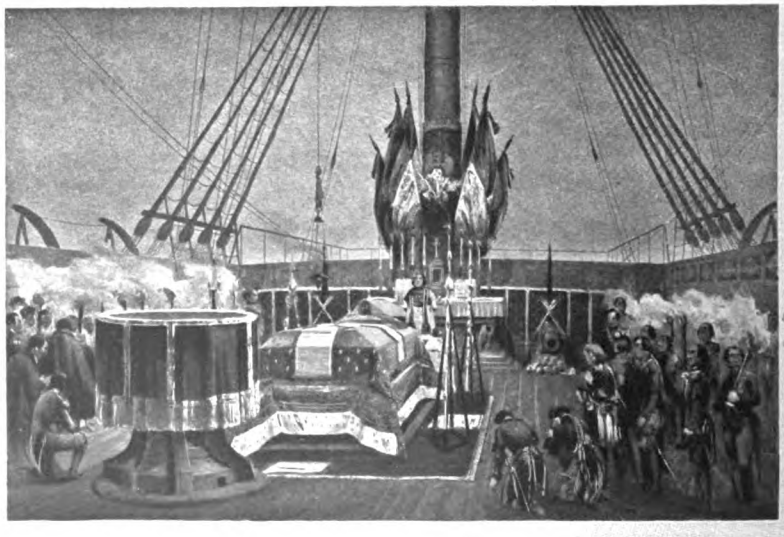


Drawn from life and lithographed by V. Adam

THE BODY OF NAPOLEON LEAVING ST. HELENA, OCTOBER 15, 1840



Lithograph by Arnout. Drawn on the spot by V. Adam

RELIGIOUS CEREMONY ON THE DECK OF THE FRIGATE "LA BELLE POULE"

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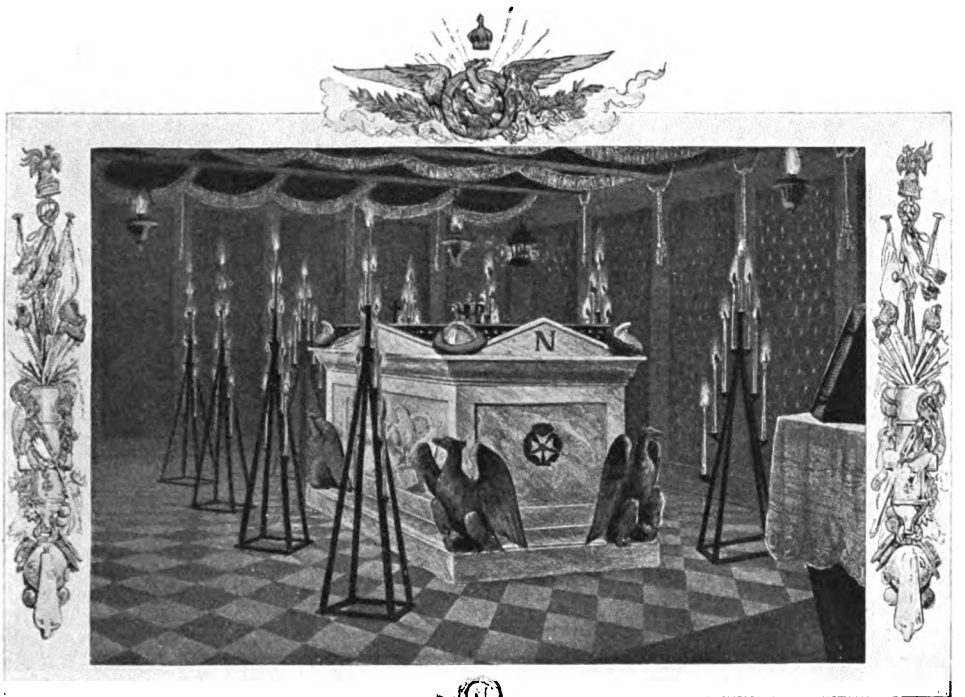

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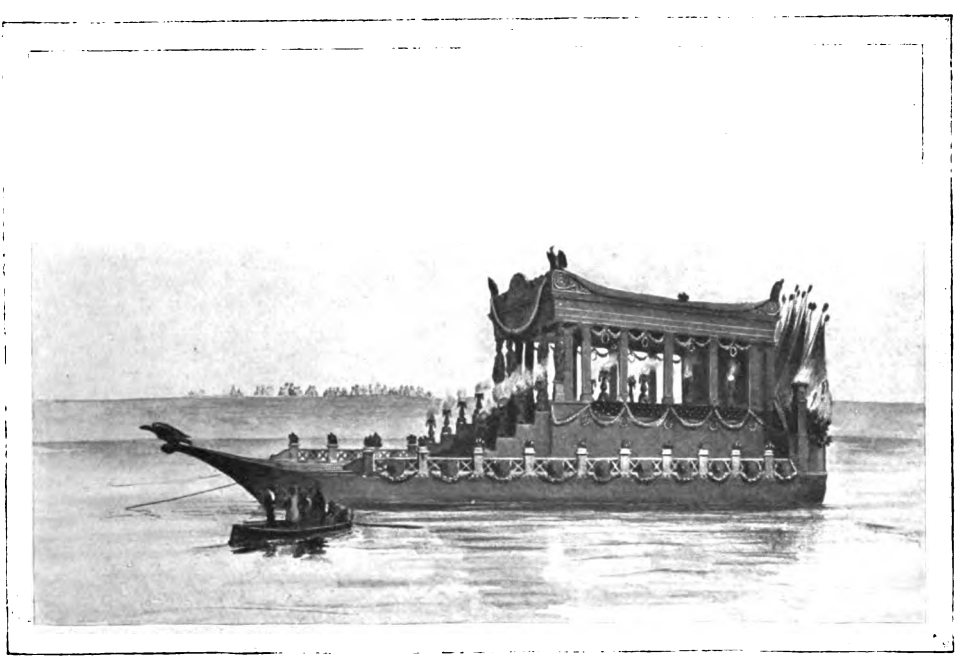
MORTUARY CHAMBER ON THE FRIGATE "LA BELLE POULE"



Drawn from life and lithographed by Arnout

THE FUNERAL-BARGE OF NAPOLEON

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THE FUNERAL CHARIOT OF NAPOLEON

Drawn from life during the funeral procession, December 15, 1840, and lithographed by V. Adam

NAPOLEON'S ACCOUTREMENTS ON THE SON OF HIS BATTLE-HORSE "MARENGO"

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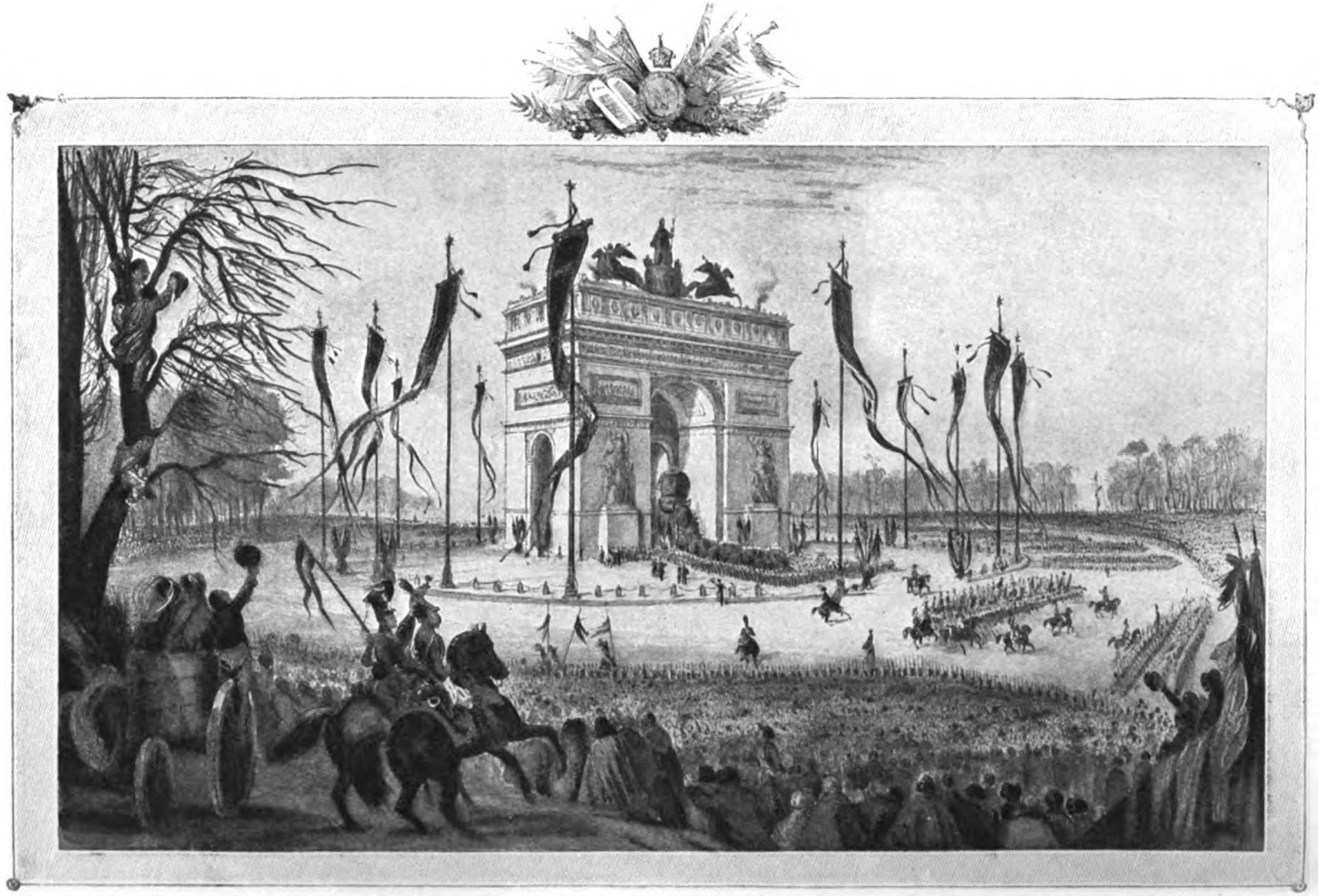

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THE ESCORT AND FUNERAL CHARIOT PASSING UNDER THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE

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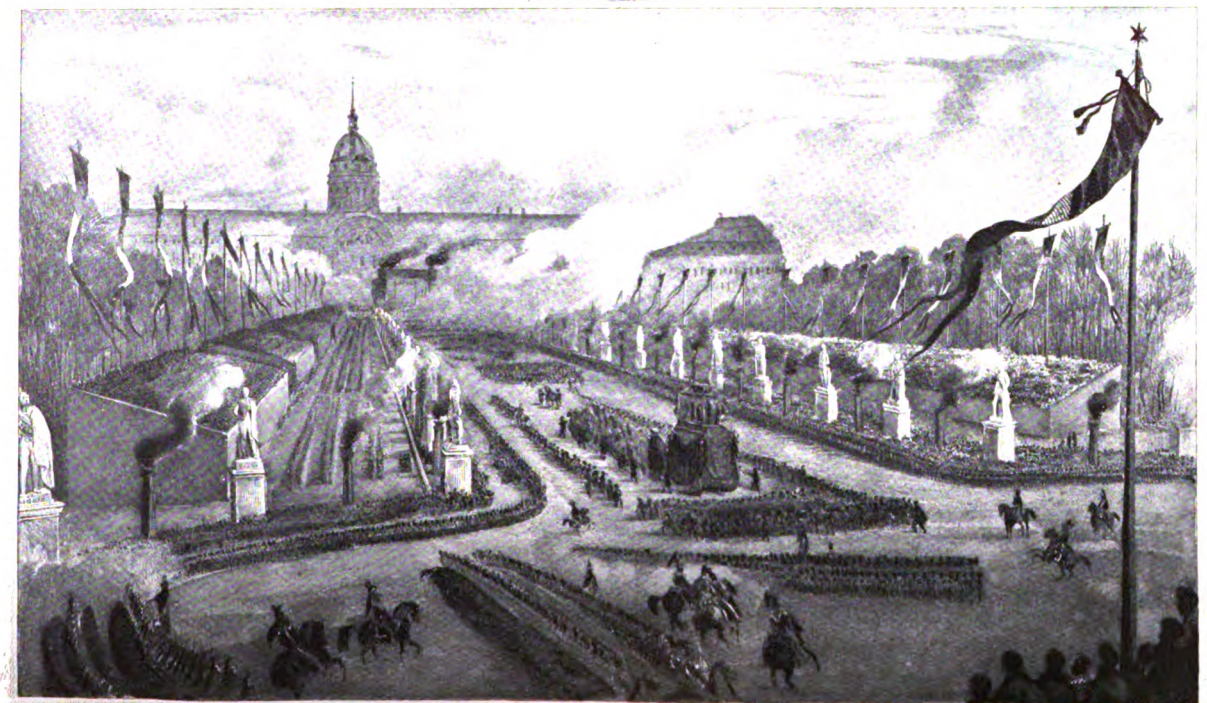

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THE ARRIVAL OF THE FUNERAL PROCESSION AT THE INVALIDES

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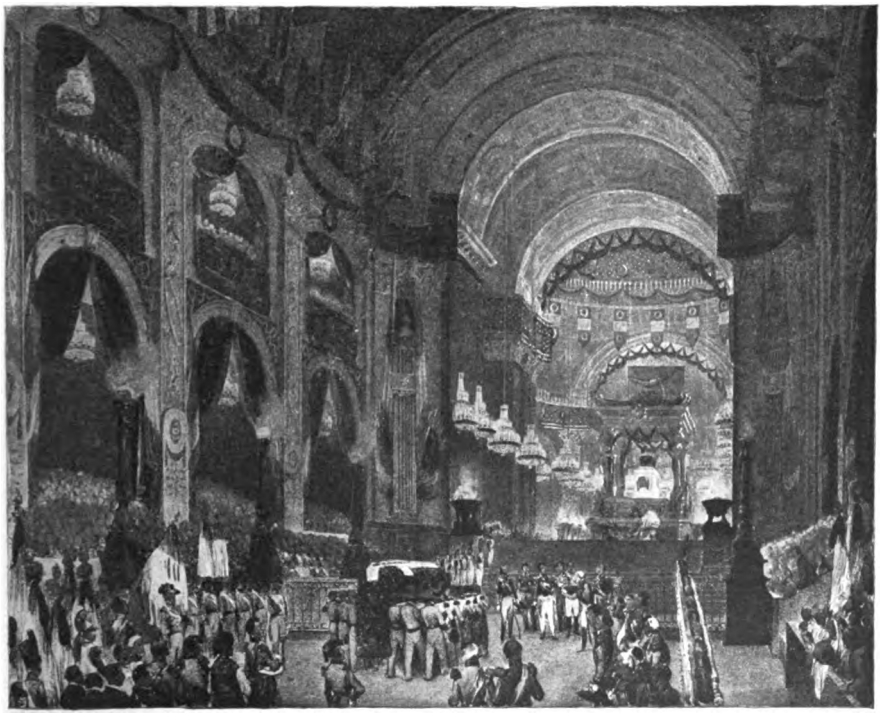
RECEIVING THE BODY OF NAPOLEON IN THE COURT OF THE INVALIDES



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THE COFFIN BEING BORNE TO THE MORTUARY CHAPEL IN THE CHURCH OF THE INVALIDES

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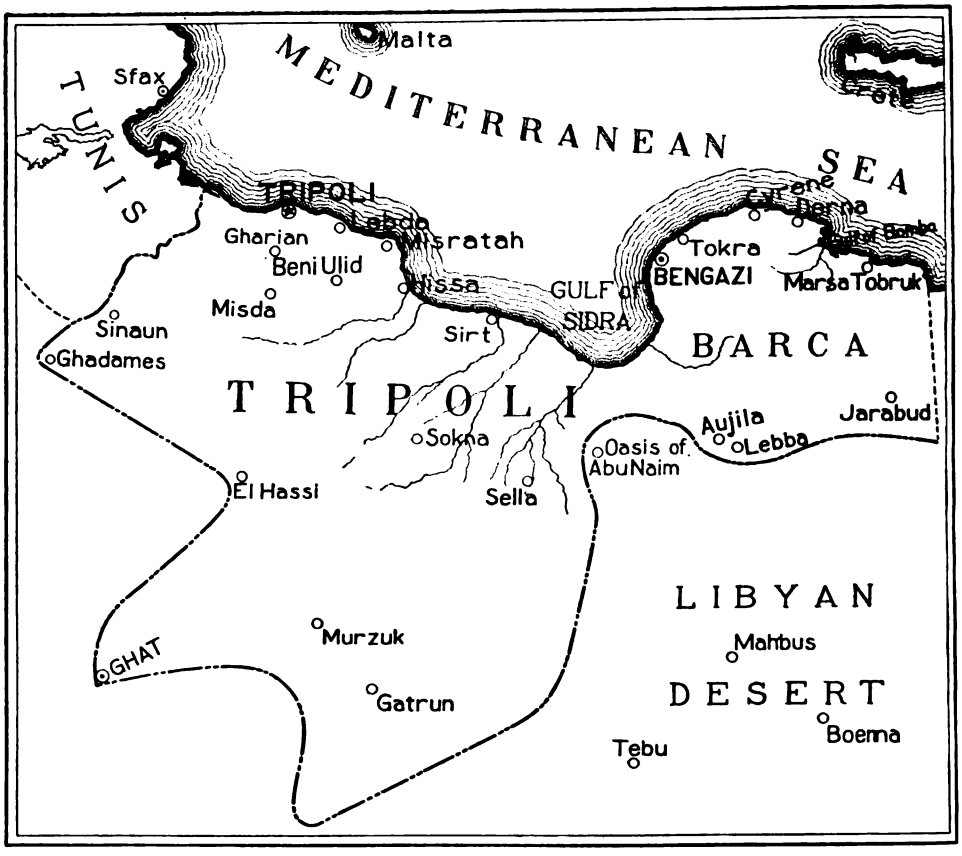

TRIPOLI, AS AN AMERICAN SEES IT

BY RICHARD NORTON

Director of the Expedition of the Archæological Institute of America to Cyrene

THE war in the Eastern Mediterranean has drawn the attention of everybody to the province of Tripoli, a part of the world which has not received so much notice for two thousand years. Its history begins about six hundred and fifty years before Christ, and from that period till nine centuries later we know in a general way the course of events in the district about Cyrene and along the seaboard, though we have virtually no knowledge of the conditions that prevailed in the interior. Of this hinterland all that is known is derived almost entirely from journeys made long ago by Rohlfs, in recent years by Fischer, who has gone through from Tripoli town to Nigeria, and by William Chanler, who, two years ago, made one of his plucky trips to Murzuk. Unfortunately, Mr. Chanler has published nothing about his experiences.

Of the part of the country covered by these explorers I can say nothing from personal experience, but photographs taken by Mr. Chanler show that in ancient days a highly developed Roman civilization spread a considerable distance toward the interior. To those, however, who believe that the 410,000 square miles of Tripoli is an El Dorado, it may be said that the travelers whom I have mentioned, and other authorities, agree that the interior of

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Tripoli is of the usual desert character of northern Africa, interspersed here and there with oases where, shaded from the burning sun by the dry-leaved palms, the Arabs cultivate their small gardens. Their life is a bitter one. By day the children drive the flocks of goats and sheep over the gray, stony slopes, seeking the small patches of gnarled scrub-growth; the women stay in the black goat-hair tents or the miserable adobe huts, grinding the grain for the evening meal; the men work in the small fields where garden growth is possible, or, like their prophet Mohammed, lead caravans to far lands, though as likely as not they are cultivating one of the blood-feuds which thrive there in a way to make the Kentucky mountains blush with envy. By night small fires made of brush or camel-dung glow in the still air. The camels snuffle and gurgle as, guarded by their masters, they lie near by; the dogs bark or chase the jackals, a bunch of which occasionally runs yelping through the darkness; the women disappear; the men, wrapped in their heavy blankets, lie about; and gradually the never-silent night passes before the onrush of another cloudless day.

LOADING LIVE SHEEP AT BENGAZI

Along the coastal plain which stretches with varying width between the frontier of Tunis and that of Egypt the life is different, is a little softened. The great ridge of mountains which stretches across Algeria and Tunis falls away in height as it passes over Tripoli, forming a rough and rolling plateau two thousand feet high. For the most part it is very stony, covered with stunted shrubs and bushes, with now and then a valley where the richer growth of olive or cedar betokens a hidden watercourse, and everywhere cut by difficult ravines, which test the temper of the traveler and the sure-footedness of his mount. But between the untracked slopes of this plateau and the sea is a plain where the growth is semi-tropical, and where in the old days thrived the large population of the Pentapolis, the five cities of which some even yet have not lost all signs of animation.

There are to-day only three settlements which can, in the European sense, be called towns. These are Tripoli, the capital of the western half of the province; Bengazi, the capital of the eastern half, which includes the territory of the famous ancient city of Cyrene; and Derna, about two hundred miles east of Bengazi. They are very primitive, and the only one which has the slightest charm is Derna. Tripoli, with its long stretch of low, white houses and the great hump of a medieval castle (which, as I write, the papers say has been destroyed by bombardment) hanging over the shallow water of the so-called harbor, is picturesque enough as you approach from the sea; but once ashore, you find the usual Mediterranean squalor. There is a native bazaar, where the Arab, draped like an ancient statue and with gun across his shoulder, mixes the business of buying goods with that of giving and getting news. Every native is an ambulatory newspaper, and one of the greatest surprises a Westerner has in such Eastern towns is the startling rapidity with which news travels without the aid of post or telegraph. Through the narrow, shaded lanes of the market trot the donkeys, their drivers shouting, "To the left! To the

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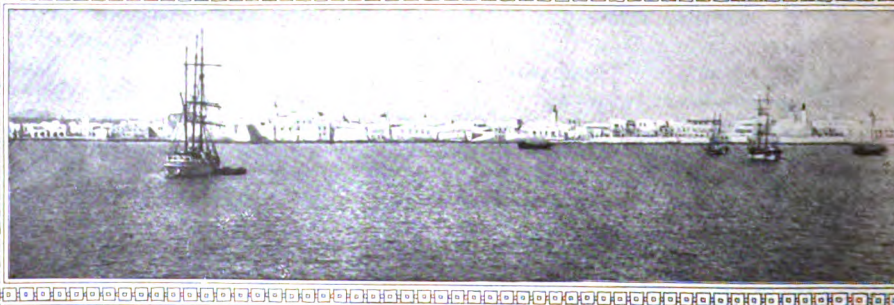
THE BAZAAR IN TRIPOLI

A NATIVE VILLAGE

A STREET IN THE BAZAAR



THE HARBOR OF TRIPOLI

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A TURKISH GUARD

THE SO-CALLED TOMB OF PTOLEMY

HADJ TAWAN, MUDIR OF CYRENE

CHARACTERISTIC VIEW NEAR THE SEA

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right! Look out for yourself!" as they forge their way through the press. The loose-tongued camels pad along, heedless whether they destroy the load on their back or the frail booths of the merchants. Camels! What memories of exasperation that name brings to the mind! How they groan and bubble when they are loaded! How they bite! How they try to be sprightly and attempt to trot over the hillsides, scattering their load all over the land! How they fall down in the most difficult part of the trail, completely blocking the whole caravan and utterly unable to rise until the shadows and graves of all their ancestors have been cursed and human effort has proved unavailing, when, with a final sigh of disgust, they heave themselves up, as they might just as well have done half an hour before. And through it all they look at you with an air of contempt which only an animal which has borne the tragedy of supreme and unrivaled ugliness since the flood could express. All this is to be seen in Tripoli town, and your soul's craving is assuaged, for you know you are in the East.

STATUE FOUND AT LEBDA, NOW IN BENGAZI

Some signs, too, there are of the West. There are the various consulates, our own among them, and it is the only one we have on the whole coast. In the other towns, as so often in the East, the American must seek the English consul if he needs help or advice. And here let me offer my heartfelt gratitude to the English consuls. Kind, generous, hospitable, learned, they greet their cousin from across the sea with a welcome he can never forget. Besides the consulates, there is a hotel at Tripoli and a bank, a branch of the Banca di Roma, the directors of which are surely to be envied, for among other percentages you have to pay, there is one of insurance on your money! The foreign colony is small. There are far more English subjects, mostly Maltese merchants, than of any other race. Of Italians there were until recently about two hundred, and about another hundred in the rest of the province.

At Bengazi the general look and character of the town is much the same, but it is smaller and more pestilential. There is another antiquated fort, another picturesque bazaar, similar palm-groves on the outskirts, and a rather larger village of wattled huts where dwell negroes from the South. But at Bengazi, if you can get there, other interests beside the modern ones begin. The reason for suggesting this doubt of your arrival is that neither at Tripoli nor anywhere else on the coast is there a harbor for anything bigger than a Greek sponge-boat, so that it is by no means an infrequent experience to find, when you reach the place where you would land, that the steamer cannot stop, or, if you get ashore, you may find yourself marooned. If this happens, and there is no such refuge as the English consulate, go to a Turk. He is more than apt to be a true practitioner of his religion, which teaches him to house the stranger. Like many Easterners, he is a gentleman by instinct and usually in practice.

Bengazi was the ancient Berenice, and a few miles out of the town there is a great cave, filled with a slimy, mysterious pool of sleeping water, which tradition says is the entrance to the river Lethe. Natives,

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digging in the neighborhood, often bring to light Greek vases and coins, and sometimes even marble statues of true classic quality. In fact, quite enough of this sort has been found, and is to be seen both in the country and in European museums, whither it has percolated by channels as dubious as that of Lethe itself, to show that the flowers of ancient art are not alone to be culled on the more familiar Greek lands. Even to this distant province the Greek torch was carried, and here fires were started which spread the warmth of Greek civilization where before had been only cheerless savagery. For about six hundred years this part of Africa was held by the Greeks, and then in the first century before our era it was bequeathed by one of the Ptolemies to the Romans and left by the last of a dying race to the Northern conquerors, just as Pergamum had been before. Rome, however, never settled here, as she did in Tunis and Algiers. Though there are traces enough, as at Lebda, where there is a great city half buried in the drifting sand, of the handicraft of the last classic centuries, still one scarcely ever sees the great masses of brick and concrete which betoken true Roman occupation. Rome owned Cyrenaica, sent governors there, and drew taxes from it, but she never lived there.

For the present we must be content in the main to guess about old-time conditions, for the literary evidences are not very satisfying, and virtually no excavating has been done. Fifty years ago two Englishmen spent two seasons digging at Cyrene in the haphazard fashion of those days. What they found they had the good fortune to be able to take to London, where it served for many years to whet the appetite of students. Last year the Archæological Institute of America obtained the right to send an expedition there, and though the year's work was darkened by the assassination of Herbert Fletcher De Cou, the results were of great importance.

All about Cyrene the country is still very wild. The Arabs cultivate much of the land along the sea, and where there is water, as at Derna, the fruit-gardens are delightful. Derna is really a pleasant place for a few days. There is the usual bazaar, and in many high-walled gardens pomegranates flame in spring, and apricots and oranges bejewel the trees in summer. The town is placed at the entrance to a gorge, down which sparkles a brook, half hidden by the oleanders. In fact, the prospect is pleasing except for the proverbial "man." It is not, however, the Arab who is "vile," but that unpedigreed mongrel, the beach-combing Levantine.

In the country outside the towns conditions are not the same. On the slopes of the hills and over the rolling, desolate plateau one meets the questioning-eyed Arab herding flocks of sheep and goats, and here and there in some favored nook of the hills there is plowed land. But the Arab is a nomad, and the taxes are heavy, for not only must he render to the sultan his due, but religious fees must be paid to the Senussi sect, to which virtually all the natives of this region belong. Much has been heard of this sect in recent years, and its growth is a most interesting religious phenomenon. But in its simplest form it can be said that it is a reforming and puritanical sect the leaders of which desire to purge Islam of European ways.

The country appears desolate to one who travels over the roadless wastes, where the horses cannot keep their feet on the precipitous paths and where the men pant for water during the bright hours, but hidden in the hollows of the hills, or in the caves in the gorges, are many wild people. Shoot a few partridges as you go along, or wait till the evening and camp by one of the infrequent wells where there is none too much water for even the native's flocks, and you will soon see that it is best to respect the prejudices of the people among whom you are traveling. They are ignorant, fanatical, quick to anger, but not difficult to handle if they once realize you are just. They work hard, but irregularly, and have great endurance. They lie, but often not so much as you are tempted to think, because they have not understood what you wished. How can they tell you how many hours away the water is? They have never measured the trail with a watch. How can they make you understand whether a place is really habitable or not when their ideas and yours of what constitutes a settled population and a proper meal are utterly different? On the whole, if you like the East at all, you will prefer these wild folk to the sodden peasantry of Europe.

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It is a country that is still difficult to travel in, for there are absolutely no roads, and though at present the Turk will give you every assistance, others will put every difficulty in your way. The land itself will test you. If your temper is hasty, the natives will worry you severely; the hot wind from the desert will burn you till your eyes cannot see even the beauty of the night; the guide will lose the trail, and the hours you ought to be sleeping you will spend in stumbling over rock and bush, dragging a tired horse behind you; you will go to bed without supper; and journey all day without water. Such will be your troubles; but when the journey is over, they will pass from your mind like the mist off the hill, and you will remember only the joy of learning about new men, of counting the hours by the stars as they weave their golden way through the boughs of the ilex above your bed, of the swift dawn and the excitement of reaching the other side of last night's horizon, of the discovery of the shadow of the beautiful, dead ancient world and the hope of turning it to some modern life, of living twenty-four hours in every day. The troubles, as you think of it, are just the spice to intensify the joy, and once the journey is over, you will look to the day when the camels grunt the start again.

THE MANGO-SEED

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

Author of "The Poppies in the Wheat" (A CENTURY prize-story)

THE two young men looked at each other rather helplessly. Then "Marty" Martin drew a few ragged words over his helplessness. "I 'm sorry, Peter—really, awfully. I 'll be back in an hour. And do buck up. But you have bucked up, you really have. You look ever so much better than you did when we went to lunch. And I 'll be back. Oh, you can depend on me." He drifted off through the door. His muscles were tense with haste, but he fingered chairs and tables as he went—as if trying to put clogs of decency on feet indecorously winged. Even so, he was soon out of sight, and Peter Wayne was alone.

"There 's no point in saying it is n't rum, because it is," he murmured to himself. "And *here,*" he added, looking about. There was no moral support in those crimson walls, those great pier-glasses, those insignificant writing-tables, with red-shaded electric lights, those uncomfortable tapestried arm-chairs. It was n't the setting to help you through a crisis. He was in the quietest corner of the most essentially respectable hotel in New York. There were plenty of them—scores—that were incidentally respectable; but at the St. Justin respectability had been cherished through years for its own sake, as more important than the register, the cuisine, or the unimpeachable location that no metropolitan progress could render inconvenient. As a very young bachelor with virtually no family ties, he was not familiar with the St. Justin. It was n't a place where you would expect to get the kind of thing his kind of human being wanted. He could n't, for example, have induced Marty to lunch there. They had lunched at Plon's. It was a hotel where you might be perfectly sure your grandparents had stopped. It was natural that his mother should have selected it for their meeting, as she had n't been in America for well over twenty years. But there was less backing than he had expected, somehow.

Sitting uncomfortably in one of the corners by a writing-table (his back to the window so that the familiar streets should n't lure him too much to flight) he took the privilege of the consciously crucial moment. He reviewed his life. It was so very short, after all, that it was easily re-

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viewed. He was only a few months out of the university and he was just twenty-two. The insoluble was there to the point of being either romantic or absurd, he did n't know which. He had what so many young people long for in vain, a mystery. He had amused himself occasionally with monstrous hypotheses. But what real account could he give of himself? What account, that is, of the sort that Marty Martin and his like had by heart before they could spell? The most that he knew about his parents—except that they were alive and in the tropics—was that they banked in Honolulu, and had some natural hold or other on Marty Martin's uncle. Marty Martin's uncle had picked out Peter's school and his college for him, and was telegraphed for when Peter had appendicitis. That was as near the parental relation as anything he had known from experience. Lonely? Well, any fellow was lonely when the other fellows all went trooping home for holidays; but loneliness he had always frankly diagnosed as three quarters pride. The fellows were always glad to get back to school or college, he noticed. In any case, he had stopped thinking about it much—his plight. That saved his dignity. What he sat now vaguely dreading was the immense, the cataclysmic downfall of his dignity. He tried to put the facts to himself so simply that they should be as reassuring as a primer. Ollendorf, he had once complained to a teacher, would take the zest out of a murder, the sense out of a scandal. Tragedy was a verbal matter. Put a crime into any foreign language, and it sounded like a laundry-list. He would try, as it were, to find the French for his situation.

"Oh, rot!" he began, taking his own advice quite seriously. "It is n't so Sudermannish as all that. My father and my mother chose to go to the tropics to live, a year after I was born. They did not take me with them. They have never sent for me; but they have supported me; they have written to me occasionally; they have got Marty Martin's uncle to keep me out of the hands of the S. P. C. C. and trained me generally to do without them. I 've never been invited to go to Tahiti. And Tahiti is n't like London—if you know any one there, you can't go without an invitation. They can't have turned against me, when I was eleven months old, on account of my vices. I 've kept pretty jolly, and managed to regularize the situation with my friends. Now my mother has written that she 's coming to America to see me. Indeed, she has actually come. I was n't allowed to meet her at a steamer, decently. I have to meet her here—here." (He looked gloomily around at the conventional walls.) "Yet she does n't seem to be staying here. I don't know whether she will want tea, or where to take her to dinner. I don't know her when I see her. I don't know—oh, hang it, I don't know anything! And if I could funk it, like Marty, I would. But what can you do when a lady takes the trouble to bring you into the world? If it had been my father now, I would n't—I positively would n't—have consented to meet him. It 's—it 's no way to treat a fellow."

His vain attempt at Ollendorfian flatness broke down: the mere facts seemed so very much against him. He had often complained to Marty Martin that it was dashed awkward, this being the only original changeling; but, in point of fact, he had never been so uncomfortable in his life as now, at the prospect of playing the authentic filial rôle. "I 'll make her dine here," he muttered. He could think of nothing worse, without being actually disrespectful. An old lady in a gray shawl walked slowly down the hall past the door, and it suddenly struck him that his mother would perhaps like to dine at the St. Justin. "I ought to have cabled to ask what color her shawl would be," he began in a flippant whisper, to himself. The flippant whisper stopped. He was much too genuinely nervous to be flippant any longer without an audience. At the same time, he found himself wondering—oh, insincerely, theatrically, rhetorically wondering—why he had not bought an etiquette-book. There was something—well, to be honest, something like an extra gland in his throat, something like a knot in his healthy young nerves—that kept him from putting the question to himself audibly. "If she cries—" he reflected, with anticipatory vindictiveness. What he really meant was: "If she makes me so much as sniff." For your mother was really the one person in the world who had you necessarily at a disadvantage. Even if you had n't the habit of her, you could n't count on yourself for reticence.

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You might be as bored as possible, but that would n't save you. There might be treacheries of the flesh, disloyalties of the cuticle—all manner of reversions to embryonic helplessness. She somehow had your nerves, your physical equilibrium, at her mercy. Old Stein, prodding at you with instruments in the psychological laboratory, was a mere joke in comparison. Even the most deceived, the most docile and voluble student ended respectably in a card-catalogue. Peter felt suddenly an immense tenderness for the decencies, the unrealities of "science." But to meet your mother in conditions like these was the real thing: the naked horror of revelation. "It 's literature," thought Peter to himself, "and what is literature but just the very worst life can do?" He came back to his familiar conclusive summary. It *was* rum.

The next quarter of an hour passed more mercifully. The mere empty lapse of time helped him, half duped him into thinking that the scene might not come off at all. It was foolish to be there ahead of time, but what could a man in his predicament do, or pretend to do, between luncheon and an interview like that? They had had, he and Marty, a civilized meal at Plon's; but he had not been hungry, and to smoke among the stunted boxtrees afterward had been—well, impossible. They had got to the St. Justin ridiculously early, and then Marty had bolted. Peter did n't bear him any grudge for that: of course it was perfectly proper for Marty to bolt. It would have been worse, he began to think, to face her first before a witness.

By this time he had accepted the smallest writing-room of the St. Justin as the predestined scene of the great encounter; accepted it as perhaps divinely, perhaps diabolically, but at all events supernaturally, appointed. These walls had been decorated by dead people to be unsympathetic and grossly unfit witnesses of Peter Wayne's embarrassment. To that extent they belonged to him. The sudden superstition was genuine; so genuine that he found himself resenting a bit of chatter that sprang up outside the door and, even more, the immediate quick entrance into the writing-room of one of the chatterers. Why had n't his mother given him an appointment in her own sitting-room, at her own hotel—whatever that might be? He did n't know; he knew nothing of her since the wireless message that had made the appointment, and of course since she was managing the thing that way, he had n't even tried to meet her at her steamer, though it had actually docked at some unearthly hour that morning. But she was likely to pay, too, for her perversity, since the lady who had just come in and had sat down rather aimlessly at one of the tables would probably annoy her as much as she did him. He had owned—or pretended?—to Marty Martin a furtive curiosity as to this mother of his, whom he had virtually never seen, of whom he had n't so much as a photograph. Now something quite different stirred within him: the instinct to protect her against anything she would not like. He suddenly saw her frail and weary and overwrought and quite old—pathetically, not ironically, like the little old lady who had hobbled past the door—and he resented any detail that might crown her long effort at reunion with an extra thorn. He was sure she would hate this other woman's being there—the younger woman who had just come in, and sat down so nonchalantly.

This lady obviously intended to stop long enough for their discomfiture, since—just here he got up and looked at his watch as he did so—it lacked scarce two minutes of the appointed hour. He looked at the intruder a little impatiently. She was n't writing. Perhaps he could suggest, by some flicker of expression, some implication of gesture, that he was n't there in that ridiculous galley for nothing, and still less there for casual company. She was slim and smartly veiled and outrageously made up. That was all he saw out of the corner of his eye, but it was enough to make him feel that she had no such rights at the St. Justin as a reunited mother and child. She was n't waiting for a parent, he knew; only for some frivolous friend or other. He was so nervous as to wonder if there were any conceivable way in which one could ask her to go into another room. A depopulated chain of rooms stretched down the corridor. He threw another glance at her. She was well dressed. Peter, though he might know as little as a poodle about the nature of the current fashion, could,

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like most men, pounce unerringly on the unfashionable. Her exuberance was n't a matter of gewgaws; it was all in the meretricious harmonies of her features and complexion. And yet—Peter caught himself away from staring, as he passed her, but one glance was enough to show him that—it was a perfectly honest mask: her paint and powder were as respectable as blue glasses. Again he knew it unerringly. He was glad to recognize it. For at that moment he became so nervous that he did, without a qualm, the most preposterous thing he had ever done, even at two-and-twenty.

His mother was imminent: he knew it in a hundred ways. The atmosphere was charged with more than the mere prospect, was charged with the actual certainty of her. He found that he was going to put it to the lady who sat there. He stood in the door of the writing-room and looked down the dark hall. It was empty, save for a woman who sat humbly near, bonneted, veiled, faithfully clasping some kind of bag—obviously a servant. Remembering the bit of chatter, he fancied it the maid of the intruding lady. No one else was in sight. Yet somehow he knew that his mother would be on time: the crispness of her earlier cablegrams promised it. The lady really must go elsewhere, and the maid—old and "colored" and manifestly respectable—must move down the hall and sit outside another door. He went back, and this time walked straight across to the stranger.

"Will you pardon me, Madam" ("madam" was a deplorable word, but the powder somehow demanded an extravagant formality), "if I speak to you, to ask you something very odd?"

She stared at him through her fantastically patterned veil.

"I have been put in the position of having to meet an elderly lady—a near relative—here for a more or less intimate conversation. I don't think she realized, in making the appointment, how little privacy you have a right to in a hotel. It is very long since she has been in a great city. Will you pardon the—the really unpardonable—liberty of my asking if you are likely to be here much longer? I mean—ought I to arrange to take her elsewhere in the hotel, when she comes? She will be here in a moment."

It was a dreadful thing to have had to do, and if he judged by what the veil showed of the lady's face, it could n't have been worse done. She looked dismayed. Peter was angry: so angry that he managed to stop just where he had stationed himself before her; so angry that he did n't deprecate, that he simply set his teeth and waited. There was nothing he could do now, he felt, to convince her that she had n't been insulted.

She lifted her veil ever so little, just freeing her lips, slightly constricted by its tight-drawn mesh. As she did so, she both rose and spoke.

"Are n't you Peter Wayne?"

He bowed, relieved. If they had a ground of acquaintance, he could perhaps cover it all up, make it plausible, get rid of her on some dishonest, hilarious pretext. "I am." He waited; there was no use in pretending that he remembered her.

The veil was lifted farther, then a hand was laid on his shoulder and a voice sounded in his astonished ears. "Turn to the light, my son, and let me look at you. I 've not had a photograph, you remember, since you were a child."

Even as he faced the light, he was saying to himself that it was rummer than ever; but it was rummest when he turned for his legitimate look at her. She was older than he had assumed the strange lady to be; but she was a long way from the little old lady in the gray shawl. This was his mother, and it was over—he felt it as those sinking for the third time may feel. In another instant he saw his mistake. He had been pulled up out of the surge into the terrible air—this was his mother, and it had just begun! He mastered his breath—his breath that under the water had been playing tricks with him. He looked her over, searching stare for searching stare. Her fair hair had lost what must once have been a golden luster, but it was carefully, elaborately arranged, waved, curled, braided. It was as fashionable as her clothes. The white mask of powder left clear the contour of the fine thin nose, but cloaked the subtler modelings of the face. The blue eyes, idle yet intent, looked at him from behind it; below them, it was rent, once, by the scarlet stab of the mouth. Peter remembered vaguely having heard that the tropical sun necessitated such protection. It was the

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northern dimness and drizzle that turned make-up into a moral question. Even for the *grands boulevards,* to be sure, Mrs. Wayne's make-up would have been overdone. This was the chief result of his searching stare. She was n't like one's mother at all, confound it!—not like any one's mother. He would have been glad of a little more sophistication than even at wise two-and-twenty he was conscious of possessing.

"Your maid?" he asked, remembering the figure outside the door.

"Oh, yes; my old Frances. She recalls you as a baby. She 'll want to see you. You must speak to her before we go."

"But you 're not going—"

"I find I 'd better get off to-night. I 've learned since landing that if I do, I can just get a boat at Vancouver. It 's not as if I had any business to do. You 'll take me to dinner somewhere—some restaurant. I don't like hotels."

"But—you don't mean you 've come for only twenty-four hours—across all that?"

The straight red mouth elongated itself into a smile. "If there were n't so much of it to cross, I could perhaps stay longer. I only came to say one or two things."

She spoke as if she had run up from her country place for the day. Peter suddenly revolted against this careless treatment of his plight. He was glad if his prayers had succeeded in averting tragedy. At the same time, he did n't intend to be turned into farce. He had n't let himself in for all this, only to be shirked as he had been shirked for more than twenty years. He meant to know things, hang it! He had been afraid of a scene; afraid of twenty years' emotion expressed in an hour; of a creation of human ties as violent and sudden as the growth of the tree from the mango-seed in the faker's hands. "In ten minutes you eat the ripe mango," a globe-trotting friend had told him. If he had n't the faker's miracle to fear, well and good; but neither was he going to suffer the other extreme, the complete dehumanizing of the experience. After all, she was his mother, hang it! If she was n't going to make him pay—well, he would make her pay. Somebody had to get something out of so preposterous a situation. He leaned forward.

"Things you could n't write? Or have you just funked it, on the way?"

"Funked it?" Her vocabulary apparently did not hold the word.

"I mean—oh, I mean, let us talk straight. You 've let it all go for more than twenty years. Now you take it all up again. I 'm a gentleman, I hope. I did n't bolt, though you can bet I wanted to. It would have been easier never to have seen you at all."

"You 've never wanted to see your mother?"

Peter looked out of the window into the familiar street. If it had n't been for the utter detachment of her tone, he would have felt that she was hitting below the belt.

"What do you take me for? I 've nearly died of—well, call it interest, more times than I can count up. No little boy likes to have no mother; likes to have his mother care nothing for him. But I 've grown perfectly used to it. And I know—I know now, mind you—that you don't care. Well, it may not be what I should have chosen, but at least it lets me out. It 's too late, now, to make me care."

It was by no means the whole truth. But it was what he had been trying, and in vain, to say to himself an hour since about it all. There was some triumph in being able to say it now to her.

Her blue eyes turned on him a stranger's sudden kindness. "Were those years bad, Peter? I thought they 'd be less bad if you began them very young. You see, they had to begin sometime."

"Oh, they began—and they lasted. Now, they 're not bad at all. So why rake it all up now?"

If she had been little and old and shaking, he could n't have pressed the question, he knew. The powdered cheeks, the elaborate hair, the vermilion lips, gave him a kind of sanction. There was a pitiful way of wearing rouge, no doubt; this was n't pitiful in the least. He did n't know what she looked like underneath the mask, but he could almost have sworn she did n't need it.

"I 'm not trying to do that. If I 've come so late, it 's because I feel quite sure that it 's too late to undo any of it. I am not trying"—her brilliant, dyed smile was extraordinarily little in the maternal tradition—"to get a single claw into you. I 've come to pay damages, Peter, not to claim them. But you must be very,

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very, very polite to me. I 'm not used to anything else. And America rather frightens me."

"I don't want to be anything but polite," murmured Peter, abashed. "And the freer you really are, the more it 's up to you to play the game, don't you think?"

She smiled vaguely, and he saw at once that she belonged to the generation that preceded slangy paradox. She might almost have worn a fluffy gray shawl.

"I am sure you don't wish to be anything but polite," she brought out, still vaguely. "But—I 've odd things to say, and I 've come a long way to say them; and you, my son, must listen."

"It 's what I 'm here for."

"*Evidemment.* How much has Spencer Martin told you?"

"Old Martin? Nothing at all, ever—except the figure of my allowance."

"Not why we first went to Hawaii?"

"Good Lord, no! I might have been a foundling."

"You did n't ask?" She had taken off her gray glove, and pushed her veil up farther on her forehead, with beautiful white fingers.

"No," answered Peter, curtly. "A fellow would n't ask. You can see that."

She seemed to muse. "He would have told you that, I think, if you had. There was no reason why you should n't know."

"I naturally supposed, if there was no reason why I should n't know, you 'd have seen to it that I was told."

"So you thought there was something disgraceful—something that drove us out of America?"

"It has occurred to me. But I never let myself worry about it. And old Martin himself was a kind of proof that there was n't."

"There was n't." She echoed his words in a disdainful, emphatically affirmative tone. "No, Peter, not that." She paused for a moment, staring out into the gray street. "These women are very ugly, are n't they?" she asked irrelevantly. "On the boat, they were horrors. And they jerked about so—*did* so many things. Do the men like them that way?" Her tone was desultory.

"I suppose so." He felt a mischievous desire to tell her how little the men he knew would probably like them "her" way; but, in fact, the slow conviction was encroaching on his mind—not so much penetrating it as fluidically enwrapping it—that she was compounded of many graces. Her gestures, for example: they were all slow, and each showed off something, if only for an instant, some lesser, some negligible contour. She had the air of not having stirred a limb or a feature for years, except to please, and of being now in the practice infallible. She was very feminine—no, hang it, that dairy-maid word would n't do. (Peter had been, in college, the proudest product of his several "theme-courses," and the quest of the epithet was not unknown to him.) She was very simple and very sophisticated. He had to leave it at that.

"I 'll tell you about our leaving America. You ought to have known long since. And yet—perhaps it was better your sympathies should n't have been touched. If you thought we were brutes, that would leave you free, would n't it?"

"It did."

"Ah, yes—exactly!" She seemed to triumph for an instant. Then she looked out of the window again, and again spoke irrelevantly. "Are you in love?"

Peter frowned. "No." He was too young not to be stiff about it.

"That 's rather a pity. I could have explained better."

"Oh, I know what it stands for."

She corrected him gently. "It 'stands for' nothing whatever. Either you 've loved or you have n't. It might have helped me—that 's all." Then she seemed to brace herself for difficult exposition.

"Listen, Peter. You must know this first. In the months just following your birth, everything changed. Your father developed tuberculosis—alarmingly, it was then supposed. That meant another climate. He owned property in Honolulu. It occurred to him to go there. In not taking you, we acted on physicians' advice. There was no telling what sort of life we might have to live. You were best off here. You were under expert care, and in those days we had news of you constantly. I am quite well aware"—her voice grew surer as she went on; she seemed less fantastically feminine, more simply human—"that many women would have chosen differently. For me, there could be no question. You had been brought into the world in the belief that there would be no

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choice to make. We never dreamed, when you were born, of anything but the normal American life. I insist on your realizing that."

Peter bowed. It already began to change his vision of himself a little, though he was n't sure he liked his mystery to be merely tubercular. Though if that was all, why in the world—but he saw that he could only listen and wait.

"Then—Honolulu did n't serve very long. We had to go farther away from life. Now we 're in Tahiti. It 's—it 's a very wonderful climate."

Mrs. Wayne rose, drew the crimson curtain to one side, and looked out. It was a moment before she spoke, and as she spoke she sat down again with helpless grace.

"I find it very hard to tell. I don't think I can tell you it all."

"I don't see why you should have come at all, unless you are going to tell me everything there is to tell. But if you 've really funked it, I don't care, you know." Thus Peter, maintaining his bravado.

"You don't help me out." The blue eyes rested on him critically. "But I suppose it 's not your fault. Since you don't know anything about anything—"

"I can't give you a leg up. No."

She frowned a little, as if troubled by his phrasing, but resigned herself to it. "No; you can't give me a leg up."

"I say"—he leaned forward with a sudden impulse. "Why don't I go back with you? Or come out later? Lots of people going to Tahiti now, you know, since they 've exhausted the Spanish Main. Plenty of attractions: drives round the island, perfect scenery, native customs on tap—ordeal by fire and hot stones. It 's in the advertisements along with the rates and sailings. No reason why I should n't come."

She had drawn back while he spoke with a perfectly obvious terror. With parted lips, and coiled hair, and her very blood (it seemed) turned white, she looked like Greek tragic masks that he had seen in museums. These, he had always thought grinning prevarications; now, he acknowledged their authenticity. His jauntiness faded into a stare. Then she pulled herself together, as Peter would have said, by slow, difficult degrees, like a kaleidoscope turned too slowly—pitiful to see.

"No, Peter, you must never come to Tahiti. He—he could n't bear it."

"He?"

"Your father."

"Oh—my father." His imagination had not yet evoked his father. "I had forgotten him, for the moment."

"Forgotten him! What extraordinary things you say!"

"Well, why should n't I forget him? He has n't even taken the trouble to spend twenty-four hours in America to make my acquaintance." Something acrid *had* risen in the cup, and Peter's lips were bitter.

Her white fingers moved again to the folds of her veil, as if the frail mesh weighed intolerably upon her brows.

"If you forget him, of course I can never explain. He is all there is." She indulged, then, in an appraising glance. "You look kind and good. I did n't think you would be undutiful."

Undutiful! It was her turn to introduce an unfamiliar vocabulary. "Undutiful!" Peter repeated. "What do you mean? That I 'm expected to be grateful to him for being my father?"

She smiled. She lifted her hands. She all but applauded him. "Yes, just that!"

Peter stared. He had two favorite words with which to describe the legitimately surprising. One of them was "rum." But such an idea as this called for the other. It was—positively—"*rococo.*"

She went on, then. Apparently his ironic question had smitten the rock, for the fluent tale gushed forth, watering all the arid past. But to Peter it was as if a man blinded and drenched with spray should try to drink of it. The first sentences came too quickly. In all his two-and-twenty years they found no context. He had still to learn the way of them. He supposed it was because he was finding out at last what it was to have a real mother.

"It was n't always Tahiti," he heard her saying after a little. "We 've tried everything south of the equator, I 've sometimes thought. Valparaiso, for a long time. Perhaps you knew? Spencer Martin—"

"Never even told me when you changed your continent." He was blandly bitter. Somehow it did hurt, as she went on.

"The climate," Mrs. Wayne murmured again. And then she named other stages

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of their progress—all places, Peter reflected, that were in the geographies and in Kipling, and nowhere else. It made his parents sound like vagabonds of fiction. Her trailing narrative did not add to their reality. The details she mentioned were wildly exotic, and those she took for granted he could not supply. Her careful English was interlarded with strange scraps of Spanish and native names for things which left the objects, for him, unrecognizable. He made nothing out of it except that it was n't what he should call a life at all. He did n't even see whether it was whim or necessity that controlled them. As soon as anything in her story became coherent or comprehensible, she doubled on her tracks. At first he threw in occasional questions, but the answers did n't explain; and soon he stopped asking them. A foreignness like that left his very curiosities unphraseable. He came to the point where he did n't even know what it was that he wanted to know. There was, to be sure, the irregularly recurrent stress on the hope of health, an obsession, apparently, under which they had faintly struggled and madly rambled; but it did n't make much more sense than what he had learned in childhood about Ponce de Leon. You might as well ask a firefly to show you your way. Clearly, she had n't the gift of biography. He sat very still and intent, trying to make a pattern out of it; but she merely succeeded in dazing him. Then suddenly, when he was most bewildered, it came to an end, ran out in a mere confession of failure.

"And nowhere, at any time, has the miracle happened. He has never been well enough to come back. We have always had to stay away."

"It must have been a strange life," Peter mused.

"Strange? It may be. Strange for him, no doubt: so fitted for civilization—for your world."

"You speak as if it were n't yours."

"Oh, mine," she said simply; "he was mine. I don't ask for more civilization than that—than my husband."

It was the most sentimental speech that Peter had ever heard from human lips, and he stared incredulously. But incredulity faded. Her tone of voice worked on him even after she fell silent. He still felt its vibration in the air while the mask shifted subtly before his eyes. Somehow, as she sat there, breathing such simple passion from her intricate adornments, she became at once more astounding and more intelligible. One saw it all—even Peter, in his young and untutored heart, knew infallibly. She had loved her husband supremely, and she had chucked everything for him. She had chucked so much, in fact, that she had even lost all sense of the worth of what she had cast away. She had nothing left to measure it by. Peter felt that America itself was a good deal to have chucked. It soothed his pride a little, to be sure, to have her treat New York so cavalierly. She had n't so much as looked at it; and she had circumnavigated the globe for him. It was clear, too, that every moment of the journey was a kind of torture to her. Her very look round the room divulged an agony of strangeness and suspense. She was just longing to be back on her island. Peter thrilled a little foolishly to it. He fancied it was a *grande passion*. The only *grande passion* Peter had hitherto known had been that of a sophomore friend for his landlady's daughter. That, though it had been enhanced by proper detail of elopement, disinheritance, and threats of suicide, had disappointed them all in the end. The bride was rather silly and tried to borrow money; and when Peter and Marty, in their senior year, had re-read Lawrence's sonnet-sequence, they had found that it did n't scan. But this—this was different. Whatever his mother had undertaken, she had obviously put it through. After all those years of marriage, to have your voice vibrate like that! It had never occurred to Peter that a fellow's mother could still be in love with his father. Even in novels mothers were n't. As for life: he recalled the parents that he knew. He had never seen another woman with just that look, the look of a dedicated being, of some one whose bloom had been, first and last, both jealously hoarded and lavishly spent. She was like a woman out of a harem: a million graces for one man, but a mere veiled bundle to all the rest. That was the secret of her uniqueness. She was a charming woman to whom the notion of charming the world at large would be blasphemous. Her mood had been slowly orientalized to match her exterior, which had gradually grown exotic. She would die in suttee.

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Peter felt her quality no less poignantly because his words for it were unsure. Of course she did n't want to stay in America! Of course she was off to Vancouver at midnight! And yet—why, why had she come? Would she never explain?

She had been looking out of the window while he soliloquized—it was part of the whole sub-tropical spectacle of her that she should limit herself to so few hours, and then be as languid as if she had leased a suite at the St. Justin for life. She turned just as Peter had made up his mind to speak.

"There was one summer when you wanted to go to the Caucasus, I remember—a rather queer trip that was going to cost a great deal. We were sorry—I was dreadfully sorry—that you could n't go."

Peter frowned. There you were! She crammed the supreme interview of a lifetime into an hour, and then had the audacity to be irrelevant.

"We could n't afford it just then. It—it was a very expensive year. I had to tell Spencer we could n't. I hope you did n't hate us for it."

Peter laughed. "I did n't even know you had anything to do with it. Old Martin did n't tell me it was funds. He just wet-blanketed the whole thing—said it was n't safe and he could n't hear of it. I did n't mind much. I went to Murray Bay to visit another chap. But, I say—do you mean old Martin asked you?"

"He cabled."

"And you?"

"I cabled back."

"Has he been consulting you about me all these years? In cases like that, when I did n't dream of it?"

"Oh, only occasionally," she hastened to say. "We have n't been spying on you."

"No, I should hope not." Then he called himself a queer duck, aggrieved for twenty years because he had n't been spied on, and now aggrieved at the thought that he might be.

"Was it you, by the way," he asked, "that were interested in my affairs, or my father?" Her pronouns had been a little confusing.

"Your father has had, more and more, to leave all correspondence to me." For the first time, her words came glibly. She had evidently packed that sentence in her trunk before starting.

"Is he so very ill?" Peter had veered at last to an interest in his other parent: it was clear that his other parent was the real clue to the mystery.

"Oh horribly—horribly!" It was almost a cry. She bent forward. "So ill, Peter, so ill that you must n't come now, ever. He loathes it so—being so ill. And he is so very proud—as why should n't he be? Can't you see how he would mind? Do you think I 'd have come if it had been possible to send for you? Do you think I 'd have left him if there had been any other way? I 'm not sure, as it is, that I ought to have come. It has been terrible, to be getting farther away every day: to know that I 'm as far away from him as it is possible to be on this earth. And think what it must be for him, alone—and *there!*"

Well: she was as pathetic now as any little old lady in a gray shawl could be; only she was, somehow, tragic too. Her face was like the white grave of beauty. Peter was stupefied.

"There?" he repeated.

She flung out her hands. "On a savage island. Think of him on a savage island!"

"I can't, very well," murmured Peter inaudibly. Then: "But has he always been so ill? For twenty years? Or"—he fixed her a little more directly—"is there something besides illness?"

She did not answer. She rose and looked out of the window, and as Peter rose and stood beside her, she lifted one hand to his shoulder. There was something ineffably gracious in the gesture. She seemed to be making it all up to him. "Such a patched life, Peter," she murmured. "You can't blame him for not having wanted me to come."

"Oh, he did n't want you to come?"

She hesitated for an instant. "No. And now I must go."

"Now?" he asked stupidly.

"Oh, yes, at once. I sha'n't have time to dine with you." She looked helplessly about for a scarf that she had thrown down.

"But no!" Peter broke out. "It 's preposterous. To come like this and go like this! Your train does n't go for hours—if you will go to-night."

"But I have n't arranged for it. I have n't packed."

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"Why, you have n't unpacked!" he cried.

"Oh, I think Frances may have. And I must n't fail to get off. There are the tickets to get, too. Peter, I *must* go." She spoke as if to delay were unspeakable treason; and as she spoke, she turned to cross the room to the door.

"I say," said Peter, standing squarely in her way, "why did you come?—you sha'n't go without telling me that." It was n't the way to speak to one's mother, but she had chosen to discard the maternal code.

She broke off in the act of withdrawal and turned to him. Her blue eyes were tearless but very sad. "I loved you dearly when you were very little," she said simply. "I 've never quite forgotten that. I suddenly realized that if I waited any longer, I could never come. I think it was a cruel and foolish thing for me to do, and I 'm a little ashamed of it; but—kiss me, Peter."

Before he obeyed, he clutched at one more straw. "You won't see old Martin?"

"I said good-by to him a great many years ago." She smiled. "I had no one to see in America except you. No—there 's a cab waiting. Good-by."

He kissed her, then. It was clear to him that he might only watch her go. He saw her stop to rouse the old servant who waited in the hall. Then she passed, with strange grace, out of his life.

THERE was only one tone to take with Marty, who arrived, as always, late and breathless. "She 's the most charming woman I 've ever met, and it 's the devil's own luck that she had to go straight on to Vancouver to get a steamer back. My father—who is apparently a charmer, by the way—is very ill. She 's wonderful. It 's the biggest thing that has ever happened to me. She 's made everything as right as right. But I can't tell you about it. After twenty years—you understand, old man—"

It was less the loyal friend than the loyal son; but he was still, dining that night at Plon's (he wondered where the deuce she was dining) very much under her dominion. She had brought with her a rare illumination. He would never forget her voice and her veiled eyes. He had n't dreamed a woman could suggest her love in so many silent ways. She just *was* adoration, implicit and incarnate. It was tremendous to have seen it. The white light it threw on Lawrence's bride! The white light it threw, for that matter, on all the women he knew! He felt himself bursting with knowledge.

It was not until after dinner, indeed, that he realized just how wonderful in another way she had been, and with how little knowledge of another sort she had left him. She had told him absolutely nothing. So far as he was concerned, her narrative had only concealed events. He could n't remember whether New Zealand had followed or preceded Chile; and his sincere impression was that it did n't matter, even to them. Anything that in all those years had mattered, had been dropped away out of sight between her sentences. If he had been by his hour both racked and inebriated (for that was what his state of tension amounted to) it was not because of any facts she had given him. She had not even answered his plain questions. She had left him in dismay, as soon as he had begun to ask them. He saw that now, though in his simplicity he had n't seen it before. He had been sacrificed again, as he had always been sacrificed. His mystery was still his mystery, and he was still left alone with his monstrous hypotheses. He would n't have missed it for anything—not even for good old Marty. But he turned to Marty at last with compunction.

"Marty, old man," he said, "it *was* rum."

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RAGNAROK

BY CLARENCE STONE

WITH PICTURES BY W. M. BERGER

WHEN Ragnarok clipped the end of Honey Terhune's ear, it seemed the worst villainy of his brief, evil existence, for Honey was a Terhune idol, and one of the chief institutions of Lilyvale. The real-estate agents pointed him out to prospective purchasers as typical of the suburb *de luxe*. He was indeed a magnifico, a huge, tawny, lion-headed St. Bernard, petted by women and children, patronized by tradesmen, given the right of way by mere dogs. All of Lilyvale that he chose to use was unquestionably his,—the roads, paths, and by-paths, even the lawns and flower-beds,—and it was judged a vicious impertinence when Ragnarok, instead of deferentially obeying the king's rumbling command and removing his body from the royal presence, responded with a ripping snap that took away part of one ear. Honey roared once in pained surprise, then lumbered off, growling in disgust, disdaining to notice the rigid legs and eager eyes with which Ragnarok invited him to a further discussion.

It would have been dangerous for me to tell the Terhunes that this disaster was largely due to Honey's arrogance. I ventured only to suggest that it was an accident, a lamentable catastrophe, surely, yet quite unpremeditated by Ragnarok or me, his profusely apologetic owner. But they scarcely heard a word I said. To them it was unendurable that Honey, known in official dogdom as Lilyvale Rex, winner of countless prizes, should have been set upon and mutilated by a dog of degraded parentage; for Ragnarok was cross-bred, son of a Russian wolfhound and of Heather Lady, my Scotch collie. Mary Terhune did consider the accident hypothesis to the extent of letting me know that accidents must not happen to kings, and she then made it clear to me that she felt no irresistible inclination to associate with a person who maintained a brute. That was hard to bear. Mary—well, for some time I had been at the mercy of Mary, and was furtively collecting catalogues that dealt with conveniences for keeping house.

I came home that evening feeling, like Mary, that there was in truth no unusual appeal in the personality of the man she had discarded, and I would gladly have gotten away from myself. The lonely house increased my depression. I was even bereft of my colored man and my dogs. Frog, the hum of whose mellow voice generally sounded from the kitchen, talk-

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ing to himself or gossiping with visitors, was now in bed. Ragnarok, as punishment, was chained in the stable, and in a silly sentimental moment Frog had exiled Heather Lady to keep Ragnarok company. The place, unnaturally still and empty, seemed prophetic of what my life would be. And there was absolutely nothing to do in betterment. Then, as I brooded dully, there flashed through my mind the thought of Frog's skill and experience as a doctor of dogs. Why not make some slight amends by sending Frog to care for Honey's ear? Taking a candle, I ran to his room in the attic and knocked at the door.

Not until I heard him scramble out of bed did I think how inconsiderate it was to disturb a rheumatic old man at that hour of the night; but since he was awake, it seemed better to let him know why I knocked. He opened the door, his ancient eyes blinking in the candle-light, and asked if I or either of the dogs was sick. Frog had the fine, warm heart of a child, his only serious offense being that he apparently never took off an old, red bath-robe given him years ago. He slept in this, and also contrived to wear it during the day, distributing and concealing it in some miraculous manner under his clothes. Though we had battled long about the bath-robe, his unchangeable conviction that the red color was good for his rheumatism withstood all my entreaties and commands, and as he stood in the doorway of his room I eyed the bath-robe coldly from habit while I asked him how he would like to live with Mr. Terhune for a change.

He seemed instantly to suppose that I had gotten him out of bed to discharge him from my service, and began relating how, from the time when he uncomplainingly allowed my infant teeth to chew his thumb, he had always been my faithful servant. Admitting that I owed him much, I calmed him by explaining that I had nothing more serious in mind than a temporary change of residence while he watched over the healing of Honey's ear. At that he began to scratch his head, his black face wrinkling in an embarrassed grin.

"Ah reckon Ah was some previous wif dat, Mistu Walter," he said. "Ah done feel dat bad 'bout poh ole Honey gittin' his yar chewed, eben ef he was provokin' to Rags, dat Ah went to young Mistu Jack Terhune, Ah did, an' tole him Ah was pow'ful good luck wif sick dogs, an' asked ef he want' me to tend Honey's yar; an' he done swell up like a toad, suh, 'deed he did, an' he says dey all don't want none o' we-all in no shape ner fohm, so Ah reckon it ain't no dog wuk fo' me oveh theeh, Mistu Walter."

What could I possibly do in the face of wrath as blind as this? Thanking Frog for his thoughtfulness in offering aid so promptly, I left him and went gloomily to bed.

The next morning, chancing to be huddled behind a newspaper in a corner of the post-office, I heard a conversation between Krunger, the meat-man, and Jack Terhune, which indicated that Ragnarok was entirely too much in the public eye.

"It 's a monster shame, Mr. Jack, that 's what, for Honey to be bit by that Rags," said Krunger, who should have been in sympathy with Ragnarok, for he, too, was cross-bred, and in him there was a Scotch streak.

"Oh, Honey could eat Rags in two swallows if he wished, Krunger, but he 's too well bred to start a street-fight," Jack answered impatiently.

"Honey 's big, all right, Mr. Jack, a grand, large dog, and he 's got forty or fifty pounds on Rags; but Rags ain't exactly terrier size, neither, and no cat 's quicker. Honey 's not so young, Mr. Jack," continued Krunger, "and he ain't had a fight for so long, him bein' a gentleman the way he is, I guess he 's mostly forgot how fightin' goes. A Great Dane or an English bull, that 's what Rags needs, and what he done to Donnegan's bull don't make me so sure that a bull-dog 's just the thing. Too slow. Bull-dog 'd fix him if he ever got a leg-grip and turned him over for a throat-hold, but it ain't no easy job gettin' a leg-grip or any other kind of grip on Rags. He give Donnegan's dog a real red complexion, he sure did; made him look like a chunk of meat that 's been through a choppin'-machine, and Donnegan was n't any sorry when Mr. Hurlburt come along and took Rags off. Now, a Great Dane—"

"Oh, Honey could simply massacre Rags, Krunger; it would be unpleasant, a regular slaughter. That part does n't

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interest me," interrupted Jack. "But it 's not the nicest thing in the world to have a neighbor who keeps a bad-tempered, biting brute."

"What I was gettin' ready to say about them Great Danes, Mr. Jack, is that I 'm to have one from my brother next week," Krunger told him. "This here Great Dane 's been meat-fed from a pup. Bad dog he is; powerful heavy and mean wicious, not noble and grand like Honey. Them Danes kills men sometimes, and I don't think no dog, not even Rags—"

"When did you say that dog was coming?" Jack broke in.

"No later 'n next week," Krunger answered. "Donnegan bet me I could n't get one to do Rags, so—"

"Well, you let me know as soon as that dog gets here, and you better keep him out of Honey's way. Honey is a gentleman, as you say, but he 's not altogether angelic, and the next big dog who is impudent to him is apt to get into trouble. And if anything is to turn up between your Dane and Rags, try to pull it off in the morning before I catch the train to town, you know, and 'phone me. Be sure to 'phone me," Jack instructed as he went out.

Krunger got his mail and came back as I was leaving the post-office. "Mornin', Mr. Hurlburt. Rags sure did snip Honey proper yesterday," the sly rascal said, smiling as if in complete approval of Ragnarok and all his actions. I nodded vaguely. "Strong young dog is all right; I 'm thinkin' of one myself. Good friend to a man, nice, able-bodied dog," Krunger called after me as I left him.

That day as I sat at my writing-table unable to force myself to work, it was suddenly clear to me what my acquaintances meant by asking at intervals if I still followed the same interesting habit of life. These inquiries were the recurrent protests of sane, normal men against a person of unbalanced mind. Surely I must be mentally warped, else why should I live alone in a large house, even though my father had lived there before me—live with no associates save a decrepit colored man and two dogs, and give my hours to the building of books on mythology? No one but a man of erratic mentality could blandly bury himself in a treatise on Odin and Jupiter when all the while one of his dogs was terrorizing the neighborhood by a series of bloody encounters, culminating in an attack upon the dog of the woman that man thought of as having potent and unique allurements.

After a miserable, idle day, I saw that my life must be radically changed, and, as a beginning, in the evening I summoned Ragnarok to the study. I hated him, and in the drawer of the table had a loaded revolver and a bottle of ether with which to dismiss his turbulent spirit from earth. At my whistle he bounded up-stairs and leaped into the room with a great assumption of untroubled happiness, and in my foolish admiration of his lithe young strength I found it difficult to begin the bitter indictment with which I had planned utterly to shame him before executing the death-sentence.

He had his mother's eyes, clear, dark eyes of exquisite understanding, and though he was too tall to be a collie, and his rough, brown hair was not a collie's hair, there was about him something of his mother's debonair grace of movement. The thought of how her eyes would unceasingly reproach me if I slew him made it impossible at that instant to forego the indictment and command my finger to the revolver's trigger. As if by intuition Heather Lady trotted softly into the room, thrusting her head under my hand. Positive that it was mere jealousy and feminine curiosity that made her come to see why her whistle had not sounded when Ragnarok was called, I abruptly ordered her out; but I could not get rid of the image of her pleading eyes.

Gripping Ragnarok by the scruff, I flung him on his back to the floor, knowing by experience that the humiliation of this position, his legs sticking up in ridiculous confession of subjection, was no small punishment. Then I poured upon him accusation after accusation, reviewing all the disgraceful adventures by which he had dragged me into loathsome publicity during the short year of his maturity. He assumed a look of regret, but once or twice his tail twitched in secret glee, and when I related the last unforgivable offense, he had to cough to hide his amusement. It was plain that his limited mind could comprehend nothing beyond the bare facts: that Honey had attempted to bully him into yielding the right of way; that he had snapped a piece from Honey's

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ear; that Honey, despite his great bulk and greater reputation, had evaded combat. In fact, the sincerity of Ragnarok's attitude was such as to influence me unduly, and with a final shake as a warning that any further offense would be suicidal, I tossed some salt beef into his expectant mouth and sternly sent him from the room, determined to end his life at the next slightest hint of disorder.

The moral strength gained from this unflinching disregard of my affection for Ragnarok enabled me to consider impersonally the work to which my life had thus far been given. What possible reason could there be for a man to devote himself to the study of primitive religions born when the human soul was young? It is true that until then I had exceedingly liked this work, and that there was no financial need of me having a more profitable occupation; but was it not the duty of every man to do something of practical value? Would I not be a better man, the sort of sound, substantial man Mary probably preferred, if, instead of preparing books for the use of a few students scattered over the earth, I awoke to common sense, and learned to be a bond salesman or bought a share in Krunger's store and studied meat? Of course there were many other ways of being useful, and Mary, if she ever forgave me for owning Ragnarok and thought sometimes about me, might rather have me busy in some industry that had not occurred to me.

I found several newspapers on the table, and read through pages of fine print about employment, being greatly discouraged to learn that only specialists were needed—men adept in the cutting of sleeves for shirts or able to take charge of a cheese establishment. In order to be allowed to work, it was evidently necessary to have given the same time and thought to some practical pursuit which I had devoted to mythology. There was no doubt that I was an unfit man, and as I pondered hopelessly, my self-respect was not increased by a startling, satirical sneeze at my elbow. I turned, and gazed into the bland, innocent eyes of Ragnarok. Flinging the paper at his head in envious annoyance, I rebuked him for this conscienceless serenity, got up, and went to bed very unhappy.

Early the next morning Ragnarok and I, strolling through a wonderful gray-gold dawn, met Mary walking at the smooth, swift pace that meant a tramp across the hills. She was alone,—long walks did not appeal to Honey,—and though she did no more than give us a cool nod in passing, we were gladdened by the sight of her, Ragnarok as well as I; for he was one of Mary's vassals, and the motives of his attack on Honey were complex. Somewhere on the way home I lost my black despair, and, forgetting my duty as an adult male to be practically useful, took up my work where it had been dropped two days before.

The next few days were endurable. Often in the morning or at noon Ragnarok and I met Mary as we walked, and though she tried to ignore my grins and Ragnarok's capers, we agreed that her manner was each time more gracious. My work went splendidly. I was busy with an exposition of the attributes in which Jupiter resembled Thor, as distinguished from those he had in common with Odin, and for solid hours in the heart of the day I was with the ancient gods, reading and writing in a deep content. Sometimes, indeed, I caught the echo of far anthems from lost temples, and if on closer attention this was apt to merge into the laughter of Mary, floating across the hedge from the tennis-court, the dim, delightful pagan echo could not possibly demand a better death than to fade into this precious reality. In the evenings Ragnarok and I again went walking, filled with rapt appreciation of the strange, new splendors spread at night in Lilyvale's starry skies.

One very fine, crisp morning, strolling through the lower town with Ragnarok, I sharply remembered Krunger's talk with Jack Terhune. The Great Dane had arrived, and lay with his formidable, mottled, golden body sprawled upon the sidewalk near the door of Krunger's store. By fortunate chance we were on the other side of the street, yet at sight of the Dane, Ragnarok began a devilish, eager whining, and only the harshest commands, constantly repeated, kept him at my heels. Even this seemed useless, for the Dane sprang up and rushed toward us. Waving him off with my heavy walking-stick, I called to Krunger, who had come out very much agrin, and directed him to take

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charge of his dog. I was determined not to figure in any further Lilyvale gossip.

Krunger pretended to be unable to manage the beast; and at that I somewhat forcefully expressed my opinion of a man who kept a dog of that size, obviously from his iron-studded collar a fighting-dog, and yet confessed that he could not control him. He then approached the Dane slowly, with an unwillingness that seemed sincere, and it was not until I impatiently threatened to brain his dog with my stick if he did not at once take hold of him, that he at last put a hesitant hand on the Dane's collar and held him while we turned a corner.

Nearing home, we met Mary and her brother walking toward the station, accompanied by Honey, who since the episode of the ear utterly ignored Ragnarok. Mary spoke, and Jack actually smiled and stopped.

"Walt, you must see Krunger's Great Dane. He 's a regular wild beast from the woods, and if he and Rags get together, it 'll be better than a bear-fight," he said. I told him that Ragnarok had reformed. "But accidents will happen, as you said about Honey's ear," Jack answered, with a grin, and walked on after Mary.

We had gone only a few steps farther when, instinctively gripping Ragnarok at the sound of a smothered roar, I whirled about and saw Mary and Jack circling frantically about Honey and that murderous Great Dane, who had Honey prostrate, and was worrying his throat with mighty shakes of his great jaws. From the roaring which came steadily from Honey, the Dane as yet had nothing but a mouthful of loose skin; but it was only a matter of very little time before he would get a deadly grip and begin to close Honey's windpipe. Mary began striking the Dane with her parasol, and Jack then started to kick him vigorously. This must have hurt, for he whipped about with a snarl, and sprang at Jack. I let Ragnarok go as the Dane tore at Jack's arm, thrown up to save his throat, and, racing at full speed, he hurled himself at the Dane, struck him shoulder to shoulder, and rolled with him to the ground. What happened then cured my sneaking fondness for dog-fights. I remember that, as I ran up, Mary caught my arm and clung to me in a trembling terror surprising in such a firm-fibered devotee of the open air, and I remember Krunger panting into sight around the corner, and then I saw only the dogs.

Their mere size,—Ragnarok, the smaller of the two, was larger than a timber-wolf,—the extreme hate in their blazing eyes, the hideous snarling, the driving impact of their straining bodies, the flash of the long, white fangs, the deadly, pitiless lunging of the snapping jaws—all these combined to stamp on my memory such a picture of ferocity that since then, even in the matter of dogs, I have been in accord with the apostles of universal peace. Ragnarok seemed to understand that it was useless for him to attack the Dane's throat, guarded by the iron-studded collar of heavy leather. He slashed his enemy from shoulder to flank, ripping instead of holding, leaping in, then darting free, dodging with a speed that avoided most of the Dane's terrible snaps, though the few times the Dane, trying solely for throat-holds, closed on Ragnarok, his huge jaws did fearful damage. At last both dogs, dreadfully torn, weak from loss of blood, and exhausted by the intensity with which they charged and charged again, caught grips blindly, Ragnarok closing his jaws at the turn of the Dane's neck below the broad collar, the Dane sinking his teeth in Ragnarok's shoulder. Then as they lay locked, grim and motionless, that imbecile, sawdust dog Honey lumbered up to the fighters, in the manner of a fat man reproving bad boys, and growled, and in the savage slap with which Jack Terhune sent him howling there was all the bitterness man has for a fallen idol.

Most of the population of Lilyvale had assembled to see the fight, and a suggestion that it would now be safe to shoot both dogs was loudly echoed by Krunger, who blared: "Yes, shoot both dogs, if Mr. Hurlburt ain't objectin'. Anything for peace and order, anything to keep peace."

The constable drew his revolver to end it, but begging a moment's grace, I went toward the dogs, hoping in some way to separate them and save Ragnarok. As I stooped over, the Dane loosened his hold, bit spasmodically at the air, and rolled to one side, twitching from head to foot, the weight of his body pulling him from Ragnarok's weary jaws.

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Drawn by W. M. Berger. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"HE . . . TENDERLY AIDED ME TO PLACE RAGNAROK UPON THE ROBE"

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"Shoot him, constable; shoot him, and I 'll send up my cart right away to carry him off," said Krunger in his most offensive tone of pleasing the public; and though the poor, plucky brute was obviously dead, Krunger persuaded the constable to shoot him.

Ragnarok did not move when I put my hand upon his head. His eyes were glassy and nearly closed, and I thought my dog was dying.

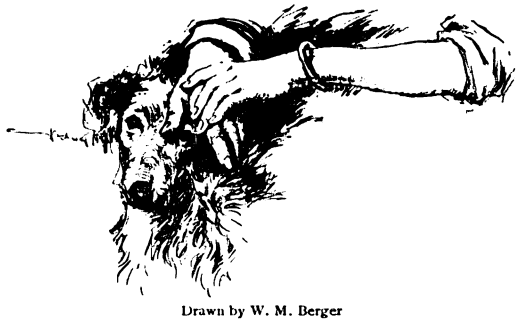
"Shall I give you a lift home with him when my cart comes, Mr. Hurlburt?" inquired Krunger.

This was too much. I said mean things to Krunger. I exposed his hypocritical iniquity in importing the assassin, and, with the slow, absurd accuracy of excessive anger, searched my mind for phrases of ever-increasing contempt; but through it all Krunger smiled, murmuring, "Yes, sir, Mr. Hurlburt; yes, sir, Mr. Hurlburt," in maddening monotony. I ended by descending to the gutter and calling him names, for it was impossible, no matter what the provocation, to use physical violence on such a lard-like— But I see some of the rancor persists. Reduced to a stuttering rage, and acutely aware that I had degraded Ragnarok's last moments, I took him in my arms and staggered home.

Frog was heartbroken at the sight— heartbroken and heroic. With tears streaming down his black face he vanished into the next room, returning almost instantly with the red bath-robe over his arm. "Heeh, Mistu Walter, ease poh Rags on dis heeh robe. It 'll help him pow'ful lot, an' mah ole rheumatics kin jest wait," he said. He spread his treasure on the floor, tenderly aided me to place Ragnarok upon the robe, and gave himself up to cleansing and binding the many wounds.

Ragnarok did not die. The next morning, when I heard Krunger come to the rear door and say: "Frog, is the boss still wi'lent? If he wants to plant Rags in style, I 'll stand him something on the tombstone," Ragnarok was so much better that Frog answered: "Ah reckon we all don't need no tombstone, Mistu Krunger. But Ah think, suh, though Mistu Walter ain't never viulent, he don't feel real conversational dis mawnin'."

That very day Ragnarok gained sufficient strength to greet, with a weak wag of his tail and a wink, Jack Terhune, who called in the evening, and from then on his recovery was astonishing. Indeed, it was little more than a week later that, as Mary and I looked over one of those catalogues of conveniences for keeping house, Ragnarok thrust his head under the booklet, and on his head our hands met.



Drawn by W. M. Berger

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THE FUTURE OF COOKING AND EATING

BY HENRY T. FINCK

Author of "Ungastronomic America" and "Multiplying the Pleasures of the Table"

WHILE it is doubtless true that, as President E. B. Tylor of the British Anthropological Association wrote many years ago, "cookery is an art which, more than any other, has civilized mankind," it is odd that the latest and socially, as well as gastronomically, most important phase of this art takes us back to practices similar to those of primitive man. When Darwin, in his voyage round the world, tarried in Tahiti, his native guides on a trip to the interior prepared for him a meal which he greatly enjoyed. It consisted of pieces of beef, fish, and bananas, wrapped in large leaves and placed between hot stones, which were then covered with earth to keep in the heat. In about a quarter of an hour the viands were "most deliciously cooked."

One who has never had the good luck to taste, at a New England picnic, beans baked in the ground really does not know beans, though his home be in Boston. Nor does any one know the epicurean possibilities inherent in sea-food unless he has attended a shore clam-bake, at which lobsters, clams, and fish, just out of the water and wrapped in layers of seaweed, were cooked over heated stones, the whole being covered with more seaweed to prevent the escape of the heat and the flavors.

In these customs we have a survival of the primitive method of cooking praised by Darwin and numerous explorers and missionaries. Many of the benighted dwellers in our cities have never even heard of them; but within the last few years thousands of our kitchens have been provided with an apparatus which combines the advantages of Tahitian cooking and Rhode Island clam-bakes with modern conveniences—the cooking-boxes, or fireless cookers, which many rival manufacturers are now turning out by wholesale, and which are destined, in combination with gas and electricity, to bring about within the next ten years a domestic revolution so complete and far-reaching that future historians, in summing up the great achievements of the first quarter of the twentieth century, will probably name as the three most important ones wireless telegraphy, aviation, and fireless cookery.

Even in this rich country, only one family in ten can afford to hire a cook, and in the far West such a person is seldom obtainable at any price. Now, by the fireless cooker all women who have to prepare their own meals will be emancipated from the hot-stove slavery, which is particularly cruel in our sultry summers. It makes it possible for them to cook breakfast, luncheon, and dinner at the same time, in perhaps an hour, leaving the rest of the day free for other work. All they have to do is to heat the meat, vegetables, cereals, or other viands on the stove for ten or fifteen minutes, and then put them into the air-tight box, which, being lined with non-conducting substances, cooks them thoroughly, retaining all their flavors, keeping them hot for six hours, and warm for five or six longer. Broiling, steaming, stewing, baking, frying, roasting,—everything except crisping and toasting,—can be done with these boxes in their most improved styles.

There is a tradition among mistresses that cooks resent innovations in the kitchen; but no domestic helper will ever balk at a box which eliminates most of the kitchen drudgery. The fireless cooker will go far toward solving the servant question. Of all helpers, cooks are the most difficult

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Drawn by Frederick Gardner. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

A SHORE CLAM-BAKE

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to get. The cooking-box will also avert the danger of future community kitchens, with their insuperable difficulties of catering in such a way as to suit the taste and purse of every family. For that kind of cooking there is no future; but it is probable that restaurant-keepers will be more and more called upon to prepare meals for families and send them in the heat-retaining boxes in which they were cooked. Automobilists and excursionists in general are finding fireless cookers a great convenience. They have also been used in the army.

In the average household the use of a cooker does not do away entirely with the smoke, soot, heat, ashes, and kitchen odors, because of the need of heating the food before it is put into the box. The use of gas-stoves does away with most of these nuisances, while electricity abolishes them altogether. Electric cooking is still in its infancy, but the child is growing rapidly. At the Chicago Exposition of 1893 electric utensils were shown in considerable variety—chafing-dishes, stew-pans, coffee-pots, teapots, broilers, griddles, etc. Since that time hundreds of thousands of dollars have been spent in devising improvements, and at the electric exhibition in New York a year ago the cooking-utensils were so prominent and boasted so many improvements that it seemed as though the time had come for their general introduction into homes and hotels. The United States Government has taken the lead by recommending electric ranges for future use on battleships, after experiments had been made showing that the change would result in greater economy of time, space, and money, not to speak of cleanliness, or of the better quality of the cooked food, because of the uniform distribution of the heat.

For home use, electricity is still in most localities comparatively expensive, but it will be less so when it comes into more general use. If the electric companies would follow the example of the gas companies in renting cooking-ranges, it would be a great stride forward. In England some of the companies charge a special low rate for electric cooking, because it is done mostly in the daytime, when there is little demand for the current for lighting purposes. But the most radical way to reduce the cost will be to combine the electric range with the fireless cooker. Thousands of families that could not pay for an electric current five or six hours a day could easily afford one for the fifteen minutes necessary for heating the food before it is put into the box, besides the few minutes needed for crisping roasts, browning coffee, or toasting bread. It is quite likely that the electric range can be so constructed in part that no separate cooking-box will be needed; and then the culinary millennium! Instead of feeling like a drudge in a smoky, smelly, overheated kitchen, the housewife and the professional cook of the future will have the dignity of workers in a clean, cool laboratory for the scientific preparation of savory food and the abolition of dyspepsia. On the principle that prevention is better than cure, they will take the place of physicians. As an English writer has remarked, "The kitchen is the best pharmacopœia."

The social and hygienic importance of this change in the work and caste of the cook cannot be overestimated. In France it was brought about long ago without the aid of electric implements. It may not be literally true that French girls read cookery-books with the avidity with which ours read novels, but certainly they are proud of their ability to cook savory dishes. The French cuisine is preëminent to-day because a century ago the daughters of the best French houses were taught to cook. And, as Anatole France has remarked, these girls know that "there is no humiliation in washing dishes." Several French kings were proud of their skill as cooks, and a famous lawyer declared that he would not believe in the advent of real civilization until a chef had been elected a member of the Institute.

England is in a state of transition. As the London "Times" remarked not long ago, there are in that country "many women who consider it rather smart to cook a dish of savory eggs in a chafing-dish on a silver-strewn sideboard, but who would be ashamed to say that they could knead and bake a loaf of bread as good as their cooks." A change, which will be accelerated by the use of electricity, is impending, however, and the good example comes from those socially highest up. Queen Victoria's daughters had to spend many hours in the kitchen, and the present queen is an expert cook. Did not Sarah bake and cook for Abraham, though she had many servants?

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In the United States one of the most amazing phenomena is the great number of girls of all classes who consider kitchen work beneath them and not worthy of serious attention. Girls of the working-classes are not in the least ashamed to confess their ignorance of the art of cooking, though they know that after marriage they must cook for their families. Then they bewail their fate if their husbands, tormented by dyspepsia, seek relief in strong drink. France, it has often been said, is a sober nation because it is a nation of cooks. American girls should remember that, as a Chicago expert testifies, "few men abandon or get a divorce from a woman who is a good cook."

Drawn by Stanley Davis. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

THE CHAFING-DISH COOK

The most amazing of our young women are the factory-workers and shop-girls who look down on cooks. In future, if there is any looking down, it will be done by the cooks, who, instead of being reduced to mere machines by the deadly mechanical monotony of having to make so and so

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many dozen shirt-waists or paper boxes, or serving the same things to customers day after day and year after year, have before them the most inviting opportunities for exercising their taste, their brains, their inventive powers. A good cook can vary the flavors of food as a composer varies his orchestral colors and harmonies, getting genuine artistic as well as gastronomic pleasure therefrom. She can invent new flavors, new dishes, with appropriate names for them, thus acquiring world-fame, as did Carême and many other chefs.

Respect for the art of cooking is being greatly enhanced by its introduction into our public and private schools. When this innovation was first suggested, the funny men of the newspapers seized on it as a welcome new subject for their jokes and cartoons, and even now not a few persons who have given the subject insufficient thought speak of cookery as one of the fads and frills of our schools. But at a budget hearing October, 1910, Dr. W. H. Maxwell, Superintendent of the New York City Public Schools, made the memorable statement that he considered the retention of cooking-lessons more important than the study of languages. He might have gone much further; he might have said that because health is more important than learning, therefore cookery is more important than anything else now taught in our schools.

It is useless to say that cooking should be taught at home. Most mothers, especially among the working-classes, have neither the time nor the knowledge to teach their daughters how to prepare food rationally. Recognizing this fact, the Young Women's Christian Association also is beginning to provide culinary lessons. The Twenty-seventh Report of the New York Cooking School says that "good coffee and a palatable meal often remove the need of strong drink, and many a working-woman has had her cares lightened by the child who has learned to cook." An English girl who had thus been taught said, "Mother tells me she 'd make a drop of nice broth for the children out of an old bone as she 'd have thrown away." Another glimpse of future possibilities is given by an experiment made in six Chicago schools, with twelve hundred pupils. The boys in the manual-training classes made fireless cookers, and the girls did the rest. One result was a rich, palatable soup costing one cent a bowl. Both in England and in America the experience has been that the children like the cooking best of all their lessons and are glad to practise them at home. As one principal wrote, "The cooking has been enthusiastically received by the pupils, and the parents are heartily in favor of it."

School-boys also should, and will, be taught. They can help their mothers at home,—why not?—especially in daughterless families; and there are many occasions in life—when the wife is ill or when men are serving in the army or camping—when such knowledge will prove useful. Apart from practical considerations, it has educational value, too, training, as it does, the memory, the observation, the senses of taste and smell, and the inventive faculty, besides inculcating neatness and cleanliness.

Nor is it enough that school-girls and boys should be taught to cook; they should also learn how to eat. Few learn this at home. They are usually taught to eat silently, and not to take soup off the end of a spoon or to put the knife into the mouth; but the more important art of mastication is ignored. It is a branch of physiology, and should be taught by experts in the schools. If it were, the next generation of mothers and fathers would know that it is a crime to let their children swallow food, particularly milk and cereals and vegetables, before it has been kept for a while in the mouth to be mixed with saliva and made digestible. If it were indelibly impressed on school-children that gluttony is a vice which defeats its own end, that by eating slowly much more pleasure can be got from one mouthful than by bolting a whole plateful, that this pleasure can be vastly increased by consciously exhaling through the nose while eating, and that those who eat in this way will escape the pangs of indigestion—if these truths were impressed on every child mind, two thirds of the minor ills of mankind would disappear in two generations, and most of the major maladies also; for the stomach is the source of most diseases. As Thomas Walker wrote nearly a century ago, "Content the stomach, and the stomach will content you."

The future of cooking and eating lies

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Drawn by Frank Wiles

"THERE IS A TRADITION . . . THAT COOKS RESENT INNOVATIONS IN THE KITCHEN"

largely in the hands of the millions of boys and girls now in our schools. It should be made clear to them how important it is to their welfares to be epicures,—that is, persons who select their food with a fastidious taste,—and refuse to eat any that has no flavor. Were all of us, or most of us, epicures, what a change our markets would undergo! How the chemically denatured foods, the tainted cold-storage fowls, and tasteless butchers' meats, would be swept away, together with frozen, unpalatable fish, wilted vegetables, unclean milk, unripe and decayed fruits, all of them the daily source of discomforts and diseases to thousands, including often ptomaine poisoning.

We must become a nation of epicures, must realize that flavor is what makes food appetizing and digestible, that in the development of flavor lies the secret of good cooking, and in the enjoyment of it the art of wholesome eating. Let us have a gastronomic banner with three words on it, "Flavor, Flavor, Flavor." A few months ago Professor J. L. Henderson of the Harvard Medical School astonished newspaper-readers by saying that the needed food for one person costs only ten cents a day and that the rest we spend goes largely for flavor. He might have added that in this country, in most cases, we pay for the flavor and do not get it, owing to tricks of the trade and money-saving devices in the storing and marketing of foodstuffs. If we actually got the flavor, ninety cents on the dollar for it would not be too much. Dr. Wiley's enemies are our worst enemies—poisoners for profit. His battling with these, his fighting for pure food, is more important than our whole army and navy.

Twenty years hence the average American will get five times the enjoyment and benefit from his meals that he does now. The main object of this article is to call attention to the ways in which this will be brought about.

Once when I crossed the Atlantic westward on a German steamer the supply of eggs, calculated for nine days, gave out on the third because nearly everybody was ordering them at every meal. They were simply delicious, differing from ordinary eggs as genuine Chambertin differs from *vin ordinaire*. I questioned the head steward, and he explained that they came from a farm where a special kind of feed was given to the hens. The farmer had fed that flavor into the eggs. At once it flashed on me that great and immensely profitable industries might be built up along that line, and I wrote an article about it for "The Epoch," more than twenty years ago. At that time, however, there was little interest in dietary questions. It is different now. Wiley, Fletcher, and Burbank are among the present-day popular heroes, and gastronomic suggestions are likely to fall on more fertile soil. The Government, in fact, has taken up the matter, and in diverse publications of the United States Department of Agriculture reference is made to experiments in feeding both pleasant and unpleasant flavor into food. Three years ago, at the North Carolina Station, hens were fed for two weeks on onions, the result being so strong an onion flavor

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in the eggs that they could not be used. A week after discontinuing the onions, the hens again laid eggs of normal flavor. As is widely known, milk and butter are similarly spoiled when the cows eat garlic or quantities of turnips. Everybody knows, too, that some kinds of ducks are not edible because of the fish they live on. In Egypt a locust diet makes poultry unfit to eat, and not infrequently there are in our markets fresh chickens the flavor of which is marred by an insect tang. Pork from pigs fed on garbage is spoiled by a worse tang.

On the other hand, most animal foods can be improved by feeding desirable flavors into them. Kongo chickens fed on pineapples are said to be a morsel fit for the gods. Our own canvasback and redhead ducks, which feed on the "wild celery" in Chesapeake Bay, are now for millionaires only; but "celery-fed" barn-yard ducks are appearing in our markets, which shows that the lesson is being learned. Grouse are best in blueberry season, and the flavor of all game varies with its feed. In Farmers' Bulletin No. 200, the well-known poultry expert, T. F. McGrew, says that some who grow turkeys for a fancy market give them chestnuts and celery-seed during the last few weeks of fattening. Such feeding, he adds, imparts a pleasant flavor, which makes the meat worth from nine to twelve cents a pound more in the market than that of ordinary turkeys. Yet "to grow the best is quite as easy and but little more expensive than to grow the poorer grades, and the profit gained is almost double."

Here is a fact of tremendous importance, economic as well as gastronomic. It implies that if the principles set forth in this article were applied by all those who raise animals for the market, families of moderate means would be able to eat the choicest meats; for the fancy price would go down, while the fancy flavor would remain. The old Roman epicures knew that fine flavors could be fed into animals. Lucullus and Apicius had aviaries in which thrushes and blackbirds were fattened for their tables on a paste made with figs, wheaten meal, and aromatic grains; but such things were only for the very rich. What we want, and will promptly get if we insist on it, are delicacies for the million.

Drawn by Frank Wiles

"THE DAUGHTERS OF THE BEST FRENCH HOUSES WERE TAUGHT TO COOK"

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Drawn by Frank Wiles

"'FEW MEN ABANDON OR GET A DIVORCE FROM A WOMAN WHO IS A GOOD COOK'"

If, as Mr. McGrew attests, the best costs but little more to produce than the poorest, why not cater to the million, and make millions? Why pay so much attention to breeds when, in the case of hogs, for example, another expert, S. M. Tracey, attests (Farmers' Bulletin No. 100), that "management and feed are more important than breed"? We have over a hundred varieties of chickens, but the best of them, improperly fed, are not so good to eat as the worst that have had the right kind of food during the last two or three weeks. Hogs, too, and other animals, need to be fed corn or fancy feed only a few weeks, which is a matter of extreme importance from the economic point of view. Providers of meats would make much more money if, instead of offering the poorest that people will buy at the highest price, they provided the best at the lowest price. Other merchants discovered this truth long ago.

As we have seen, feeding fine flavors into meats is easy. Not so with vegetables and fruits. Breeding new or more intense flavors into them is a much more complicated and expensive process, requiring years of hybridizing and selection. Fortunately there is an endless variety to choose from. While the ruthless slaughter of game is steadily reducing the number of animals available for the table, the governmental and private variety-makers are adding every year to the list of culinary vegetables and fruits. A century ago there was only one grape—"the wretched fox-grape"—that found its way to our markets. There were then no cantaloupes, no tomatoes (for which there is so astonishing a craving in this country), no rhubarb,

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okra, cauliflower, egg-plant, head-lettuce, asparagus, artichokes, or many of the other vegetables now listed in the catalogue of our seedsmen.

While we have now a much greater variety, most of the vegetables and fruits we eat are capable of great improvement in succulence and flavor, and it is in this direction, even more than in the creation or importation of new kinds, that the way of progress lies. The future of eating lies largely in the hands of the men who are giving our vegetables and fruits "a college education," as Mark Twain would say.[1] The greatest of these is Luther Burbank, who is likely to become the patron saint of American epicures. The horticultural expert, Professor Bailey of Cornell University, after remarking in one of his books that in 1892 there were 878 varieties of apples offered for sale by nurserymen, expresses his doubts if one of them was the result of an attempt to produce a variety with definite qualities. Now, it is right here that Burbank differs from most other experimenters who have given us new or improved varieties. While they trusted to chance, he had in his mind in advance what he wanted and, like Edison, kept on experimenting till he got it. He has produced, to cite his own words, "several millions of new fruits . . . in the constant effort to eliminate faults and substitute virtues." Only the very best of these, of course, were saved for further improvement. He has created some entirely new fruits, such as the plumcot, the ancestors of which were an American wild plum, an apricot, and a Japanese plum; but of even greater gastronomic importance is the improvement he has effected in the flavor of many familiar fruits and vegetables by selection and hybridizing. The Burbank potatoes, for instance, which are already the standard on the Pacific coast, have a richness of flavor as agreeable and unique as his Patagonia strawberry, which can be freely eaten by those with whom the ordinary acid berries disagree. His new varieties of cherries, plums, prunes, and diverse berries are equally tempting to epicures. While Mr. Burbank also breeds for size, beautiful color, form, and keeping and shipping qualities, he puts flavor at the head of the list, knowing that without it the other qualities are a delusion. He would never have sent to the market certain showy, but insipid apples, pears, and peaches.

Plant-breeding for the benefit of epicures is now being carried on on a large scale by private growers and also by Government experts, among whose most notable achievements are the tangelo and the citrange, the one a combination of grapefruit and tangerine, the other of the common sweet and the trifoliate orange. Burbank, who has shown what seeming miracles can be accomplished in this direction by breeding, for example, the odor of a Parma violet into a scentless calla, urges plant-breeding on all who have the opportunities therefor, because of the fascination of the work, its benefits to health, and the possible useful results.

For patriotic reasons, also, plant-breeding and hybridizing by amateurs as well as by professionals should be encouraged in every possible way. Eaters of the future will doubtless have the privilege of

Drawn by Frank Wiles

THE FIRELESS COOKER

[1] "Cauliflower is only cabbage with a college education." "Pudd'nhead Wilson."

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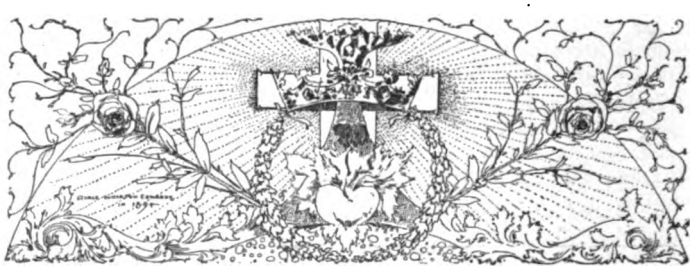
enjoying a distinctively American style of gastronomy which will arouse the envy of even French gourmets. Considering our natural resources, the United States ought to be the paradise of epicures; but we have barely begun to utilize these resources. We have long since learned to enjoy our game and our many varieties of sea-food of unique flavor; but our vegetables, wild nuts, fruits, and berries, though not neglected by breeders, still offer limitless opportunities for recognition and improvement of their qualities. These wild fruits and berries are delightfully racy of the soil. They are as American as the Indians, and, wherever possible, their intermarriage with our domesticated fruits and berries is a consummation most devoutly to be wished.

Our wild crab-apples, for instance, of which there are five types, while excessively sour, have a superabundance of flavor. By transfusing their blood into the domesticated apples we eliminate the excess of acid and give the aroma which many of our big apples lack. All over the country there are wild fruits and berries, many of them peculiar to one region, which can be thus utilized for hybridizing or for imparting their flavor directly to various kinds of more or less insipid jams and jellies. In the future, thousands of women will make a comfortable living by sending to the city markets preserves with such appetizing local flavors. A few have already done so, and they have found a demand at the women's exchanges usually far in excess of the supply.



THE LAMB

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

SHEPHERDS kind—all ye who mind,
Day by day, your tender flock,
Fend from wolf, from stormy wind
In the shelter of some rock—
Shepherds dear, the time is near
When *your* Shepherd ye shall find.

Who, think ye, that this shall be,
Sent to lead you day and night?
Never flock save you hath He;
He hath neither wealth nor might.
Ye shall gaze in strong amaze
When ye first your Shepherd see.

Strangest thing! No lord, no king,
But a Lamb—a Little One!
Stand about Him in a ring,
Unto Him be homage done—
Soft and small, in strawy stall!
"Lamb of God!" O shepherds, sing!

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STELLA MARIS

BY WILLIAM J. LOCKE

Author of "The Beloved Vagabond," "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne," "Septimus," "The Glory of Clementina," etc.

I

STELLA MARIS—Star of the Sea! That was not her real name. No one could have christened an inoffensive babe so absurdly. Her mother had, indeed, through the agency of godfathers and godmothers, called her Stella, after a rich old maiden aunt, thereby showing her wisdom; for the maiden aunt died gratefully a year after the child was born, and bequeathed to her a comfortable fortune. Her father had given her the respectable patronymic of Blount, which, as all the world knows, or ought to know, is not pronounced as it is spelled. It is not pronounced "Maris," however, as, in view of the many vagaries of British nomenclature, it might very well be, but "Blunt." It was Walter Herold, the Fantastic, who tacked on the Maris to her Christian name, and ran the two words together so that to all and sundry the poor child became Stellamaris, and to herself a baptismal puzzle, never being quite certain whether Stella was not a pert diminutive, and whether she ought to subscribe herself in formal documents as "Stellamaris Blount."

The invention of this title must not be regarded as the supreme effort of the imagination of Walter Herold, the Fantastic. It would have been obvious to anybody with a bowing acquaintance with the Latin tongue. Her name was Stella, and she passed her life by the sea—passed it away up on top of a cliff on the South coast; passed it in one big, beautiful room that had big windows south and west; passed it in bed, flat on her back, with never an outlook on the outside world save sea and sky. And the curtains of the room were never drawn, and in the darkness a lamp always shone in the western window; so that Walter Herold, at the foot of the cliff, one night of storm and dashing spray, seeing the light burning steadily like a star, may be excused for a bit of confusion of thought when he gripped his friend John Risca's arm with one hand and, pointing with the other, cried:

"Stella Maris! What a name for her!"

And when he saw her the next morning—she was twelve years old at the time and had worked out only a couple of years of her long imprisonment—he called her Stellamaris to her face, and she laughed in a sweet, elfin way, and Herold being the Great High Favorite of her little court (a title conferred by herself), she issued an edict that by that style and quality was it her pleasure henceforth to be designated. John Risca, in his capacity of Great High Belovedest, obeyed the ukase without question; and so did His Great High Excellency, her uncle, Sir Oliver Blount, and Her Most Exquisite Auntship, Lady Blount, his wife and first cousin to John Risca.

The events in the life of Stella Blount which this chronicle will attempt to record did not take place when she was a child of twelve. But we meet her thus, at this age, ruling to a certain extent the lives of grown-up men and women by means of a charm, a mystery, a personality essentially gay and frank, yet, owing to the circumstances of her life, invested with a morbid, almost supernatural atmosphere. The trouble in the upper part of her spine, pronounced incurable by the faculty, compelled a position rigidly supine. Her bed, ingeniously castered, could be wheeled about the great room. Sometimes she lay enthroned in the center; more often it was brought up close to one of the two windows, so that she could

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look out to sea and feed her fancy on the waves, and the ships passing up and down the channel, and the white sea-gulls flashing their wings in mid-air. But only this unvibrating movement was permitted. For all the splints and ambulance contrivances in the world, she could not be carried into another room, or into the pleasant, sloping garden of the Channel House, for a jar would have been fatal. The one room, full of air and sunlight and sweet odors and exquisite appointments, was the material kingdom in which she ruled with sweet autocracy; the welter of sea and sky was her kingdom, too, the gulls and spring and autumn flights of migratory birds were her subjects, the merchants and princes traversing the deep in ships, her tributaries.

But this was a kingdom of Faerie, over which she ruled by the aid of Ariels and Nereids and other such elemental and intangible ministers. The latter had a continuous history, dreamy and romantic, episodes of which she would in rare moments relate to her Great High Belovedest and her Great High Favorite; but ordinarily the two young men were admitted only into the material kingdom, where, however, they bent the knee with curious humility. To them all she seemed to have of human semblance was a pair of frail arms, a daintily curved neck, a haunting face, and a mass of dark hair encircling it on the pillow like a nimbus. The face was small, delicately featured, but the strong sea air maintained a tinge of color in it; her mouth, made for smiles and kisses, justified in practice its formation; her eyes, large and round and of deepest brown, sometimes glowed with the laughter of the child, sometimes seemed to hold in their depths holy mysteries, gleams of things hidden and divine, unsealed revelations of another world, before which the two young men, each sensitive in his peculiar fashion, bowed their young and impressionable heads. When they came down to commonplace, it was her serene happiness that mystified them. She gave absolute acceptance to the conditions of her existence, as though no other conditions were desirable or acceptable. She was delicate joyousness just incarnate and no more—"the music flung from the hyacinth bell," said Herold. In the early days of his acquaintance with Stellamaris, Herold was young, fresh from the university, practising every one of the arts with feverish simultaneousness and mimetic in each; so when he waxed poetical, he made use of Shelley.

Stella was an orphan, both her parents having died long before the spinal disease manifested itself. To the child they were vague, far-off memories. In *loco parentium,* and trustees of her fortune, were the uncle and aunt above mentioned. Sir Oliver, as a young man, had distinguished himself so far in the colonial service as to obtain his K.C.M.G. As a man nearing middle age, he had so played the fool with a governorship as to be recalled and permanently shelved. To the end of his days Sir Oliver was a man with a grievance. His wife, publicly siding with him, and privately resentful against him, was a woman with two grievances. Now, one grievance on one side and two on the other, instead of making three, according to the rules of arithmetic, made legion, according to the law of the multiplication of grievances. Even Herold, the Optimist, introduced by his college friend John Risca into the intimacies of the household, could not call them a happy couple. In company they treated each other with chilling courtesy; before the servants they bickered very slightly; when they wanted to quarrel, they retired, with true British decorum, to their respective apartments and quarreled over the house telephone.

There was one spot on the earth, however, which by common consent they regarded as a sanctuary,—on whose threshold grievances and differences and bickerings and curses (his imperial career had given Sir Oliver an imperial vocabulary) and tears and quarrelings were left like the earth-stained shoes of the Faithful on the threshold of a mosque,—and that was the wide sea-chamber of Stellamaris. That threshold crossed, Sir Oliver became bluff and hearty; on Julia, Lady Blount, fell a mantle of tender womanhood. They "my-deared" and "my-darlinged" each other until the very dog (the Lord High Constable), a Great Dane of vast affection and courage, but of limited intelligence, whose post of duty was beside Stella's couch, would raise his head for a disgusted second and sniff and snort from his deep lungs. But dogs are dogs, and in their doggy way see a lot of

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the world which is a sealed book to humans, especially to those who pass their lives in a room on the top of a cliff overlooking the sea.

It was the unwritten law of the house: Stella's room was sacrosanct. An invisible spirit guarded the threshold and forbade entrance to anything evil or mean or sordid or even sorrowful, and had inscribed on the portal, in unseen, but compelling, characters,

> Never harm nor spell nor charm
> Come our lovely lady nigh.

Whence came the spirit, from Stella herself or from the divine lingering in the faulty folks who made her world, who can tell? There never was an invisible spirit guarding doors and opening hearts, since the earth began, who had not a human genesis. From man alone, in this myriad-faceted cosmos, can a compassionate God, in the form of angels and ministering spirits, be reflected. Perhaps the radiant spirit of the child herself, triumphing over disastrous circumstances, instilled a sacred awe in those who surrounded her; perhaps the pathos of her lifelong condemnation stirred unusual depths of pity. At all events, the unwritten law was irrefragable. Outside Stella's door the wicked must cast their evil thoughts, the gloomy shed their cloak of cloud, and the wretched unpack their burden of suffering. Whether it was for the ultimate welfare of Stellamaris to live in this land of illusion is another matter.

"Save her from knowledge of pain and from suspicion of evil," John Risca would cry, when discussing the matter. "Let us make sure of one perfect flower in this poisonous fungus garden of a world."

"Great High Belovedest," Stellamaris would say when they were alone together, "what about the palace to-day?"

And the light would break upon the young man's grim face, and he would tell her of the palace in which he dwelt in the magic city of London.

"I have got a beautiful new Persian carpet," he would say, "with blues in it like that band of sea over there, for the marble floor of the vestibule."

"I hope it matches the Gobelin tapestry."

"You could n't have chosen it better yourself, Stellamaris."

The great eyes looked at him in humorous dubiety. He was wearing a faded mauve shirt and a flagrantly blue tie.

"I am not so sure of your eye for color, Great High Belovedest, and it would be a pity to have the beautiful palace spoiled."

"I assure you that East and West in this instance are blended in perfect harmony."

"And how are Lilias and Niphetos?"

Lilias and Niphetos were two imaginary Angora cats, nearly the size of the Lord High Constable, who generally sat on the newel-posts of the great marble staircase. They were fed on chicken's livers and Devonshire cream.

"Arachne," he replied gravely, referring to a mythical attendant of Circassian beauty—"Arachne thought they were suffering from ennui, and so she brought them some white mice—and what do you think happened?"

"Why, they gobbled them up, of course."

"That 's where you 're wrong, Stellamaris. Those aristocratic cats turned up their noses at them. They looked at each other pityingly, as if to say, 'Does the foolish woman really think we can be amused by white mice?' "

Stella laughed. "Don't they ever have any kittens?"

"My dear," said Risca, "they would die if I suggested such a thing to them."

It had been begun long ago, this fabulous history of the palace, and the beauty and luxury with which he was surrounded; and Stella knew it all to its tiniest detail—the names of the roses in his gardens, the pictures on his walls, the shapes and sizes of the ornaments on his marquetry writing-table; and as her memory was tenacious and he dared not be caught tripping, his wonder-house gradually crystallized in his mind to the startling definiteness of a material creation. Its suites of apartments and corridors, the decoration and furniture of each room, became as vividly familiar as the dreary abode in which he really had his being. He could wander about through house and grounds with unerring certainty of plan. The phantom creatures with whom he had peopled the domain had become invested with clear-cut personalities; he had visualized them until he could conjure up their faces at will.

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Drawn by Frank Wiles. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

STELLA AND THE GREAT DANE

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He had begun the building of the dream-palace first with the mere object of amusing a sick child and hiding from her things forlorn and drab; gradually, in the course of years, it had grown to be almost a refuge for the man himself. When the child developed into the young girl he did not undeceive her. More and more was it necessary, if their sweet comradeship was to last, that he should extend the boundaries of her Land of Illusion; for the high ambitions which had made him laugh at poverty remained unsatisfied, the promise of life had been hopelessly broken, and he saw before him nothing but a stretch of dull, laborious years unlit by a gleam of joy. Only in the sea-chamber of Stellamaris was life transformed into a glowing romance. Only there could he inhabit a palace and walk the sweet, music-haunted, fragrant streets of an apocalyptic London, where all women were fair and true, and all men were generous, and all work, even his own slavery at the press, was noble and inspired by pure ideals.

"What exactly is your work, Beloved-est?" she asked one day.

He replied: "I teach the great and good men who are the King's ministers of state how to govern the country. I show philanthropists how to spend their money. I read many books and tell people how beautiful and wise the books are, so that people should read them and become beautiful and wise, too. Sometimes I preach to foreign sovereigns on the way in which their countries should be ruled. I am what is called a journalist, dear."

"It must be the most wonderful work in the world," cried Stella, aglow with enthusiasm, "and they must pay you lots and lots of money."

"Lots and lots."

"And how you must love it—the work, I mean!"

"Every hour spent in the newspaper-office is a dream of delight," said Risca.

Walter Herold, who happened to be present during this conversation, remarked, with a shake of his head, as soon as they had left the room:

"God forgive you, John, for an amazing liar!"

Risca shrugged his round, thick shoulders.

"He will," said he, "if He has a sense of humor." Then he turned upon his friend somewhat roughly. "What would you have me tell the child?"

"My dear fellow," said Herold, "if you would only give the world at large some of the imaginative effort you expend in that room, you would not need to wear your soul to shreds in a newspaper-office."

"What is the good of telling me that?" growled Risca, the deep lines of care returning to his dark, loose-featured face. "Don't I know it already? It 's just the irony of things. There 's an artist somewhere about me. If there was n't, why should I have wanted to write novels and plays and poetry ever since I was a boy? It 's a question of outlet. There are women I know who can't do a blessed thing except write letters; there they find their artistic outlet. I can find my artistic outlet only in telling lies to Stella. Would you deny me that?"

"Not at all," said Herold, with a gay laugh. "The strain of having to remember every detail of another fellow's lies, in addition to one's own, is heavy, I admit, but for friendship's sake I can bear it. Only the next time you add on a new wing to that infernal house and fill it with majolica vases, for Heaven's sake tell me."

For Herold, being Risca's intimate, had, for corroborative purposes, to be familiar with the dream-palace, and when Risca made important additions or alterations without informing him, was apt to be sore beset with perplexities during his next interview with Stellamaris. But being an actor by profession (at the same time being an amateur in all other arts), he was quick to interpret another man's dream, and once, being rather at a loss, improved on his author and interpolated a billiard-room, much to Risca's disgust. Where the deuce, he asked, in angry and childlike seriousness, was there a place for a billiard-room in his palace? Did n't he know the whole lay-out of the thing by this time? It was inexcusable impertinence.

"Then why did n't you tell me about the music-room?" cried Herold, hotly, on this particular occasion. "How should I guess that an unmusical dog like you would want a music-room? In order not to give you away, I had to invent the

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billiard-room. A rotten house without a billiard-room!"

"I suppose you think it 's a commodious mansion, with five reception-rooms, fourteen bedrooms, and hot and cold baths!"

The two men nearly quarreled.

But no hard words followed the discussion of Risca's rose-colored and woefully ironical description of his work. Herold knew what pains of hell had got round about the man he loved, and strove to mitigate them with gaiety and affection. And while the Great High Belovedest and the Great High Favorite were grappling together with a tragedy not referred to in speech between them, and as remote from Stella's purview of life as the Lupanaria of Hong-Kong, she, with her white hand on the head of the blue Great Dane, who regarded her with his patient, topaz eyes, looked out from her western window, over the channel, on the gold and crimson lake and royal purple of the sunset, and built out of the masses of gloried cloud and streaks of lapis lazuli and daffodil-gem a castle of dreams compared with which poor John Risca's trumpery palace, with its Arachnes and Liliases and Niphetoses, was only a vulgar hotel in a new and perky town.

II

THE judge pronounced sentence: three years' penal servitude. The condemned woman, ashen-cheeked, thin-lipped, gave never a glance to right or left, and disappeared from the dock like a ghost.

John Risca, the woman's husband, who had been sitting at the solicitor's table, rose, watched her disappear, and then, the object of all curious eyes, with black brow and square jaw strode out of the court. Walter Herold, following him, joined him in the corridor, and took his arm in a protective way, and guided him down the great staircase into the indifferent street. Then he hailed a cab.

"May I come with you?"

Risca nodded assent. It was a comfort to feel by his side something human in this pandemonium of a world.

"Eighty-four Vincent Square, Westminster." Herold gave the address of Risca's lodgings, and entered the cab. During the journey through the wide thoroughfares hurrying with London's afternoon traffic neither spoke. There are ghastly tragedies in life for which words, however sympathetic and comprehending, are ludicrously inadequate. Now and then Herold glanced at the heavy, set face of the man who was dear to him and cursed below his breath. Of course nothing but morbid pig-headedness in the first fatal instance had brought him to this disaster. But, after all, is pig-headedness a crime meriting so overwhelming a punishment? Why should fortune favor some, like himself, who just danced lightly upon life, and take a diabolical delight in breaking others upon her wheel? Was it because John Risca could dance no better than a bull, and, like a bull, charged through life insensately, with lowered horns and blundering hoofs? This lunatic marriage, six years ago, when Risca was three and twenty, with a common landlady's commoner pretty vixen of a daughter, he himself had done his best to prevent. He had pleaded with the tongue of an angel and vituperated in the vocabulary of a bargee. He might as well have played "Home, Sweet Home" on the flute or recited Bishop Ernulphus's curse to the charging bull. But still, however unconsidered, honorable marriage ought not of itself to bring down from heaven the doom of the house of Atreus. This particular union was bound to be unhappy; but why should it have been Æschylean in its catastrophe?

As Risca uttered no word, Herold, with the ultimate wisdom of despair, held his peace.

At last they arrived at the Old-World, dilapidated square where Risca lodged. Children, mostly dirty-faced, those of the well-to-do being distinguished at this post-tea hour of the afternoon by a circle of treacle incrusting like gems the circumambient grime about their little mouths, squabbled shrilly on the pavement. Torn oilcloth and the smell of the sprats fried the night before last for the landlord's supper greeted him who entered the house. Risca, the aristocrat of the establishment, rented the drawing-room floor. Herold, sensitive artist, successful actor, appreciated by dramatic authors and managers and the public as a Meissonier of small parts, and therefore seldom out of an engagement, who had created for himself a Queen Anne gem of a tiny house in Kensington, could never enter Risca's home

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without a shiver. To him it was horror incamerate, the last word of unpenurious squalor. There were material shapes to sit down upon, to sit at, it is true, things on the walls (*terribilia visu*) to look upon, such as "The Hunter's Return," and early portraits of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, and the floor was covered with a red-and-green imitation oriental carpet; but there was no furniture, as Herold understood the word, nothing to soothe or to please. One of the chairs was of moth-eaten saddle-bag, another of rusty leather. A splotch of grease, the trace left by a far-distant storm of gravy that had occurred on a superimposed white cloth, and a splotch of ink gave variety to a faded old table-cover. A litter of books and papers and unemptied ash-trays and pipes and slippers disfigured the room. The place suggested chaos coated with mildew.

"Ugh!" said Herold, on entering, "it 's as cold as charity. Do you mind if I light the fire?"

It was a raw day in March, and the drafts from the staircase and windows played spitefully about the furniture. Risca nodded, threw his hat on a leather couch against the wall, and flung himself into his writing-chair. Hot or cold, what did it matter to him? What would anything in the world matter to him in the future? He sat, elbows on table, his hands clutching his coarse, black hair, his eyes set in a great agony. And there he stayed for a long time, silent and motionless, while Herold lit the fire, and, moving noiselessly about the room, gave to its disarray some semblance of comfort. He was twenty-nine. It was the end of his career, the end of his life. No mortal man could win through such devastating shame. It was a bath of vitriol eating through nerve and fiber to the heart itself. He was a dead man—dead to all the vital things of life at nine-and-twenty. An added torture was his powerlessness to feel pity for the woman. For the crime of which she had been convicted, the satiating of the lust of cruelty, mankind finds no extenuation. She had taken into her house, as slut of all work, a helpless child from an orphanage. Tales had been told in that court at which men grew physically sick and women fainted. Her counsel's plea of insanity had failed. She was as sane as any creature with such a lust could be; she was condemned to three years' penal servitude.

It was his wife, the woman whom he, John Risca, had married six years before, the woman whom, in his passionate, obstinate, growling way, he had thought he loved. They had been parted for over four years, it is true, for she had termagant qualities that would have driven away any partner of her life who had not a morbid craving for Phlegethon as a perpetual environment; but she bore his name, an honored one (he thanked God she had given him no child to bear it, too), and now that name was held up to the execration of all humanity. For the name's sake, when the unimagined horror had first broken over him, he had done his utmost to shield her. He had met her in the prison, for the first time since their parting, and she had regarded him with implacable hatred, though she accepted the legal assistance he provided, as she had accepted the home from which he had been driven and the half of his poor earnings.

Murder, clean and final, would have been more easily borne than this, the deliberate, systematically planned torture of a child. There is some sort of tragic dignity in murder. It is generally preceded by conflict, and the instinct of mankind recognizing in conflict, no matter how squalid and sordid, the essence of drama, very often finds sympathy with the protagonist of the tragedy, the slayer himself. How otherwise to account for the petitions for the reprieve of a popular murderer, a curious phenomenon not to be fully explained by the comforting word hysteria? But in devilish cruelty, unpreceded by conflict, there is no drama, there is nothing to touch the imagination; it is perhaps the only wickedness with which men have no lingering sympathy. It transcends all others in horror.

"Murder would have been better than this," he said aloud, opening and shutting his powerful fists. "My God! I feel as if I shall never get clean again. My soul has been dragged through a sewer."

He rose and flung the window open and breathed the raw air with full lungs. A news-urchin's cry caused him to look down into the street. The boy, expectant, held out a paper, and pointed with it to the yellow bill which he carried apron-

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wise in front of him. On the bill was printed in large capitals: "The Risca Torture Case. Verdict and Sentence." Risca beckoned Herold to the window, and clutched him heavily on the shoulder.

"Look!" said he. "That is to be seen this afternoon in every street in London. To-night the news will be flashed all round the world. To-morrow the civilized press will reek with it. Come away!" He dragged Herold back, and brought down the window with a crash. "It 's blazing hell!" he said.

"Every man has to pass through it at least once in his life," said Herold, glad that the relief of speech had come to his friend. "That is, if he 's to be any good in the world."

Risca uttered a grim sound in the nature of a mirthless laugh. " 'As gold is tried by the fire, so souls are tried by pain,' " he quoted with a sneer. "Was ever a man consoled by such driveling maxims? And they are lies. No man can be better for having gone through hell. It blasts everything that is good in one. Besides, what do you know? You 've never been through it."

Herold, standing by the fire, broke a black mass of coal with the heel of his boot. The flames sprang up, and in the gathering twilight threw strange gleams over his thin, eager face.

"I shall, one of these days," said he—"a very bad hell."

"Good God! Wallie," cried Risca, "are you in trouble, too?"

"Not yet," Herold replied, with a smile, for he saw that the instinct of friendship, at any rate, had not been consumed. "I 've walked on roses all my life. That 's why I 've never done anything great. But my hell is before me. How can I escape it?" The smile faded from his face, and he looked far away into the gray sky. "Sometimes my mother's Celtic nature seems to speak and prophesy within me. It tells me that my roses shall turn into red-hot plowshares and my soul shall be on fire. The curtains of the future are opened for an elusive fraction of a second—" He broke off suddenly. "I 'm talking rot, John. At least it 's not all rot. I was only thinking that in my bad time I should have a great, strong friend to stand by my side."

"If you mean me," said Risca, "you know I shall. But, in the meanwhile I pray to God to spare you a hell like mine. Sometimes I wonder," he continued after a gloomy pause, "whether this would have happened if I had stuck by her. I could have seen which way things were tending, and I would have stepped in. After all, I am strong enough to have borne it."

"You were talking about murder just now," said Herold. "If you had stayed with her, there would have been murder done or something precious near it."

Risca sighed. He was a big, burly man, with a heavy, intellectual face, prematurely furrowed, and a sigh shook his loose frame somewhat oddly. "I don't know," said he, after a lumbering turn or so up and down the room. "How can any man know? She was impossible enough, but I never dreamed of such developments. And now that I reflect, I remember signs. Once we had a little dog—no, I have no right to tell you. Damn it! man," he cried fiercely, "I have no right to keep you here in this revolting atmosphere." He picked up Herold's hat. "Go away, Wallie, and leave me to myself. You 're good and kind and all that, but I 've no right to make your life a burden to you."

Herold rescued his hat and deliberately placed it back. "Oh, yes, you have," said he, with smiling seriousness. "You have every right. Have you ever considered the ethics of friendship? Few people do consider them nowadays. Existence has grown so complicated that such a simple, primitive thing as friendship is apt to be neglected in the practical philosophy of life. Our friendship, John, is something I could no more tear out of me than I could tear out my heart itself. It 's one of the few vital, real things—indeed, it 's perhaps the only tremendous thing in my foolish life. I believe in friendship. If a man hath not a friend, let him quit the stage. Old Bacon was right: a man has every right over his friend, every claim upon him, except the right of betrayal. My purse is yours, your purse is mine. My time is yours, and yours mine. My joys and sorrows are yours, and yours mine. But a friend may not supplant a friend either in material ambition or in the love of a woman. That is the unforgivable sin, high treason against friend-

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ship. Don't talk folly about having no right."

He lit with nervous fingers the cigarette he was about to light when he began his harangue. Risca gripped him by the arm.

"God knows I don't want you to go. I 'm pretty tough, and I 'm not going to cave in, but it 's God's comfort to have you here. If I 'm not a merry companion to you, what the devil do you think I am to myself?"

He walked up and down the dreary room, on which the dark of evening had fallen. At last he paused by his writing-table, and then a sudden thought flashing on him, he smote his temples with his hands.

"I must send you away, Wallie. It 's necessary. I have my column to write for 'The Herald.' It must be in by eleven. I had forgotten all about it. They won't want my name,—it would damn the paper,—but I suppose they 're counting on the column, and I don't want to leave them in the lurch."

"They don't want your column this week, at any rate," said Herold. "Oh, don't begin to bellow. I went to see Ferguson yesterday. He 's as kind as can be, and of course wants you to go on as usual. But no one except a raving idiot would expect stuff from you to-day. And as for your silly old column, I 've written it myself. I suggested it to Ferguson, and he jumped at it."

"You wrote my column?" said Risca in a softened voice.

"Of course I did, and a devilish good column, too. Do you think I can only paint my face and grin through a horse-collar?"

"What made you think of it? I did n't."

"That 's precisely why I did," said Herold.

Risca sat down, calmer in mood, and lit a pipe. Herold, the sensitive, accepted this action as an implication of thanks. Risca puffed his tobacco for a few moments in silence, apparently absorbed in enjoyment of the fragrant subtleties of the mixture of honeydew and birdseye and latakia and the suspicion of soolook that gives mystery to a blend. At last he spoke.

"I shall arrange to keep on that house in Smith Street, and put in a caretaker, so that she shall have a home when she comes out. What will happen then, God Almighty knows. Perhaps she will have changed. We need n't discuss it. But, at any rate, while I 'm away, I want you to see to it for me. It 's a ghastly task, but some one must undertake it. Will you?"

"Of course," said Herold. "But what do you mean by being 'away'?"

"I am going to Australia," said Risca.

"For how long?"

"For the rest of my life," said Risca.

Herold leaped from his chair and threw his cigarette into the fire. It was only John Risca who, without giving warning, would lower his head and charge at life in that fashion.

"This is madness."

"It 's my only chance of sanity," said Risca. "Here I am a dead man. The flames are too much for me. Perhaps in another country, where I 'm not known, some kind of a phenix called John Smith or Robinson may rise out of the ashes. Here it can't. Here the ashes would leave a stench that would asphyxiate any bird, however fabulous. It 's my one chance—to begin again."

"What will you do?"

"The same as here. If I can make a fair living in London, I ought n't to starve in Melbourne."

"It 's monstrous!" cried Herold. "It 's not to be thought of."

"Just so," replied Risca. "It 's got to be done."

Herold glanced at the gloomy face, and threw up his hands in despair. When John Risca spoke in that stubborn way there was no moving him. He had taken it into his head to go to Australia, and to Australia he would go despite all arguments and beseechings. Yet Herold argued and besought. It was monstrous that a man of John's brilliant attainments and deeply rooted ambitions should surrender the position in London which he had so hardly won. London was generous, London was just; in the eyes of London he was pure and blameless. Not an editor would refuse him work, not an acquaintance would refuse him the right hand of fellowship. The heart of every friend was open to him. As for the agony of his soul, he would carry that about with him wherever he went. He could

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not escape from it by going to the antipodes. It was more likely to be conjured away in England by the love of those about him.

"I 'm aware of all that, but I 'm going to Melbourne," said Risca, doggedly. "If I stay here, I 'm dead."

"When do you purpose to start?"

"I shall take my ticket to-morrow on the first available boat."

Herold laid his nervous hand on the other's burly shoulder.

"Is it fair in this reckless way to spring such a tremendous decision on those who care for you?"

"Who on God's earth really cares for me except yourself? It will be a wrench parting from you, but it has to be."

"You 've forgotten Stellamaris," said Herold.

"I have n't," replied Risca, morosely; "but she 's only a child. She looks upon me as a creature out of a fairy-tale. Realities, thank God! have no place in that room of hers. I 'll soon fade out of her mind."

"Stella is fifteen, not five," said Herold.

"Age makes no difference. I 'm not going to see her again," said he.

"What explanation is to be given her?"

"I 'll write the necessary fairy-story."

"You are not going to see her before you sail?"

"No," said Risca.

"Then you 'll be doing a damnably cowardly thing," cried Herold, with flashing eyes.

Risca rose and glared at his friend.

"You fool! Do you suppose I don't care for her? Do you suppose I would n't cut off my hand to save her pain?"

"Then cut off some of your infernal selfishness and save her the pain she 's going to feel if you don't bid her good-by."

Risca clenched his fists, and turned to the window, and stood with his back to the room.

"Take care what you 're saying. It 's dangerous to quarrel with me to-day."

"Danger be hanged!" said Herold. "I tell you it will be selfish and cowardly not to see her."

There was a long silence. At last Risca wheeled round abruptly.

"I 'm neither selfish nor cowardly. You don't seem to realize what I 've gone through. I 'm not fit to enter her presence. I 'm polluted. I 'm a walking pestilence. I told you my soul had been dragged through a sewer."

"Then go and purify it in the sea-wind that blows through Stella's window, John," said Herold, seeing that he had subdued his anger. "I am not such a fool as to ask you to give up your wretched idea of exile for the sake of our friendship; but this trivial point, in the name of our friendship, I ask you to concede to me. Just grant me this, and I 'll let you go to Melbourne or Trincomali or any other Hades you choose without worrying you."

"Why do you insist upon it? How can a sick child's fancies count to men in the whirl of a blinding tragedy?"

His dark eyes glowered at Herold from beneath lowering brows. Herold met the gaze steadily, and with his unclouded vision he saw far deeper into Risca than Risca saw into him. He did not answer the question, for he penetrated, through the fuliginous vapors whence it proceeded, into the crystal regions of the man's spirit. It was he, after a while, who held Risca with his eyes, and it was all that was beautiful and spiritual in Risca that was held. And then Herold reached out his hand slowly and touched him.

"We go down to Southcliff together."

Risca drew a deep breath.

"Let us go this evening," said he.

A few hours afterward, when the open cab taking them from the station to the Channel House came by the sharp turn of the road abruptly to the foot of the cliff, and the gusty southwest wind brought the haunting smell of the seaweed into his nostrils, and he saw the beacon-light in the high west window shining like a star, a gossamer feather from the wings of Peace fell upon the man's tortured soul.

(To be continued)

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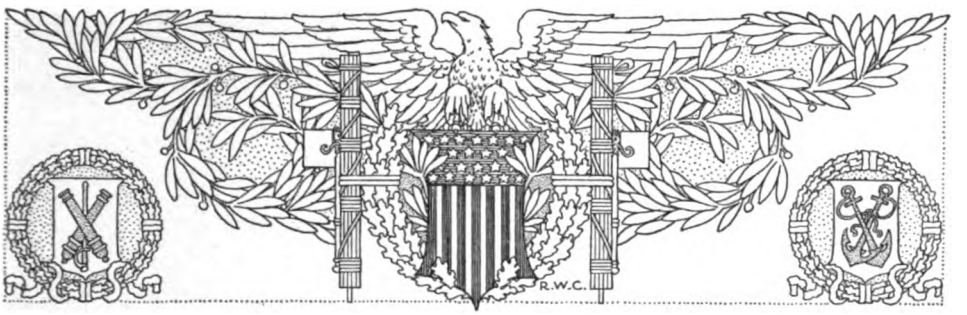

THE PENDING ARBITRATION TREATIES

AN APPEAL FOR THEIR RATIFICATION

BY PRESIDENT TAFT

FOR nineteen hundred years the message "Peace on earth, good-will to men," has been ringing down the ages, but it has required nineteen centuries for men to grasp its full significance. Indeed, it has remained for the United States to take the lead in giving to the first Christmas greeting concrete, practical form.

Less than half a century ago a great American general—not in the bitterness of defeat, but in the triumph of victory—with the same courage which had characterized his conduct on the battle-field, dared to tell to the world the simple truth about those conflicts between nations and parts of a nation which had hitherto been wrapped in a glamour and a brilliancy of military pomp and power that had long deceived the world. But when as great a soldier as General Sherman declared that "War is hell," men paused to wonder and to ponder.

Little by little the truth of this simple statement has come home to men's minds and hearts. Fostered by Christian civilization, the desire for universal peace has grown, and to-day the United States is confronted by an opportunity greatly to contribute to that cause.

There are pending before the Senate two treaties, one with Great Britain, the other with France, which pledge those countries and this to settle by arbitration every question which is determinable by the principles of law and equity which may arise between them. These treaties provide (1) that all questions determinable by the principles of law and equity shall be submitted to arbitration under the terms of The Hague Convention; (2) for the creation, as occasion may demand, of a joint high commission, to be composed of three Americans and three others to be named by the nation with whom a controversy may have arisen; (3) that when a question cannot be settled by the ordinary methods of diplomacy, it shall be referred to this commission on the application of either party to the controversy, such reference to take place at the end of one year, and that the commission, after thorough investigation and due deliberation, shall make a report with such recommendation as it may deem proper; and finally (4) that when there shall be a disagreement as to whether a given difference may be determinable by the principles of law or equity, that disagreement shall be referred to the proposed commission, and a decision by it, when concurred in by not fewer than five of the six members, shall be binding.

It will be seen that the treaties are designed to cover all questions which may arise, providing as it does that those which may be determined by the principles of

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law or equity shall be settled by arbitration, and providing further that all questions, including those which do not come within that classification, shall be referred to the proposed commission for investigation and recommendation, so that both nations may enjoy the advice of the joint commission, although not pledged to arbitrate any differences other than those coming within the somewhat narrow scope described.

Objection to the ratification of these treaties in their present form has been made in the Senate, and is supported elsewhere by those who are doubtless sincere, but who, I believe, cannot have taken into consideration all the provisions of the treaties, or who have failed to grasp the safeguards which have been erected against certain eventualities which they imagine they foresee. To the fundamental principle, the settlement by arbitration of all questions which may be determined by the principles of law and equity, I believe there can be no objection. Indeed, the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations has declared itself in favor of this policy, saying, in its majority report,

"The Senate to-day is heartily in favor, in the opinion of the Committee, of enlarging, to the utmost practical limit, the scope of general arbitration treaties," and that, "The Committee itself, and in the opinion of the Committee, the Senate also, has no desire to contract the ample boundaries set to arbitration in the first article" of the pending treaties.

The third provision of the treaty, which provides that the joint high commission shall investigate and make recommendations in any case which will not yield to the ordinary processes of diplomatic negotiation, and which cannot be settled by the principles of law and equity, has been generally approved.

Before dismissing the provisions of the treaties, it is also important to call attention to the fact that they provide that in every question submitted to arbitration such submission shall be under a general agreement "made on the part of the United States by the President of the United States, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate thereof." And this applies even to those cases on which the joint high commission has been called in to determine their arbitrability, and the treaties stipulate that when declared arbitrable by five of the six members of the commission, the question shall be submitted to arbitration "in accordance with the provisions of this treaty." It will be seen, therefore, that final determination must always rest with the Senate in the exercise of its power to approve the special agreements, and, although it is inconceivable that the Senate would exercise that power to nullify the results of a just decision of the high commission, it would retain the power to prevent any gross miscarriage of justice through the operation of the power of that commission.

As it is the fourth provision, to which serious objection has been made, it is the objections to that which chiefly I wish to discuss. The question has been asked in tones of horror, Can any nation properly submit to a joint commission, or other partly foreign body, a question which affects its vital interests, or, worse still, its national honor? I say a nation can. Indeed, I would rather take my chances of securing a just decision from a commission composed of honorable men than from the god of war. But the pending treaties do not provide for the submission to any commission any question which affects the vital interests or the honor of the nation unless such question shall be determinable by the principles of law and equity. The question which might be submitted to the proposed joint high commission would be whether the question at issue could be so determined, and a decision of that commission to be binding must be concurred in by two Americans —the treaties employ the diplomatic term, "nationals"—as well as by three other members of the commission. Most of the hypothetical questions which have been suggested as likely to come up for decision under the fourth provision of the treaties may be dismissed in a word. They are not justiciable questions. That is, they could not be settled according to the principles of law and equity; and they would never be so pronounced by two Americans of the type which would be appointed on such a commission.

Some emphasis has been laid on the suggestion that the President would possess, under the terms of the treaties, sole power to name the American members of

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Owned by Mr. Charles P. Taft

SOROLLA'S PORTRAIT OF PRESIDENT TAFT

PAINTED FROM LIFE, IN THE WHITE HOUSE, BY JOAQUÍN SOROLLA Y BASTIDA

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the proposed joint high commission. The treaties being international agreements, they were not the proper place in which to prescribe the terms of the appointment of the American members of the commission, but inasmuch as I have clearly and repeatedly indicated my entire approval of provision for the appointment of such commissioners by the President, "with the advice and consent of the Senate," it is hardly necessary to dwell on that objection.

There is still another safeguard against the contention that the signatories to these treaties might demand that questions of policy, questions which affect the independence and vital interests of this country, be submitted to arbitration. Attention has been called to this point by the Secretary of State, Mr. Knox, who has pointed out that the treaties "have been negotiated and will be binding between self-respecting nations who obviously will act in good faith and in accordance with their own self-interests, which may be as quickly compromised by invoking an erroneous and dangerous principle against a foreign power, as by having the principle invoked against them."

It is obvious that with the safeguards provided, and under the limitation proposed, few questions would ever come before the commission for decision. In the first place, the few questions which could not be settled by ordinary diplomatic processes would first be referred to the commission,—not for decision, but for recommendation,—and the mere postponement of action, other than diplomatic negotiation, would obviously serve to allay irritation and to pave the way for an amicable and proper settlement. In the vast majority of instances, with the present enlightened abhorrence of war, a year's delay would avert conflict. And if the delay, and the negotiations which went on during that period, did not serve to effect an agreement, certainly the recommendation of the joint high commission, backed as it unquestionably would be by popular opinion, would go far to make an appeal to arms impossible. And both the delay and such recommendation would take from an irresponsible yellow press the power to foment indignation and to precipitate war where no compelling occasion existed.

Only in the last analysis and in remote and improbable instances would there be any occasion to call upon the joint high commission to decide whether or not a question was such as came within the limitations of the first article of the treaty, was determinable by the principles of law and equity, and, as I have said, its decision on this point would be binding only when concurred in by two of the three American members of the commission.

Recent events in China and Tripoli have been cited as evidence against the pending treaties. Both citations are, to my mind, unfortunate. In the case of China it is urged that failure to cultivate the military spirit has been responsible, first for the loss to China of various of its provinces which in effect have been seized by foreign powers, and finally for the dire revolution from which that empire is now suffering. The ideal for which sincere advocates of universal peace are striving is an international court of arbitration before which a weak nation may summon one more powerful when the weaker believes its rights are being violated by the more powerful. If there has been unjust spoliation of China, such a tribunal would have disclosed the fact and would have forbidden such spoliation. The present troubles in China have solely to do with internal affairs, and it may be doubtful if such questions can ever be settled by an outside tribunal, any more than the cancer of slavery could have been removed from the American body politic without the terrible Civil War. Nor did the presence of abundant military spirit in this country prove more efficacious in averting civil war than has its absence in China. Such revolutions have no bearing whatever upon the question at issue, although the existence of a tribunal universally recognized as dependable to render just and impartial decisions might sometimes pave the way for the adjudication even of questions which must now be settled by internecine war.

In the case of Tripoli, as in the case of Turkey generally, such a tribunal would have served to insure to Turkey its rights whenever they were in danger of violation. It is precisely the absence of such a tribunal, to which a weak nation can appeal, which makes possible the violation of its rights by one more powerful. It is

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precisely the absence of such a tribunal which makes possible the violation of the provisions of general treaties guaranteeing the integrity of nations unable to protect themselves. For the existence of such a tribunal, when it shall be attained, will make for a universal popular sentiment as potent in enforcing international law and the principles of equity as is the popular opinion of a great and law-abiding nation in enforcing the decrees of its courts.

It may be argued that the pending treaties do not provide for such an international tribunal. They do not. But they do constitute material progress in that direction. The reference, under the last administration, of great and important questions to the arbitrament of The Hague Tribunal enhanced the importance of the tribunal itself and set an example to the world. It made evident the fact that important controversies between nations can be settled without an appeal to arms. It impressed upon the peoples of the world the confidence which this country and Great Britain, in one instance, which this country and Venezuela, in another, placed in the judicial settlement of international questions.

Progress is not made by giant strides. It is achieved step by step. An agreement between this country and Great Britain on the one hand, and between this country and France on the other, to submit all questions determinable by the principles of law and equity to arbitration will go far to exhibit to the world that confidence which great, powerful, civilized nations place in the judicial settlement of international disputes.

Nor is it necessary to await the final ratification of the pending treaties to secure a notable example of their potent influence to prevent war. The existing treaty between Great Britain and Japan has been held by certain expert diplomats to bind each of those nations to come to the assistance of the other in the event that either becomes involved in war. There is a difference of opinion as to this provision, but the question was raised as to whether Great Britain could enter into this treaty with the United States in view of her treaty obligations to Japan. With that generosity and that friendliness for the United States which has long characterized Japanese diplomacy, Japan came forward voluntarily and proposed a modification of her treaty whereby Great Britain would be specifically relieved from rendering assistance to Japan should Japan become involved in war with any country with which Great Britain had a treaty of arbitration of the character of that now pending. Confirmation of the pending treaty between the United States and Great Britain will, therefore, make effective this important modification of the British-Japanese treaty, of itself a material step in the direction of permanent peace.

It has been urged that it would be foolish and wicked to submit to arbitration any question which involved the vital interests or the national honor of this nation. That argument presupposes that a nation is the best judge of a question involving its own rights, although human experience clearly proves the contrary. No just nation can desire other than an equitable settlement of such a question. And it seems hardly necessary to argue that an equitable settlement is far more likely to proceed from a just and impartial tribunal than from the inner consciousness or from the popular and too often impassioned clamor of one of the nations whose interests are at stake. And even if this were not so, to what can nations appeal when their vital interest or their national honor is at stake if the arbitration of an impartial court is to be rejected? To the arbitrament of war? And if to that, what guaranty is there of a just decision? War may demonstrate which nation has the larger army, the more powerful navy, but does it determine the merits of a case? If might makes right, it does; but if not, what does it settle except where exists the greatest might?

In days gone by no gentleman could submit to the courts a question which affected his honor. He must fight. If another had made an insulting remark about a member of a man's family, that man must challenge the insulter to a duel. If the challenger proved the better marksman, the insult was avenged. But if the challenger was killed, it proved, I suppose, either that the man challenged had never made the remark, or else that it was true, or else that it was not insulting. And if the honor of a nation is violated, and the

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insulter is a less powerful nation, that honor may be avenged by destroying the lesser nation or compelling it to pay indemnity. But what if the nation challenged proves the more powerful? How then is the honor of the insulted nation avenged?

The day of the code duello is passed. Men have learned that might does not make right. They have learned that men who believe that they have been insulted or wronged are not the best judges of the facts. They have learned to provide tribunals better calculated to determine the equities of a case than either of the irate parties to a controversy. But must human progress stop there? Can nations never learn? Are they always to appeal to the god of might? Must they ever assent to the proposition that the right in every controversy must always be on the side of the nation possessing the largest and best disciplined army, the greatest and most efficient navy?

If so, then it is a wicked and a foolish thing for any nation to cease its efforts until it possesses both the most powerful and efficient navy and the largest and best disciplined army, not only larger than those of any other nation, but sufficiently powerful to cope with any alliance of nations. It is a foolish and a wicked thing to neglect this, the sole insurance that its rights will be observed, its honor avenged, its independence guaranteed. And the weaker nation, that one which lacks the resources and the men to maintain the greatest military establishment, is a vain and a foolish nation.

And if there can be no adjudication between nations other than the arbitrament of war, and it is the duty of every nation to maintain a military establishment sufficient to avenge every insult and to resent by force every encroachment on its rights, where will be the end? Europe to-day, actuated by that belief, is an armed camp. Hundreds of thousands of men devote their entire time merely to acquiring that training and discipline which may be required in war. They are not producers. They add nothing to the wealth of the nations they serve. Millions of dollars are devoted to the upbuilding and maintenance of navies, each nation striving to outdo the other. And the cost of these armies and navies comes from the hard-earned wages of the poor and of that great middle class, and they also contribute the men and boys who in time of war must die by thousands to avenge their country's honor. These are facts which cannot be gainsaid, nor has any remedy other than some international court of arbitration been proposed. Such a court, could it be attained, its summonses made compulsory, and its judgments final, would solve the problem. The tentative agreements between this country and Great Britain and this country and France are a step in that direction.

It is true that there may arise a time when a decision of the proposed joint high commission, or of the selected arbitral tribunal which, pursuant to the finding of the commission, may adjudicate a cause, may go against us. There may come a time when we feel that the decision of the arbitrators is decidedly unjust. But are we prepared to sacrifice nothing for a principle? It is impossible to achieve anything if we are to provide for arbitration only in those instances where we are convinced the verdict will be in our favor. Such an arbitration would be a farce. It is futile to provide that we will arbitrate every case of a justiciable character if we retain the exclusive right to say, when the case has arisen, whether or not it is justiciable. Human nature, whether in the individual or in the aggregate, is far too prone under such circumstances to ignore the actual merits of the question, to decide as to the justiciability of a question with an eye to the probable settlement of the controversy itself, rather than with an eye single to its justiciability. The pending treaties provide, as I have said, that when the proposed commission shall decide by a vote of five to one that a question which has arisen is justiciable, it shall be settled by arbitration, and I have far too great faith in my fellow-citizens to believe that they would repudiate that pledge once it had been formally made by the treaty-making power of the United States.

The contention that it would be unconstitutional for the Senate to bind itself in advance to the settlement of questions which may arise in the future is untenable. The Senate has done that already in the existing treaties of arbitration which pledge this country to arbitrate a large

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class of questions the exact nature of which cannot possibly be foreseen. And finally the provision for a special agreement in every case submitted to arbitration, which agreement shall go before the Senate for its approval, wholly disposes of the contention that these treaties are unconstitutional. Only by the most narrow and retrogressive construction of the Constitution could such a barrier be erected.

After nineteen hundred years the opportunity is presented to the United States to take the lead in the great movement for universal peace. Its greatness, its wealth of resources, and the demonstrated bravery of its men, which preclude even the suggestion that it is actuated by cowardice, its freedom from entangling alliances, and its comparatively insular position—all combine to make possible its leadership in this great movement. The people of the world look to us to give this impetus to the peace movement.

Shall we disappoint them? Shall we tell them that because of the narrow limitations of our Constitution we must take a back seat in the progress of Christian civilization? Shall we declare that our respect for the ancient code duello as between nations, although obsolete between men, precludes our recognizing and indorsing this great movement and taking the one practical step which will give it such great impetus?

I am not a wild enthusiast or a blind optimist. I do not look for such a complete establishment of peace that it cannot be disturbed even if these treaties are ratified. The morality of nations improves only step by step, and so the making of these treaties can be regarded only as a step, but a long step, toward securing the peace of the world.

I appeal to you, one and all, to help the Senate to see the wisdom of approving these conventions. And in so doing I direct your attention to the words of one of our greatest Presidents, William McKinley, urging the approval of the Olney-Pauncefote arbitration treaty, words equally applicable to the treaties now pending before the Senate:

"Since this treaty . . . has been recognized as the leading feature of our foreign policy throughout our entire national history—the adjustment of difficulties by judicial methods rather than by force of arms—and since it represents to the world the glorious example of reason and peace, not passion and war, controlling the relations between two of the greatest nations of the world, an example certain to be followed by others, I respectfully urge early action of the Senate thereon, not merely as a matter of policy, but as a duty to mankind. The importance and moral influence of the ratification of such a treaty can hardly be overestimated in the cause of advancing civilization. It may well engage the best thought of the statesmen and people of every country, and I cannot but consider it fortunate that it is reserved to the United States to have the leadership in so grand a work."

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FRUSTRATE

BY MARY AUSTIN

Author of "The Land of Little Rain," "The Arrow-maker," etc.

I KNOW that I am a disappointed woman and that nobody cares at all about it, not even Henry; and if anybody thought of it, it would only be to think it ridiculous. It is ridiculous, too, with my waist, and not knowing how to do my hair or anything. I look at Henry sometimes of evenings, when he has his feet on the fender, and wonder if he has the least idea how disappointed I am. I even have days of wondering if Henry is n't disappointed, too. He might be disappointed in himself, which would be even more dreadful; but I don't suppose we shall ever find out about each other. It is part of my disappointment that Henry has never seemed to want to find out.

There are people who think it is somehow discreditable to be disappointed; and whatever comes, you must pretend to like it, and just keep on pretending. I don't know why. It must be that some things are right in life and some others are not, and unless somebody has the courage to speak up about it, I don't know how we are ever to find it out. I don't see, if nobody else is hurt by it, why we should n't have what we like out of life; and if there 's a way of getting or not getting it, people have a right to know. Sometimes I think if I 'd known a little more, just a very little . . . !

It all began, I suppose, in the kind of people I was brought up among. They 'd none of them had the kind of things I wanted, so of course they could n't tell me anything about the way to get them. There was my mother. She had to work hard, and had never been anywhere but to a Methodist conference and once to the capital when father was a delegate or something, and her black silk had been turned twice; but she did n't seem the least disappointed. I think it must have been the way things were between her and my father. Father died when I was sixteen, so I could n't tell much about it, but I know mother never so much as thought of marrying again. She was like a person who has had a full meal, but I—I am just kind of hungry . . . *always*. My mother never talked to me about her relations to my father. Mothers did n't; it was n't thought suitable. I think sometimes, if she had, it might have made a difference about my marrying Henry.

The trouble was in the beginning, that though I knew the world was all full of exciting, interesting things, I thought they came to you just by living. I had no idea there was a particular way you had to go to work to get them. I think my people were n't the kind to make very nice discriminations about experiences or anything. They would n't have thought one way of being in love, for instance, was much better or different from another. They had everything sort of ticketed off and done with: such as that all churchmembers were happier than unbelievers, and all men naturally more competent and intelligent than their women. They must have known, some of them, that things did n't always work out that way; but they never let on about it—anyway, not to us young people. And if married couples were n't happy together, it was n't considered decent to speak of it.

I suppose that was what got me to thinking that all the deep and high and shining things that I had a kind of instinct went with being married, belonged to it naturally, and, when you had found a suitable man, came along in their proper place without much thinking. And that was about all I knew when Henry proposed to me at the Odd Fellows' Festival. We were both on the

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decoration committee, and drove out to the old Lawson place that afternoon for roses. I remember the feel of them against my cheek, hot and sweet, and the smell of the syringa, and a great gold-and-black butterfly that fled and flitted down the green country road, mottled black and gold with shadows. Things like that gave me a strange kind of excitement, and yet a kind of lonesomeness, too, so I did n't mind Henry holding my hand between us in the buggy. I thought he must be feeling something of the same sort, and it did n't seem friendly to take my hand away. But I did take it away a moment later when he proposed. It turned me kind of cold. Of course I meant to accept him after a while. I liked him, and he was what my folks called suitable; but I seemed to want a little time to think about it.

Henry did n't want me to think. He kept hinting, and that evening under the grape-arbor at the minister's, where we had gone to get the sewing society's ice-cream freezer, he kissed me. I 'd heard about engaged kisses, but this was n't anything but just a kiss—like when you have been playing drop the handkerchief. I 'd always had a feeling that when you had an engaged kiss something beautiful happened. There were times afterward when it almost seemed about to, and I would want to be kissed again to see if the next time . . . Henry said he was glad I had turned out to have an affectionate disposition.

My family thought I was doing well to marry Henry. He had no bad habits, and his people were well-to-do; and then I was n't particularly pretty or rich or anything. I had never been very popular with young men; I was too eager. Not for them, you understand; but just living and doing things seemed to me such a good game. I suppose it is difficult for some folks to understand how you can be excited by the way a shadow falls, or a bird singing on a wet bough; and somehow young men seemed to get the idea that the excitement had something to do with them. It made them feel as if something was expected of them; and you know how it is with young men: they sort of pull back from the thing that is expected of them just because it is expected. I always thought it rather small, but I suppose they can't help it. There was a woman I met at Fairshore who explained how that was; but I did n't know it then, and I was rather sensitive about it. Anyway, it came about that I had n't many beaux, and my mother was a good deal relieved when I settled down to Henry. And we had n't any more than got the furniture as we wanted it when I discovered that there had n't anything happened at all! Instead of living with my mother, I was just living with Henry; I 've never done anything else.

There are things nobody ever tells young girls about marriage. Sometimes I think it is because, if they knew how to estimate their experience in the beginning, there is such a lot they would n't go on with; and when I was married, nobody ever thought of anything but that you had to go on with it. There were times when it seemed as if all it needed was just going on: there was a dizzying point just about to be reached from which Henry and I should really set out for somewhere.

It took me fifteen years to realize that we had n't set out for anything, and would never get anywhere in particular.

I know I tried. Times I would explain to Henry what I wanted until he seemed to want it as much as I did; and then we would begin whatever we had to do,—at least I would begin,—and then I would find out that Henry had forgotten what we were doing it for—like the time we saved to set out the south lot in apricots, and Henry bought water-shares with the money. He said it would be cheaper to own the water for the apricots; but then we had n't anything left to pay for the planting, and the man who had sold Henry the shares turned out not to own them. After a while I gave up saving.

The trouble was, Henry said, I was too kind of simple. It always seemed to me, if you wanted things, you picked out the one nearest to you, and made a mark so you could keep tab on whether you were getting it or not; and then you picked out the next nearest, and went for that, and after a while you had all of them. But Henry said when it came to business it was a good deal more complicated, and you had to look on all sides of a thing. Henry was strong on looking on all sides; anybody that had any kind of reasonableness could always get over him, like that man with the water-shares. That was when I was trying to make myself believe that if

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we could get a little money together, we might be in things. I had been reading the magazines, and I knew that there were big, live things with feelers out all over creation, and if I could just get the least little tip of one. . . . But I knew it was n't money. When I was n't too sick and overworked and worn out trying to keep track of Henry's reasons, I knew that the thing I was aching for was close beside me . . . when I heard the wind walk on the roof at night, . . . or heard music playing . . . and I would be irritated with Henry because he could n't help me lay hold of it. It is ridiculous, I know, but there were times when it seemed to me if Henry had been fatter, it would have helped some. I don't mean to say that I had wanted to marry a fat man, but Henry had n't filled out any, not like it seems men ought to: he just got dry and thinner. It used to make me kind of exasperated. Henry was always patient with me; he thought it was because I had n't any children. He would have liked children. So would I when I thought I was to have one, but I was doing my own housework, and I was never strong. I cried about it a good deal at the time; but I don't suppose I really wanted it very much or I would have adopted one. I will tell you—there are women that want children just for the sake of having them, but the most of them want them because there is a man— And the man they want gets to hear of it, and whenever a woman is any way unhappy, they think all she needs is a baby. But there 's something else ought to happen first, and I never gave up thinking it was going to happen; all the time I kept looking out, like Sister Anne in the fairy-tale, and it seemed to me a great many times I saw dust moving. I never understood why we could n't do things right here at home—big things. There were those people I 'd read about in Germany—just plain carpenters and butchers and their wives—giving passion-plays. They did n't know anything about plays; they just felt grateful, and they did something like they felt. I spoke to the minister's wife about it once—not about a passion-play, of course, that would n't have done; but about our just taking hold of something as if we thought we were as good as those Germans,—but she did n't seem to think we could. She kind of pursed up her mouth and said, "Well, we must remember that they had the advantage of having lived abroad." It was always like that. You had to have lived somewhere or been taught or had things different; you could n't just start right off from where you were. It was all of a piece with Henry's notion of business; there was always some kind of queer mixed-up-ness about it that I could n't understand. But still I did n't give up thinking that somehow I was going to pull the right string at last, and then things would begin to happen. Not knowing what it was I wanted to happen, I could n't be expected to realize that it could n't happen now on account of my being married to Henry. It was at Fairshore that I found out.

It was when we had been married eighteen years that Aunt Lucy died and left me all her property. It was n't very much, but it was more than Henry would ever have, and I just made up my mind that I was going to have the good of it. Henry did n't make any objection, and the first thing I did was to go down to Fairshore for the summer. I chose Fairshore because I had heard about all the authors and painters being there. You see, when you never have any real life except what you get from reading, you have a kind of feeling that writers are the only real *own* folks you 've got. You even get to thinking sometimes that maybe, if you had known how to go about it, you could have written yourself, though perhaps you 'd feel that way about bridge-building or soldiering, if it was the only real kind of work you saw much of. Not that I ever thought I could write; but I had so many ideas that were exactly like what I 'd read that I thought if I could only just get somebody to write them for me— But you can't; they 've all got things of their own. Still, you would think the way they get inside the people they write about that they would be able to see what is going on inside of you, and be a little kind.

You see, it had come over me that away deep inside of me there was a really beautiful kind of life, singing, and burning blue and red and gold as it sang, and there were days when I could n't bear to think of it wasting there and nobody to know.

Not that Henry did n't take an interest in me,—his kind of interest,—if I was sick or hurt, or seeing that I had a comfortable

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chair. But if I should say to Henry to lean upon my heart and listen to the singing there, he would have sent for the doctor. Nobody talks like that here in Castroville: only in books I thought I had heard the people calling to one another quietly and apart over all the world, like birds waking in a wood. I 've wondered since I came back from Fairshore if people put things in books because they would like to have them that way.

It is difficult to tell what happened to me at Fairshore. It did n't really happen —just the truth of things coming over me in a slow, acrid dribble. Sometimes in the night I can feel the recollection of it all awash at the bottom of my heart, cold and stale. But nothing happened. Nobody took any notice of me but one woman. She was about my age, plain-looking and rather sad. I 'd be proud to mention her name; but I 've talked about her a great deal, and, with all my being so disappointed, it is n't so bad but it might be worse if everybody got to find out about it. She was really a much greater writer than the rest of them; but, I am ashamed to say it, just at first, perhaps because she was so little different from me on the outside, and perhaps just because she was a woman, I did n't seem to care much about her. I don't know why I should n't say it, but I did want to have something to do with interesting men. People seem to think that when a woman is married she has got all that 's coming to her; but we 're not very different from men, and *they* have to have things. There are days sometimes when it seems to me that never to have known any kind of men but Henry and the minister and old man Truett, who does our milking, would be more than I could bear. I thought if I could get to know a man who was big enough so I could n't walk all around him, so to speak,—somebody that I could reach and reach and not find the end of,—I should n't feel so—so frustrated. There was a man there who wrote things that made you feel like that,—as if you could take hands with him and go out and rescue shipwrecked men and head rebellions. And when I tried to talk to him, I found him looking at me the way young men used to before I married Henry—as if he thought I wanted something, and it was rather clever of him not to give it to me. It was after that that I took to sitting with the writer woman. I 'd noticed that though the men seemed to respect her, and you saw them in corners sometimes reading manuscripts to her, they never took her to walk, or to see the moon rise, or the boats come in. They spent all that on the pretty women, young and kind of empty-headed. I 'd heard them talk when they thought I was n't listening. And the writer woman sat about with the other women, and did n't seem to mind it.

I hoped when people saw me with her, they 'd think it was because she was so famous, and not guess how terrible it was to find yourself all at once a middle-aged woman sitting on a bench, and all the world going by as if it was just what they expected. It came over me that here were all the things I had dreamed about,—the great sea roaring landward, music, quick and gay; looks, little incidents,—and I was n't in it; I was n't in it at all.

I suppose the writer woman must have seen how it was with me, but I thought at first she was talking of herself.

"It 's all very wonderful out there, is n't it?" she said, looking toward the blue water and the beach shining like a shell, with the other writers and painters walking up and down and making it into world stuff. "Very wonderful—when you have the price to pay for it!"

"It *is* expensive." I was thinking of the hotel, but I saw in a minute she meant something else.

"The price you pay," she said, "it is n't being fit to be in the Great World or being able to appreciate it when you 're in; it is what you contribute to keep other people in, I suppose."

I must have said something about not being able to see what the kind of women who were in contributed—just girls and flirty kind of married women.

"It 's a kind of game, keeping other people in," said the writer woman. "They don't know much else, but they know the game. We are, most of us," she said, "like those matches that will not light unless they are struck upon the box: there is a particular sort of person that sets us off. It 's a business, being that sort of person."

"If anybody could only learn it—" I tried to seem only polite.

"It is the whole art," she said, "of putting yourself into your appearance." She

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laughed. "I have too much waist for that sort of thing. I have my own game."

I seemed suddenly to want to get away to my room and think about it. I know it is absurd at my age, but I lay on the bed and cried as I had n't since they told me my baby had n't lived. For I knew now that all that beautiful life inside me could n't be born either, for I was one who had to have help to be worth anything to myself, and I did n't know the game. I had never known it.

All the time I had been thinking that all I needed was to find the right person; and now I understood that, so far as anybody could guess, I was n't the right person myself. I had n't the art of putting myself into my appearance. I 'm shy about talk, and my arms are too fat, and my skirts have a way of hanging short in front.

I 've thought about it a great deal since. It does n't seem fair. Nobody told me about it when I was a girl; I think nobody tells girls. They just have to sort of find it out; and if they don't, nobody cares. All they did tell me was about being good, and you will be happy; but it is n't so. There is a great deal more to it than that, and it seems as if people ought to know. I think we are mostly like that in Castroville: we 've got powers and capacities 'way down in us, but we don't know anything about getting them out. We think it is living when we have got upholstered furniture and a top buggy. I know people who think it is worth while never to have lived in a house without a cupola. But all the time we are not in the game. We do not even know there is a game.

Sometimes I think, if it would do me any good, I could turn in and learn it now. I watched them at Fairshore, and it seemed to me it could be learned. I have wild thoughts sometimes,—such thoughts as men have when they go out and snatch things,—but it would n't do me any good. Henry's folks were always long-lived, and there are days when I am so down that I am glad to have even Henry. As long as people see us going about together they can't know— I 'm rather looking forward to getting old now. I think perhaps I sha'n't ache so. But I *should* like to know how much Henry understands.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

AMERICAN PRESTIGE AS A NATIONAL ASSET

APROPOS OF THE ARBITRATION TREATIES

THE habit of reckoning everything in dollars and cents is foolish enough in itself, but when there is added to it the habit of thinking that dollars and cents are produced only by dollars and cents, the folly becomes stupidity. Sentiment and prestige are not less valuable in international intercourse than in trade. President Taft, in the appeal for the Arbitration Treaties which he has done THE CENTURY the honor to contribute to the present number, has placed the argument on the very highest grounds, at the same time replying cogently, and we think conclusively, to the latest arguments which have been urged against a measure clearly supported by a vast majority of the people. We venture to add one consideration which ought to have weight in the discussion of the subject—the question of American prestige.

However it may have come about,—and it has been chiefly through our goodwill toward all the world,—the United States is conceded to hold the leadership of the movement for world-peace through arbitration—not a quixotic idea, but one which through the Hague conferences and decisions has already proved itself of the largest practical benefit. Jurists and lawyers are not considered among the impracticables of this world, and what has been accomplished has been under the counsel and direction of some of the most

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distinguished of their profession. They have recognized that (to repeat our own phrase) "arbitration is only law writ large," and the perception of this has spread so rapidly and widely throughout the country that it has come to be expected that the United States, free as it is of entangling alliances or hereditary enmities, will take the lead in this benevolent, this patriotic, this Christian reform.

The world is moving so rapidly that one forgets how recently the diplomacy of this country has taken on a new character, so radical, indeed, as to have excited first the incredulity and then the admiration of other governments. The return of the Chinese indemnity, the scrupulous fulfilment of the national promise to respect the independence of Cuba, the frankness of the policy initiated by Secretary Hay—these, in the face of other unfortunate, inconsistent, but happily not irretrievable acts in our foreign policy, have given us a prestige for broad disinterestedness and fair dealing. Every time we redress a just grievance of foreign countries (as in the removal by the copyright statute of 1909 of the obnoxious manufacturing conditions for books in foreign languages), we add to our national influence. The rejection of the arbitration proposals of President Taft would be a severe blow to this prestige, a lost opportunity to contribute to that "righteousness" that "exalteth a nation" not only in the eyes of other countries, but in the eyes of its own citizens. For there is a secondary result in all right or wrong doing by a nation: that thereby it is strengthened or weakened at home and abroad by the pride or the shame that follows. Our war with Mexico and the repudiation of State debts are shameful chapters in our history. To take more recent instances, Russia's barbarous treatment of the Jews and Italy's shocking precipitation of the Tripolitan war without recourse to the Hague Tribunal are examples of policies that sooner or later impair a nation's prestige.

Gentlemen of the Senate, let us be proud of your action concerning these treaties, that it may contribute more than could a dozen navies (even were they like the one of which we are so proud) to the glory of the country and the immediate and ultimate good of mankind.

THE WARNING OF SOCIALISM

"EVERYTHING seems tending to Socialism," said Mark Pattison at Biarritz; adding: "I hate it." Asked why it was not more stoutly opposed, he pointed to the sea: "Men can build moles and breakwaters, but the resistless tide rolls on. What is to be, will be, in spite of you or me."

Something of this feeling of the fated oncoming of Socialism reached many Americans for the first time after the elections of November 7. Few in the United States had harbored any fear of Socialism as a political force. Its history in Germany men knew; how it has been coloring politics in France they understood; with the Socialistic trend of much English legislation they were familiar. But in America the movement politically had so long seemed an exotic thing, and had been so nearly negligible in the fall of the votes, that a practically minded people had given it little attention. But to that indifference the election returns last November came as a rude shock. They told of surprising gains in the Socialist vote. In New York State the increase was figured at forty per cent., and an avowed Socialist was elected mayor of Schenectady, a city of 16,000 voters. Conservative Pennsylvania disclosed an active Socialist propaganda, with large masses of voters behind it. In Ohio the results were even more surprising. The Socialistic vote in Cleveland, Columbus, and Cincinnati was unprecedentedly large, while nearly a dozen of the smaller cities of the State elected Socialist mayors. Political observers were both surprised and staggered. What did it mean? Whereto would this thing grow?

A common and reassuring explanation of this sudden and marked swelling of the Socialist vote was that it could not be classified as Socialism *pur sang*. It was said to be partly and perhaps largely a vote of protest. It was a safety-valve for discontent. Thousands, dissatisfied with other parties, voted the Socialist ticket, it was asserted, mainly in a spirit of expostulation and warning. Nor can there be much doubt that this was so in many cases. As the Social-Democratic party in Germany sweeps into its ranks great numbers who have neither mental nor moral

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sympathy with Socialistic doctrines, but who are ready to make use of that party as the most convenient club with which to beat reactionaries, so Americans found themselves supporting Socialist candidates as an effective form of protest against the course or the nominees of the old parties.

But while this is true, the comfort to be got out of it is rather cold and provisional. The whole Socialist cause will unquestionably be given an impetus by these victories. And the habit of voting for a party, once formed, even if at first from mixed motives, is not so easily broken off. So that, with every allowance and abatement fairly made, it seems certain that we are in for a more positive demonstration of the political power of Socialism than we have yet seen in this country. Parties, like the oarsmen in Vergil, win partly because they seem to be winning, and it is highly probable that for some years to come the Socialist vote among us will, with inevitable ups and downs, continue to surprise us by its strength.

What, then, are we to think of this new phenomenon in American politics? Certainly we must be honest with it. We cannot shut our eyes to its meaning. But, at its most threatening, it is not a thing to be afraid of. Our established economic and social systems are not going to crumble before a swift onset of Socialism. They will endure a long battering, will undergo a great deal of quiet and unperceived amending. Shortly before he died, the late Duke of Devonshire wrote, "The Socialists are making tremendous progress, and I do not see who is to stop them." For that matter, it is the Socialists who will stop themselves. Some of them will become so extreme that they will repel instead of attracting adherents. Others, with a modicum of political power intrusted to them, will turn conservative by force of circumstances. Such has frequently been the case in France. It is the old story of putting the beggar on horseback. As Lowell said in his English address on "Democracy," on horseback he ceases to be a beggar. So the Socialist as mayor ceases to go the whole figure of Socialism. He has to hedge and temporize and seek the favor of the steady-going middle classes, and, above all, has to face that old and embarrassing and as yet unanswered question, "Who will pay the bills of Socialism?"

Socialists have much that is evil to say of capitalistic finance; but municipal finance may easily prove to be the rock on which their ship will split. The budget of Milwaukee under a Socialist administration showed an ominous increase last year; at the next election Socialism may be repudiated by the city. No, we need not fear Socialism as an embodied political party. It will be given its chance, like every other, in our free America, but in the end our very freedom will prove its undoing. Repression seems necessary to make it really thrive. Given perfect liberty here to go in and win if it can, it will not be able to persuade the great body of voters that it can go faster or win more for them than other organized parties.

Just there is the rub. Will the other parties read and heed the lesson set them by these Socialist electoral triumphs? For a protest means something protested against, and discontent implies definite dissatisfaction with this or that; and if Democrats and Republicans have seen their vote cut into and their candidates left in second or third place by Socialists unheard of before, they should perceive in it all a sharp warning to look to their own houses. The fair implication is that, in the minds of thousands of citizens, party has been exalted above the public weal. For civic virtue we have been offered partizan shibboleths. Government in city and State has been allowed to become purblind or inefficient or corrupt. The subjects of government have not been getting their money's worth nor their party zeal's worth. Far-sighted reforms have been without official devising or official encouragement. Great social improvements have fairly to be forced upon reluctant authorities. This is the sort of thing that causes the rankling grievance which sets men to voting Socialist tickets, and this is, for American parties, the deciphering of the Socialistic handwriting on the wall; namely, that they have been given a solemn injunction, and that they have still before them a great opportunity, to relate their organizations vitally to the true needs and aspirations of the people, so that it may not have to be recorded of them that they have been weighed in the balance, and found wanting.

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WHO ARE THE "BETRAYERS OF LABOR"?

SINCE the Civil War there has probably been no event of greater importance to the American people than the uncovering, by the skill and devotion of William J. Burns, of the frightful crimes of murder and dynamiting to which, in Los Angeles, on the first of December, the McNamara brothers made confession. These crimes—but two out of a hundred outrages of the sort—were avowedly undertaken in the interest of organized labor and with money supplied by a labor-union, though, happily, it does not yet appear that they were authorized by any official body. Moreover, it would be too horrible to believe that any considerable number of working-men would deliberately approve of so dastardly and cold-blooded a policy. And yet is there not something to be added to the statement of an officer of the United Mine Workers of America, who, in disavowing the crimes, says that "the offense against society committed by the McNamara brothers *will act as a blighting curse on the organized labor movement* for many years to come?" Assuming—what we hope will prove to be the fact—that only one officer of a labor-union, the elder McNamara, was guiltily involved, is no one else indirectly responsible for the blow that has fallen on the reputation of these organizations? What shall be said of other leaders of organized labor if they knew of the guilt of the accused men, or if, having reason to suspect it and opportunity to discover it, they made no investigation for the honor and security of those they represented? To what stupidity, what futility of leadership, is it due that thousands and thousands of honest and well-intentioned working-men, under the plea of chivalry to comrades and defense of one's craft, were precipitately committed to the identification of their cause in the public mind with criminals? Whose childishness invented the theory of a "frame-up by capitalists" to account for the arrests? What folly was it that all over the country inspired resolutions and put the meager resources of working-men under tribute in aid of the McNamaras? By what blunder was it that, instead of awaiting the orderly operation of the law to determine the guilt or innocence of the prisoners, the case was flagrantly prejudged, and the cause of organized labor was tied to the fate of two miscreants? We have harsh names for a bank president who betrays the trust confided to him. Are working-men satisfied with the management of this phase of their affairs?

Thus far we have considered only what has been done since the arrest of the McNamaras. But long before their crimes, and independent of them, was no one betraying the cause of labor? Who were sowing the seeds of enmity between capital and labor that were reaped in a whirlwind of violence? Who, clamoring for industrial freedom, were inciting the working-man to deny to his brother the right to earn his living? Who were proclaiming the policy of making the innocent suffer for the guilty through the boycott and the sympathetic strike? Who were winking at outrages upon working-men of another faith? Who, like Saul at the stoning of Stephen, stood by without protest while the roof-tops rained death upon honest laborers and the officers of the law? Who through all these policies was betraying the cause of labor by alienating the public favor in which alone it can thrive?

THE CENTURY, which has not hesitated to criticize the fatuous promotion of a state of industrial war, ventures to make a practical suggestion. If the period of "the blighting curse on organized labor" is not to be interminable there must be a radical change in its policies, and this can be brought about only by a change of leadership. There is one organization whose policies may well be the model upon which organized labor may become re-organized labor. We refer to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. The record of this beneficent association (which may be commended for imitation by corporate bodies of capital as well as by those who would conserve the impaired influence of labor-unions) was sympathetically set forth in an article in THE CENTURY for September, 1910. The high moral and physical standards, the tact, the tolerance, the altruism, the independence, and withal the success with which this labor-union is conducted give one hope that through adversity all others may learn that for them, as for everybody else, the way to justice and prosperity lies only along the path of good work, good-will, and fair play.

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OPEN LETTERS

ON RENTING MASTERPIECES

From a Lover of Art to a Rich Friend with an Ambition to have a Gallery

My dear Horace:

You know M. and his quick-molding mind and ingenious impulses. I have just left him, and hasten to tell you of his latest idea; for it is rather in your line, and it would be capital if it led to larger results. As you may perhaps know, he has recently developed a sudden and intense passion for pictures, and under the guidance of two or three connoisseur friends—for he is too wise to trust his own judgment yet—he has been buying extensively and well. He has, for instance, some excellent examples of the modern Dutch school, some good Barbison pictures, particularly an early and a late Corot and a Daubigny; and a few of the old water-color men, such as De Wint and Cox. For these he has built a gallery adjoining his house in the country.

Such things any man might do, but it was left for M. to hit upon the device the merits of which I am about to urge on you, who also have taste, wall space, and too much money. He went a month ago into a little exhibition of picked Barbison works in Bond Street and fell in love with a most beautiful Harpignies: just a French meadow in the early morning, as simple as you can conceive, but large and true and absolutely with dew on it. I was with him, and shared his passion, but of course that kind of luxury is far beyond anything I can think of. M. also found the price rather stiff just then,—it was six hundred pounds, or, in your trumpery currency, three thousand dollars,—but he could not suppress the desire to possess it. So what do you think he did? All on the spur of the moment, as he afterward assured me, he offered the dealer five per cent. on the purchase price in exchange for permission to hang it in his gallery for twelve months. That is to say, he proposed to rent for £30 a year this lovely French pasture by the happy old plein-airist who, at the age of ninety-odd, has just been telling an interviewer that he cannot say what it feels like to be old because he has never felt old. At the end of that period he was to have the option of purchasing at the present price, plus the interest.

That it was a revolutionary scheme the expression of the dealer sufficiently showed. At first he refused flatly to give it the faintest encouragement; but after a little he consented to press the objections to it, which are so obvious you will see them at once, amounting in the main to the crystal-clear fact that when the picture was *there,* it would not be *here,* and therefore the possibilities of sale would be lost. M. merely laughed, reminded him that trade was bad, and told him to think it over, and out we went.

The dealer seems to have thought it over seriously enough,—incidentally, I take it, making some inquiries not only about M. himself, but the conditions of his gallery, like heat, safety, and so forth,—for I have just heard from M. that the bargain has been struck and the picture passes into his temporary possession next week, together, as it happens, with three others on similar terms. The only modifications that have been made in M.'s original offer are that M. pays the insurance premium, and if at any time within the year he decides to buy the picture, he may do so, with the addition of the interest up to that moment only.

Now, is not this a sensible project? In the ordinary way, after an exhibition, a dealer who finds money tight and cannot get purchasers places his unsold pictures face to the wall, where they remain lost to the world while awaiting a customer. But M. offers him a reasonable rent for a year's pleasure out of them not only for himself, but for his friends, and thus, in addition to assisting art to fulfil her destiny, he has the satisfaction of playing the Lorenzo de' Medici, which nearly all men love to do. As a matter of fact, the dealer cannot very well lose, for this class of picture increases in worth as steadily as a good vintage of claret, and will be more valuable next year than this, especially if Harpignies gives up what I take to be his present ambition of

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living longer than Titian, and, by the mere act of passing from a world so much of whose beauty he has translated into paint, doubles and trebles, as the death of artists so often does, his prices. So that the loss of a possible buyer between now and the end of the year is immaterial, while the odds are strongly in favor of M. becoming so fond of the picture that he will be unable to resist the purchase before the time is up.

Supposing him, however, to send it back and take another in its stead, the principle will merely resemble that of the wise Japanese, who are continually promoting one work of art to the place of importance in the house and removing its predecessor, so as to derive full enjoyment in turn from each.

Meanwhile M., flushed with the victory over so eminently shrewd a tradesman, is approaching several others with a similar offer, and he bids fair, for a year, at any rate, to have as pretty a collection of canvases as any private person in this country.

It is in order that you may care to consider the possibility of inducing some of the New York firms to be equally obliging that wi[illegible] tell you about it, though of course the conditions are not quite the same as with us. So far as I can understand, your art-lovers have not too little money, but, if anything, too much; and, indeed, it was one of the arguments against M.'s plan—fatal, at any rate, in the case of the works of certain painters much momentarily in demand—that it would pay the dealer better to send the picture to America. Still, here is the idea for what it is worth.

The larger results at which I hinted above embrace the possibility of establishing for private persons circulating-libraries of good pictures on similar lines to those of books, and for the public a continuous exchange of masterpieces among the best galleries of the world. Thus, our National Gallery might lend to the Metropolitan Museum Crome's "Mousehold Heath" for six months in exchange for one of its fine Innesses; while the Louvre might lend to the Ryks Museum Titian's "Man with the Glove" in exchange for Rembrandt's portrait of Elizabeth Bas; and so forth. Such community of treasure could not but promote international amity, while against the argument that the risks of transport are too great, I would urge the excellence and success of your Hudson-Fulton exhibition and our annual show of old masters at the Royal Academy, and the circumstance that for several months in 1911 the famous full-length of Alessandro del Borro attributed to Velasquez was lent by the Kaiser Friedrich Museum in Berlin to the Palazzo Vecchio in Florence.

But here I am becoming a visionary. M.'s plan is more concrete and practicable. Let me know how it all strikes you.

Yours as ever,

Reynolds Braithwaite.

ON THE NEW-TIME NEGRO

A Good Word for him to a Lover of the Old-Time Negro

My dear Sir:

Your name will always call to memory wonderful winter evenings when, lessons done, one could curl up on the sofa and listen to the tales of the black people of old Virginia, the loving "uncle" who guarded "meh lady" through the harassing years of the war, and the "mammy" who held so tenderly the little white child of her mistress. There was a break in your voice sometimes—it slipped into the printed page—when you told of these faithful, high-minded servants, deserving, and now receiving, their "well done." And one felt your impatience at the inadequacy of your picture that never could reveal to us all that these simple, kindly folk had meant to you in the companionship of many years.

It may be that it was partly the memory of these pictures that led me to seek to know the new-time negro, the negro of to-day. I knew that a race could no more lose its moral and intellectual qualities than it could lose the pigmentation of its skin or the kink of its hair, and I sought acquaintance with the spiritual descendants of these honorable, law-abiding slaves. Yet in this search my old teacher not only failed to help, but even hindered, me. You who used to see so much that was admirable in the black man now spoke as though the old-time negro were defunct, as though the qualities that had made him great had departed from the race. But I continued my search, and I ask you to-day to listen for a moment

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while, in phrase wholly inadequate to match your wonderful pictures, I show you the new-time negro, the descendant of the negro whom you once loved.

When I go South, I make it a practice to visit every school, white or black, in my neighborhood. I have spent months moving leisurely through the State of Alabama, and I tremble to think how many times, at the polite but insistent request of the principal, I have said a few words of welcome to the pupils. In the colored schools, whether in the city or in the country, almost without exception, all the children were in one room. What poorly equipped, bleak rooms they were! Sometimes I found them without coal or wood for a fire, with bare walls, and with desks for the older children only. Yet despite all this, often, more often than I should have dared expect, the room has been glorified by the kindly, dark-faced teacher standing before her class. I can think of one now, gentle-voiced, clear-eyed, watching her boy pupil fasten a spray of late berries to the tree outside the schoolroom window. The cardinal-bird loves this fruit, and the boy, who a year before had mutilated fledglings and destroyed nests, now, with eager sympathy, waited to see the birds devour the food he had brought for them. He had been taught the same lesson of love that the white boy had once learned from just such a negro teacher two generations ago.

One winter morning I drove with a colored woman physician through a bustling, progressive, border-State town. My companion was a graduate of a medical college in the North, and she was now able to bring her skill and her native sympathy to the children and to the women of her race. A veritable "conjure woman," by her commonsense and irresistible good humor she secured results in cleanliness and hygiene that caused nothing less than a revolution in the cabins of her patients. You might have marked her trail by the mop and the scrubbing-brush. Babies whom she had helped into the world toddled up to her, and she showed me with glowing pride their strong, straight legs. "No rickets for my babies," she said; and as she swung one up in her arms, I realized the pride the "mammy" would feel if she could see this child of her people performing still the old-time loving service, but with the new-time knowledge and skill.

There are dozens of places where I have seen the old-time "uncle," and I always recognize, as you did, the native gentleman. I think now of one, a minister in a large church in the North. Here he cares for a thousand souls, preaching three times a week from the pulpit, and uncounted times every day from the desk in his study or the best room of his parishioner's home. They are not white folk whom he helps; his ministrations are not for the hot-tempered, chivalrous, boyish master or the lovely, flowerlike mistress, but for the black lads and lasses, who, too, do not know their own minds, and make sorry messes of their love-affairs. His sly humor and quaint tales are for his own boys and girls, who at night press about his knees; he has made a change of service, but there has been no change in the character of the servitor. He gives, as his spiritual forebears gave, to those who need his thought and care.

Why is it, I often wonder, that you and so many others do not know these new-time black folk? They are numerous enough, quite as numerous as their black counterparts of fifty years ago. Of course I do not say that they are in the majority: only a minority of the white as well as of the black, now, as in slavery days, may pass within the portals of the "great house" and partake of its refinements of physical and spiritual life. But there are plenty of them, and I wish that you might see them and show them to the world with your deep, understanding sympathy.

No, the old-time negro is not defunct. He is more alive than when you watched him drive his team through the gateway; and his good wife, whose hand as a child you clasped tightly as you made your way down the dark passage to bed, outdoes him in generous faithfulness. Great qualities cannot die; they pass on. You can no more lose them than you can lose the season's change from blossom-time to harvest; they are the indestructible things of earth.

Mary White Ovington.

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IN LIGHTER VEIN

Drawn by R. B. Birch

THE INFALLIBLE DETECTIVES

THE ADVENTURE OF THE "MONA LISA"

BY CAROLYN WELLS

IN their rooms on Fakir Street the members of the International Society of Infallible Detectives were holding a special meeting.

"If any one of you," said President Sherlock Holmes, speaking from the chair, "has any suggestions to offer—"

"My dear Holmes," interrupted Arsène Lupin, "we don't offer or accept suggestions any more than you do."

"No," agreed the Thinking Machine; "we merely observe the clues, deduce the truth, and announce the criminal."

"What are the clues?" inquired M. Lecocq of the company at large.

Raffles looked gravely at the old gentleman, and then smiled.

"The clues," he said, "are the frame thrown down a back staircase, the wall vacancy in the Louvre, and the nails on which the picture hung."

"Is the wall vacancy just the size of the 'Mona Lisa'?" asked M. Dupin.

"That cannot be ascertained, since the picture is not available to measure by," returned Raffles. "But the 'Mona Lisa' is gone, and there is no other unexplained wall vacancy."

"The evidence seems to me inconclusive," murmured M. Dupin. "Is there not a law concerning the *corpus delicti?*"

"That 's neither here nor there," interrupted Arsène Lupin, and Raffles wittily observed, "Neither is the picture."

Sherlock Holmes passed his white hand wearily across his brow.

"This meeting must come to order," he

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said. "Now, gentlemen, you have heard a description of the clues—the discarded frame, the vacant space, the empty nails. From these I deduce that the thief is five feet, ten inches tall, and weighs 160 pounds. He has dark hair and one gold tooth. He is fairly healthy, but he has a second cousin who was subject to croup as a child."

"Marvelous, Holmes! Marvelous!" exclaimed Dr. Watson, clasping his hands in ecstasy. "He is already the same as behind bars."

"I don't agree with you, Holmes," declared Arsène Lupin. "It is clearly evident to me that the thief was a blond, rather short and thick-set, and looked like his great-aunt on his mother's side."

Holmes looked thoughtful. "I can't think it, Lupin," he said at last; "and if you 'll go over the clues again *carefully,* you 'll perceive your fallacious inference."

"Münsterberg says," began Luther Trant; but President Holmes cut him off, and said, with his saturnine smile, "Gentlemen, we must get to work scientifically on this problem. Unless we find the stolen picture, and convict the thief, we are not worthy of our professional fame. Now, how much time do you think we should take to accomplish our purpose?"

"I could find the old daub in a week," said M. Dupin; "you only have to reason this way. If—"

"There now, there now," said the Thinking Machine, querulously, "who wants to hear another man's advice? Let us all go to work independently of one another. A week will be more than enough time for me to produce both picture and thief."

"A week, bah!" scoffed Raffles. "I can accumulate the missing canvas and the missing miscreant in three days' time. I 'm sure of it."

President Holmes kept on with his saturnine smile, and said, "Arsène, how much time do you require for the job?"

"Two days and carfare," replied Arsène Lupin. "And you yourself, Holmes?"

The smile of Sherlock Holmes became a little saturniner as he returned quietly, "I already know where it is; I 've only to go and get it."

"That is n't fair," broke in Luther Trant, cutting short Dr. Watson's appreciative remark.

"Perfectly fair," declared Holmes; "I 've had no more advantage than the rest of you. We 've all heard a list of the clues; I 've deduced the solution of the mystery. If you other fellows have n't, it 's because you 're blind to the obvious."

"Always distrust the obvious," began M. Dupin, didactically.

President Holmes paid his usual lack of attention to this speech, and went on:

"There 's no use of further conversation. We 're not a lot of consulting amateurs. We 're each famous, unique, and infallible. Let us go our various ways, work by our various methods, and see who can find the picture first. Let us meet here one week from to-night, and whoever brings with him the 'Mona Lisa' will receive the congratulations of the rest of us, and incidentally the offered reward."

"Marvelous, Holmes! Marvelous!" cried Dr. Watson before any one else could speak.

But there was n't much to be said. Famous detectives are ever taciturn, silent, and thoughtful, but looking as if the universe is to them an open primer.

After saying good night in their various fashions, the detectives went away to detect, and Sherlock Holmes got out his violin and played "Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still."

A week slowly disengaged itself from the future and transferred its attachment to the past. Again the rooms in Fakir Street were cleared up nice and tidy for the meeting. Eight o'clock was the hour appointed, but no one came.

"Hah!" muttered Holmes, "they have all failed, and they dare not come and admit it. I alone have succeeded in the quest, I alone have the priceless 'Joconde' safe in my possession."

"Marv—" began Dr. Watson; but even as he spoke the door opened, and M. Dupin entered, with a large canvas under his arm. The picture was wrapped in an old shawl, but from its size and from the size of the smile on Dupin's face, even Watson deduced that the canvas was the one at which Leonardo had slung paint for four years.

"But, yes," said M. Dupin, carelessly, "I have it. Only I will wait for the others, that I may display my prize amid greater applause than I expect from you, M. Holmes."

Holmes's smile was only slightly saturnine, but before he could make a caustic reply, Lecocq came in, bearing a large roll carefully wrapped in paper. He beamed genially, and then catching sight of the shawled object leaning against the wall, he frowned.

"What have you there?" he cried. "Is it perhaps the gilded frame for the picture I bring?"

Goaded beyond endurance by these scathing words, Dupin sprang to the shawl and tore it off.

"Behold the 'Mona Lisa'! Found! Oh, the glory of it!"

"Ha!" cried Lecocq, and unrolling his

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roll, he, too, showed the original, the indisputably genuine Leonardo da Vinci masterpiece!

Holmes looked at the twin pictures with interest.

"They are doubtless the real thing," he declared—"both of them. There is no question of the genuineness of either. It must be that Da Vinci painted the lady twice."

"Marvelous, Holmes! Marvelous!" chanted Watson.

But the two Frenchmen were not willing to accept Holmes's statement. They were volubly quarreling in their own picturesque tongue, and the purport of their excellent French was that each believed his own find to be the real picture and the other a copy.

Into this controversy shambled the queer old figure of the Thinking Machine.

"Squabble if you like," he shrilled at them. "It does n't matter which wins, for I have the real 'Mona Lisa' at home. I would n't risk bringing it here. Both of yours are copies, and poor ones at that."

Just then appeared Luther Trant, followed by three messenger-boys. Each bore a picture of the "Mona Lisa," which he set down beside the ones already there.

"One of these is the real one," declared Trant. "I had n't time to decide which, and my seismospygmatograph is broken. But I 'll find that out later. Anyway, it 's one of the three, and I 've found it."

Into the hubbub caused by this announcement Raffles bounded, his face shining with hilarity.

"I 've got it!" he cried, and his followers entered.

There were five messenger-boys, whose burden aggregated eight "Mona Lisas"; three sandwich-men wore two "Jocondes" each; and two washerwomen brought a clothes-basket containing four.

"These are all vouched for by experts," declared Raffles, "so one of 'em must be the real thing."

"Oh," said Arsène Lupin, sauntering in, "*do* you think so? Well, I have a dray below, piled up with 'Mona Lisas,' for each of which I have a signed guaranty by the best experts."

Sherlock Holmes stood looking on, his smile growing saturniner and saturniner.

"Now, gentlemen," he said, in his most cold-chisel tones—"*Now*, gentlemen, will you please step into the next room?"

They stepped, but delicately, like Agag, for the floor was knee-deep in "Mona Lisas," and as they entered the next room, behold, it was like stepping into a multiscope; for the four walls were lined—*lined*, mind you—with "Mona Lisas." And every one—every single one—bore indisputable, indubitable, impeccable, incontrovertible evidence of being the real Simon-Pure article.

Quite aside from the chagrin of the detectives at knowing Holmes had outnumbered them, conceive of the delight of being able to gaze on scores of "Mona Lisas" at once! Remember the thrills that thrilled you when you stood in the Louvre and looked upon just *one* masterpiece of the great painter; then imagine those thrills multiplied until it was like fever and ague! It was indeed a great psychological moment.

"Are they *all* genuine?" at last whispered M. Dupin, while Raffles began to compute their collective value to collectors.

"All guaranteed by experts," declared Holmes; and just then the telephone sounded.

"Mr. Holmes?" said the chief of police.

"Yes," replied Sherlock, saturninely

"I have to inform you, Mr. Holmes, that we have the 'Mona Lisa.' The thief, who is a paramaranoiac, has returned it to us, and confessed his crime. He is truly penitent, and though he must be punished, there will doubtless be found extenuating circumstances in his full confession and his return of the picture unharmed. I 'm sure you will rejoice with us at the restoration of our treasure."

"Huh!" said Holmes, a little more saturninely than usual, as he hung up the receiver, "when a picture has been restored as often and as poorly as that has, one restoration more or less does n't matter. Now, gentlemen, you will please begin to give me a successful imitation of a moving-picture show."

"AS A MATTER OF FACT"

BY ROBERT EMMET WARD

WOULD I could banish from the use of men
The poor old, doddering phrases that we learned
In fiction's youth! We "leave no stone unturned,"
And "Victory perches," even now, as then;
The "white road, like a ribbon, winds" again;
The "crystal-clear spring gushes" unconcerned.
Cannot we leave them to the rest they 've earned,
Being used *ad nauseam* by both tongue and pen?

But what 's the use? Why paw the earth and swear?
I wreck my nerves and waste both ink and breath.
No matter what I read, or how I skim it,
"Along these lines" is certain to be there,
And "in the last analysis," worked to death—
Which are, in the vernacular, the limit!

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LIMERICKS

TEXT AND PICTURES BY OLIVER HERFORD

Drawn by O. Herford

III—THE ORACLE

THERE once was a weatherwise crow,
When asked if he thought it would snow,
He would ponder and say,
"Peradventure it may,
Then again it may not. Time will show."

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Drawn by J. K. Shaver

A CHRISTMAS QUESTION

WILLIE: Ma, when 'll Baby be old enough to be given the drumsticks?

MAETERLINCK AND A KEY

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

THE Unsoulful Member of the Family holds much the same opinion of the great Belgian master as did the "simple cow" of the ballad, who "browsed beside the door." He "did not think much of Maeterlinck, and would not, furthermore."

"I don't so much mind his essays," he granted one evening, as he hunted for his overcoat, and made general preparations for departure, "and that 'Life of the Bee' was certainly interesting. But the plays, the plays! Why, they sound like some one trying to give an idiot a French lesson. The eternal repetition is a most unnatural thing. Nobody out of an asylum ever talked that way. I remember one play where the heroine and her nurse actually used a whole page to find out that it was the moon they were looking at."

"That must have been the 'Princesse Maleine,'" suggested the Soulfulest Member, calmly, looking up from "The Blue Bird." "But are you sure that people never, never talk that way?"

"Of course they don't," said he, struggling with his other overshoe. "At least not out of homes for the feeble-minded.

"Where 's my latch-key?"

"Your key?" asked Mother.

"What key?" asked the Soulfulest Member.

"Yes, my key. My latch-key."

"You 've lost the key?"

"Yes, it 's lost."

"Yo' los' yo' key, suh?" This was old Katie, coming out of the kitchen.

"Yes, I 've lost my latch-key. Did you see the key, Katie?"

"See de key? See de key? Sure I saw de key. Here 's yo' key, suh." She dived into the kitchen, and came back triumphant. "Here 's yo' key."

"The key? Where did you find it? Don't hunt any more, Mother. Katie 's found the key."

"Found the key? Are you sure?"

"Yes, she 's found the key."

The Soulfulest Member looked up from her "Blue Bird" and giggled. But by that time the front door had banged.

And even if it had not, you could never have convinced the Unsoulful Member that for the last ten minutes he had been talking excellent Maeterlinck.

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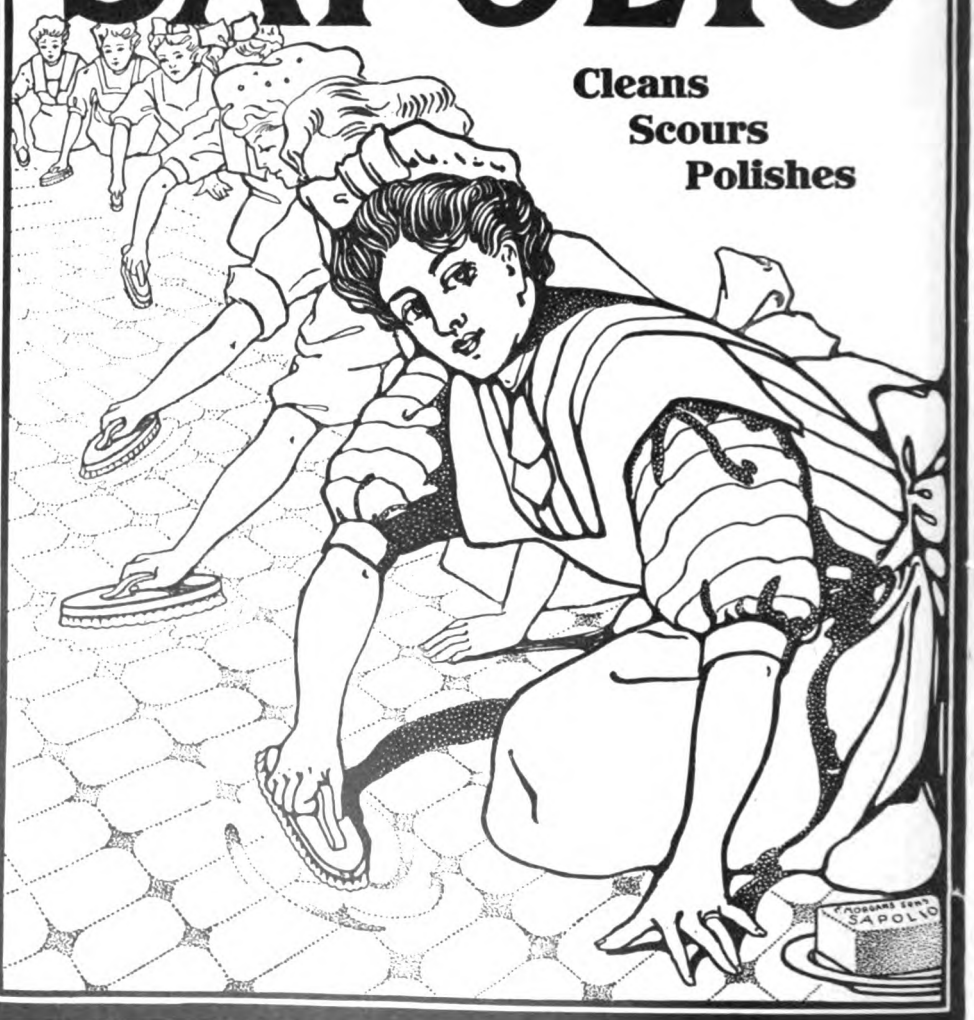

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MIDWINTER NUMBER

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXXIII FEBRUARY, 1912 No. 4

GERMANY'S FOREIGN TRADE

HER PRESENT POSITION A MARVEL OF THE AGE

("THE TRADE OF THE WORLD" PAPERS)

BY JAMES DAVENPORT WHELPLEY

Author of "Progressive Argentina," "The Commercial Strength of Great Britain," etc.

IN one of the rooms of that apparently endless suite occupied by the German Foreign Office in the Wilhelm-Strasse in Berlin, there sits for long hours of the day, and ofttimes far into the night, a man who is known as the head of the commercial section. He may be wise, old, and tried in affairs of state, and smilingly cynical as to the satisfactory outcome of *pourparlers,* or he may be the acting chief, a younger man, full of enthusiasm, optimism, and aggression in the cause of Germany's foreign trade. One or the other is always there, however, and at his call are scores of men in other rooms, experts in this or that branch of trade, tariffs, or commercial and industrial affairs of other nations. To him come all the reports, and from his comprehensive and intelligent mind emanate the plans of campaigns, the ultimatums, the minimums, and maximums of the give-and-take game of commercial diplomacy.

He in turn is the right hand of the Foreign Minister, who, while he talks world politics and deals in general principles, is guided by the knowledge of practical effects to be found in the commercial section of his department. It is to-day the most important division of the German Foreign Office, and while the young aristocrat billeted to an embassy secretaryship may yawn in private over the dullness thereof, he treats its wishes and commands with respectful attention. Now and again the Emperor chooses some man for an important diplomatic post because of his knowledge of the workings of the Foreign Office.

To this division come reports from all over the world made by ambassadors, ministers, consuls, and commercial agents. Here also are considered the many recommendations from chambers of commerce, requesting this or that action, or making protest against this or that alleged

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discrimination against German trade in foreign lands, or perhaps even tendering much valued advice to the Foreign Office in matters of diplomacy. In return, the Foreign Office sends to every chamber of commerce such information of value that it may receive, or to every manufacturer that which may help or warn. The general and expert knowledge shown by the workers in this institution on the Wilhelm-Strasse has received high tribute from all those who have met them in conferences, even if these be sometimes not altogether friendly. A member of a tariff commission from the United States, after his first formal meeting with the tariff experts of the German Foreign Office, exclaimed to me, "We are babes in their hands." Between the demand of the agricultural interests for high protection on the products of the land and the contention of industrial classes for cheap materials and cheap food for wage-earners, the path of a commercial diplomat in Germany is not an easy one, and the nice balance of political power which prevails in the Reichstag must ever enter into consideration in the making of international agreements.

Business interests predominate in German life and politics, and the conception of Germany as the "mailed fist" seeking to wrest territory by armed force is far from the truth. Neither the German Emperor nor his advisers desire war, for the very good reason that the German people abhor it. There are too many Germans living to-day who lived through the lean years following the Franco-Prussian War. They were years which gave to the United States as many as 240,000 German immigrants in a single year, and settled the Northwestern States with sturdy farmers from northern Europe. There are to-day too many Germans who are well satisfied with conditions as they are to risk a disturbance of business such as would result from a conflict at arms. This satisfaction is shown by the fact that fewer than 40,000 people now annually emigrate from Germany, and most of these come from eastern and southeastern Germany, where conditions are less favorable than elsewhere, and the people in their characteristics are almost strangers to the German of the west.

A short time ago I was traveling through the German Empire from south to north. In the course of an attempt to ascertain the real feelings of the people as to the possibility of a war with England, I asked a hundred men of a hundred different occupations, ranging from day-laborers to the heads of great industrial enterprises, and even to the Kaiser's closest advisers, what they thought of the situation. The composite reply would probably be correctly conveyed in a shrug of the shoulders, intimating submission to whatever might come, and a fervent "God forbid!" Not one of these men gave utterance to such opinion as one could at that time have heard in any London bus or club. The London newspapers were printing letters from their readers urging the destruction of the German fleet without warning, and the officers of that fleet at Kiel kept their vessels ready for war at a moment's notice, though they knew there would be no conflict unless it were forced upon their country. In fact, everything was done by the Emperor and by inspired German publicists to convince England and the world that Germany had trade expansion, and not military aggrandizement, ever in view. Some of these efforts were useful,—the Emperor's visit to England, for instance,—but in other cases the attempt fell flat, and there was a harmful reaction. When this occurred, the Germans again shrugged their shoulders and voted the situation as hopeless because they were misunderstood. And they are.

When Count Bernstorff, the present German ambassador to the United States, virtually announced German approval of the Monroe Doctrine,—in this repeating a declaration to the same effect, made sometime before by his predecessor, the late Baron von Sternberg,—he was criticized by a certain part of the press in Germany; but he showed no concern, for the very good reason that no such important declaration could have been made without the prior approval of the Emperor. These utterances have set at rest the oft-told tales of Germany's territorial designs upon South America, where in Brazil alone 200,000 people of German origin carry on their business without interfering in the political life about them. There is no fear of Germany seeking territory for her flag by force of arms even

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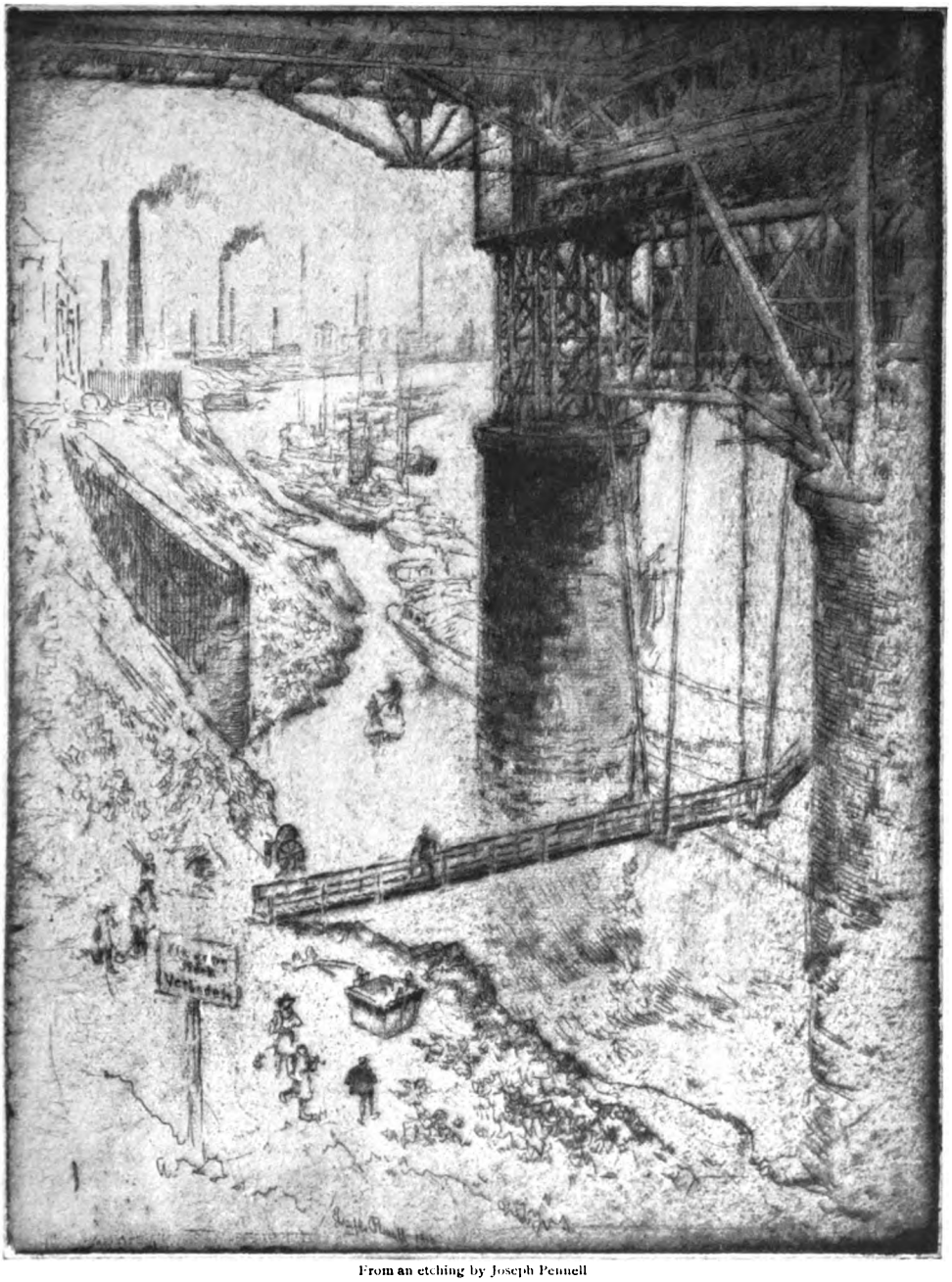

From an etching by Joseph Pennell

A LANDING-PLACE ON THE RHINE

with the consuming ambitions of a majority of her people for new commercial business. She may attempt to get it by treaty-trading, as in the case of West Africa, but her people have been, and are, content to do business under any flag that gives them protection and profit.

As a rule, Germans are not successful colonists. They seem to lack that talent for administering the affairs of other peoples possessed in so marked a degree by the English, and they are readily absorbed into the life of any other nationality with which they are thrown. While the insu-

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larity of the Englishman defies environment, the adaptability of the German renders him a tractable, law-abiding, and temperate citizen anywhere. He has an inherent respect for law, order, and authority. This is not all to be attributed to military discipline, as is often done, for it is found in those who have never shouldered a gun as well as in those who have served in the ranks. With many, military training undoubtedly makes them fit physically, cleanly in their habits, respectful to authority, and quick to obey, but one cannot observe the nation as a whole, from the Kaiser to the laborer, without feeling that there is something in the racial character which gives ready response to regulation in all things. There are other countries where military service is just as compulsory and general, though the people as a whole show no such results.

Drawn by Fred Gardner

TYPE OF A GERMAN EXPERT WORKMAN IN SHIP-BUILDING

Drawn by Fred Gardner

TYPE OF A GERMAN EXPERT IN CHEMICAL WORK

The entire German nation is disciplined to a degree seen nowhere else, and the additional touch of military training adds to the result amazingly. The captain of industry counts upon the obedience of his men as would the general of an army. If that army revolts, it is in the belief that the command of the revolutionary leader is superior, and the obedience is as complete. When 250,000 men in the Westphalian coal-fields struck for improved conditions, it was largely the employers who yielded, because the Government intimated a possible nationalization of coal-mines if a settlement was not soon reached. In 1890 there were 86,500 members of unions in Germany; in 1908 there were 2,500,000. To-day, including the Roman Catholic and Protestant unions, there are 3,600,000 German workmen banded together for self-protection, and their work is effective. In the German Empire there are 483 industrial courts for the settlement of labor disputes, and in a recent year out of 253 cases submitted, 224 were settled more or less amicably.

The Socialistic element is strong, and its influence is reflected constantly in par-

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liamentary acts. It is intelligent Socialism, however, and while oratorically demanding the impossible, yields to expediencies. While listening to a debate in the Reichstag not long ago in company with one of the younger, but most influential, members of the Socialist party, I remarked upon the apparent inconsistency of the Socialist members in voting for an increase in the army.

My companion smiled and said:

"Oh, yes, we ask everything in our platform, but we take what we can get in the way we can get it. We give the Kaiser his soldiers not only because, as every German knows, his country is surrounded by enemies and must be well guarded, but also because we know that in return we shall get something else for the benefit of the working-people. We are practical." That is the secret of all German trading, commercial as well as political: it is practical, and, it may be added, thorough.

Drawn by Fred Gardner

A GERMAN WEAVER

An American visitor to one of the big German cities who rises from his bed in the hotel at 7:30 in the morning and steps to his window for a breath of air and a glance into the street, will suddenly become aware, if he be opposite a bank or a big mercantile establishment, that behind those long rows of windows a host of clerks are already at work at their desks. He may think for the moment that this is exceptional, but he will find on inquiry that these clerks have been at work since seven, and have done this every working-day of the year. He may grumble at the absence of two hours for dinner in the middle of the day—hours which at home are to him generally the most productive of business; but when at five in the afternoon he calls his day's work done, he will find the clerks still there, and when he is getting ready for dinner at seven, they will just be leaving their desks for the night. He will also find that in these banks, import and export houses, and other large establishments, many of the employees are working for small wages or for none at all, looking forward to the time when they will be considered worthy to be sent to some foreign land in charge of old established branches or to start new ones.

On a German steamer, bound from South America to Bremen, I once met a young German who excited my attention by his alertness to all that was going on about him and by his persistent thirst for information about other lands than those he knew. I finally asked him what took him about the earth so much. He looked at me a moment, and then said:

"Now, don't laugh, and I 'll tell you. I sell perfumery."

I looked at his six feet one of brawn, his good and tasteful clothes, and thought of the five languages he spoke fluently, and I said:

"But I thought France had almost a monopoly of that business."

"Yes," he said quickly, "of the kind of perfumery you use and all these people about us use. I sell ointment to the naked savages of the world. The louder it

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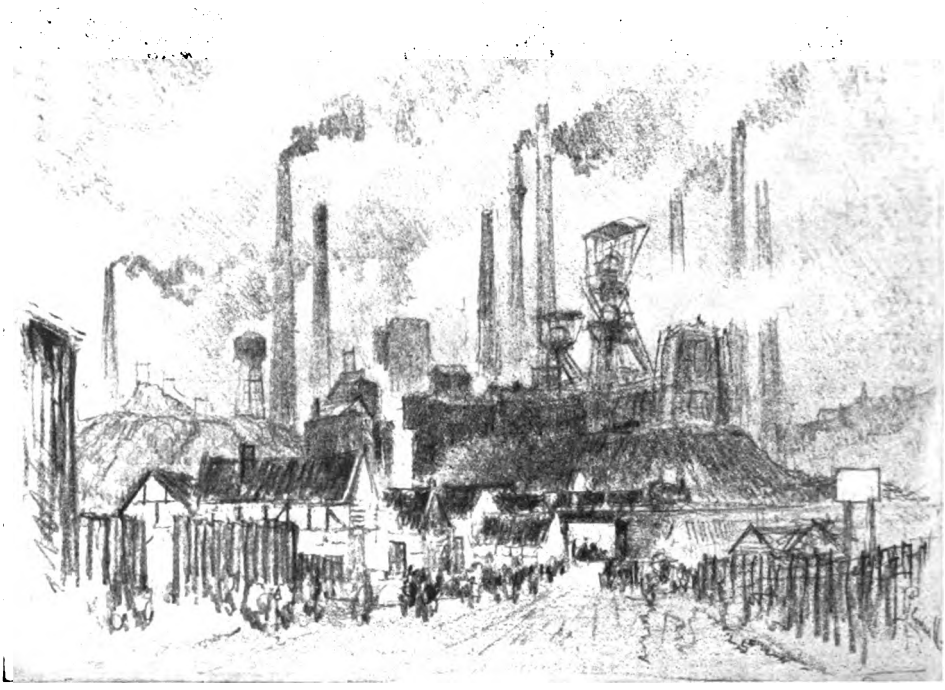

From a lithograph by Joseph Pennell

KRUPP'S COAL-MINE AT ESSEN

smells, the cheaper it is, the better they like it, and we 've got the world beaten in that line." Here he chuckled a bit as he added: "A man would be arrested as a public nuisance if he exposed the stuff for sale in a civilized country. It 's awful, but it 's what they want."

"What they want"—that expresses the secret of German trade exactly. The German foreign trader gives his customers what they want, and he gets the trade, if he can make the price; and if he can't, there is not much use of any other trader trying. The German trader will not lose if he can help it; he prefers to do no business at all: but he will rest content with a margin of profit which the American and even the Englishman would say was "not worth while." Coming through the Red Sea on a day that blistered the decks, I observed a German, evidently a commercial man, working hard at a writing-table covered with sheets of paper full of queer hieroglyphics. In answer to my look of curiosity, he said:

"I 'm working on my private cable code. I sell 12,000 different kinds of cloth and things, and I 've got a word for each, with quantities and other details worked in. It 's quite a job."

He mentioned a large city as his headquarters in the East. I was familiar with the place, and inquired as to the location of his place of business. He said:

"I have none except a little room over the bank on the corner of —— Street in which I keep my desk and samples. When I sell, I cable Hamburg. Last year I sold one million marks' [$250,000] worth of goods because I can sell cheaper than any one in that part of the world. I have no rent, taxes, or wages to pay, or idle stock, and my terms are cash. Except for my cables, it is all clear profit, small on each order, but it counts up. I give them what they want, and cheaper than they can get it elsewhere. I make the factories at home supply me with goods manufactured according to the ideas of my customers, and I have to go home every two years to see that they keep on doing it."

Here was a man who worked upon so narrow a margin that he could afford no carelessness or errors of judgment.

If an exporter of any German inland city finds that by a slight saving here and

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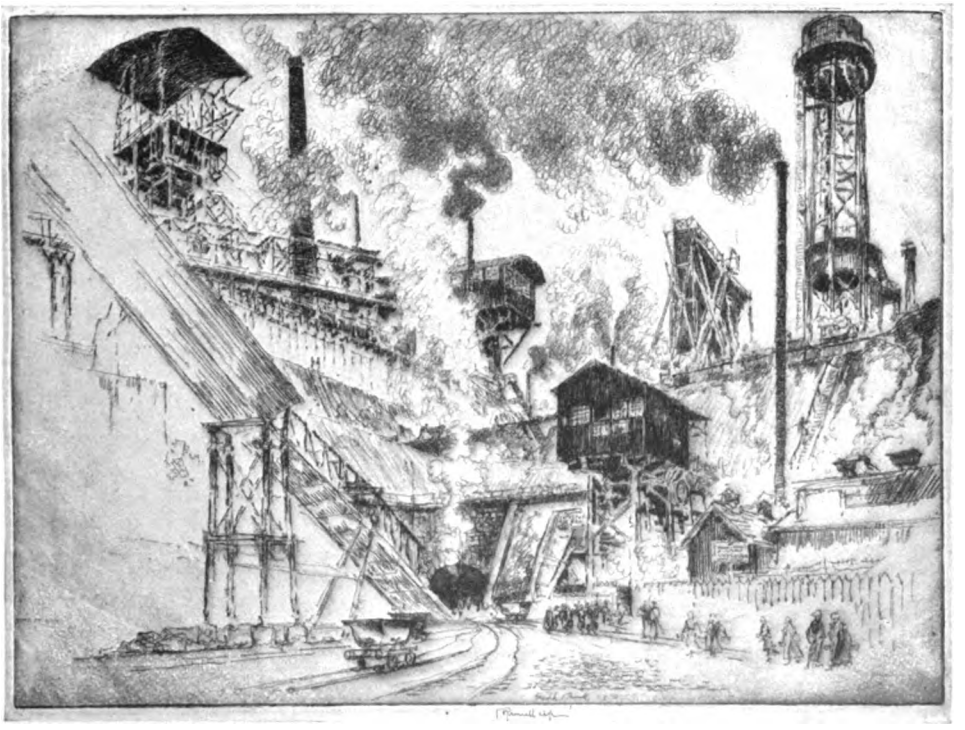
there he can compete in some foreign market with the products of other nations, the Government will do what it can to help him scale down the cost price. The railroad commission will reduce the rates on his raw material and finished product, the steamship companies will give a special rate, and the banks will adjust his credits accordingly. He is put to no trouble in the shipping of his goods. He can deliver them to the nearest railway-station, marked for Timbuctoo or elsewhere, and when he has paid the rate, which will be promptly furnished him, he has no further care. The goods may depart by rail, be transhipped many times, and even be delivered from the back of a mule; but that is no concern of his. His goods will be delivered, and payment collected, if he so desires. "Trading made easy," is the motto of the German Government, and it is being lived up to wherever possible. It might also read, "Competition made easy," for that is what it means in the trade of the world.

The great strategic and trade artery of Europe is the Rhine. It is little wonder that hundreds of thousands of lives have been sacrificed in the struggle for control of this river in the days when men fought at arms for their commerce, or that Germany guards it as the base of her impregnable position in Europe and in the trade of nations. Armies can quickly and easily be moved back and forth on its current, inland cities are converted into seaports, and great barges make transportation easy and cheap. Last year there passed under the shadows of its medieval castles fifty million tons of merchandise, an amount equal to a seventh of the total tonnage of the railways of the empire, although the latter have shown in ten years an increase of forty-seven per cent. in business transacted.

Waiting in the harbors of the west coast lie fleets of German steamers sailing to almost every known part of the world, and ready to coöperate with the forces on land in order that German traffic may be successful. No government subsidies are paid to them: their advantage lies in the friendly purpose of the Government that all rules, regulations, and laws shall work to the end that all money paid for produc-



From an etching by Joseph Pennell

AT THE MOUTH OF A GERMAN COAL-MINE

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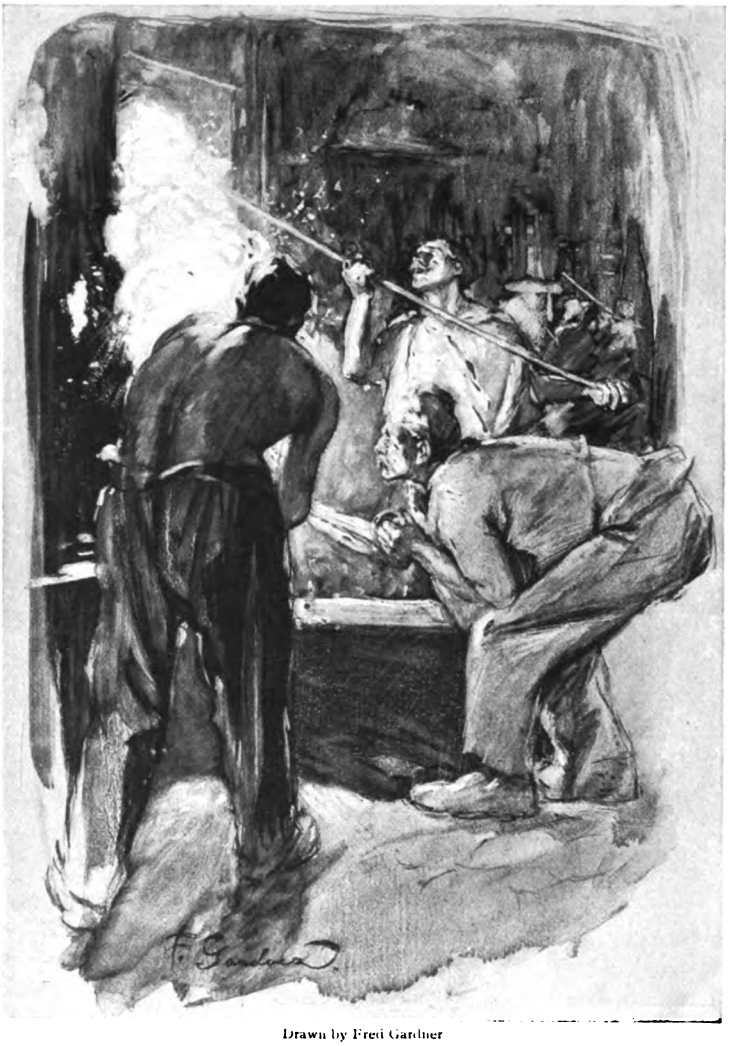
tion and transportation shall go to German enterprise, and that the foreigner shall return this to the shipper, plus his margin of profit.

A recent live-stock census of Europe credits England with possessing nearly eight million cats, whereas in Germany, with more people and greater area, there are fewer than half a million; while only one million dogs are to be found in Germany, as compared with the four million in England. Making due allowance for the love of animals among the English, there is still a big difference to be accounted for, and this is found in the close economy of the average German household. In their possession of the more useful members of the animal kingdom Germany ranks high as compared with all other nations; and in a recent speech the Chancellor called attention to the significant fact that the imports of meat are decreasing, due to the fact that Germany now produces ninety-five per cent. of the meat consumed by her people.



Drawn by Fred Gardner

GERMAN IRON PUDDLERS

There are signs of the times to be noted among these people, however. The cost of living has increased there as elsewhere. Prosperity has brought its penalties—carelessness and extravagance. The old-fash-

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ioned German looks aghast at the expenditures of the younger generation. Berlin apes Paris, and the effect is not always pleasing. The touch of the world of fashion and dissipation has fallen upon the German people, and the life of the young spendthrift of either sex is not different from that of the same class elsewhere. This spirit is spreading, and in time will rob the German people of one of the advantages they have had over others in the past. Life here, as elsewhere, is becoming more complicated, more expensive, hence less solidly constructive. This is the sign of a new and less virile order of things. It may not flatter the "smart" Berlinese to say that they have not as yet achieved the skill of the New Yorker, the Parisian, or the Londoner in extravagance, but they are doing their best to imitate, and will in time arrive at the desired point. It will be necessary then to take another look at Germany, to estimate her forces and her future.

A thousand instances could be given of the growth of individual German industry. Many of them are used daily in the press and on the rostrum to illustrate German prosperity, that other peoples may take note and warning. Twelve years ago France produced more locomotives than Germany; to-day a single German firm produces more locomotives than the whole of France. Men who formerly traveled in Germany selling English chemicals now travel in England selling the German products. The part that science has played in all these matters is well known. Technical schools and industrial concerns work in coöperation. A volume could be written—in fact, many have been written—dealing only with the close coördination of science and industry, and the great part it has played in bringing into productiveness originally unpromising land and material. It might be said of Germany as was once said of a prominent American statesman, that he represented "the highest possible development of the commonplace."

As a seller of goods to Germany the preëminence held two years ago by the United States has now gone to Russia. The change is due to a decrease of exports of food-stuffs from the United States, and an increased export by Russia. The sale of our products to Germany is steadily decreasing. This is due, as I have stated, to a generally decreasing American export of food, and also to the increasing productiveness of Germany and her development both agricultural and industrial. Great Britain and Austria-Hungary are larger buyers from Germany than we are, but the United States has been increasing its German purchases in the last three years in far greater proportion than these countries. American consuls in official reports have freely admitted the possibility that in many important lines of goods the United States has or is rapidly reaching the high-water mark of sales to Germany, and have frankly stated the cause to be that Germany is now producing in quality and quantity more of what her people consume. As it is, the great bulk of American exports to Germany is raw material, such as cotton, lumber, oil, agricultural products, and the like. Every year Germany sells to the United States vast quantities of chemicals, wines, toys, porcelain ware, dyes, and sugar, to say nothing of 1300 tons of picture postcards. The total sales to the United States in 1910 were $150,600,000, while in 1908 they were only $104,000,000, an increase of nearly fifty per cent. in three years! German purchases from the United States in 1910 were $282,600,000, while in 1908 they were $305,300,000, a decrease of eight per cent. in the same period. The sales made to the United States by Germany are far more valuable to her people than the American sales to Germany are to Americans. The German exports represent a great proportion of labor, while a lamentable proportion of American exports represent raw material already high-priced enough at home. There is a good trade in Germany in American machinery of all kinds, but that is a field in which the German manufacturers are specially ambitious, and in which they are making rapid progress.

The industrial life of Germany gives the impression of a great street crowded with heavy traffic. This traffic is formed of units, but all have a common purpose and direction, and it is well regulated. It is aggressive, noisy, and dangerous to those who brave its competitive perils. It is artificial, as it caters to the needs of man largely outside of the actual necessities for subsistence, and it is subject to increases

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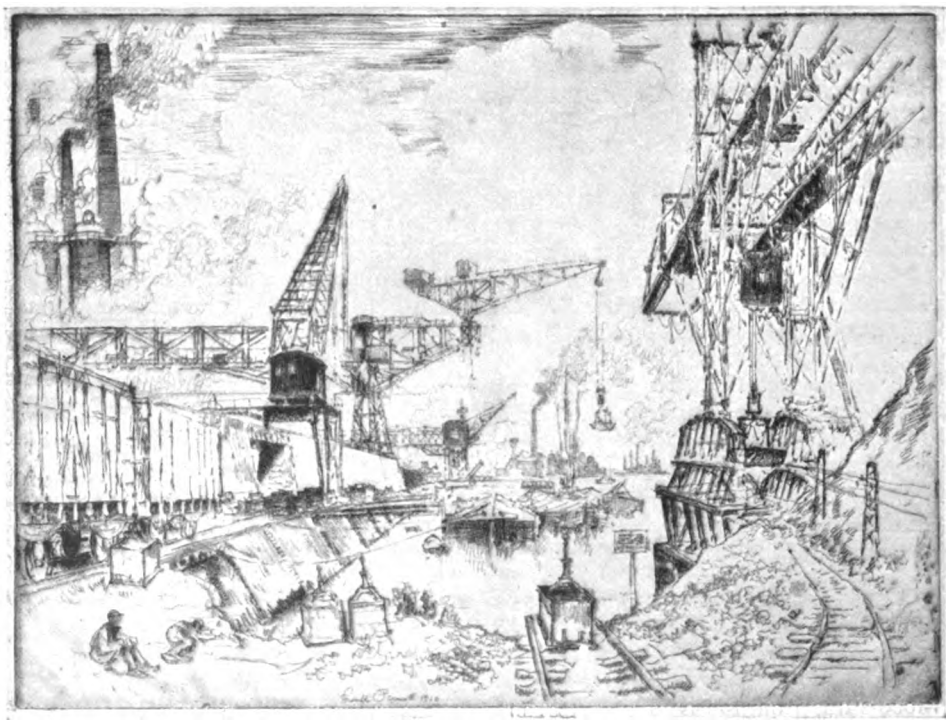
or decreases, congestions or even sudden stoppages; for, unlike the bulk of the traffic of the United States, it is not the irresistible flow of a mighty river of natural products seeking the level of supply and demand. Ever increasing its volume, ever extending its zone of influence, the foreign trade of Germany is the marvel of the twentieth century. Where does it all come from? What is the driving power from within? What does it mean to the rest of the world?—these are questions which present themselves with startling insistence. The growth and power of a nation are indicated by its commerce, which provides for the people and makes all other forms of life possible. To-day art, literature, and the sciences flourish or decay as people prosper in their trade with the world. Only one country, Great Britain, is a greater factor in international trade than Germany, and by perceptible percentages Germany is gaining on her rival, having already reached a point where statisticians can estimate with reasonable accuracy, barring disaster, the year soon to come when Germany will outstrip her neighbor not only in catering to the wants of peoples foreign to her own, but also in her absorption of the products of other lands.

To look for the causes of this phenomenon, it is necessary to discard the obvious. The United States, with its unmeasured natural resources, possesses a motive power only needing population to make it effective. Great Britain builded herself to financial and commercial greatness through an aggressive sea power, mercantile in character, but protected and extended by fighting men with a talent for colonial administration. The secret of Germany's greatness is not found in her great areas of land of low productive power, or in her marine, which until recently was a negligible factor. To handle her commerce and unite her people it was necessary to make good harbors out of poor ones, and to create a system of inland waterways and railroads, reserving an elastic and intelligent national control over all transportation details, that these facilities should serve the people and not the people them; and thus aid in the



From an etching by Joseph Pennell

GERMAN CRANES

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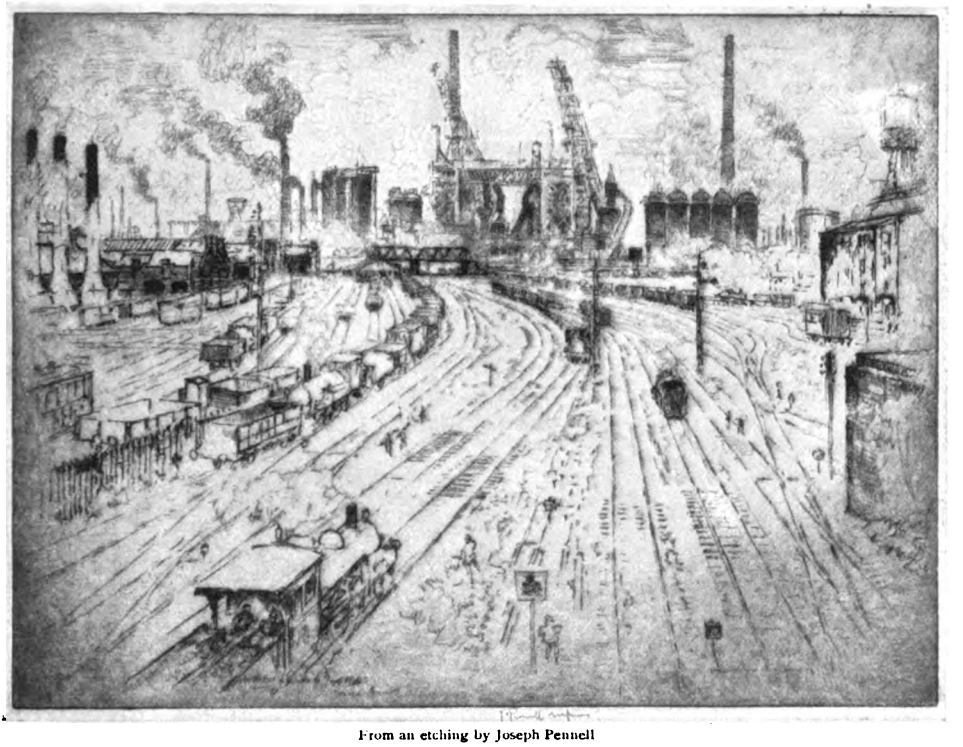

From an etching by Joseph Pennell

RAILWAY TRACKS AT OBERHAUSEN

struggle against the common enemy—the foreign competitor in the markets of the world. To keep her people at home and afford them occupation it was necessary to give them materials to work upon such as are not to be found close at hand, at least not in the quantity and of the quality desired. Fuel for the furnaces, grain for the mills, wool, cotton, and silk for the looms, wood for the lathes, and even food for the workers, have to be brought from foreign lands, and always will have to be. Yet there is no halt in the progression. The activities of a single human life cover the attainment of Germany's present commanding position.

The adoption of Bismarck's policy in 1879 was notice to the world of the birth of a new industrial, financial, and commercial power, the future of which was glimpsed only by a few at that time, and they were thinkers and statesmen rather than avant-couriers of trade. It was not until after 1884 that the German Empire found itself, and fell into the stride with which all other nations are anxiously endeavoring to keep step. In bald figures, what has happened in the world trading of Germany in thirty years in comparison with the increasing activities of the United States and the United Kingdom is here shown:

	POPULATION	FOREIGN TRADE	FOREIGN TRADE PER CAPITA
	1880		
Germany	46,000,000	$1,430,000,000	$31
United States	50,000,000	1,600,000,000	32
United Kingdom	35,000,000	3,500,000,000	100
	1910		
Germany	64,000,000	$3,960,000,000	$62
United States	90,000,000	3,300,000,000	37
United Kingdom	44,000,000	5,550,000,000	126

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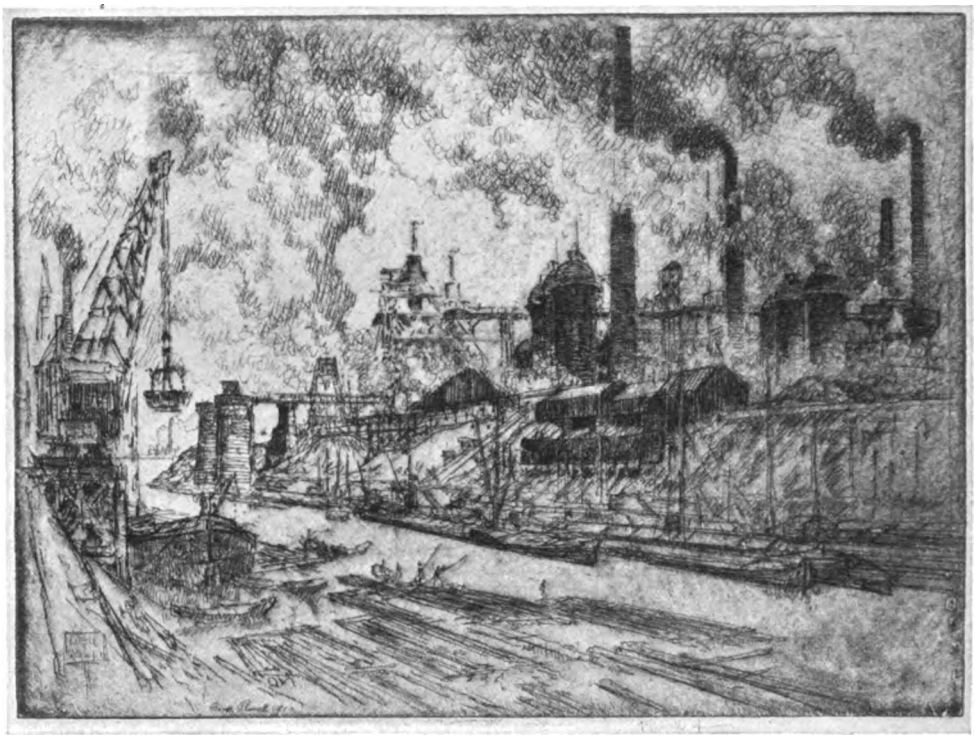

From an etching by Joseph Pennell

THE CANAL AT RUHRORT, NEAR THE RHINE AND NOT FAR FROM ESSEN

In other words, with a twenty-five per cent. increase of population, the United Kingdom has increased its foreign commerce twenty-five per cent. per capita; the United States, with an eighty per cent. increase of population, has increased its foreign trade fifteen per cent. per capita; while Germany, with a forty per cent. increase of population, has increased her foreign trade by one hundred per cent. per capita. In all these matters I am dealing solely from the point of view of international trade, not interior development. Yet no country can advance perceptibly in its foreign commerce without reflecting a state of growth within. When we consider that the United States, with a population of twenty-seven to the square mile, owning the vast natural resources and industries of the most productive area of the world, has a per capita wealth of $1300, and that Germany, with a population of 270 to the square mile, has a per capita wealth of $800, it can be more readily understood how wealth has been diffused throughout an area which at one time presented many apparently hopeless features as to its future development. Twenty-one per cent. of the area of the United States is cultivated, and forty-two per cent. of the area of Germany. Germany is considerably smaller in size than the State of Texas, yet within her confines are nearly thirty cities of more than 200,000 inhabitants. In America the great individual fortunes of Germany would attract little attention. There is more money deposited in savings-banks in the United States, but there are more than twice as many depositors in Germany.

I shall not enter into a discussion here of the merits or demerits of the so-called fraternalistic laws of Germany; but it is significant that that country has taken the lead in state care and protection of the human working unit, and up to the present time at least the beneficial results cannot be gainsaid. When the German Emperor said he was going to do all he could to prevent the German workman from being squeezed like an orange for the benefit of employers, and then thrown

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away, he expressed the policy of the German people toward themselves as shown in public opinion and legislation. Theorists may argue pro and con, great arrays of figures can be produced to prove the alleged fallacies of the German fiscal policy, old-age pensions, industrial insurance, state control of public utilities, the danger of banks participating in industrial enterprises, the evils of conscription and a vast standing army, and the alleged futility of agricultural coöperation, but the fact remains that the exploitation of these policies has produced results viewed by the people of all nations with interest and wonder, and in some cases with serious alarm for their own prestige.

The upper and lower crusts of society in Germany are thinner than in any other nation. The military spirit engendered by a great war and a vast standing army is being tempered by the spirit of industry. The aristocracy now goes into business as often and as eagerly as it formerly went into the army. The people are tolerant rather than enthusiastic over the great military establishment; they endure it willingly, however, as it is believed to be necessary. The great mass of the population is healthy, well-clothed, well-educated, and well-trained, and as contented as it is allowed to average humanity to be. The birth-, death-, and marriage-rates are normal. The family is the social unit, and the parks in the German cities are thronged with healthy children reared on simple lines to the fullness of a life the key-note of which is work and accomplishment. To a nation composed of an amalgamation of originally hostile states has come a homogeneity which knows only a common purpose. Germany has developed within and without until she stands as a compact world force upon land and sea with which other nations must treat seriously and diplomatically in all things international.

Germany is a nation of pure blood; the percentage of foreign-born citizens is negligible, and racial characteristics of mind and body are pronounced and unmistakable. The southern German may speak with contempt of the Berliner, but they are of the same race, and when they venture abroad there is little difference in their make-up to the eye of the foreigner or in his impressions of their character. They are as isolated from the rest of mankind as their nation is isolated from other nations in purpose, method, and accomplishment. There is nothing "comfortable" to other peoples in the way the German does business politically or commercially, and in Germany nowadays the terms are synonymous. He takes things hard, and with the best of intentions does them almost rudely. His diplomacy and his commerce are aggressive, jealous, tenacious, and disturbing. One may legitimately wonder sometimes why he does not choose the easier way; but as a people are, so will a nation perform. Their success commands admiration, while in many instances it has aroused long-lived antagonism and bitterness, and left an uncomfortable soreness in its wake on the part of other people. In the Moroccan controversy Germany was the country criticized and feared. That she was well within her rights as an ambitious world power no diplomat seriously questioned. That she got what she wanted, and perhaps more than she expected, is best known in Berlin. So far as the world was concerned, the lime-light was on Morocco, but the mind of the Kaiser and his advisers was concentrated on West Africa, and they are well content with the outcome. To France the concessions in West Africa were a by-product of the treaty; to Germany they were the prize secured by diplomacy for the benefit of German trade and industry—the *raison d'être* for all things done in the Wilhelm-Strasse.

Wars and threats of wars, whether of tariff or of arms, serve their purpose, and in all recent conflicts Germany has won. The potash controversy between the United States and Germany was largely a game of bluff, and the United States retreated in defeat. In all recent commercial agreements Germany has more than held her own, and while other countries, including the United States, have given all they had to give under existing laws, Germany has always maintained a reserve of possible concessions to be used for trading in the future. Her tariff laws—conventional tariffs, as they are called—allow her to do this, and it may be added that in the conventional tariff Germany has adopted the most practical, scientific, and sane system of regulating import taxes known to the world—a sys-

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tem that in elasticity and productiveness of concessions abroad is far ahead of the maximum and minimum plan, long in use in France and recently adopted by the United States.

One of the most interesting and important features of the German foreign trade is that its largest element is labor. England's exports are larger, but England is a broker and handles the labor of other peoples for a small margin of profit in the handling. The trade of the United States is largely based upon the actual necessities of other peoples, whereas over ninety per cent. of the export trade of Germany is in articles in the value of which German labor plays the biggest part. That is why, as before noted, her trade, while profitable, is artificial and more subject to disturbances from extraneous influences.

Of all the great trading nations of the world, England, Germany, France, and the United States, not one is in a position at the present time to incur the risk of any violent disturbance in export channels. For one reason or another,—some reasons being common to all,—the industrial and commercial conditions are critical in all four countries, and to hamper exports or imports might give such a final push, however slight, as would precipitate general disaster. According to English critics, the greatest weakness in the German structure is the participation of German banks in industrial enterprises, the theory being that the money market is thereby rendered subject to industrial activity or depression. This may be true in that the German eggs are all placed in one basket, but there is only one basket for German eggs, and that is the opportunity for foreign trade. A Germany with prostrate foreign trade would be a land of gloom, destitution, serious disturbances, and riot of all descriptions. She is not self-contained, and never will be. Bismarck, in his vision of the future of the empire, saw this as with the prophet's eye. The German Emperor of to-day, with his dynamic energy, his restlessness, and his keen ambition for his country, realizes it with all the force of actuality. His advisers are men who are leaders in Germany's battle for an increasing share of the world's trade, and he is with them heart and mind. I do not intend to criticize or defend any particular system of national finance, but the result in Germany of bank investments in industrial enterprises is that everything is German-owned and German-managed, and that every interest and effort is concentrated upon German success.

When industrial depression rules in England, capital sulks, is apathetic, and retreats to its hiding-places, while industry starves. The complaint of English manufacturers is that English money goes abroad for investment when it is needed at home. The capitalist, the money-lender, is safer under the English system; but what of English industry, labor, and life? In Germany the Bourse may quake in times of industrial panic, but it is sympathetic as to the ills of its co-worker, industry, and one must help the other to return to normal conditions, and this they do. One can imagine that without due regulation and with a people of less conservative mind than the Germans the system would be impossible; and it is doubtful whether it would be at all safe in a country like the United States in the hands of some of our skilled financial jugglers who have shown such marked ability in evading all regulation in their schemes of flotation. The German people can afford to let foreign critics quarrel among themselves as to the wisdom of the German system of internal finance as they contemplate their self-made nation, with all its parts interdependent for well-being. Such a nation becomes as a unit in the great war for the trade of the world, presenting a solid front to the attack, and resting upon a loyal base. There is no disloyalty in Germany to German interests. The money-supply is for home industry, and yet enough has been found to spare for an investment of $8,000,000,000 in foreign lands, or nearly half as much as the foreign investment of England, the great creditor nation of the world. It will also be found that from every million Germany has sent abroad for investment, the home country draws not only a cash income, but a trade and an influence far in excess of that derived by other peoples from their foreign ventures. As a rule, the purpose of a German foreign investment is to help home enterprise, and it generally does.

Railroads and canals are operated to favor German travel and German goods. Transportation rates are adjusted to en-

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able German produce to meet foreign competition. To travel or to consign from Germany by other than German routes is not facilitated, as many a traveler and shipper can testify. The German post-office department reflects the friendly attitude of the German Government and people toward the United States, and was quite willing to carry a letter to America for two cents, always provided this letter was carried on a German ship. Otherwise the five-cent rate must prevail. This solidarity of interest may have its disadvantages in theory and in practice, but the figures and the treaties of recent years show that it is the short cut to the aggrandizement of German foreign trade and the expansion of German influence in world politics.

So far the growth of German industry has prevented no other country, with the possible exception of France, from making a satisfactory progress all her own. The absorptive power of mankind in general for the products of the earth and of handiwork has increased enormously with each passing decade. Germany has secured for herself each year an increasing share of this new business, and this in itself is sufficient to account for her prosperity. In the end, however, each nation will have to struggle with the others to even a fiercer degree than now to maintain her home industries through foreign trade, for the consuming power will not keep pace with industrial and commercial ambition and effort.

Then will come the strain upon the foundation of things. The effect of this strain is already apparent in England, financially the strongest and economically the weakest in this battle of the giants. France has already dropped out of the race, hopelessly distanced. The United States is smilingly confident as she glances proudly across her thousands of miles of productive territory, as might a general expecting siege who rests complacent in the knowledge of well-filled stores and a self-contained garrison. To the east the Russian bear stirs uneasily in his quarters, dimly aware of the tremendous part he is to play in the economic future of the world. And what in conclusion shall we say of Germany? Surrounded by her enemies—her frontier guarded by half a million men under arms; her navy in constant fighting trim; her Emperor and his counselors scanning the far horizon for new openings for German trade and influence; her travelers touring the world for new customers and for old customers of others made into new for them; every man, woman, and child, every governmental, financial, industrial, and commercial power at home aiding and abetting those who stand on the frontier and beyond—with Germany lies the advantage of the moment in the struggle for the trade of the world.

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WHISTLER'S DRAWING TO SHOW THE EVOLUTION OF HIS BUTTERFLY SIGNATURE

The first figure is Mr. Whistler's monogram, "J. M. W.," in severe simplicity.

WHISTLER AS DECORATOR[1]

WITH AN INCIDENTAL COMPARISON OF THE INFLUENCE OF WHISTLER AND THAT OF WILLIAM MORRIS

BY JOSEPH AND ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

Authors of "The Life of James McNeill Whistler"

WHISTLER'S influence on art and life is so many-sided that it is not to be wondered at if some phases have been overlooked or briefly treated. No other artist has so impressed himself upon modern art by his painting, etching, lithography, and pastel. In literature, his "Ten O'Clock" lecture will be accepted when contemporary criticism is repudiated. As a personality he will rank with Cellini and Samuel Johnson. All this is being admitted, though tardily and grudgingly. But Whistler was also a master decorator, and of his decoration little has yet been said. Even in our life of Whistler we had neither the space nor the illustrations (which have since come into our hands) to treat the subject as it should be treated.

Whistler's genius as a decorator is seen in every picture and every drawing that he made, though this was hardly realized in his lifetime. The Preraphaelite Brotherhood, his immediate predecessors, maintained that their work alone was decorative because painted as the painters before Raphael painted. But there is no doubt that the Preraphaelites whom they imitated believed themselves realists; no doubt that Cimabue and Giotto and the illuminators painted and drew what they thought they saw, and so were realists; no doubt that the greatest decorator who ever lived, Piero della Francesca,—from whom the Preraphaelites might have learned, had they had the brains and the ability, from whom Puvis de Chavannes did learn, from whom future artists will learn,—was the greatest of realists. The Preraphaelites, going back to methods and cultivating a vision that had nothing to do with their time, turned the realism of their masters into a convention of their own.

Owned by Mrs. Wickham Flower

A BUTTERFLY

This was designed by Whistler as a favor to be worn at a private view of one of his exhibitions.

A FOLLOWER OF TRADITION

WHISTLER, on the contrary, believed in carrying on tradition. He knew, and also said in the "Ten O'Clock," that Rembrandt "saw picturesque grandeur and noble dignity in the Jews' Quarter of Amsterdam and lamented not that its inhabitants were not Greeks." He knew that Velasquez's "Infantas, clad in inesthetic hoops, are, as works of art, of the same quality as the Elgin marbles." And he knew, too, that the great masters "required not to alter their surroundings." He was as intent as the early Italians

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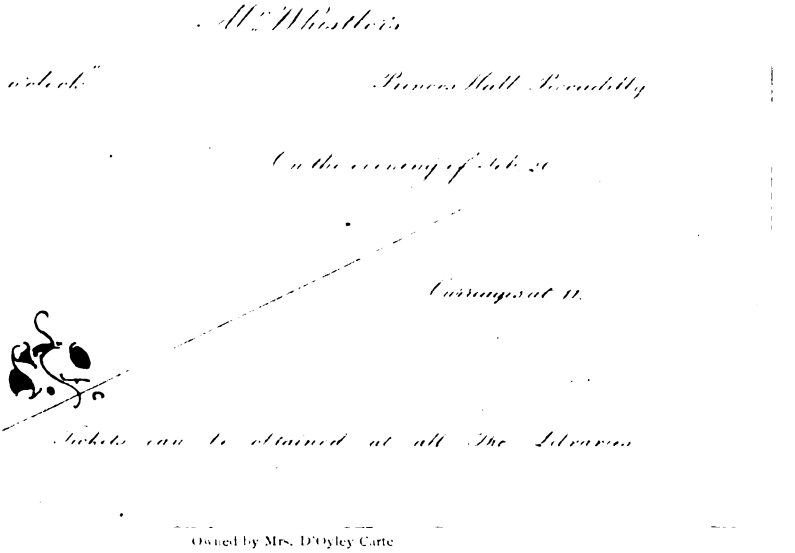
upon painting what he saw as he saw it, and by properly placing his subject "within the frame," distributing his spaces, and arranging his lines, he obtained perfect balance, perfect proportion, perfect repose, and produced a harmony, a symphony, an arrangement, a decoration. His titles explain his method; the results prove he was right—that there is as true decoration in "The Falling Rocket" as in Fra Angelico's "Coronation." This was not understood by public or painters, and Whistler gave no help in his answer to doubters: "I am not arguing with you; I am telling you." He understood, if others did not, how they, with less understanding, imitate.



Owned by Mrs. D'Oyley Carte

WHISTLER'S INVITATION-CARD FOR HIS "TEN O'CLOCK" LECTURE

Like many artists before him, Whistler designed his frames, he and his assistants decorating them with the patterns which for a while he derived from Japanese and other Oriental motives. Each was different, for each was suggested by the picture it inclosed, though the same feeling ran through all. Later he gave up almost entirely these painted frames, and adopted one now generally used and known as the Whistler frame. In this he has influenced the world: simple gold, with reeded lines for his oils, water-colors, and pastels; simple white, sometimes with blue or purple lines or pattern, for his etchings and lithographs, making them as truly decorations for the wall upon which the work hung as a fresco. He used many sorts of gold, preferring green or red to the glaring yellow. And his frames and his canvases were of definite sizes, with the result that the canvas fitted the frame for which it was designed. This was also decoration.

Whistler said that "an artist who could not paint everything could not paint anything." He recognized no distinction between landscape- and portrait-painters. He insisted, moreover, that, to be a painter, one must be a decorator, able to make of the wall upon which his work hung, the room containing it, and, indeed, the whole house, a harmony, a symphony, an arrangement no less than was the picture or print which was a part of it.

In the arrangement of a house, still more than in the painting of a picture, before Whistler had a house to decorate, the Preraphaelites had set the fashion in England for all who knew or thought they

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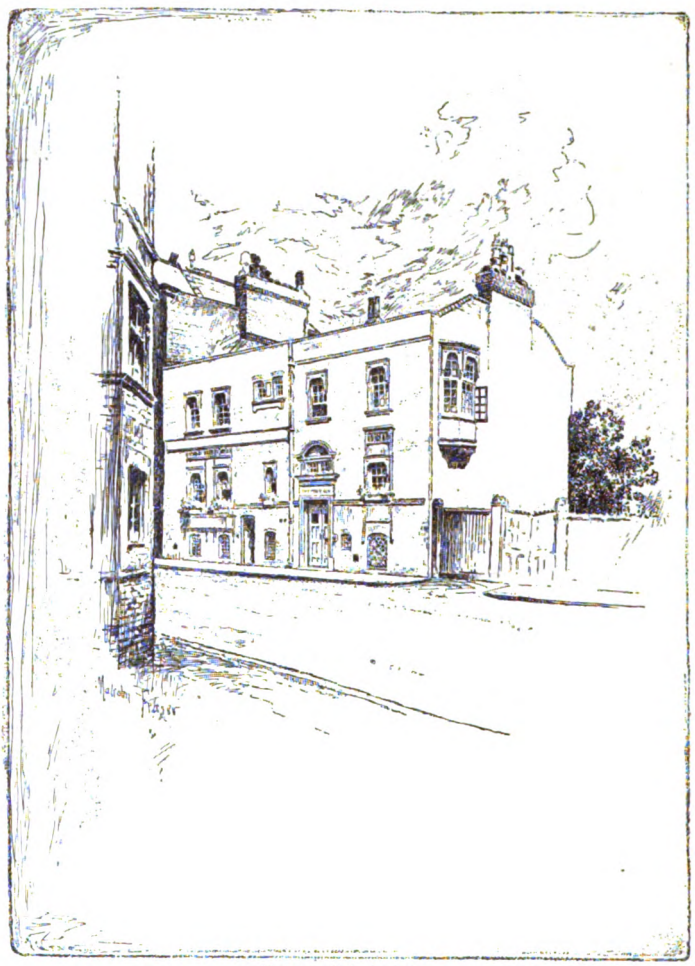
ought to know. The firm with which Morris was associated, the one vital outcome of Preraphaelitism, was the authority. At the start all the brotherhood were interested, but William Morris, both artist and manager, quickly ceased to be a painter of pictures in order to devote himself to the designing of wall-papers, cretonnes, and furniture.

The Preraphaelites, who deplored the evil of specialization, allowed art to fall into the hands of the small specialist, and the painters grew more absorbed in their pictures, and left decoration to the arts-and-crafts-men, of whom Morris, by no means a small man, was the leader. His ambition was to resurrect the past and to live in it. He preached that all things useful should be beautiful, that art sprang from the people and should return to the people; but in practice he made it impossible for the people to own, or even to see, the work which he maintained was theirs by right. To decorate a house as he wished it to be decorated needed a millionaire patron, for he gave to interiors a gorgeousness as costly as it was impressive. He urged appropriateness as the basis of decoration, and he revived centuries-old schemes that were wholly out of place in modern houses. The house designed by him was beautiful, but it sug-



Drawn by Malcolm Fraser

THE "WHITE HOUSE" IN TITE STREET, CHELSEA

This dwelling was built for Whistler in 1878. His studio was in the same street.

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gested a fourteenth-century castle, wherein people of the nineteenth century were so discordant that a costume, a language, and a life had to be invented for them. This was really the origin of the esthetic movement.

It was the moment when, as Whistler said, "for the flock little hamlets grew near Hammersmith," and sad people wore sad-colored garments, and sat in Early-English chairs, and ate beef and greens off Italian majolica, and drank British beer out of Venetian glass, and covered their walls with old tapestry, Morris copies, or wall-papers and hangings so gorgeous that the pattern killed the Rossettis and Burne-Joneses, the only pictures worthy of the background, if the work was not already lost in the gloom or glitter of Pre-raphaelite stained-glass windows. But, as we look back on our first arrival in England toward the end of the movement, it seems to us that we never so well realized the inappropriateness of it all as when we saw Morris, in his blue flannel suit, a picturesque, but wholly modern, figure, stamping up and down the sham medieval rooms of his Georgian house at Hammersmith.

WHISTLER'S LACK OF SYMPATHY WITH MORRIS

WHISTLER had no sympathy with all this. He never tried to live out of his time. His interest was in the present, as it had been shaped and developed by the past. He was as modern in his house decoration as in his painting, bringing tradition up to date, and neither enslaving himself to it nor ignoring it. He identified himself with no group; his decorative schemes were worked out for his own pleasure. He could not stand the stupidity of treating a drawing-room in a small Mayfair house as if it were a hall in a great medieval castle. Tapestries and heavy furniture would have been no less oppressive than absurd in the rooms where he lived and worked. In them, as in his paintings and prints, he sought decoration, and got it, by balance, proportion, repose, and harmony. Whistler was simple, Morris was complex. Whistler did not at once achieve complete simplicity in decoration any more than he at once succeeded in painting with the liquid color of the nocturnes and the calm breadth of the later portraits. There was growth, always growth.

HIS JAPANESE PERIOD OF DECORATION

HIS first and second houses were in Lindsey Row, Chelsea. Contemporary photographs show what some of the rooms were like, but a better record is in his work. When he went to the first house, in 1863, his interest in Japanese art was at its height, and he filled his rooms with screens and lacquer, arranged his blue and white on shelves, and hung prints, fans, kakemonos, and plates on his walls, beautifully, with a sense of color and pattern. It was, however, a scheme of decoration that he soon abandoned, probably because he saw what it led to with the "thing without," who stuck cheap "Japanesisms" all over their houses without sense of anything except what they thought the fashion. Beautiful use is made of screens in the "Princesse du pays de la porcelaine," beautiful use of detail in the "Lange Leizen." Japanese pots are on the mantel in "The Little White Girl," a Japanese fan in her hand, and the contemporary photograph shows there were many screens and kakemonos about this room; there is an open corner cupboard full of blue and white in the picture of himself "In the Studio."

How deeply he felt the beauty of Japanese prints and Japanese design, and how willing he was to make use of it, is seen in more than one nocturne, where a spray of leaves trails across or into the foreground, just where a Japanese artist would have placed it. In this, however, he later proved the Japanese wrong, as the design did not keep within the frame.

No matter how much ornament was in his rooms, the background was a flat wash of color on the walls. For a while, in the second Lindsey Row house, here and there he used pattern—petals of flowers on the dado of the staircase, conventional ships, with sails spread, on the panels of the hall; but in no rooms of which we have a record was there any pattern to interrupt the simple wall-spaces, with their delicate, quiet flush of color, and at the last there never was pattern anywhere.

It is a curious fact that William Morris, who said he was appealing to the people, never appealed to them, while

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Whistler, who maintained that art had nothing to do with the people and who tried to escape the people, made it possible for the people to follow him, since he was really following their traditions. It was from the houses of the many, and not from the castles of the few, that Whistler's theory of decoration sprang; from their houses that he derived the idea of walls washed simply with simple tones, of dark-stained floors, of light or dark dados and doorways contrasting with the walls. His simple washes of distemper were only the outgrowth of the washes of whitewash that the people have always used, a development of the beauty he had seen in the quiet old houses of New England, and we have seen in the houses of Friends of Philadelphia. And while Morris, busy preaching art for the people, would run up a bill for five thousand dollars in decorating a room, making it so precious that the owner hardly dared go into it, Whistler, insisting upon the aristocracy of art, at the cost of about five dollars would arrange a room vastly more beautiful in its simplicity and appropriateness, to be used without fear, since it could be done over again in a day.

Whistler carried on this tradition by using the flat color the people had used, but creating a harmony the people had never imagined. He chose color that would make his rooms bright and sunny and gay, the first essential in London, where often all is dark and dreary without. He kept this color flat, so that pictures and prints would tell upon it, and not have to struggle with the pattern that Morris brought into vogue. Distemper gave him best what he wanted, but plain paper could be used. For distemper he mixed the colors himself, only too well aware that no house painter could get the right tone, though, once he had mixed it, any house painter could put it on. He astonished picture-painters who toiled in complicated splendor by making masterpieces in a bare room. The background of the "Mother," the "Carlyle," and the "Miss Alexander" show the scheme of gray and black of No. 2 Lindsey Row. There was another background to the "Mrs. Leyland," the subject of which posed in the flesh-color-and-yellow drawing-room, and he designed her gown in harmony, refusing to allow her to stand in black velvet, which she inappropriately wished, and which an inappropriate painter would have permitted.

HIS DESIRE FOR HARMONY IN ARRANGEMENT

In this and other works he designed not only the color scheme, but the drapery, and even the smallest details of rosettes and bows and sash, and many studies in colored chalks on brown paper exist. In whatever room he worked, all was harmony. It was not a question of rigging up a corner, as the artistic photographer and the "swell" portrait-painter do. Every room was an arrangement, and every sitter had to fit in. At times the arrangement came from a visitor, as when Miss Rosa Corder, in a brown dress, passed one of his black doors, and he immortalized her beauty. Eventually he suppressed the background in most of his portraits, and the figures stand in the atmosphere in which he saw them; but this atmosphere was obtained not as painters usually get it, by letting all the daylight they can into their studios, but by excluding it with curtains and shades. In the early studios there was never a skylight. A figure, thus in shadow against a simple wall, takes its place in the atmosphere that surrounds it. Sometimes, to accentuate the figure, he did hang behind it a simple piece of drapery of the color he wanted.

Whistler liked to have his windows big. His curtains were sometimes of flowered chintz, but oftener of white muslin without pattern. Of course there were shades in the studio. On the floor he had a few rugs, in the old days Chinese or Japanese; but later he had matting, which he himself designed in harmony with the color scheme. His furniture was simple in form. The first artists and artificers who built palaces, he said in his "Ten O'Clock" lecture, "filled them with furniture beautiful in proportion." A few pieces he designed, and probably, had he been encouraged by commissions, he would have done more. Besides the sideboard of the "Peacock Room," we have seen only the great blue screen he kept in his studio, with Battersea Bridge, Chelsea Church, and a gold moon in the sky, and the cabinet owned by Mr. Pickford R. Waller,

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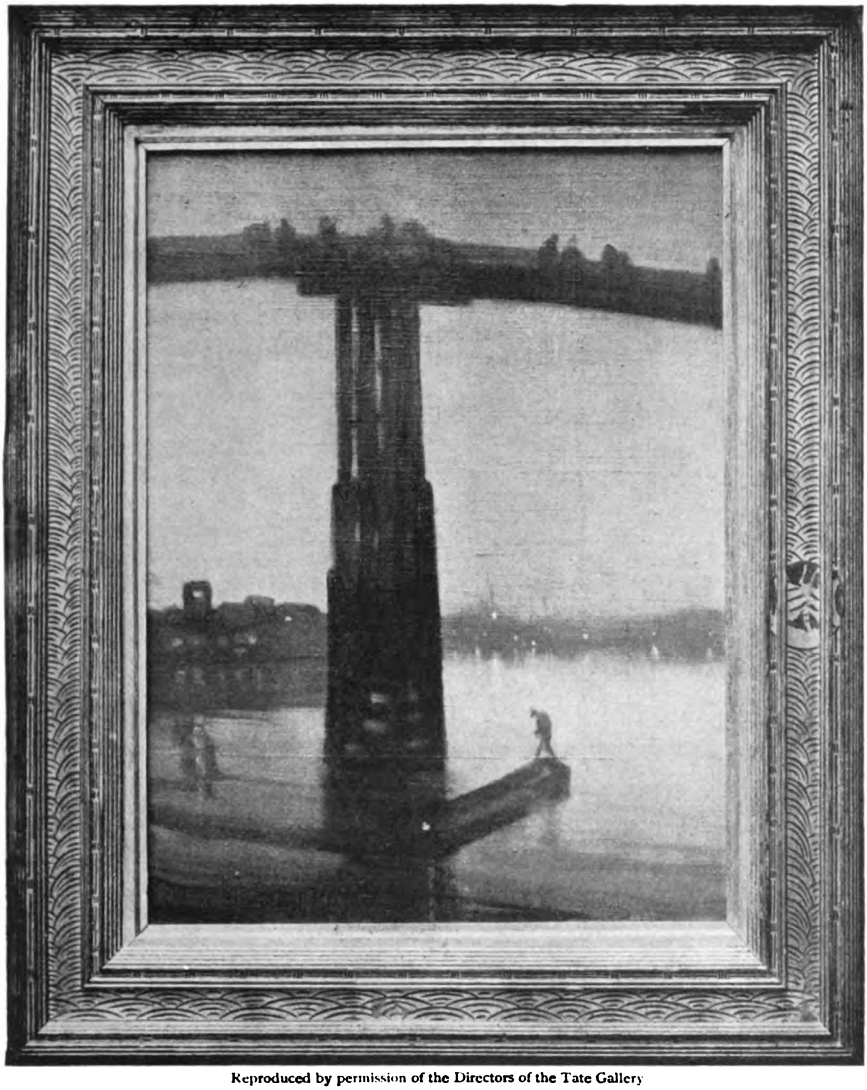

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WHISTLER'S "OLD BATTERSEA BRIDGE," SHOWING THE ORIGINAL FRAME, WHICH WAS DESIGNED BY HIM

which was part of the "Primrose Room" Whistler exhibited in the Paris Universal Exhibition of 1878. It was meant for an over-mantel, but the lower part is now shut in by panels originally shown as a suggestion for the dado of the room. E. W. Godwin, the architect, made the design, and Whistler the decoration, using a peacock motive, and working it out in yellow and gold.

Toward the end he preferred the furniture he called Empire, though pieces of it were of other dates. The white and gold went well with the walls and floor and hangings. There was little of it. He had no patience with the elaborate contrivances by which the modern upholsterer encourages lounging in the drawing-room. When you wanted to lounge, he said, the time had come to go to bed. His extravagance was in detail. He ate off blue and white, which he not only collected, but wanted to design for Mr. Murray Marks. Unfortunately, the scheme never came off; only the drawings exist. Whistler had beautiful silver, chosen for form, not

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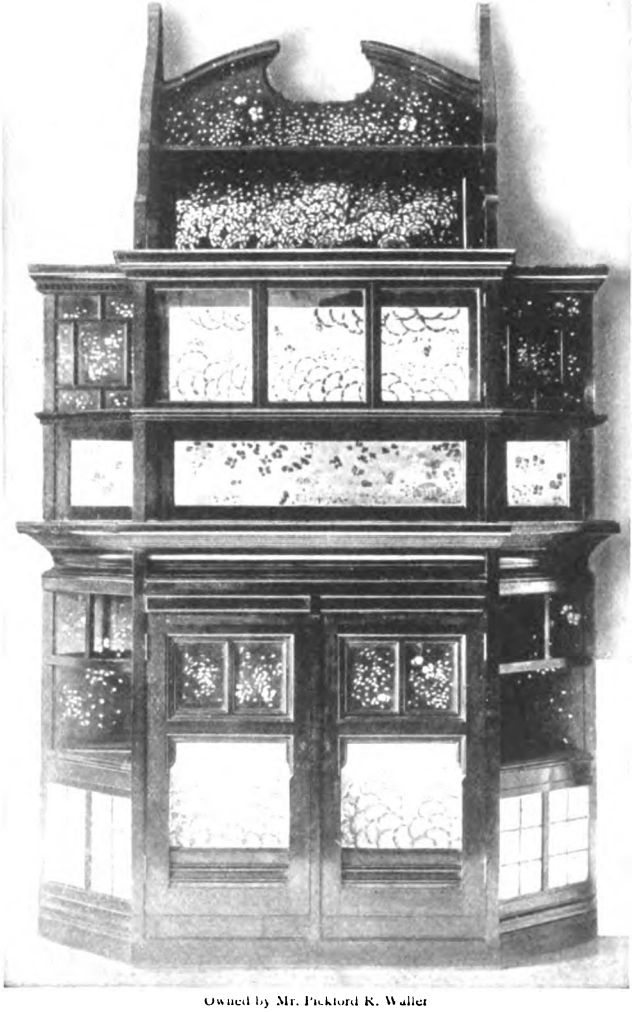
rarity. "The most beautiful," he used to say, "was Sheffield plate, designed by artists who were refugees from France, and still clumsily copied by Britons, and you could find all these beautiful things in Wardour Street under the eyes of the Islanders, who had not been taught to see them." His table linen was marked with the butterfly. He demanded perfection in every detail, and, rather than be without it, would leave rooms unfurnished. "Besides," he said, "perfection was death."



Owned by Mr. Pickford K. Waller

A CABINET DECORATED BY WHISTLER

THE "PEACOCK ROOM"

WHEN Whistler wished, and conditions justified it, he could be as gorgeous as he was usually simple. He had only one chance, the "Peacock Room" for Leyland, the wealthy ship-owner, who, as art patron, modeled himself on the Medici of Florence. To decorate his house in Prince's Gate, Leyland called in first Norman Shaw and Jeckyll, architects, and the Preraphaelite painters. Whistler was then asked to paint the hall. Here he was elaborate because elaboration was appropriate. But it was in the dining-room, now famous as the "Peacock Room," that he showed the full splendor of his powers as a decorator—the wonderful room, with its blue on gold and gold on blue, and the peacocks flaunting their gold-and-blue plumage on walls and shutters and ceiling, the one decoration of Leyland's house that lives. It has been described often, and too recently by ourselves to be described again. With the "Princesse du pays de la porcelaine," hung by Whistler over the mantel, it is part of the collection which Mr. Charles L. Freer has presented to the National Gallery in Washington. As decoration it is unapproached in modern times, but nobody ever gave Whistler the opportunity to rival it. Some years before, Sir Henry Cole proposed to him to help in the mosaics of South Kensington Museum, but nothing came of the proposition save the sketch of a single figure. There was a plan for the decoration of Mr. W. C. Alexander's house on Campden Hill, but the more elaborate sugges-

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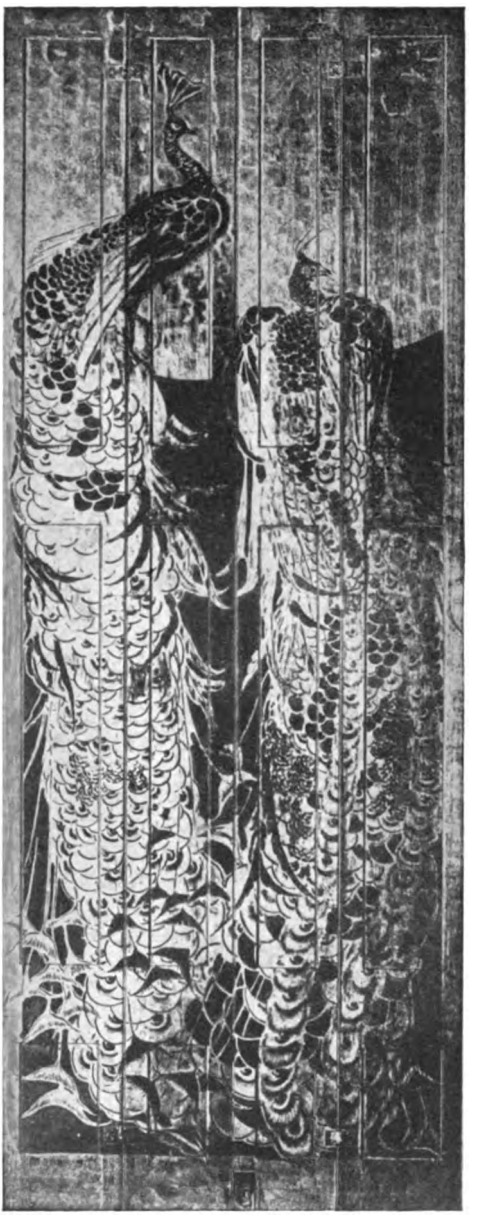
tion was abandoned for a simple color scheme, though Whistler's notes in pen-and-ink give an idea of what he would have done in the drawing- and dining-rooms. Toward the end of his life came the invitation from Boston to do a panel in the Public Library, but it was too late.

HIS GROWTH TOWARD SIMPLICITY

GREAT as is the regret that these projects went no further, it is greater for the loss of the "White House," built for him by Godwin in Tite Street, Chelsea: for if Godwin was the architect, there is no doubt that Whistler was the designer. All his life, in Paris as in London, save for these few months, was passed in rented houses and apartments. He moved into the "White House" at the agitated moment of the Ruskin trial, and moved out again before a year had passed at the more agitated moment of his bankruptcy. The house was bought at the sale by Harry Quilter and, as Whistler expressed it, "history was wiped from the face of Chelsea." What he might have done in another house of his designing we shall never know. The decoration of the houses he lived in grew simpler and simpler until, in his rooms, as we saw them, there was nothing on the walls except at times one of his own pictures over the mantel in the drawing-room, and in the dining-room the beautiful blue-and-white china on shelves or in cupboards, and, hanging from the ceiling, the Japanese bird-cage above a blue-and-white stand and bowl. And this is another crime alleged against him by artists, for he has stopped intelligent people from hiding their walls behind bad pictures.

In the houses he decorated for his friends he was as restrained as in his own, and as careful to mix the colors, ever distrustful of the British workman. "Why on earth should the workmen think for themselves?" he once asked the wife of Dr. Whistler when they had insisted upon two coats of yellow upon white, making her walls crude and glaring, though he had ordered one coat of yellow on gray, knowing that the result then "would have been fair and at the same time soft and sweet." And he kept the furniture as simple as in his own house, or simpler, using tables and cane-bottomed chairs painted in harmony with the scheme, and once at least, as we remember, a divan covered with linen or cretonne of the same tint for the center of a room, in which the only ornament was



Owned by Mr. Charles L. Freer

A SHUTTER OF ONE OF THE WINDOWS IN THE "PEACOCK ROOM"

a row of little white glasses on the mantel for the flowers that, change as they might with the seasons, would always be part of the harmony.

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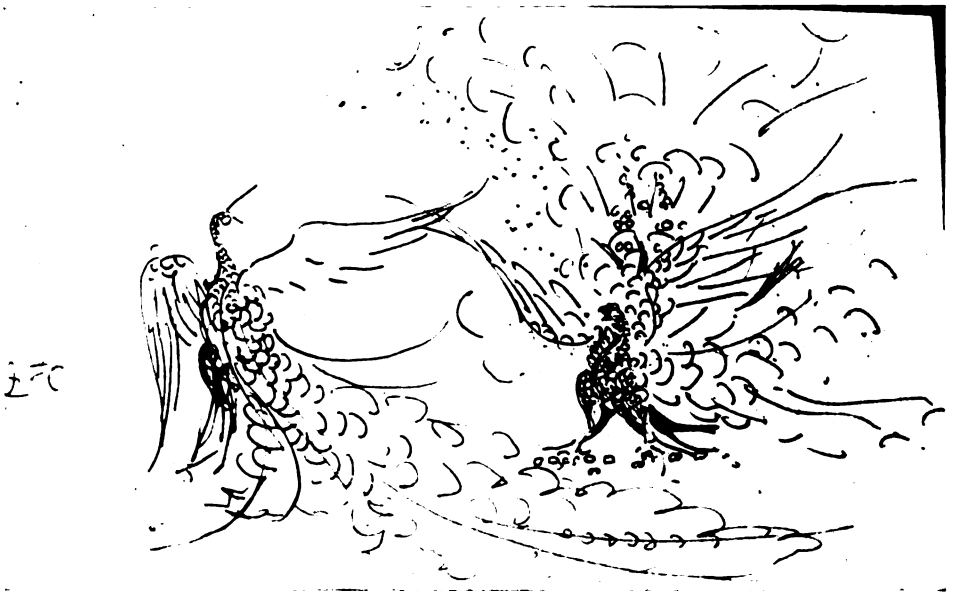

Owned by Mrs. John L. Gardner

A SKETCH FOR THE PEACOCKS BY WHISTLER

William Morris had a factory for the execution of his designs and a shop in which to sell them. He proclaimed the fitness of things and their appropriateness, and his firm, like other shopkeepers, sold his stock patterns to anybody who wanted them, no matter where they were to be placed. With his death his personal powers ceased. His work left its mark, but only that wall-papers and cretonnes might become more gorgeous and elaborate in color, as they became cheaper in other people's hands. More rugs are used than before his day. More people sit upon what are called Morris chairs, though with the designing of the best Morris had nothing to do. One result of his teaching has been *l'art nouveau,* a foolish fashion already passed and gone.

WHISTLER'S INFLUENCE IN STUDIOS

DURING the years of the decline of Morris as an authority and an influence, Whistler has grown into a power, though few people are aware of their indebtedness to him. He had no shop, he had no staff of workmen to execute his designs; but little by little the beauty of his houses and studios and of those he arranged for others began to be seen; and because they were simple and beautiful, those who saw them knew they were right and began to copy them, and within the last twelve years or so his scheme of color decoration has spread all over the world. Everywhere you find studios from which tapestries and armor and bric-à-brac have been banished; everywhere rooms with the walls washed or papered in a flat tint, only a few paintings or prints hanging upon them, dark floors with rugs and matting, and little furniture, and all of it simple. The result is by no means always right. Colors mixed by Whistler are one thing, colors mixed by manufacturers and artless artists are another, and in art, as in literature, everything depends upon quality.

At times his subjects which were decorative were used as decoration. Fans were designed by him, and little sketches made that might have been used for cameos. But the suggestion of all these can be found in his paintings.

HIS INFLUENCE ON ART EXHIBITIONS

WHISTLER'S influence has been as marked upon the decoration and arrangement of picture-galleries. It is not too much to say that every artistic exhibition in Europe to-day owes its inspiration to him; in America, we regret, the art of picture-

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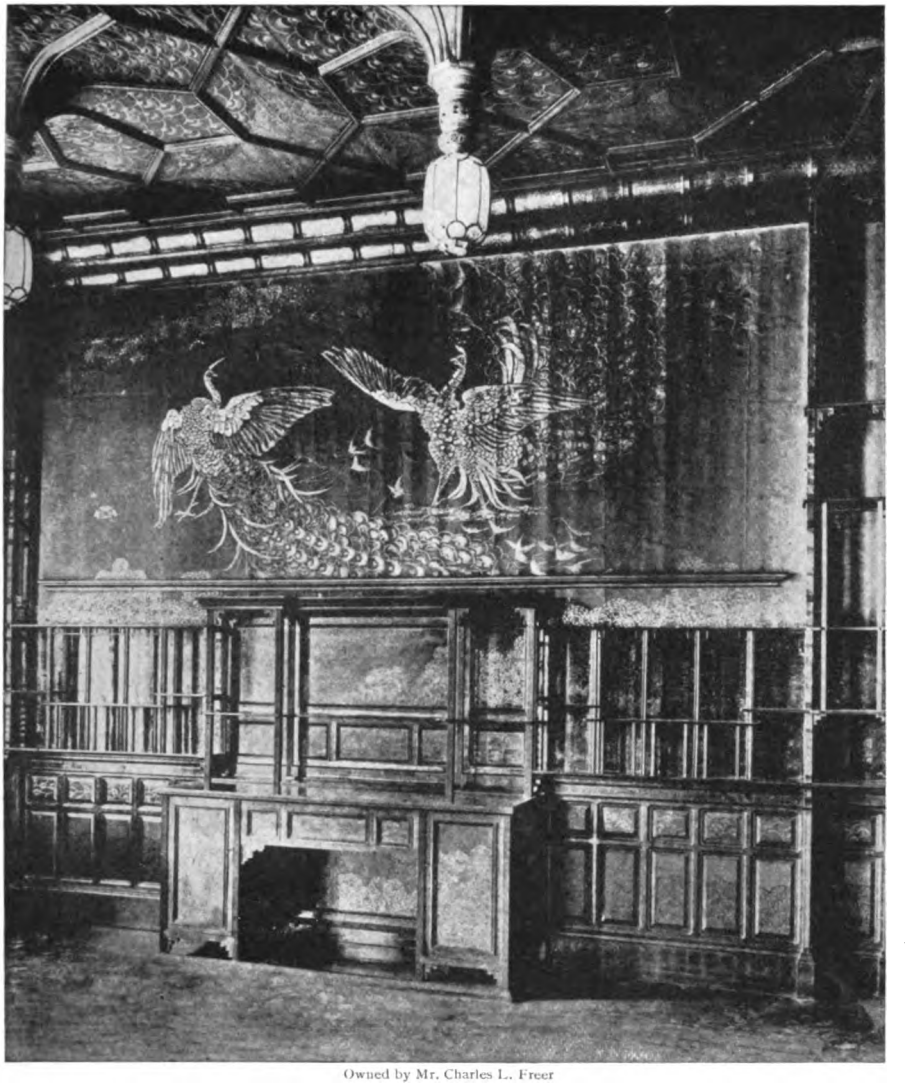

Owned by Mr. Charles L. Freer

THE "PEACOCK ROOM," SHOWING A SIDEBOARD DESIGNED BY WHISTLER, AND HIS PEACOCK DECORATION

hanging is hardly known and has hardly been practised, save in two or three Whistler exhibitions held since Whistler's death, and then not altogether successfully. It must be remembered what the conditions were when he began to exhibit —galleries decorated anyhow and pictures hung as close as they could be fitted from floor to ceiling, artists caring little how they were hung, if not in a center, so long as their pictures were on the walls. When he sent to the Academy and to other exhibitions over which he had no control, he had to accept the conditions.

But in exhibitions of his own or of societies over which he had every control, he could impose conditions. "A beautiful picture," he said, "should be shown beautifully. Therefore it must be hung so it can be seen, with plenty of wall-space round it, and in a room made beautiful by color, by sculpture judiciously placed, by flowers, by furniture and hangings and decoration in harmony." In his studio he would never show more than one picture at a time, never letting it be seen until it was in its frame and on the easel. But he understood that the reason

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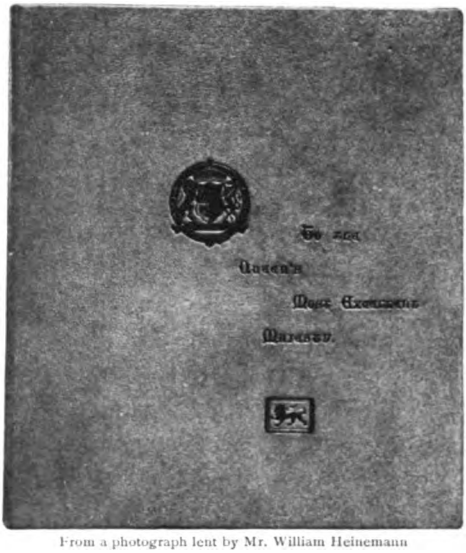
for having pictures in a gallery was to exhibit them, and he sent as many as he could, so as to make an effect, though one of his small marines frequently told better than a huge one. It is well to point this out, for his practice in his studio has been so misunderstood by some of his admirers that we have heard of a collection to be bestowed upon the nation, provided the nation agrees to show only one work at a time, as it may be asked for, in the Japanese fashion, which was the fashion of Whistler in his studio, but never in a gallery. As early as 1874, for his first exhibition in Pall Mall, he arranged the room so that it seemed revolutionary to a public debauched by the Academy. In all his exhibitions, the background, the wall, was a flat tone either painted, or hung with cheese-cloth or some similar material. The color on the walls gave the key-note for the Harmony in Yellow and White, or Brown and Gold, or Flesh Color and Gray, which set the foolish public laughing under the delusion that he meant it for a joke. No detail was too insignificant for his attention. Mr. Walter Dowdeswell still preserves the mantel hangings for the brown-and-gold arrangement, upon which the butterfly was embroidered as carefully as it was when signed to a painting. Sometimes the man at the door became part of the scheme, and once when he appeared in yellow-and-white livery was nicknamed in derision "The Poached Egg." At times Whistler designed butterflies in silk, and gave them to friends to wear at the private view. He and the attendants had socks and neckties in the color scheme.



From a photograph lent by Mr. William Heinemann

THE COVER, DESIGNED BY WHISTLER, OF THE MEMORIAL PRESENTED BY THE BRITISH ARTISTS TO QUEEN VICTORIA

The memorial is preserved at Windsor Castle.

Whistler, seeing the use of the ancient velarium, adapted it to the modern gallery. It was so arranged that the spectators were all in shadow and the pictures all in light, the light falling upon them alone. As he said: "Picture-galleries lighted at the top are very good for the pictures, but not for the spectators; for the falling light is reflected up from the floor on to the pictures so that they cannot be properly seen." The velarium is a translucent screen, the edges of which are allowed to hang down, placed some two or three feet below the skylight of the gallery. The light therefore falls upon the pictures alone, and everything under the velarium is in shadow. Another of his innovations was to remove the staring number from the corner of the picture, where generations of stupid painters had stuck it, to the wall beside the picture,

From a photograph lent by Mr. William Heinemann

WHISTLER'S DESIGN FOR THE TAIL-PIECE OF THE MEMORIAL PRESENTED BY THE BRITISH ARTISTS TO QUEEN VICTORIA

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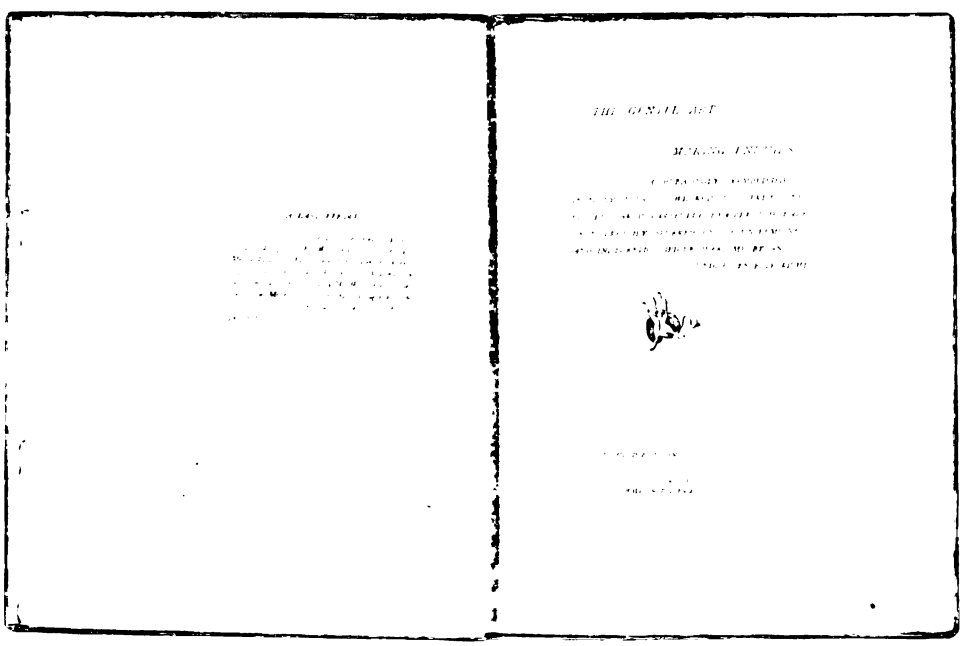
where his system of hanging left space for it. As a result, the gallery was a beautiful room, yet showed only the work on the wall.

Whistler introduced his arrangement into the exhibitions of the British artists when he was president of that society, but it so alarmed the members that the distinction he would have given their work was one of their reasons for getting rid of him. Ten years later the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravlogue—and we know of only one copy in existence—was for his first exhibition, in 1874. It had no distinctive features in the get-up or printing, though already the butterfly appeared on the invitation-cards, not printed, but drawn by himself or his pupils. For his next exhibition, in 1881, he had evolved the style of the catalogue to which he adhered, with increased refinement, until the last of all—the square, brown-covered catalogue, in size and shape



By permission of Mr. William Heinemann

THE TITLE AND HALF-TITLE OF WHISTLER'S "THE GENTLE ART OF MAKING ENEMIES," DESIGNED BY HIM

ers, of which he was the first president, was glad to accept his scheme; long before, Whistler's arrangement had been imitated on the Continent, where exhibition after exhibition was a tribute to the strength of his influence, though, as often happens, the imitation was at times unintelligent. In many a German secession Whistler's ideas have run riot and gone mad, while everywhere the velarium or a screen is now used, but without sense. We have seen it in innumerable galleries, but never as Whistler used it.

TASTE IN CATALOGUES AND BOOKS

He designed his invitation-cards, his posters, and his catalogues. His first catalogue like his first pamphlet, "Art and Art Critics," issued in 1878.

The trouble he took over his pamphlets, catalogues, and books would be almost unbelievable, did we not know that he took the same trouble over his letters. The earliest we have seen, dating back to the fifties, are like anybody else's except for the daintiness and delicacy of the handwriting and the drawings at times illustrating them. But gradually he found the arrangement that satisfied him, and his letters became decorative. Who that has seen one can forget the well-balanced page, usually turned so that the writing runs across it, the ample margins, the symmetrical division into paragraphs, the indi-

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A DESIGN BY WHISTLER FOR A FAN OWNED BY MR. C. H. SHANNON

vidual touch in the punctuation-marks, the butterfly just where it tells? And there is no doubt that from his letters he evolved the arrangement of his writings in print, just as from the manuscripts of the scribes was evolved the printed book.

On this subject, also, it is impossible not to contrast his ideas with those of William Morris, who set the fashion for the making of books (though toward the end of his career) no less than for the furnishing of houses. Morris's idea, as we have said, was to put himself in the past. He copied old books without considering the needs of his own time. They were beautiful, for he had beautiful models; but the Gothic type he often used was as ill suited to Victorian eyes as medieval tapestries to Victorian houses. His close page, without leading, seldom divided into paragraphs, disfigured by ugly insects or leaves (punctuation-marks) scattered over it, often inclosed in heavy borders, is compact and effective in design, but hard to read. His Roman type is both beautiful and legible, but the page is still heavy, the same borders and initial letters are repeated without appropriateness or relation to the text, and the whole is to be looked at, not read. The price of his books explained how far beyond the reach of the people they were, though it was for the people that Morris imagined himself to be working.

In Whistler's books there is nothing of the past save tradition, nor are they toys for the rich. Legible type and a well-leaded page make easy reading, and he published his books to be read, not to be hidden in a bookcase. He added to the impression of lightness, of gaiety, by the spacing, the punctuation, the butterflies, and each butterfly was designed to emphasize the text to which it referred, though it may be that his page, his cover, and his title-page would gain in design from some of the compactness Morris exaggerated in the Kelmscott books.

From a drawing owned by Mr. Pickford R. Waller

STUDY OF A BOTTLE, PLATE, AND BOWLS

This was drawn by Whistler for "A Catalogue of Blue and White Nankin Porcelain Forming the Collection of Sir Henry Thompson."

Morris thought that illustrations must be decorative, and he published none that were not labored imitations of old woodcuts. For Whistler there could exist no form of art that was not decorative, but neither was any form of decoration to be achieved by going back save to tradition. His illustrations are few, but in these few he was true to his belief in carrying on tradition. He contributed six to

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"Once a Week" and "Good Words" in 1862, when he was closely associated with Rossetti and Sandys, who applied the principles of Preraphaelitism to their drawings; but in this he was no more subservient to the methods of other days than in his etchings.

A more important series was for the "Catalogue of Blue and White Nankin Porcelain Forming the Collection of Sir Henry Thompson," drawings finer than any of similar subjects by Japanese or Jacquemart, and decorative in the placing of each object on the paper, and in every touch of the brush with which they were done. There are also a few drawings made on the wood, with Mrs. Whistler, but never engraved, to illustrate "Little Johannes," a Danish fairy-tale. In his catalogues and his own books, save for one or two in "The Baronet and the Butterfly," his only illustrations are butterflies, and the ornament on the cover is again the butterfly. For other books issued by Mr. Heinemann, his publisher, he designed covers. Two for novels by Miss Elizabeth Robins are in silver, with black note on blue or gray. Another as simple is for Mr. Charles Whibley's "Book of Scoundrels." He designed portfolios to contain his etchings and the photographs of his paintings, published by the Fine Art Society and Goupil's. These are in brown paper, with yellow leather back, like "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies." And there are two other portfolios given to Queen Victoria. One held his series of etchings of the naval review, and the other the memorial from the British artists on the occasion of the 1887 Jubilee. For this he drew also the initial letters, head- and tail-pieces in water-color; but the lettering is not by him. He designed monograms for friends, always letters in a circle or oval. One for the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers may be seen on its catalogues to-day, the effect obtained by the long curves of the *S's* and the *G* in their long oval. Another was for Mr. Heinemann. But of the beauty and expression he could get from a monogram his butterfly is the most delightful and famous example. It was evolved from the simple interlacing of the letters J. M. W.

William Morris ran a printing-house and a publishing business, and his influence on the making of books has passed, though Morris has improved English type by sending people back to study the originals. The public is no longer enticed by little volumes tied with ribbons that collect the dust, and printed with type that tires the eye. Here and there a press survives that preserves the Morris practice, a remnant of a once large army of followers and imitators. On the other hand, Whistler's clear type, gay page, illuminating division of paragraphs, restful margins, and simple covers with designs that depend upon balance, have been adopted more and more. One who has had the chance, as we have had, of consulting the records in Messrs. Ballantyne's office, would know that he labored over the making of his books as much as over the painting of his pictures, ever striving for perfection. We do not think some of his title-pages are as well-balanced as those of the early printers, but they are his own, and in them for once he broke away from tradition. But in every detail they are studied most carefully. Everything he did was a work of art, and nothing in his art was unimportant. It was in this, as much as in anything else, that he showed that genius is the capacity for taking pains; and it is in his decorative work that he has completely triumphed and impressed his genius on the world.

DOUBT

BY ANNA GLEN STODDARD

A PEBBLE cast into Love's placid pool—
And, lo! the ripples, ever widening out,
Until the utmost confines of the marge
Are urged and fretted by the circled doubt.

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THE AMERICAN UNDERGRADUATE

BY CLAYTON SEDGWICK COOPER

SECOND PAPER: EDUCATION À LA CARTE

"IF I were to return to college, I should take nothing that was practical," remarked a recent college graduate. This attitude reveals by contrast a somewhat wide-spread tendency of opinion toward practical and progressive studies.

At a public gathering not long since, the president of a great State institution in the Middle West said that he believed within another decade every course in the institution of which he was the head would be intended simply to fit men to earn a livelihood. A cultivated disciple of quiet and delightful studies who overheard this remark was heard to say almost in a groan, "If I thought that was true of American education generally, I should want to die."

An even more significant note of warning against merely bread-and-butter studies comes from Amherst College, where the class of 1885 recently presented to the governing board the radical plan of abolishing entirely the degree of bachelor of science, with the purpose of building up a strictly classical course of study for a limited number of students admitted to college only by competitive examination. The plan provides for the raising of a fund to meet any deficiency caused by the temporary loss of students and also for the increase of teachers' salaries. The general idea in the mind of the Amherst committee is expressed as follows:

> The proposition for which Amherst stands is that preparation for some particular part of life does not make better citizens than "preparation for the whole of it"; that because a man can "function in society" as a craftsman in some trade or technical work, he is not thereby made a better leader; that we have already too much of that statesmanship marked by ability "to further some dominant social interest," and too little of that which is "aware of a world moralized by principle, steadied and cleared of many an evil thing by true and catholic reflection and just feeling, a world not of interest, but of ideas." Amherst upholds the proposition that for statesmen, leaders of public thought, for literature, indeed for all work which demands culture and breadth of view, nothing can take the place of the classical education; that the duty of institutions of higher education is not wholly performed when the youth of the country are passed from the high schools to the universities to be "vocationalized," but that there is a most important work to be performed by an institution which stands outside this straight line to pecuniary reward; that there is room for at least one great classical college, and we believe for many such.

These opinions are impressive. No one can visit widely our American colleges without feeling the appropriateness of such warnings and demands. A story is told of the president of a college praying in chapel for the prosperity of his school and all "inferior" institutions. The prayer would seem to have been answered in the last decade, which marks the marvelous growth of modern technical institutions in America. This growth has been specially pronounced in the great State universities and in the institutions fitted for the training of men for practical education.

GROWTH OF PRACTICAL EDUCATION

DR. WILLIAM R. HARPER is quoted as saying shortly before his death that "no matter how liberally the private institution might be endowed, the heritage of the future, at least in the West, is to be the State university." An ex-president of a State university has given the following indication of ten years of

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advance in attendance of students at fifteen State universities in comparison with attendance at fifteen representative Eastern colleges and universities:

	1896–97	1906–07
State universities	16,414	34,770
	Increase 112%	
Eastern institutions	18,331	28,631
	Increase 56%	

Almost any one of our great universities at present has many times the wealth, equipment, and students of all of our colleges fifty years ago. Our American agricultural and mechanical colleges, the greater number of which have come within ten years, now enroll more than 25,000 students. In 1850 there were only eight non-professional graduate students in the United States. In 1876, when Johns Hopkins opened, there were 400 such students. There are now at least 10,000 students of this class, and every year finds an additional number of our larger institutions including graduate courses preparing for practical vocations, with many of them adding facilities for graduate study during the summer.

The following more concrete comparison by Professor E. E. Slosson reveals the manner in which the new State institutions are rapidly meeting the demands of modern times for technical and professional education; for the chief progress in these institutions has been not in the old-fashioned culture studies, but in special departments, including well-nigh everything from engineering and dairying to music and ceramics:

INSTITUTIONS	TOTAL ANNUAL INCOME	ANNUAL APPROPRIATION FOR SALARIES OF INSTRUCTING STAFF	TOTAL INSTRUCTING STAFF IN UNIVERSITY	AVERAGE EXPENDITURE FOR INSTRUCTION PER STUDENT
Columbia University	$1,675,000	$1,145,000	559	$280
Harvard University	1,827,789	841,970	573	209
University of Chicago	1,304,000	699,000	291	137
University of Michigan	1,078,000	536,000	285	125
Yale University	1,088,921	524,577	365	158
Cornell University	1,082,513	510,931	507	140
University of Illinois	1,200,000	491,675	414	136
University of Wisconsin	998,634	489,810	297	157
University of Pennsylvania	589,226	433,311	375	117
University of California	844,000	408,000	350	136
Stanford University	850,000	365,000	136	230
Princeton University	442,232	308,650	163	235
University of Minnesota	515,000	263,000	303	66
Johns Hopkins University	311,870	211,013	172	324

WHAT IS THE CHIEF END OF AN AMERICAN COLLEGE?

THIS sudden and enormous advance in the pursuit of technical studies, which have made the State universities formidable rivals to our older, privately endowed institutions, has aroused uncertainty as to the real object of collegiate training. Modern commercialism, which has said that you must touch liberal studies, if at all, in a utilitarian way, has swept in a mighty current through our American universities. The undergraduate is feeling increasingly the pressure of the outside modern world—the world not of values, but of dollars. The sense of strain, of rush, and of anxiety which generally pervades our business, our public and our professional life, has pervaded the atmosphere in which men should be taught first of all to think and to grow.

The present tendency of students is to feel that any form of education that does not associate itself directly with some form of practical and significant action is artificial, unreal, and undesirable. Last winter I visited an institution on the Pacific coast where literary studies were considered, among certain classes of students, as not only unpractical, but almost unmanly. As a result of such drift in educational sentiment, the American undergraduate is in danger of getting prepared for an emergency rather than for life. He is losing,

> In action's dizzying eddy whirled,
> The something that infects the world.

The student leads his life noisily and hurriedly. He scarcely takes time to see it all

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plainly without dust and confusion. There is all about him a blurred sense of motion and duties. His culture lies upon him in lumps. He does not allow it time to impress him. College is a bewildering episode rather than a place of clear vision.

THE NEED OF LEADERS RATHER THAN MONEY-MAKERS

It is far easier to turn out of our colleges mechanical experts than it is to create men who are thoughtful, men who know themselves and the world. The value of the modern man to society does not depend upon his ability to do always the same thing that everybody else is doing. College men should be fitted to *make* public sentiment as well as to follow it. The educated leader should be in advance of his period. Independence born of thoughtfulness and self-control should mark his thought and decision. The world looks to him for assistance in vigorously resisting those deteriorating influences which would commercialize intellect, coarsen ideas, and dilute true culture. His hours of insight and vision in the world of art, ideas, letters, and moral discipline should assist him to will aright when high vision is blurred by the duties of the common day. His clearer conception of highest truth should lead him to hope when other men despair. Our colleges should train men who will be "trumpets that sing to battle" against all complacency, indifference, and social wrong.

When a student, however, puts his profession of medicine or engineering before that of responsible leadership in social, political, moral, and industrial life, he ceases to be a real factor in the modern world. We already have a thousand men who can make money to one man who can think and make other men think. We have a thousand followers to one genuine leader who incorporates in his own mind and heart a high point of view and the ability to present it in an attractive way. It is one thing for an undergraduate to go out from his institution expert in electrical science; it is quite another thing for him truly to discover the spirit of life itself, so that he is able to harmonize his expert ability with the broader and deeper life of the age in which he lives.

The present undergraduate often fails lamentably at this very point. He frequently reminds one of the remark of an old gentleman to an old lady whom I saw at a backwoods railway-station in Oregon watching a small white dog chasing with great zeal an express-train which had surged past the station. The old lady, turning to her companion, said eagerly, "Do you think he will catch it?" The old man answered, "I am wondering what he will do with the blamed thing if he *does* catch it." The college undergraduate likewise is often uncertain about what he is to do with his profession beyond making a living with it. Our colleges, with their technical training, should give the conviction that a physician in a community is more than a medical practitioner. His success as a physician brings with it an obligation of interest and leadership in all of the social, civic, and philanthropic movements of the town or city in which he works. He should discover in college that he is to be more than a doctor; that he is to be also a man and a citizen. In the last analysis for real success it is not a question whether a man is a great engineer or a great electrician or a great surgeon; it is the question of individual character.

The pressing inquiry, then, for all undergraduate training is, Are we giving to our boys the kind of education which will fill their future life with meaning? A man must live with himself. He must be a good companion for himself. A college graduate, whatever his specialty, should be able to spend an evening apart from the crowd. The theater, the automobile, the lobster-palace, were never intended to be the chief end of collegiate education. A college course should give the undergraduate tastes, temperament, and habits of reading. A graduate who studies to be a specialist in any line needs also the education which will give him depth, background, and the historical significance of civilization and life in general.

A lady at a dinner-party was making desperate attempts to interest in her conversation a certain business man who had been introduced to her as a graduate of a prominent university. She talked to him of books, education, theater, races, pictures, society, and out-of-door life. All of her efforts were futile. Finally he said, "Try me on leather; that 's my line." This college graduate lost something im-

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portant in his incompetency for general and intelligent conversation. His loss was more tragic, however, as a representative of the so-called college-educated classes, exponents of specialistic training, who have become materially successful, but who are without those personal resources necessary for their own enjoyment and profit, and who find themselves utterly inadequate for guidance or incentive to their fellowmen.

ELECTIVE STUDIES

THE system of elective studies which now widely characterizes the training in our higher educational institutions has made it increasingly difficult for the college man to secure a clear idea of a college course and the comprehensive training which is his due. In many institutions the whole curriculum is in a state of unstable equilibrium. The endeavor to follow the demands of the times and the desire to secure patrons and students, have often brought to both the faculty and the undergraduate a blurred sense of the true meaning of the college. Even in freshman and sophomore years the arrangement of studies is often left to the choice of the immature student. In one of our oldest universities there is at present only one prescribed course of study. For the rest, the students are allowed to choose at their own sweet will, and their choice, while dictated by a variety of motives, is influenced in no small degree by the preponderance of emphasis, both in buildings and faculty, upon technical education. Students are left to flounder about in their selection of courses, guided neither by curriculum nor life purpose. Recently I asked twenty-six students why they chose their studies. Sixteen of them gave monetary or practical reasons; six answered that the studies chosen furnished the line of least resistance as far as preparation was concerned; and only four had in mind comprehensive culture and preparation for life.

I sympathize with the editor who said recently:

> Is it not time that we stop asking indulgence for learning and proclaim its sovereignty? Is it not time that we remind the college men of this country that they have no right to any distinctive place in any community unless they can show it by intellectual achievement? that if a university is a place for distinction at all, it must be distinguished by conquest of mind?

While these tendencies threaten, instead of criticizing too severely our universities and our undergraduates, we should strive first to find the reason for these modern scientific and practical lines of work; and second, to suggest, if possible, definite ways by which a truer harmony in educational studies may be brought about.

EDUCATION TO MEET POPULAR DEMANDS

THE rapid extension of natural-physical science in the last fifty years has had much to do with the change of accent in American education. This change of emphasis has effected a distinct transformation in the curriculum, in the college teacher, and in the student ideal.

Should one care to get one's fingers dusty with ancient documents, one might turn to an old leaflet in the files of the library at Columbia, dated November 2, 1853. It is the report of the trustees of Columbia College upon the establishment of a university system. Among other things this report outlines, in accordance with the ideas of the trustees, "the mission of the college."

This mission is, "to direct and superintend the mental and moral culture. The design of a college is to make perfect the human intellect in all its parts and functions; by means of a thorough training of all the intellectual faculties, to obtain their full development; and by the proper guidance of the moral functions, to direct them to a proper exertion. To form the mind, in short, is the high design of education as sought in a College Course." The report hereupon proceeds to note that unfortunately this sentiment, "manifest and just" though it be, "does not meet with universal sympathy or acquiescence." "On the contrary, the demand for what is termed progressive knowledge . . . and for fuller instruction in what are called the useful and practical sciences, is at variance with this fundamental idea. The public generally, unaccustomed to look upon the mind except in connection with the body, and to regard it as a machine for promoting the pleasures, the conveniences, or the comforts of the latter, will not be satisfied with a system of education in which they are unable to perceive the direct connection between the knowledge

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imparted and the bodily advantages to be gained. The committee therefore "think that while they would retain the system having in view the most perfect intellectual training, they might devise parallel courses, having this design at the foundation, but still adapted to meet the popular demand."

We have here one of the early indications of "parallel courses" in one of our institutions of higher learning as a concession to popular demands. But this concession at Columbia was made before the immense extension and development of modern natural, physical, and industrial science. Education or culture in the early fifties was something easy to define. It included logic, literature, oratory, conic sections, and religion. Since that date, however, the American undergraduate has discovered modern research work at the German university. Cecil Rhodes has opened Oxford for American students with his "golden key." The American student has been called upon to match with his technical ability the enormous and rapid development of a new material civilization, and educational institutions take color from the social and political media in which they exist. In fact, it cannot be easily estimated how real or how comprehensive a factor the college graduate has been in guiding and shaping this practical and progressive awakening.

The American undergraduate is more than ever before contemporaneous with all that is real and important in modern existence. He is filled with enthusiasm for civic and social and religious investigation and improvement. With self-reliant courage he works his way through college, tutoring, waiting on table, and performing other real services. He debates with zeal economics, immigration, and labor questions. Indeed, the modern American university is taking increasingly firmer hold upon the life of the nation. The college graduate of fifty years ago was more or less a thing apart. If he was strong in his literary studies, he was also weak in his attachment to life itself, where education really has its working arena. In comparison with him, the student to-day spends a greater proportion of his time in the study of political science. One feels the limitation of the modern undergraduate especially in the sweep of his literary knowledge, and in his acquaintance with abstract thought, art, and poetry. But when we see student and professor working together on our American farms, bringing about a new and higher type of rural life; when we find our mechanical engineers not only in the mountains and on the Western prairies, but in the heart of India or inland China or South Africa, building there their bridges and railroad tunnels according to the ideas seen in the vision of their new practical educational training, we are bound to ask whether the modern undergraduate is not truly interested in the deep aim of all true scholarship, namely, the spiritual and concrete construction of life by means of ideas made real. Ambassador Bryce's opinion of the American universities carries weight, and of them he has said:

> If I may venture to state the impression which the American universities have made upon me, I will say that while of all the institutions of the country they are those of which the American speaks most modestly, and indeed deprecatingly, they are those which seem to be at this moment making the swiftest progress, and to have the brightest promise for the future. They are supplying exactly those things which European cities have hitherto found lacking to America; and they are contributing to her political as well as to her contemplative life elements of inestimable worth.

But since undergraduate training must deal not simply with the theory of education, but also with the imperative demands and conditions of a new time, there must be discovered practical ways by which our undergraduates may save their literary ideals at the same time that they enlarge their practical and progressive knowledge; means by which they may discover literary, historical, linguistic, and philosophical values without losing their mathematics and their physical and material sciences.

To the end, therefore, of making cultural studies as strong, attractive, and profitable to our undergraduates as practical and scientific training, our institutions should train men of large caliber to teach English and belles-lettres. They should discover great teachers and inspiring personalities.

PERSONALITY OF GREAT TEACHERS

PRESIDENT GILMAN of Johns Hopkins University took as his motto, "Men be-

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fore buildings." The subject of securing great teachers for students is perhaps the most vital topic which can be considered, since from the point of view of undergraduates a professor, whether teaching civil engineering or Greek, is invariably influential because of what he is personally.

In a large university which I recently visited I was told that there were three thousand students and five hundred instructors and professors, an average of a professor to every six students. Upon asking several of the undergraduates how many professors they knew personally, I was somewhat astounded to find that less than a dozen of these six hundred teachers came into personal contact with the students outside of the classes. One graduate told me that he had not been in the home of more than three professors during his college course.

There are undoubtedly reasons for this lack of association between the professors and the undergraduates. In a large university, the demand upon the teacher for more work than he should rightfully undertake, the ever-increasing interest of the student in college affairs, with many other influences, are constantly presented as difficulties in the way of the teacher's close relationship with the student. But the important point in this association between student and professor is that in many cases the professor has nothing vital and individual to give the undergraduate when he meets him. In too many cases he is a dry and weary man, living his life in books rather than in men. A. C. Benson has described a Cambridge don in terms that at times we fear fit some college professors of our own land. He sits "like a moulting condor in a corner, or wanders seeking a receptacle for his information." The American college teacher has too often been chosen simply because of his scholarship. Our institutions of learning have been obsessed with the mere value of the degree of doctor of philosophy. As a consequence, many a young professor is scholarly and expert in his knowledge of his subject, but utterly without ability to impart it with interest. He lacks driving force as well as guiding and regulating force. He is at times without the capacity for real feeling. He is not alive to the issues of the time in which he lives. He starts his subject a century behind the point of view in which his scholars are interested. Too often, alas! he misses the chief opportunity of a college teacher in not becoming friendly with his undergraduates; for there is no comradeship like the comradeship of letters, the comradeship of knowledge, the comradeship of those whose lives are united in the higher aims of serious education.

Letters have never lacked their fascination when they have been embodied in the thought and personalities of great teachers. Albert Harkness, with his face aglow with literary enthusiasm, reading "Prometheus Bound," in his lecture-room in the old University Hall at Providence, is one of the unfading memories of my undergraduate days. When Tennyson said, "I am sending my son not to Marlborough, but to Bradley, the great teacher," it was not a *subject* he had in mind, but a *personality*. In one institution which I visit, virtually the entire undergraduate body elects botany. A student said to me one day, "None of us cares especially for botany, but we would elect anything to be under Dr. ——." Not long ago, attending a college dinner at the University of Minnesota, I heard a professor at my side lamenting the tendency to irreverence on the part of American college men. While we were speaking, ex-President Northrop came into the room, and the entire crowd of students were on their feet in an instant, cheering their beloved president. One of the undergraduates closed his remarks by saying that the deepest impression of his college days had occurred in the chapel when their honored president prayed; and he quoted the following verse:

When Prexy prays
Our heads all bow,
A sense of peace
Smooths every brow,
Our hearts, deep stirred,
No whisper raise
At chapel time
When Prexy prays.

THE PROFESSOR IN THE LECTURE-ROOM

THE classroom presentation of the college professor is also highly important. Many a subject is spoiled for a student because of the pedantic, priggish, or solemn manner of the teach[illegible]. Many a teacher is devoted to his s[illegible]nd painstaking, but his lack of kn[illegible]e as to the use of

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incident, epigram, and enticing speech in presenting his subject, prevents his popularity and power as a teacher. Woodrow Wilson says that he had been teaching for twenty years before he discovered that the students forgot his facts, but remembered his stories. We realize that tables of population, weights, and measures, temperatures, birth-rates, and dimensions, are at times necessary, but these should be used in the classroom with moderation.

Too often a teacher takes for granted that he has an uninteresting subject, and therefore gives up the task of making it attractive. A professor of mathematics, endeavoring to evade the obligation for good teaching, gave to a professor of chemistry, whose lecture-room was always crowded with interested students, the following reason for the unpopularity of his subject: "The trouble with mathematics is that nothing ever happens. If, when an equation is solved, it would blow up or give off a bad odor, I should get as many students as you." The real reason, however, was deeper than the nature of his subject. It lay in the nature of the man. He did not have the power to bring his subject into vital contact with reality and with the life of his students.

The lecture plan also handicaps many a teacher in this important task of getting near the student and drawing him out. The seminar of our larger universities and graduate schools help much in thus individualizing the students. Students may be talked to death. An undergraduate in the South, after hearing a professor who was without terminal facilities, told me the old story of Josh Billings, who defined a bore as a man who talked so much about himself that you could n't talk about yourself.

In many institutions the students also are forced to take too many lectures. Their minds become jaded. Thinking is the last thing they have power to do in the lecture-room. There is little desire or opportunity for intellectual reaction. As one keen professor of a Western university stated:

> They do not listen, however attentive or orderly they may be. The bell rings, and a troop of tired-looking boys, followed perhaps by a larger number of meek-eyed girls, file into the classroom, sit down, remove the expressions from their faces, open their note-books on the broad chair-arms, and receive. It is about as inspiring an audience as a room full of phonographs holding up their brass trumpets.

TWO WAYS OF TEACHING HISTORY

THE most discouraging moments of my college days occurred during the lecture hours in history, not because I did not have a natural bent for history, but because the professor made the topic, for me, uninteresting. My mind became a blank almost as soon as I entered the classroom. Mondays and Fridays in history covered me with a darkness beyond that which I had ever imagined could emanate from the world of fallen spirits. My powers went into eclipse. There seemed to be a kind of automatic cut-off between my brains and my note-book. My only source of comfort consisted in the fact that my miseries had companionship. In one examination, I remember, only three men out of a class of fifty succeeded in satisfying the demands of our scholarly teacher.

I can only remember flashes and hints of a long, solemn, student face, shrouded with whiskers, bending with piercing eye over books which seemed only slightly less dry than a remainder biscuit, droning, in "hark-from-the-tombs-a-doleful-sound" incantation, words, which to our vagrant attention were just words, belonging to remote centuries, while about me my companions shivered audibly, waiting to be called up. The professor was called a great student of history. He might have been. We gladly admitted this: it was the chief compliment we could pay him. As a teacher and inspirer of boys, however, he was a good example of the way to make history impregnable.

I hold in memory, also, another professor who taught history. He was seldom called a professor. The students called him "Benny." There was a kind of lingering affection in our voices as we spoke his name. His lecture-room was always crowded. No student ever went to sleep, no student became so frightened that he lost his wits, no student ever took himself too seriously. There was an element of humor and humanness which was constantly kindled by this great, manly teacher and which fired at frequent intervals every student heart. His illustra-

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Drawn by Henry Kaleigh

STUDENT WAITERS IN THE DINING-HALL OF AN AMERICAN COLLEGE

Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

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tions were not confined to Horatius on the bridge, Garibaldi promising his soldiers disaster and death, or Luther at Worms. He attached history to modern themes. His historical situations were described not in the terms of tedious systems, but in the personalities of great men. We somehow felt that he himself was greater than anything he said; that he himself was a great man. He found interest in the *life* of college as well as in the *work* of college. He talked about the last foot-ball game and the reason why the college was defeated and the lessons that men should draw from their failure. The value of his remarks was enhanced by the fact that most of the men had seen him shortly before on the running-track in the gymnasium, or on the front row of the grand stand, cheering patriotically with both voice and arms. I remember how he used to add driving power to our awakening resolves and ambitions. We were quite likely to forget that we were learning history. To-day at alumni dinners the mere mention of the name "Benny" brings an enthusiasm which the most eloquent speech of any other man seems incapable of invoking. Here was a man who also taught history; but the man was more than his book, he was more than his subject: he was the light and the blood of it, and the glory of that theme still brightens the path of every one of those hundreds of students who caught a new and radiant vision of the march of events in the light of a great man's eyes. It was of such teachers that Emerson must have been thinking when he said, "There is no history, only biography," and again, "An institution is but the lengthened shadow of a man."

It is of such men that other college graduates think to-day, even as Matthew Arnold thought of Jowett at Balliol:

For rigorous masters seized my youth,
And purged its faith, and trimmed its fire
Shew'd me the high, white star of truth,
There bade me gaze, and there aspire.

WANTED: THE GREAT TEACHER

BUT how are we to train such teachers for our undergraduates? This is no child's task. It is the matchless opportunity of the college; it is the crying need of our times. A large proportion of undergraduates in college lecture-rooms are virtually untouched in either their feelings or their intellects by the ministry of the church. Whatever the ministry may have been in our father's times, it is not to-day significant or effective in imparting its message to students. The fact is periodically demonstrated by test questions of teachers to their students concerning the Bible, English literature, and church history. I have recently visited a dozen of the leading preparatory schools whose headmasters and teachers quite invariably unite in lamenting the inadequacy of the Sunday-schools and of religious training in the home. Indeed, many students go up to our best preparatory schools in almost a heathenish condition as regards religion and Christian knowledge. It is the day and time of the teacher's ministry in both secondary schools and in colleges. No pulpit in our day is more far-reaching and decisive than the desk of the college teacher. The college professor who does not forget that he is first a man, then a professor, and who can get past the friendship of books and knowledge to a genuine friendship with students, can be the highest force in our present day civilization. But the teacher says: "I am only a teacher of literature, or of chemistry, or of engineering, or of bridge-building. I am not an evangelist or a moral reformer, or a promoter of polite accomplishments or of social service." Much of this is true also of the great teachers of history. Yet somehow these men found in their specialty the door through which they entered into the very hearts and lives of their school-boys.

A short time ago at the University of Iowa I had the opportunity of meeting at luncheon thirty members of the faculty. The subject for discussion was: "What can the professor do really to assist students at the University of Iowa in discovering the values worth while in college life?" Approximately one half of the teachers for various reasons prayed to be excused from the discussion. I was specially interested in the answers of the other men—among whom were the men, according to student testimony, who had a real hold upon the university life. One man was of the department of chemistry. He was prominent in student activities. When he was introduced, a student said, "There

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Drawn by Henry Raleigh. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

A POPULAR PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY AND HIS CROWDED LECTURE-ROOM

is no man more truly liked in the university than Professor ——" As he talked, we felt that, while he might be a good teacher of chemistry, his department was chiefly important in giving him a point of departure from which he could go forth to interest himself in the life of young men. After the conference he said to me: "If professors want influence with students, let them appear at debates, at athletic games, and at student mass-meetings; let them show real interest in undergraduate activities of all sorts, even at personal sacrifice."

Another professor was a teacher of English. He was not interested in athletics or in the religious life of the students so much as in revealing to students in the classroom as well as outside the classroom the charm of literary things. That was his message—his individual message to his college. His life-work was more than presenting the evolution of the English novel: it was a mission to students to secure on their part habits of reading and a taste for genuine literature which in after years would be to many the most priceless reward of their college days. It is not necessary that two college teachers should present the same truth in the same way, but when college professors and instructors, presidents, deans, and tutors, realize that teaching to-day as in former days is a calling, not simply a means of livelihood, and that every man who holds any such position must somehow discover how to reach personally at least a small circle of students, then our colleges will not longer be defined as "knowledge shops," but as the homes of those inspirations and friendships, those ideals and incitements, which make life more than meat and the body than raiment.

While the drift of our modern life in the outside world may be toward technical and scientific education, the drift in college is still toward the great teacher—the man of thought-provoking power and of spiritual capacity; sincere and genuine both in scholarship and manhood, of whom one can speak, as Carlyle spoke of Schiller, "a high ministering servant at Truth's altar, and bore him worthily of the office he held."

(To be continued)

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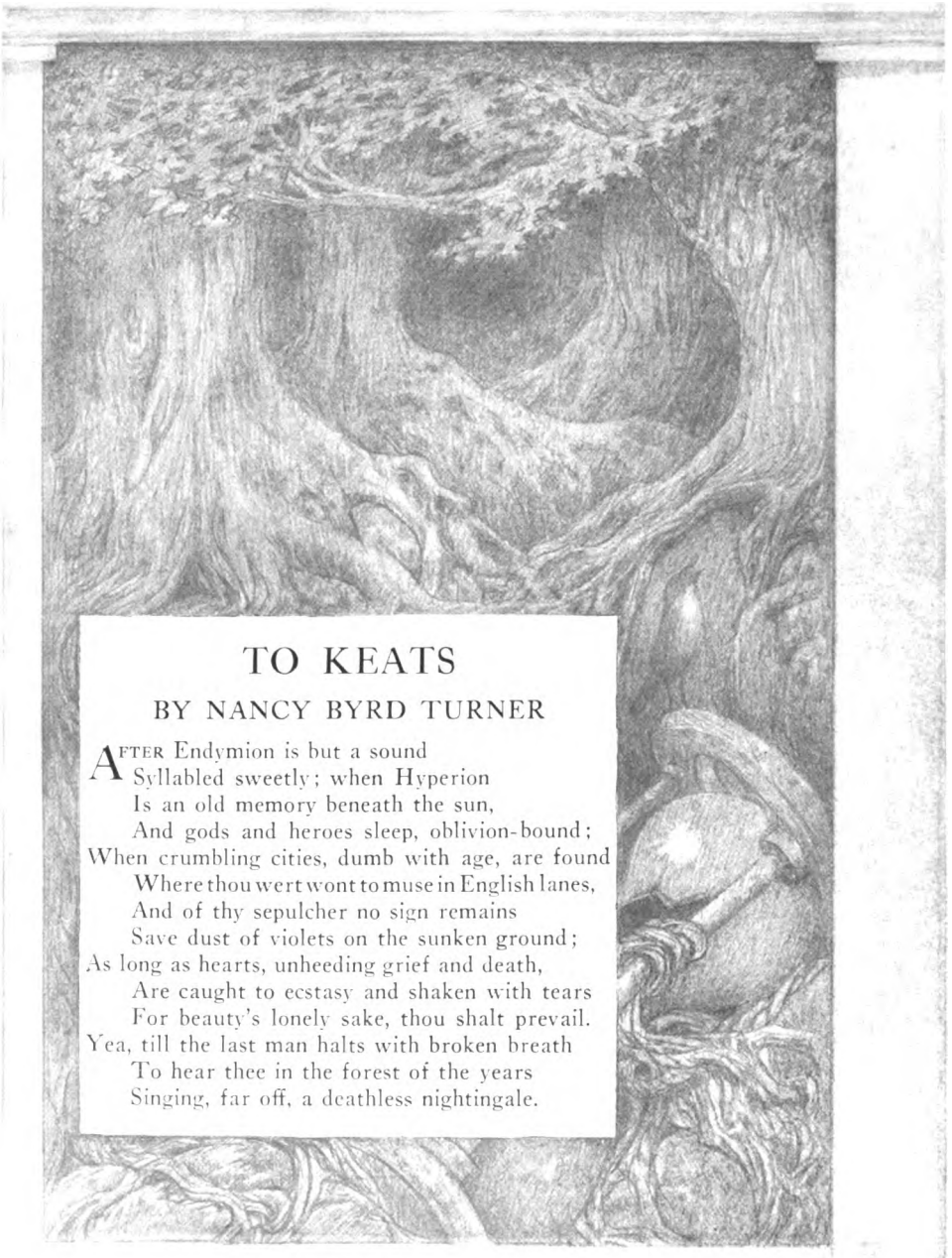

TO KEATS

BY NANCY BYRD TURNER

AFTER Endymion is but a sound
Syllabled sweetly; when Hyperion
Is an old memory beneath the sun,
And gods and heroes sleep, oblivion-bound;
When crumbling cities, dumb with age, are found
Where thou wert wont to muse in English lanes,
And of thy sepulcher no sign remains
Save dust of violets on the sunken ground;
As long as hearts, unheeding grief and death,
Are caught to ecstasy and shaken with tears
For beauty's lonely sake, thou shalt prevail.
Yea, till the last man halts with broken breath
To hear thee in the forest of the years
Singing, far off, a deathless nightingale.

Drawn by Oliver Herford. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

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THE WAYS OF WOMEN RANCHERS

BY MARY GAY HUMPHREYS

WITH PICTURES BY J. N. MARCHAND

THE region has been called the Land of Refuge. Over a quarter of a century ago nearly everybody who for one reason or another desired to escape temporarily or permanently from their fellow-men sought the sheltering cañons in the foot-hills of the Rockies. There the stony cliffs, fringed with pines, inclosed secluded vegas and mesas that, covered with rich grama-grass, furnished ideal seclusion and a means of support.

The social stratum, when it was manifested on such special occasions as round-ups, funerals, and festivities, was made up of fugitives from all sorts of justice, men and women impatient with the restraints of civilization, the literate and the illiterate who had cast aside all traditions or perhaps had none to abandon, but all with standards of their own and their own ideas of honor. Nobody asked questions. Six weeks furnished a statute of limitations.

To this community, and into one of the loveliest of these cañons, three women came from the heart of a tumultuous city. Under certain conditions a beneficent Government allows every full-grown person one hundred and sixty acres of land. A man who thought he was a murderer had fled to this cañon and taken up a claim. In time he learned that luckily he had been unsuccessful, and any chagrin he may have felt at his poor marksmanship was tempered by the fact that he could go back to the civilization he preferred.

His claim, with a small cabin and seven cows, was bought by the three women. In their thankfulness for peace and repose they piously called it "Beulah Ranch." Beulah Ranch it still is, although it has been enlarged by half a dozen more claims, "taken up" or bought, until for almost five miles the cañon, with its fair vegas and mesas, its carefully preserved timber, its valuable water-rights, and more recently the prospect of underlying coal, is their domain.

We arrived late in the afternoon over an incredible road, founded on some prehistoric upheaval, and wandering as best it could among the cactus and the pines. In the spring-wagon lay an underlying stratum of bags of corn and oats. Superimposed were a box of groceries, a basket of fruit, a saddle and harness, sundry bags, and a valise. These were kept from leaving the wagon by way of the tail-board by a trunk, which also served as a seat. For five miles, which might have been twenty, we tossed as in an open boat over waves of rock. At length the horses plunged down into the dry arroyo, and the cañon suddenly opened up. The character of the country changed as if at a signal. Green slopes, with park-like groups of pines, stretched toward the rocky cliffs, inclosing emerald deeps, rising higher and higher, until they finally climbed to the far-away "divide." We trotted along the grassy road until we climbed the first slope.

"This is Whoopee Hill. The house is a mile farther up," said Elena, the youngest of the ranchers, from her seat on the trunk. "If we should shout from here, Ginger would hear us and bark. Then Maria would run out and open the gate. It is n't exactly an electric bell, but it 's as prompt."

The road led twice across the tortuous arroyo, then along the grassy vega, until the brown little ranch-house showed up against the pines, and horses, dogs, chickens, and human beings joined in vo-

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ciferous welcome, with an outlying circle of open-eyed cattle looking on.

Gazing back over the road we had come, the beauty of the scene made the heart leap. Above hung the blue, crystalline dome, with its serenely floating clouds. On the vega below, the upstanding flowers—snow-on-the-mountain and white poppies—grew as naïvely as flowers grow in Perugino's foregrounds. Above lay the mesa, with its groups of pines; beyond were the slopes, fold on fold, reaching out toward the high cliffs showing through the dark-green trees that clung to their sides. Then, as if defending the peaceful cañon against the hurrying, remorseless world outside, rose the battlements of Pescatore, throwing its level flanks from cliff to cliff, ten thousand feet high, its grim fortifications mounted on velvety slopes, over which the sun was now chasing the cloud shadows.

"This is what the Eastern millionaires pay money for," I exclaimed, "and I should rather have this view for an asset than a six-foot coal-vein."

"Pescatore," Elena explained, "is all in your eye. It is, in fact, eighteen miles away, but in the perspective comes neatly down across our cañon like a drop-curtain shutting off the stage of the world; and those velvety slopes beneath the rock are forests of pine so dense that twenty feet away you cannot see the trail."

All the same, for the ranch-house and its owners Nature has indulged in one of her supreme efforts at formal composition, and has bestowed it regally and recklessly. Now, after weeks of watching the lovely lines of the cañon and its intimate pastoral effects, shut away from the world, as it were, by Pescatore, its bold battlements and level, outlying flanks, tipped by rosy clouds, smiling in the afterglow, somber in storm, draped in wreathing mists, changing from hour to hour in the magical atmosphere, but always a delight to the eye, the scene remains one always to be remembered among the many a vagrant eye has treasured.

Immediately within the door, on a table designed for photograph-albums and card-receivers, stood two objects sharing prominence over a tiny china clock and a gilt trinket-box. These were a pair of field-glasses and a six-barreled revolver, as the tender-foot calls it, but locally known as a "gun." These two rule the ranch, and their presence is at every moment accounted for. The husky fox-terrier barks. There is a swish of skirts, one pair of hands seizes the field-glasses, another, the gun. The enemy is the impudent coyote on vega or mesa, stealing up the dry arroyo or lurking behind the chicken-house; or, it may be a hawk swooping low. Eternal vigilance is the price of the hen-coop. The cry of "ki-yi" or "hawk" is understood by all the creatures. The chickens fly to the house for protection, and the armed house makes for the open.

Salina, the oldest sister, who is the ranch's "cow-boy," is the only one who does not use the gun.

"All the same, I enjoy the reputation of a dead shot," she said, "merely because I am apt to remark that I 've never yet missed anything that I aimed at. The truth is, I am too near-sighted to aim at anything, and although I have spent many lonely hours in the cañon, for my own protection I have never needed the gun."

The bright face of danger does indeed take on a new aspect in this lonely spot. During the night the only safeguard against the outside world is the screen-doors, and these are to exclude some bull-snake or rattlesnake that might be curious. In the dark hours one hears the sound of horses' hoofs coming up the cañon, and Ginger barks without stirring, as if in apology for the habit, as some belated mountaineer takes a short-cut home. Yet possible danger is always present. Convicts working on the state road sometimes escape, and seek safety in some of the little "draws" of the cañon, whence they might swoop down for food on a lonely little house sheltering only women. Murders are frequent in the mining-camps, and in fact the cabin on the upper range was for several days the refuge of a desperado.

"Well, even convicts and murderers must eat, and everybody knows they can get food here if they ask for it," said the hospitable Salina. "Years ago I wakened one morning, and saw dark faces pressed against every window. I got up and went to the door, and found a posse of Mexicans. The brother of one had been killed, and they thought the murderer was hidden here. I said: 'Boys, I don't blame

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you a bit. Come in and look while I put on the coffee-pot and get you some breakfast.' "

"If it had been the murderer, you would have done the same thing," Elena added.

"Pooh, what 's a cup of coffee and a hot biscuit? Besides, you can never tell why people commit crimes," she concluded vaguely, unfolding her mantle of charity, which was of astonishing size.

"Once every cow-boy on the range but Salina was arrested for cattle-stealing," Elena continued. "I was in town, and I was so uneasy, knowing that she would be alone and unprotected, with everybody else in jail, that I walked out. When I got to the ranch I found her seated on the fence, with the head of Fritz, the broncho, in her lap, the picture of desolation. 'It 's all well enough to be good,' she said, 'but it 's mighty lonesome.' "

"That was a sad time," Salina mused. "Tommy Flower had his last meal with me before he went to the pen. When he served his time and came out, he said: 'It 's all right. I done it, and I took my medicine. But I 've got this to say: I never took a hoof from them fool women over the hill.' That 's us," she added with some pride.

"It is a compliment, then?"

"It has its complimentary aspect. You see, we do things differently. Raising cattle is a business conducted for profit. Cattle, in the eyes of a cattle-man, is much the same as a stone-quarry or a coal-mine. We 've never looked at it that way."

As we were talking, Maria entered.

"Salina, Nellie is out here. Come and speak to her."

Instead of some Wordsworthian berry-girl or mountaineer's child, Nellie proved to be a white-faced Hereford, which had come down from the upper range with her "bunch." Salina walked up to her as to an absent friend.

"Nellie, where have you been for so long? Come down for some salt, eh?"

On small pieces of wood placed at intervals Salina dropped her salt, and Nellie and her companions stepped up to the banquet, while Salina visited one after another.

"What is the matter, Tenny? A tick in your ear?" Thrusting her hand into the cow's ear, Salina investigated. "I think, Tenny, I 've got it loose. Perhaps if you shake your head, it will come out."

And Tenny shook her head!

"You see, cattle go in families—brothers and sisters and even cousins. So when a bunch comes down from the upper range, and one is missing, I know that something has happened, and start right off on old Fritz, who has hunted the range with me for twenty-three years."

"When Fritz dies, I hope I shall be at the other end of the country." Maria threw up her hands.

"Fritz and I have grown old together. Many a night riding the fence to look for cattle-thieves, we have had to stay up in the hills until midnight waiting for the moon to come up in order to find the trail down. Why, Fritz can point almost like a dog." Salina's enthusiasm is always touched with emotion when she speaks of Fritz. "A yearling was missing, and Fritz and I went out to hunt for it, but could n't find it. 'Fritz,' I said, 'we 'll have to look for a "deady." ' He knows that word as well as I do. Presently he stopped, and looked around for me to use my field-glasses; but I saw nothing. He went a few steps farther and looked around again. I understood. I got off, and there lay the calf dead. Did you know that if a calf falls with its head down-hill it cannot get up? That was what happened to this poor little thing."

"Salina is so near-sighted that Maria and I think of having Fritz made her guardian by order of court," Elena added. "Once he seized her by the wrist and saved her from a rattlesnake as she was looking at the work of some timber-thieves, and another time he caught her sleeve as she was stepping back into a ditch."

"But for intelligence there is nothing to be compared with a four-year-old steer." Salina was indulging herself in her favorite theme, at which times one kept silence, mentally lying in wait. We were seated on the porch, Ginger, as usual, lying by our "saddle," as he is taught to regard it. Thomasita, a cat with a past, on one chair, little Pink, a scrub kitten, who gets all she wants by shouting for it, on another, and Salina, field-glasses in hand, taking her ease.

"When we first came here, we made

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Drawn by J. N. Marchand. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"'WELL, EVEN CONVICTS AND MURDERERS MUST EAT'"

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companions of our little herd. We had a young steer called Billee Taylor, and I taught him to give his paw; and after I had stroked it, he would bend down and lick it, his eyes beaming with pleasure."

"Yes, and the cow-boys' comment was, 'Pshaw! our steers will give all their paws, and you don't have to ask for them either,'" Elena supplemented.

"I taught Billee to fetch and carry, and out on the range, when I wanted to send home my wrap, I 'd put it on Billee's back and tell him to take it to the house. He would trot away, and the folks would hear a bellow, and Billee would be at the fence, the wrap on his back, his eyes sparkling. He knew he had done a clever thing.

"There is nothing wilder on earth than range-cattle. They will bunch and trample underfoot anything that disturbs them. Once a range-cow got after Elena, and she got behind Georgie, a four-year-old steer, and he fought the cow off. He knew he was defending his own. I 'll tell you another queer thing. At one time we had seven hundred wild cattle turned on the range. In those days I used to wear a bright-blue veil, and although nobody could venture among them, when they saw that blue veil they would calmly stop and go on eating. Cow-boys say that cattle have a greater antipathy to white than they have to red, but I know that steers like blue.

"Sometimes the cattle would be sick, and we would have our lunch on the upper range when we took up bran for the ailing. The wild cattle would come up and watch us curiously. Finally we got some of them to eat out of our hands. At last they got wise enough to discriminate. There was a big steer we called Jumbo. I would put a biscuit on one knee, and a ginger cake on the other. Jumbo preferred cake, and at a glance would turn to the knee that had the ginger cake. I would show him off to the cow-boys, who could only say, 'Well, I 'll be darned!'"

Salina, who had been sweeping the landscape with her field-glasses as she talked, gave a cry of impatience.

"There are those Jimpson cattle down by the meadow. I do detest those spotted heifers. They spoil the looks of our herd."

This esthetic attitude, which left out of consideration that the Jimpson cattle were systematically turned on to her range in order to save their own grass for winter, seemed curious.

"I 've been grading up on the old range-cattle, which are big-boned, but hardy, with the less hardy white-faced Herefords. In addition, I 've been breeding a variety of my own that I call the 'diamond white tails.' Here comes Kaiser Bill, His Majesty. He is one of them."

Kaiser Bill, the most gentlemanly and dignified of bulls, had been observed as a conspicuous figure. When the various bunches came down for salt, he was usually present, moving among the cattle, apparently seeing that everybody was served, but claiming nothing for himself.

"If you want to see Kaiser Bill at his best," Elena cut in, for among four women no one got her story through intact —"Salina always feeds here in the yard, to save steps. When she has spread her hay about in bunches, she opens the gate, and calls out, 'All make ready for the grand entrée.' Then Kaiser Bill starts, first looking round to see if the procession is ready to move. Then he walks in, followed by his train, with such decorousness and formality that you might think you were at court or at least the circus."

"I always did feed in winter," continued Salina. "When we first came here, it was the day of the open range, and all the cattle that could be, were put on it. The suffering among the animals was pitiful. A regular cattle-man simply stands the loss, and does n't bother. I bothered." Her voice was sadly reminiscent. "I bought hay at sixteen dollars a ton from a man who said he could n't afford to feed. That year he lost forty-one cows from starvation, and we lost none. Since the Government has opened up the land, the cattle-men have to fence, and now raise alfalfa and sunflowers for feed."

"Salina,"—and it seemed an indelicate thing to ask,—"how do you ever bring yourself to the point of selling your cattle?"

"I never yet have signed the death-warrant of any of my cattle," she said, weighing every word. "I sell the yearlings and all that are off color. That gives them another year at least, and I sell to a neighbor who will care for them. I don't allow myself to get fond of the yearlings

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any more. As for the older ones, this is their home, and they know it.

"Last winter there was a blizzard, and by some chance the corral-gate was left open. Toward morning I heard a curious noise, and went out to find the porch full of cows. 'Where are all your babies?' I exclaimed, and, sure enough, I found four calves in the coal-house. Now, on the usual ranch the cattle would n't have made for home. They don't know they have a home. In the spring, when there is a storm, Fritz and I go out and look for the new-born calves. When we find a calf, I wrap a shawl about it so it can't kick, while Fritz gets alongside a log, and in this way we manage to get them all home."

Drawn by J. N. Marchand. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"'I GOT OFF, AND THERE LAY THE CALF DEAD'"

"Yes," said Elena, "I once came home and found a couple of trunks put across the corner of my room to furnish a corral for twin calves. But let me tell

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about Pearl. Pearl was the only white cow we ever had, and she never had a calf. Nevertheless, she had the maternal instinct, and was nurse for the whole bunch. When a storm was brewing, Pearl would be seen bringing down the calves, and when the cows wanted to go off on a grazing tea-party, Pearl would be left with the calves on the vega. I never could tell whether she consented voluntarily or whether they made her."

Thus talk, talk, talk flowed from morning to night, and occasionally during the night from room to room—talk of that variety and novelty that could come only from lives rich in experience, and from those with whom humor enlivens speech. Life at the ranch is one of ease, if not of luxury. There are times of emergency, of round-ups and brandings; but these are like periods at the end of sentences. With many cows, no one milks. The milk is brought every morning by little mountaineers from the next cañon.

There is no garden, for the ranch is non-irrigable, and the arroyo is dry except for certain water-holes. But over the "divide" the clouds gather; then a veil of mist falls. Presently there is the sound as of the breakers on a reef. The arroyo! We fly to the fence and mount it to watch the wall of water coming down, sweeping everything before it, moving tons of rocks, and eating out mouthfuls of soil. In a couple of hours all is serene, and presently the arroyo is again dry. In cloud-bursts it presents a scene of terror, and men and beasts are swept away. To be on the right side of the arroyo is always important in periods of sudden storms. Without water, the only bearing things are the piñons and the chiquaquas, and these last are unique.

One side of the yard is bordered by tall, bushy trees resembling our elderberry, at the same time luxuriant with clusters of white flowers and great bunches of small fruit with a bloom like a grape. Uncooked, the fruit is bitter, but made into jelly it rivals the currant, and as pie it leads the huckleberry. This is the specialty of the ranch. Visitors walk five miles over an impassable road for "chiquauk pie," and go home laden with fruit.

"Where did you get them, since they don't belong to the cañon?" I asked.

And Salina explained in that leisure which means nothing beyond talking and eating:

"A Mexican child gave me a sack of dried berries to take home. We threw them to the chickens, and have been undeservedly rewarded by our chiquaquas, which are the envy of all our friends."

Conversation began in the most unexpected fashion. Perhaps Maria, who has been in the Indian service, remarked: "When I was with the Mescalara Apaches, red tablecloths were all the rage. The squaws used to look so picturesque among the pines!"

Or Salina would begin: "When I was in the Sangre de Cristo Mountains, our refreshment at the dances was carrot-pie, tomato shortcake, and wheat preserved in black struck molasses." This conversation might be interrupted by Maria announcing that neither Right nor Left Monacle had been down for some time, and we would start for the upper range to see if they were sick or stolen.

"Be careful where you step. The rattlesnakes are blind in August, and can't see to give you warning." So Elena considerately apologized for the rattlesnakes.

The keen excitement of the unexpected accompanies such a stroll. The scene is ideally pastoral, but the underlying possibility of tragedy and danger is always present to keep the senses alert. We now came upon one of the upper cabins the windows of which had been wrenched open, and greasy pans and a coffee-pot stood on the stove.

"It must have been that tough couple who stopped for water." Salina recalled a young man and woman who might have stepped out of Bret Harte, so young and so tough they were, and, to judge by their mutual punches, slaps, and "g'longs," so much in love.

"Yes, and it might have been an escaping convict," Elena persisted. "We ought to have brought the gun."

"When we first came here," said Salina from her perch on the broncho, "we were liable to encounter bob cats and mountain lions. Once, coming over the hill, I saw what I thought was our dog Jack pushing through the scrub. I called out, 'Boy, how did you know where I was?' Just then a mountain lion stepped out on the trail. He looked at me, and

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I looked at him. Then he gave me the right of way, and went back into the timber. Another time I thought I saw a Jersey calf. I shouted to it, 'Whose little sugar-plum are you?' To my surprise, a mountain lion turned and ran down into the arroyo."

"I 'd rather meet a mountain lion than a bob cat any day. A mountain lion is n't apt to disturb cattle, but a bob cat stops at nothing. In the early days a cat and her kittens would come down and take the chickens right off the fence. Look," —Elena pointed—"there is Maria's cabin. We 'll have luncheon."

We had reached the upper claim, under the shadow of the "divide," where the abandoned cabin stood by its precious well.

"This is the second cabin," Elena explained. "As it happened, Maria filed her claim just three hours before a man tried to file his. He was naturally furious, and tried to drive us away and jump her claim. How it happened we never knew, but the cabin was burned down the night before she was to move in. She then moved over the cabin from my claim. The first three nights we sat up all night. The cabin had n't been chinked, and if anybody had looked through the cracks, they would have seen two young women, each with a pack of cards, a bowie-knife on one side of the table, and a lamp on the other. The only thing lacking to complete the picture of the 'wild and woolly West,' in the eyes of you Easterners, was a bottle of whisky."

"And Maria lived here alone for fourteen months."

"Thus our revered Uncle Samuel hath decreed; but Maria was not always alone. A husky rattlesnake lived under the floor for a time, and would rattle as she walked about. Occasionally he sunned himself in her garden."

The most surprising thing to a tenderfoot was that incidents of this sort were related casually, as one might tell what happened on Broadway or in the street-cars.

"Salina had her cabin burned also. We fancied the goat-men might have done that. They used to bother us on the upper range, but always ran when we appeared. I asked our half-breed Lucas the reason. Lucas said: 'They say man know when to shoot. Woman know nothing. She just shoot.' "

The burning of cabins, it seemed, might have driven away women so unprotected. But there was no indication that it had ever occurred to them to give up. Countless men take up claims, denude them of timber, and abandon them; but these were the real homesteaders, treasuring their beautiful pines, rearing their precious cattle, guarding their family ties, and making life a boon to every living thing they had taken under their care.

"Oh, we 've had our vicissitudes," Salina exclaimed. "But nothing is so heart-breaking as having your cattle stolen and killed. We had two thousand dollars' worth of cattle stolen in one year. In the spring you find a number of new brands of cattle on your range. Then they are gone, and with them your cattle. The men in the mountains and on the plains exchange stolen cattle. You have no redress.

"Many of the men take contracts to supply the mining-camps with meat. In the night you hear shots. The next morning you find head, hoof, and hide up some 'draw.' If they kill your cattle off the range, they burn the hides. Of course if, during a strike, one of the Slavs kills a calf to feed his children, well, that 's only natural," the indulgent Salina concluded.

Nothing so puzzles an outsider as the ethics of cattle-stealing. Your guest at dinner may be an ex-cattle thief. You entertain the uncle of some historic bandit, himself a cattle-thief of renown, and although he has stolen cattle from his hostesses, one is told that otherwise he is a kind and helpful neighbor. An under-sheriff is under indictment for cattle-stealing, but captures bandits with neatness and precision. A dignified citizen's fortune is said to have originated in a branding-iron.

"I don't see why you call Townie Gilbert a cattle-thief," Salina thus rebuked a visitor. "He has been acquitted eleven times."

But Salina has other moments when she declares that, next to selling whisky, cattle-raising is the most iniquitous business in which a man or woman can be engaged. "It is the parent of theft, murder, arson, and cruelties of the most horrible sort."

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Drawn by J. N. Marchand. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"ALL THIS AMUSED THE BOYS. 'WHY DON'T YOU PUT YOUR COWS IN A BANDBOX?'"

But if Salina hates the sin, she loves the sinner. The conquest of the cow-boy is her favorite achievement.

"When we first came here we had only a small herd, and when the round-up galloped through, our cattle would get mixed up with theirs, and in order to cut them out, the boys would race them until the poor things were crazy wild. Then I would ask them to hold their herds up, and waving my hands, then holding up my arms, our cattle would stop, and allow their herds to go on. To see cattle obedient to anything but lasso and quirt astonished the boys.

"Then when June came, and the flies, which cling to the backs of the cattle and sting them nearly crazy, swarmed down, to ease them we began making smudges by setting fire to old stumps. There were a lot of long-horns on the range, and they would come for miles, almost frantic, with the blood running down their sides to get in our smoke. Frequently I made twenty smudges in a morning, and sometimes they would come

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before the fires were lighted and paw the ashes over their backs. All this amused the boys. 'Why don't you put your cows in a bandbox?' 'Why don't you get a glass case for them?' they would ask. But all the same, from far and near their cattle would come to get in the smudges of the 'fool women over the hill.'

"Then we got on closer terms. Cow-boys live on dried apples, bacon, potatoes, tinned things, and black struck molasses. We indulged in feminine cooking. We made pies. When they rode by, I would call, 'Boys, won't you stop and have a piece of pie?' Would they? Well! As for pumpkin-pie, that sealed friendship. Then we began raising chickens, and when we had a branding, the boys for miles would offer to help, for they knew they would get fried chicken."

"Now she is 'Aunt Salina' from 'Lazy L' ranch to 'Diamond H. Diamond,' and the boys know the larder so well that if she is away 'riding the fence' they come in and help themselves," Elena added.

"That 's good cañon law—help yourself," Salina jealously interposed. "When I was ill last spring, one cow-boy scoured the country all night to get me a nurse. Another stayed by my bedside for three weeks, while eleven bottles of fire-water representing the various tastes of the cow-boys stood on the table. The dear things! They are so kind-hearted and know so little about cattle, I never could consult with them. When a cow is sick, they say: 'She 's lost her cud. Give her a greasy dish-rag or a chunk of bacon.' That is what they do.

"But they will soon be a memory, a lost type that this country will never see again. With the coming of the farmers, the great ranges are going, and the cow-boys are becoming policemen, teamsters, blacksmiths, and those with foresight have got in on town lots and irrigated farms. Hello! Somebody is coming up the cañon. He has on a white shirt."

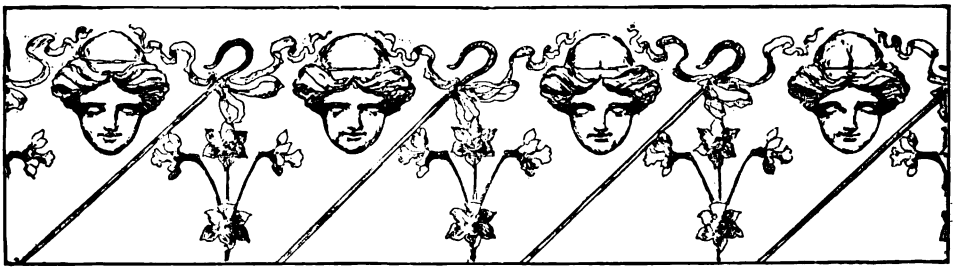
A rider on a broncho stopped at the gate. Two revolvers stuck out of their holsters, and a belt of cartridges girt him about. "Seen anybody go up the cañon?" he inquired. "One of them hold-ups they say come up this cañon. I 'm one of the depities lookin' fer him."

The hold-up was the latest sensation. That one of them might be hidden in one of our "draws," and even bandits must eat, as Salina had said, and we might be depended on to furnish the food, presented one of those episodes of gleeful fear that make part of the fascination of this interesting and curious phase of civilization. We enjoyed it to the utmost, talking from room to room half the night, and striving to interpret strange sounds.

"Suppose we fill a basket and put it outside, then he need n't disturb us," Salina thoughtfully suggested, and we went to sleep.

The dénouement was no less interesting, for the alleged deputy proved to be one of the bandits, and was himself arrested a few days after.

Such is life as it is made up from day to day at Beulah Ranch—a life sweet with pastoral associations, of the friendly companionship of trusting four-footed creatures, of scenes of beauty, scenes of grandeur, of isolation beyond experience with the whistle of rushing trains in the ear, yet with momentary expectation of visitors whose quality none could predict. Here are all the delights of ease, yet with the salutary tonic of emergencies, of quick calls to action, of instant demands for decision. It is a life that keeps the mind alert and the body in trim—a life in which the horse and gun are more important than the broom and needle, yet one which is conducted after the manner of women, and is enriched with easy tolerance and humor.



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STELLA MARIS

BY WILLIAM J. LOCKE

Author of "The Beloved Vagabond," "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne," "Septimus," "The Glory of Clementina," etc.

CHAPTER III

IT will be remembered that Stellamaris was a young person of bountiful fortune. She had stocks and shares and mortgages and landed property all only too faithfully administered under a deed of trust. The Channel House and all that therein was, except Sir Oliver and Lady Blount's grievances, belonged to her. She knew it; she had known it almost since infancy. The sense of ownership in which she had grown up had its effect on her character, giving her the equipoise of a young reigning princess, calm and serene in her undisputed position. In her childish days her material kingdom was limited to the walls of her sea-chamber; but as the child expanded into the young girl, so expanded her conception of the limits of her kingdom. And with this widening view came gradually and curiously the consciousness that though her uncle and aunt were exquisitely honored and beloved agents who looked to the welfare of her realm, yet they could not relieve her of certain gracious responsibilities. Instinctively, and with imperceptible gradations, she began to make her influence felt in the house itself. But it was an influence in the spiritual and not material sense of the word, the hovering presence and not the controlling hand.

When, shortly after the arrival of the two men, Walter Herold went up to his room, he found a great vase of daffodils on his dressing-table and a penciled note from Stella in her unformed handwriting, for one cannot learn to write copperplate when one lies forever on the flat of one's back.

Great High Favorite: Here are some daffodils, because they laugh and dance like you. *Stellamaris.*

And on his dressing-table John Risca found a mass of snowdrops and a note:

Great High Belovedest: A beautiful, white silver cloud came to my window today, and I wished I could tear it in half and save you a bit for the palace. But snowdrops are the nearest things I could think of instead. Your telegram was a joy. Love. *S.*

Beside the bowl of flowers was another note:

I heard the wheels of your chariot, but Her Serene High and Mightiness [her trained nurse] says I am tucked up for the night and can have no receptions, levees, or interviews. I tell her she will lose her title and become the Kommon Kat; but she does n't seem to mind. Oh, it 's just lovely to feel that you 're in the house again.

S.

Risca looked round the dainty room, his whenever he chose to occupy it, and knew how much, especially of late, it held of Stellamaris. It had been redecorated a short while before, and the colors and the patterns and all had been her choice and specification.

The castle architect, a young and fervent soul called Wratislaw, a member of the Art Workers' Guild, and a friend of Herold's, who had settled in Southcliff-on-Sea, and was building, for the sake of a precarious livelihood, hideous bunga-

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Drawn by Frank Wiles

Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"THE YOUNG MEN, ACCORDINGLY, RAISED THEIR GLASSES . . . AND DRANK TO STELLA"

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lows which made his own heart sick, but his clients' hearts rejoice, had been called in to advise. With Stellamaris, sovereign lady of the house, aged fifteen, he had spent hours of stupefied and esthetic delight. He had brought her armfuls of designs, cartloads of illustrated books; and the result of it all was that with certain other redecorations in the house with which for the moment we have no concern, Risca's room was transformed from late-Victorian solidity into early-Georgian elegance. The Adam Brothers reigned in ceiling and cornice, and the authentic spirit of Sheraton, thanks to the infatuated enterprise of Wratislaw, pervaded the furniture. Yet, despite Wratislaw, although through him she had spoken, the presence of Stellamaris pervaded the room. On the writing-table lay a leather-covered blotter, with his initials, J. R., stamped in gold. In desperate answer to a childish question long ago, he had described the bedspread on his Parian marble bed in the palace as a thing of rosebuds and crinkly ribbons tied up in true-lovers' knots. On his bed in Stella's house lay a spread exquisitely Louis XV in design.

Risca looked about the room. Yes, everything was Stella. And behold there was one new thing, essentially Stella, which he had not noticed before. Surely it had been put there since his last visit.

In her own bedroom had hung since her imprisonment a fine reproduction of Watts's "Hope," and, child though she was, she had always divined, in a child's unformulative way, the simple yet poignant symbolism of the blindfold figure seated on this orb of land and sea, with meek head bowed over a broken lyre, and with ear strained to the vibration of the one remaining string. She loved the picture, and with unconscious intuition and without consultation with Wratislaw, who would have been horrified at its domination of his Adam's room, had ordained that a similar copy should be hung on the wall facing the pillow of her Great High Belovedest's bed.

The application of the allegory to his present state of being was startlingly obvious. Risca knitted a puzzled brow. The new thing was essentially Stella, yet why had she caused it to be put in his room this day of all disastrous days? Was it not rather his cousin Julia's doing? But such delicate conveyal of sympathy was scarcely Julia's way. A sudden dread stabbed him. Had Stella herself heard rumors of the tragedy? He summoned Herold, who had a prescriptive right to the adjoining room.

"If any senseless fools have told her, I 'll murder them," he cried.

"The creatures of the sunset told her —at least as much as it was good for her to know," said Herold.

"Do you mean that she did it in pure ignorance?"

"In the vulgar acceptation of the word, yes," smiled Herold. "Do you think that the human brain is always aware of the working of the divine spirit?"

"If it 's as you say, it 's uncanny," said Risca, unconvinced.

Yet when Sir Oliver and Julia both assured him that Stella never doubted his luxurious happiness, and that the ordering of the picture was due to no subtle suggestion, he had to believe them.

"You always make the mistake, John, of thinking Stellamaris mortal," said Herold at the supper-table, for on receipt of the young men's telegram, the Blounts had deferred their dinner to the later hour of supper. "You are utterly wrong," said he. "How can she be mortal when she talks all day to winds and clouds and the sea-children in their cups of foam? She 's as elemental as Ariel. When she sleeps, she 's really away on a sea-gull's back to the Isles of Magic. That 's why she laughs at the dull, clumsy old world from which she is cut off in her mortal guise. What are railway-trains and omnibuses to her? What would they be to you, John, if you could have a sea-gull's back whenever you wanted to go anywhere? And she goes to places worth going to, by George! What could she want with Charing Cross or the Boulevard des Italiens? Fancy the nymph Syrinx at a woman writers' dinner!"

"I don't know what you 're talking about, Walter," said Lady Blount, whose mind was practical, "and who the Minx Syrimph was I 've not the remotest idea."

"Syrinx," said Sir Oliver, oracularly (he was a little, shriveled man, to whose weak face a white mustache and an imperial gave a false air of distinction) — "Syrinx," said he, "was a nymph beloved

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of Pan,—it 's a common legend in Greek mythology,—and Pan turned her into a reed."

"And then cut the reed up into Pan-pipes," cried Herold, eagerly, "and made immortal music out of them—just as he makes immortal music out of Stellamaris. You see, John, it all comes to the same thing, whether you call her Ariel, or Syrinx, or a Sprite of the Sea, or a Wunderkind whose original trail of glory-cloud has not faded into the light of common day, she belongs to the Other People. You must believe in the Other People, Julia; you can't help it."

Lady Blount turned to him severely. Despite her affection for him, she more than suspected him of a pagan pantheism, which she termed atheistical. His talk about belief in sprites and hobgoblins irritated her. She kept a limited intelligence together by means of formulas, as she kept her scanty reddish-gray hair together by means of a rigid false front.

"I believe in God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost," she said, with an air of cutting reproof.

Sir Oliver pushed his plate from him, but not the fraction of a millimeter beyond that caused by the impatient push sanctioned by good manners.

"Don't be a fool, Julia!"

"I don't see how a Christian woman declaring the elements of her faith can be a fool," said Lady Blount, drawing herself up.

"There are times and seasons for everything," said Sir Oliver. "If you were having a political argument, and any one asked you whether you believed in tariff reform, and you glared at him and said, 'I believe in Pontius Pilate,' you 'd be professing Christianity, but showing yourself an idiot."

"But I don't believe in Pontius Pilate," retorted Lady Blount.

"Oh, don't you?" cried Sir Oliver, in sinister exultation. "Then your whole historical fabric of the Crucifixion must fall to the ground."

"I don't see why you need be irreverent and blasphemous," said Lady Blount.

Herold laid his hand on Lady Blount's and looked at her, with his head on one side.

"But you do believe in Stellamaris, Julia."

His smile was so winning, with its touch of mockery, that she grew mollified.

"I believe she has bewitched all of us," she said.

Which shows how any woman may be made to eat her words just by a little kindness.

So the talk went back to Stella and her ways and her oddities, and the question of faith in Pontius Pilate being necessary for salvation was forgotten. A maid, Stella's own maid, came in with a message. Miss Stella's compliments, and were Mr. Risca and Mr. Herold having a good supper? She herself was about to drink her egg beaten up in sherry, and would be glad if the gentlemen would take a glass of wine with her. The young men, accordingly, raised their glasses toward the ceiling and drank to Stella, in the presence of the maid, and gave her appropriate messages to take back to her mistress. It was a customary little ceremony, but in Risca's eyes it never lost its grace and charm. To-night it seemed to have a deeper significance, bringing Stella with her elfin charm into the midst of them, and thus exorcising the spirits of evil that held him in their torturing grip. He spoke but little at the meal, content to listen to the talk about Stella, and curiously impatient when the conversation drifted into other channels. Of his own tragedy no one spoke. On his arrival, Lady Blount, with unwonted demonstration of affection, had thrown her arms round his neck, and Sir Oliver had wrung his hand and mumbled the stiff Briton's incoherences of sympathy. He had not yet told them of his decision to go to Australia.

He broke the news later in the drawing-room, abruptly and apropos of nothing, as was his manner, firing his bombshell with the defiant air of one who says, "There, what do you think of it?"

"I 'm going to Australia next week, never to come back again," said he.

There was a discussion. Sir Oliver commended him. The great dependencies of the empire were the finest field in the world for a young man, provided he kept himself outside the radius of the venomous blight of the Colonial Office. To that atrophied branch of the imperial service the white administrator was merely a pigeonholed automaton, the native race,

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black or bronze or yellow, a lion-hearted human creature. All the murder, riot, rapine, arson, and other heterogeneous devilry that the latter cared to indulge in proceeded naturally from the noble indignation of his generous nature. If the sensible man who was appointed by the Government to rule over this scum of the planet called out the military and wiped out a few dozen of them for the greater glory and safety of the empire, the pusillanimous ineptitudes in second-rate purple and cheap linen of the Colonial Office, for the sake of currying favor with Labor members and Socialists and Radicals and Methodists and anti-vivisectionists and vegetarians and other miserable Little-Englanders, denounced him as a Turk, an assassin, a seventeenth-century Spanish *conquistador* of the bloodiest type, and held him up to popular execration, and recalled him, and put him on a beggarly pension years before he had reached his age limit. He could tell them stories which seemed, and in truth deserved to be, incredible.

"John," said Lady Blount, "has heard all this a thousand times,"—as indeed he had,—"and must be sick to death of it. He is not going out to Australia as governor-general."

"Who said he was, my dear?" said Sir Oliver.

"If you did n't imply it, you were talking nonsense, Oliver," Lady Blount retorted.

"Anyhow, Sir Oliver, do you think John is taking a wise step?" Herold hastily interposed.

"I do," said he; "a very wise step."

"I don't agree with you at all," said Lady Blount, with a snap of finality.

"Your remark, my dear," replied Sir Oliver, "does not impress me in the least. When did you ever agree with me?"

"Never, my dear Oliver," said Lady Blount, with the facile smile of the secretly hostile fencer. "And I thank Heaven for it. I may not be a brilliant woman, but I am endowed with common sense."

Sir Oliver looked at her for a moment, with lips parted, as if to speak; but finding nothing epigrammatic enough to say, and an epigram alone would have saved the situation, he planted a carefully cut cigar between the parted lips aforesaid, and deliberately struck a match.

"Your idea, John," said Lady Blount, aware of victory, "is preposterous. What would Stella do without you?"

"Yes," said Sir Oliver, after lighting his cigar; "Stella has to be considered before everything."

Risca frowned on the unblushing turncoat. Stella! Stella! Everything was Stella. Here were three ordinary, sane, grown-up people seriously putting forward the proposition that he had no right to go and mend his own broken life in his own fashion because he happened to be the favored playmate of a little invalid girl!

On the one side was the driving force of Furies of a myriad hell-power, and on the other the disappointment of Stella Blount. It was ludicrous. Even Walter Herold, who had a sense of humor, did not see the grotesque incongruity. Risca frowned upon each in turn—upon three serene faces smilingly aware of the absurd. Was it worth while trying to convince them?

"Our dear friends are quite right, John," said Herold. "What would become of Stella if you went away?"

"None of you seems to consider what would happen to me if I stayed," said John, in the quiet tone of a man who is talking to charming but unreasonable children. "It will go to my heart to leave Stella, more than any of you can realize; but to Australia I go, and there 's an end of it."

Lady Blount sighed. What with imperial governments that wrecked the career of men for shooting a few murderous and fire-raising blacks and with low-born vixens of women who ruined men's careers in other ways, life was a desperate puzzle. She was fond of her cousin John Risca. She, too, before she married Sir Oliver, had borne the name, and the disgrace that had fallen upon it affected her deeply. It was horrible to think of John's wife, locked up that night in the stone cell of a gaol. She leaned back in her chair in silence while the men talked—Sir Oliver, by way of giving Risca hints on the conduct of life in Melbourne, was narrating his experiences of forty years ago in the West Indies—and stared into the fire. Her face, beneath the front of red hair that accused so pitifully the reddish gray that was her own, looked very

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old and faded. What was a prison like? She shuddered. As governor's wife, she had once or twice had occasion to visit a colonial prison. But the captives were black, and they grinned cheerily; their raiment, save for the unesthetic decoration of the black arrow, was not so very different from that which they wore in a state of freedom; neither were food, bedding, and surroundings so very different; and the place was flooded with air and blazing sunshine. She could never realize that it was a real prison. It might have been a prison of musical comedy. But an English prison was the real, unimaginable abode of grim, gray horror. She had heard of the prison taint. She conceived it as a smell—that of mingled quicklime and the corruption it was to destroy—which lingered physically forever after about the persons of those who had been confined within prison-walls. A gaol was a place of eternal twilight, eternal chill, eternal degradation for the white man or woman; and a white woman, the wife of one of her own race, was there. It was almost as if the taint hung about her own lavender-scented self. She shivered, and drew her chair a few inches nearer the fire.

Was it so preposterous, after all, on John Risca's part to fly from the shame into a wider, purer air? Her cry had been unthinking, instinctive, almost a cry for help. She was growing old and soured and worn by perpetual conjugal wranglings. John, her kinsman, counted for a great deal in a life none too rich. John and Stella were nearest to her in the world—first Stella, naturally, then John. To the woman of over fifty the man of under thirty is still a boy. For many years she had nursed the two together in her heart. And now he was going from her. What would she, what would Stella, do without him? Her husband's direct interpellation aroused her from her reverie.

"Julia, what was the name of the chap we met in St. Kitts who had been sheep-farming in Queensland?"

They had sailed away from St. Kitts in 1878. Lady Blount reminded him tartly of the fact while professing her oblivion of the man from Queensland. They sparred for a few moments. Then she rose wearily and said she was going to bed. Sir Oliver looked at his watch.

"Nearly twelve. Time for us all to go."

"As soon as I 've written my morning letter to Stellamaris," said Herold.

"I must write, too," said Risca.

For it was a rule of the house that every visitor should write Stellamaris a note overnight, to be delivered into her hands the first thing in the morning. The origin of the rule was wrapped in the mists of history.

So John Risca sat down at Sir Oliver's study-table in order to indite his letter to Stellamaris. But for a long time he stared at the white paper. He, the practised journalist, who could dash off his thousand words on any subject as fast as pen could travel, no matter what torture burned his brain, could not find a foolish message for a sick child. At last he wrote like a school-boy:

> Darling: The flowers were beautiful, and so is the new picture, and I want to see you early in the morning. I hope you are well.
>
> *John Risca.*

And he had to tear the letter out of its envelop and put it into a fresh one because he had omitted to add the magic initials "G. H. B." to his name. Compared with his usual imaginative feats of correspondence, this was a poverty-stricken epistle. She would wonder at the change. Perhaps his demand for an immediate interview would startle her, and shocks were dangerous. He tore up the letter and envelop, and went to his own room. It was past two o'clock when he crept downstairs again to lay his letter on the hall table.

At the sight of him the next morning the color deepened in the delicate cheeks of Stellamaris, and her dark eyes grew bright. She held out a welcoming hand.

"Ah, Belovedest, I 've been longing to see you ever since dawn. I woke up then and could n't go to sleep again because I was so excited."

He took the chair by her bedside, and her fingers tapped affectionately on the back of the great hand that lay on the coverlid.

"I suppose I was excited, too," said he, "for I was awake at dawn."

"Did you look out of window?"

"Yes," said John.

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"Then we both saw the light creeping over the sea like a monstrous ghost. And it all lay so pallid and still,—did n't it?—as if it were a sea in a land of death. And then a cheeky little thrush began to twitter."

"I heard the thrush," replied John. "He said, 'Any old thing! Any old thing!' "

He mimicked the bird's note. Stella laughed.

"That 's just what he said—as though a sea in a land of death or the English Channel was all the same to him. I suppose it was."

"It must be good to be a thrush," said Risca. "There 's a *je-m'en-fich'isme* about his philosophy which must be very consoling."

"I know what that is in English," cried Stellamaris. "It is 'don't-care-a-damnativeness.' " Her lips rounded roguishly over the naughty syllable.

"Where did you learn that?"

"Walter told me."

"Walter must be clapped into irons, and fed on bread and water, and seriously spoken to."

Unconsciously he had drifted into his usual manner of speech with her. She laughed with a child's easy gaiety.

"It 's delightful to be wicked, is n't it?"

"Why?" he asked.

"It must be such an adventure. It must make you hold your breath and your heart beat."

John wondered grimly whether a certain doer of wickedness had felt this ecstatic rapture. She, too, must have seen the gray dawn, but creeping through prison-bars into her cell. God of Inscrutability! Was it possible that these two watchers of the dawn, both so dominant in his life, were of the same race of beings? If the other was a woman born of woman, what in the name of mystery was Stellamaris?

"Don't look so grave, Great High Belovedest," she said, squeezing a finger. "I only spoke in fun. It must really be horrid to be wicked. When I was little I had a book about cruel Frederick—I think it belonged to grandmama. It had awful pictures, and there were rhymes—

> He tore the wings off little flies,
> And then poked out their little eyes.

And there was a picture of his doing so. I used to think him a detestable boy. It made me unhappy and kept me awake when I was quite small, but now I know it 's all nonsense. People don't do such things, do they?"

Risca twisted his glum face into a smile, remembering the unwritten law. "Of course not, Stellamaris," said he. "Cruel Frederick is just as much of a mythical personage as the Giant Fee-fo-fum, who said:

> I smell the blood of an Englishman,
> And be he alive or be he dead,
> I 'll grind his bones to make my bread.

"Why do people frighten children with stories of ogres and wicked fairies and all the rest of it, when the real world they live in is so beautiful?"

"Pure cussedness," answered John, unable otherwise to give a satisfactory explanation.

"Cussedness is silly," said Stellamaris.

There was a little pause. Then she put both her hands on his and pressed it.

"Oh, it 's lovely to have you here again, Great High Belovedest; and I have n't thanked you for your letter. It 's the most heavenly one you 've ever written to me."

It might well have been. He had taken two hours to write it.

CHAPTER IV

"THE most heavenly of all letters," Stellamaris repeated, as Risca made no reply. "I loved it because it showed me you are very happy."

"Have you ever doubted it?" he asked.

The Great Dane, the Lord High Constable, who was stretched out on his side, with relaxed, enormous limbs, on the hearth-rug, lifted his massive head for a second and glanced up at John. Then with a half-grunt, half-sigh, he dropped his head and twitched his limbs and went to sleep again.

"Now and then when you 're not looking at me," said Stellamaris, "there is a strange look in your eyes: it is when you 're not speaking and you stare out to sea."

For a moment Risca was assailed by a temptation to break the unwritten law and tell her something of his misery. She, with her superfine intelligence, would un-

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derstand, and her sympathy would be sweet. But he put the temptation roughly from him.

"I am the happiest fellow in the world, Stellamaris," said he.

"It would be difficult not to be happy in such a world."

She pointed out to sea. The blustering wind of the day before had fallen, and a light breeze shook the tips of the waves to the morning sunshine, and turned them into diamonds. The sails of the fishing-fleet of the tiny port flashed merrily against the kindly blue. On the horizon a great steamer was visible steaming up-channel. The salt sea air came in through the open windows. The laughter of fishermen's children rose faintly from the beach far below.

"And there 's spring, too, dancing over everything," she said. "Don't you feel it?"

He acknowledged the vernal influence, and, careful lest his eyes should betray him, talked of the many things she loved. He had not seen her for a fortnight, so there were the apocryphal doings of Lilias and Niphetos to record,—Cleopatras of cats, whom age could not wither, and whose infinite variety custom could not stale,—and there was the approaching marriage of Arachne with a duke to report. And he told her of his gay, bright life in London and of the beautiful Belinda Molyneux, an imaginary Egeria, who sometimes lunched with the queen. The effort of artistic creation absorbed him, as it always had done, under the spell of Stellamaris's shining eyes. The foolish world of his imagination became real, and for the moment hung like a veil before his actual world of tragedy. It was in the nature of a shock to him when Stella's maid entered and asked him if he could speak to Mr. Herold outside the door.

"Tell him to come in," said Stellamaris.

"He says he will, Miss, after he has seen Mr. Risca."

Risca found Herold on the landing.

"Well?"

"Well?" said John.

"What has happened? How did she take it?"

John looked away, and thrust his hands into his pockets.

"I 've not told her yet."

Walter drew a breath. "But you 're going to."

"Of course," said John. "Do you think it is so infernally easy?"

"You had better be quick, if you 're coming back to town with me. I 'm due at rehearsal at twelve."

"I 'll go and tell her now," said John.

"Let me just say how d' ye do to her first. I won't stay a minute."

The two men entered the sea-chamber together. Stella welcomed her Great High Favorite and chatted gaily for a while. Then she commanded him to sit down.

"I 'm afraid I can't stay, Stellamaris. I have to go back to London."

Stella glanced at the clock. "Your train does n't go for an hour." She was jealously learned in trains.

"I think John wants to talk to you."

"He has been talking to me quite beautifully for a long time," said Stella, "and I want to talk to you."

"He has something very particular to say to you, Stellamaris."

"What is it, Belovedest?" Her eyes sparkled, and she clasped her hands over her childish bosom. "You are not going to marry Belinda Molyneux?"

"No, dear," said John; "I 'm not going to marry anybody."

"I 'm so glad." She turned to Herold. "Are you going to get married?"

"No," smiled Herold.

Stella laughed. "What a relief! People do get married, you know, and I suppose both of you will have to one of these days, when you get older; but I don't like to think of it."

"I don't believe I shall ever marry, Stellamaris," said Herold.

"Why?"

Herold looked out to sea for a wistful instant. "Because one can't marry a dream, my dear."

"I 've married hundreds," said Stella, softly.

If they had been alone together, they would have talked dreams and visions and starshine and moonshine, and their conversation would have been about as sensible and as satisfactory to each other and as intelligible to a third party as that of a couple of elves sitting on adjacent toadstools; but elves don't talk in the presence of a third party, even though he be John

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Risca and Great High Belovedest. And Stellamaris, recognizing this instinctively, turned her eyes quickly to Risca.

"And you, dear—will you ever marry?"

"Never, by Heaven!" cried John, with startling fervency.

Stella reached out both her hands to the two men who incorporated the all in all of her little life, and each man took a hand and kissed it.

"I don't want to be horrid and selfish," she said; "but if I lost either of you, I think it would break my heart."

The men exchanged glances. John's repeated his query: "Do you think it 's so infernally easy?"

"Tell us why you say that, Stellamaris," said Herold.

John rose suddenly and stood by the west window, which was closed. Stella's high bed had been drawn next to the window open to the south. The room was warm, for a great fire blazed in the tall chimneypiece. He rose to hide his eyes from Stella, confounding Herold for a marplot. Was this the way to make his task easier? He heard Stella say in her sweet contralto:

"Do you imagine it 's just for silly foolishness I call you Great High Belovedest and Great High Favorite? You see, Walter dear, I gave John his title before I knew you, so I had to make some difference in yours. But they mean everything to me. I live in the sky such a lot, and it 's a beautiful life; but I know there 's another life in the great world—a beautiful life, too." She wrinkled her forehead. "Oh, it 's so difficult to explain! It 's so hard to talk about feelings, because the moment you begin to talk about them, the feelings become so vague. It 's like trying to tell any one the shape of a sunset." She paused for a moment or two; Herold smiled at her and nodded encouragingly. Presently she went on: "I 'll try to put it this way. Often a gull, you see, comes hovering outside here and looks in at me, oh, for a long time, with his round, yellow eyes; and my heart beats, and I love him, for he tells me all about the sea and sky and clouds, where I 'll never go,—not really,—and I live the sky life through him, and more than ever since you sent me that poem—I know it by heart—about the sea-gull. Who wrote it?"

"Swinburne," said Herold.

"Did he write anything else?"

"One or two other little things," replied Herold, judiciously. "I 'll copy them out and bring them to you. But go on."

"Well," she said, "yesterday afternoon a little bird—I don't know what kind of bird it was—came and sat on the window-sill, and turned his head this way and looked at me, and turned his head that way and looked at me, and I did n't move hand or foot, and I said, 'Cheep, cheep!' And he hopped on the bed and stayed there such a long time. And I talked to him, and he hopped about and looked at me and seemed to tell me all sorts of wonderful things. But he did n't, somehow, although he came from the sky, and was a perfect dear. He must have known all about it, but he did n't know how to tell me. Now, you and John come from the beautiful world and tell me wonderful things about it; and I shall never go there really, but I can live in it through you."

Constable, the Great Dane, known by this abbreviated title in familiar life, rose, stretched himself, and went and snuggled his head beneath John's arm. John turned, his arm round the hound's neck.

"But you can live in it through anybody, dear," said he—"your Uncle Oliver, your Aunt Julia, or anybody who comes to see you."

Stellamaris looked at Herold for a characteristically sympathetic moment, and then at John. She sighed.

"I told you it was hard to explain. But don't you see, Belovedest? You and Walter are like my gull. Everybody else is like the little bird. You know how to tell me and make me live. The others are darlings, but they don't seem to know how to do it."

John scratched his head.

"I see what you mean," said he.

"I should hope so," said Herold.

He looked at his watch and jumped to his feet.

"Star of the Sea," said he, "to talk with you is the most fascinating occupation on earth; but managers are desperate fellows, and I 'll get into boiling water if I miss my rehearsal." He turned to John. "I don't see how you are going to catch this train."

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"Neither do I," said John. "I shall go by the one after."

Herold took his leave, promising to run down for the week-end. Constable accompanied him to the door in a dignified way, and this ceremony of politeness accomplished, stalked back to the hearth-rug, where he threw himself down, his head on his paws, and his faithful eyes fixed on his mistress. John sat down again by the bedside. There was a short silence during which Stellamaris smiled at him and he smiled at Stellamaris.

"Does n't the Great High Belovedest want to smoke?"

"Badly," said John.

She held out her hand for the pipe and tobacco-pouch. He gave them to her, and she filled the pipe. For a while he smoked peacefully. From where he sat all he could see of the outside world was the waste of sun-kissed waters stretching away and melting into a band of pearly cloud on the horizon. He might have been out at sea. Possibly this time next week he would be, and the salt air would be playing, as now, about his head. But on board that ship would be no spacious sea-chamber like this, so gracious in its appointments—its old oak and silver, its bright chintzes, its quiet old engravings, its dainty dressing-table covered with fairy-like toilet-articles, its blue delf bowls full of flowers, its atmosphere so dearly English, yet English of the days when Sir Bedivere threw Excalibur into the mere. In no other spot on the globe could be found such a sea-chamber, with its high bed, on which lay the sweet, elfin face, half child's, half woman's, framed in the soft, brown hair.

Risca smoked on, and Stellamaris, seeing him disinclined to talk, gazed happily out to her beloved channel, and dreamed her dreams. They had often sat like this for an hour together, both feeling that they were talking to each other all the time; and often Stella would break the silence by telling him to listen. At such times, so people said, an angel was passing. And he would listen, but could not hear. He remembered Walter Herold once agreeing with her, and saying:

"There 's a special little angel told off to come here every day and beat his wings about the room so as to clear the air of all troubling things."

In no other spot on the globe could be found such a sea-chamber, wing-swept, spirit-haunted, where pain ceased magically and the burden of intolerable suffering grew light. No other haven along all the coasts of this earth was a haven of rest such as this.

And the Furies were driving him from it! But here the Furies ceased from driving. Here he had delicious ease. Here a pair of ridiculously frail hands held him a lotus-fed prisoner. He smoked on. At last he resisted the spell. The whole thing was nonsensical. His pipe, only lightly packed by the frail hands, went out. He stuffed it in his pocket, and cleared his throat. He would say then and there what he had come to say.

Stellamaris turned her head and laughed; and when Stellamaris laughed, the sea outside and the flowers in the delf bowl laughed, too.

"The angel has been having a good time."

John cleared his throat again.

"My dear," said he, and then he stopped short. All the carefully prepared exordiums went out of his head. How now to break the news to her he did not know.

"Are you very tired?" she asked.

"Not a bit," said John.

"Then be a dear, and read me something. Read me 'Elaine.' "

The elevated and sophisticated and very highly educated may learn with surprise that "The Idylls of the King" still appeal to ingenuous fifteen. Thank God there are yet remaining also some sentimentalists of fifty who can read them with pleasure and profit!

"But that is so sad, Stellamaris," said John. "You don't want to be sad this beautiful spring morning."

Which was a very inconsistent remark to make, seeing that he was about to dash the young sun from her sky altogether.

"I like being sad sometimes, especially when the world is bright. And *Lancelot* was such a dear,"—here spoke ingenuous fifteen,—"and *Elaine*—oh, do read it! No one reads like you, not even Walter."

So John, secretly glad of a respite, drew from the bookcase which held her scrupulously selected and daintily bound library the volume of Tennyson and read aloud the idyll of *Lancelot* and *Elaine*. And the sea-wind blew about his head and fluttered the brown hair on the pillow, and

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the log-fire blazed in the chimney, and the great dog slept, and a noontide hush was over all things. And Risca read the simple poem with the heart of the girl of fifteen, and forgot everything else in the world.

When he had finished, the foolish eyes of both were moist. "The dead, steer'd by the dumb," with the lily in her hand, —dead for the love of *Lancelot,*—affected them both profoundly.

"I think I should die, too, like that, Great High Belovedest," said Stellamaris, "if any one I loved left me."

"But what Lancelot is going to leave you, dear?" said John.

She shook from her brow the little thistledown of sadness and laughed.

"You and Walter are the only Lancelots I 've got."

"The devil 's in the child to-day," said Risca to himself.

There was a short pause. Then Stella said:

"Belovedest dear, what was the particular thing that Walter said you had to tell me?"

"It 's of no consequence," said John. "It will do to-morrow or the day after."

Stella started joyously,—as much as the rigid discipline of years would allow her, —and great gladness lit her face.

"Darling! Are you going to stay here to-day and to-morrow and the next day?"

"My dear," said John, "I 've got to get up to town this morning."

"You won't do that," said Stella. "Look at the clock."

It was a quarter to one. He had spent the whole morning with her, and the hours had flown by like minutes.

"Why did n't you tell me that I ought to be catching my train?"

She regarded him in demure mischief.

"I had no object in making you catch your train."

And then Her Serene High and Mightiness, the nurse (who had been called in for Stella when first she was put to bed in the sea-chamber, and, falling under her spell, had stayed on until she had grown as perdurable as Sir Oliver and Lady Julia and Constable and Herold and Risca), came into the room and decreed the end of the morning interview.

Risca went down-stairs, his purpose unaccomplished. He walked about the garden and argued with himself. Now, when a man argues with himself, he, being only the extraneous eidolon of himself, invariably gets the worst of the argument, and this makes him angry. John was angry; to such a point that, coming across Sir Oliver, who had just returned from an inexplicably disastrous game of golf and began to pour a story of bunkered gloom into his ear, he gnashed his teeth and tore his hair and told Sir Oliver to go to the devil with his lugubrious and rotten game, and dashed away to the solitude of the beach until the luncheon-bell summoned him back.

"I 'm going by the 3:50," said he at the luncheon-table.

At three o'clock Stella was free to see him again. He went up to her room distinctly determined to shut his heart against folly. The sun had crept round toward the west and flooded the head and shoulders of Stellamaris and the dainty bedspread with pale gold, just as it flooded the now still and smiling sea. Again paralysis fell upon John. The words he was to speak were to him, as well as to her, the words of doom, and he could not utter them. They talked of vain, childish things. Then Stellamaris's clock chimed the three-quarters. There are some chimes that are brutal, others ironic; but Stellamaris's chimes (the clock was a gift from John himself) were soft, and pealed a soothing mystery, like a bell swung in a deep sea-cave.

It was a quarter to four, and he had missed his train once more. Well, the train could go to—to London, as good a synonym for Tophet as any other. So he stayed, recklessly surrendering himself to the pale, sunlit peace of the sea-chamber, till he was dislodged by Lady Blount.

An attempt to catch a six o'clock train was equally unsuccessful. He did not return to town that night. Why should a sorely bruised man reject the balm that healed? To-morrow he would be stronger and more serene, abler to control the driving force of the Furies, and therefore fitted to announce in gentler wise the decrees of destiny. So Risca went to bed and slept easier, and the room which Stellamaris had made for him became the enchanted bower of a Fair Lady of All Mercy.

In their simple human way Sir Oliver and Lady Blount besought him to stay for his health's sake in the fresh sea-air; and when he yielded, they prided themselves, after the manner of humans, on their

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own powers of persuasion. One morning Sir Oliver asked him point-blank:

"When are you going to Australia?"

"I don't know," said John. "There 's no immediate hurry."

"I hope, dear," said Julia, "you 'll give up the idea altogether."

"Haven't I told you that I 've made up my mind?" said John in his gruff tone of finality.

"When are you going to break the news to Stella?" asked Sir Oliver.

"Now," said John, who had begun to loathe the mention of the doomful subject; and he stalked away—the three were strolling in the garden after breakfast—and went to Stella's room, and of course made no mention of it whatsoever.

Then Herold came down for the week-end, and when he heard of Risca's pusillanimity he threw back his head and laughed for joy; for he knew that John would never go to Australia without telling Stellamaris, and also that if he could not tell Stellamaris in the first madness of his agony, he would never be able to tell her at all.

And so, in fact, the fantastically absurd prevailed. Before the unwritten law, mainly promulgated and enforced by Risca himself, which guarded the sea-chamber against pain and sorrow, the driving Furies slunk with limp wing and nerveless claw. And one day Risca was surprised at finding himself undriven. Indeed, he was somewhat disconcerted. He fell into a bad temper. The Furies are highly aristocratic divinities who don't worry about Tom, Dick, or Harry, but choose an Orestes at least for their tormenting; so that, when they give up their pursuit of a Risca, he may excusably regard it as a personal slight. It was the morose and gloomy nature of the man.

"I know I 'm a fool," he said to Herold, when every one had gone to bed, "but I can't help it. Any normal person would regard me as insane if I told him I was stopped from saving the wreck of my career by consideration for the temporary comfort of a bedridden chit of a girl half my age, who is absolutely nothing to me in the world (her uncle married my first cousin. If that is anything of a family tie, I 'm weak on family feeling); but that 's God's truth. I 'm tied by her to this accursed country. She just holds me down in the hell of London, and I can't wriggle away. It 's senseless, I know it is. Sometimes when I 'm away from her, walking on the beach, I feel I 'd like to throw the whole of this confounded house into the sea; and then I look up and see the light in her room, and—I—I just begin to wonder whether she 's asleep and what she 's dreaming of. There 's some infernal witchcraft about the child."

"There is," said Herold, with a smile.

"Rot!" said Risca, his pugnacious instincts awakened by the check on his dithyrambics. "The whole truth of the matter is that I 'm simply a sentimental fool."

"All honor to you, John," said Herold.

"If you talk like that, I 'll wring your neck," said Risca, pausing for a second in his walk up and down Sir Oliver's library, and glaring down at his friend, who reclined on the sofa and regarded him with a smile exasperatingly wise. "You know I 'm a fool, and why can't you say it? A man at my time of life! Do you realize that I am twice her age?"

And he went on, inveighing now against the pitifully human conventions that restrained him from hurting the chit of a child, and now against the sorcery with which she contrived to invest the chamber wherein she dwelt.

"And at my age, too, when I 've run the whole gamut of human misery, the whole discordant thing—*toute la lyre*—when I 've finished with the blighting illusion that men call life; when, confound it! I 'm thirty."

Sir Oliver, unable to sleep, came into the room in dressing-gown and slippers. He looked very fragile and broken.

"Here 's John," laughed Herold, "saying that he 's thirty, and an old, withered man; and he 's not thirty. He 's nine and twenty."

Sir Oliver looked at John, as only age, with awful wistfulness, can look at youth, and came and laid his hand upon the young man's broad shoulders.

"My lad," said he, "you 've had a bad time; but you 're young. You 've the whole of your life before you. Time, my dear boy, is a marvelous solvent of human perplexity. Once in a new world, once in that astonishing continent of Australia—"

John threw a half-finished cigar angrily into the fire. "I 'm not going to the damned continent," said he.

(To be continued)

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Owned by Mr. P. A. B. Widener, Philadelphia

PORTRAIT BY REMBRANDT OF HIMSELF WITH A CAP OVER A RED NET

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF MASTERPIECES IN AMERICAN GALLERIES—II)

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THE WHITE COCKATOO

BY MARY AUSTIN

Author of "Lost Borders," "The Arrow-maker," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY ARTHUR I. KELLER

I HAD been so long without any reminder of Maverick that the recurrence of it in the middle of a smiling English landscape brought with it a hair-lifting shiver. I had been drifting for hours along a little river, flooding level with the country-side, that for deliberate prettiness might have been cut off in lengths for a Sunday supplement, and suddenly out of my subconsciousness, where I suppose it must ever lie like some uneasy ghost, rose the wilderness. I saw the stark, unpainted walls of the houses luminous with the reflected glare, the blue smears of shadow under the rabbit-brush, and, where deep English lanes had been, shallow wagon-tracks winding whitely between knee-high, leafless sage. Clear beyond the meadow I could catch the light a-glitter from point to point of tin cans and broken bottles that mark the purlieus of a mining-town; and then the green of the country-side flowed back to meet the river in a fringe of blue forget-me-nots, great, bull-headed oaks dozed above the grass, and the rusty pipe of the cock pheasant came in from the fields.

It had lasted long enough for my boat to drift past my control into one of those tracts of back-water opening from the stream on private grounds, where, fenced by high, unpolled willows, it makes a private landing for one of the great estates marching on each side of the river. By the time I had backed apologetically out again, I had remarked that it was the house of the white cockatoo. From a gap between the boles of the willows farther down I had had glimpses of the red-brick Tudor house, masked by vines, in the middle of the wide lawn, and of a very erect old lady forever sitting in one of the shadowed bays beside a brazen perch from which a white cockatoo forever swung, attended by a tall, turbaned Singhalese. On this occasion, as I put the boat about, I observed a woman in slight mourning walking listlessly beside a little boy who trundled a hoop across the lawn with the soundless motion of a dream. The figures had, in the extraordinary recrudescence with which I had been visited, the fixity, the unreality, of a hallucination. I was under a curious obsession that the young woman and the child did not belong to the cockatoo, but had merely walked into that picture out of my adjacent vision. As I backed into the current again I was aware of the walking lady running toward the landing, and it seemed, though so incredible, that she had cried out at me.

Now, as I had come to England expressly to forget Maverick and everything connected with it, I was careful to keep away from that part of the river for several days; for though I had no notion what had occasioned the start of memory, I was more than willing to lay the question with the recollection. It was particularly trying, then, as I came opposite the house of the cockatoo—I had no other name for it—on my next trip down-stream to have it recur with a vividness that was

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instantly overlaid by the certainty that this time I knew from what it derived, and it was the figure of the woman I had seen in the earlier instance walking on the lawn. She was leaning now from the rustic foot-bridge that gave passage from the turf across the back-water directly to the river, and at sight of me she came running lightly forward, and called me by my name. She was of a blond, smart prettiness, beginning to coarsen with the putting on of flesh, a type, one felt instinctively, not at all suited to the primness of the light mourning which she wore. She came quite down to the fringe of fireweed along the river's soggy edge and kept even with my rowing.

"I knew you," she insisted, "the minute I laid eyes on you. I 'm Lady Shelton Urshott—Connie Darrah, you know." There was an arresting movement of her hands, as though she would have laid hold bodily on my recognition.

I remembered her perfectly. At the time the President was shot we had both served on the music committee at the services by which Maverick had signified its participation in the national calamity. Even in Maverick it had needed some such breadth of disaster to afford common ground for the wife of the United States Registrar and a singer from the one utterly indefensible place of entertainment. Later, when Lord Shelton's infatuation had created centers of disturbance in his set, widening circles of which reached even as far afield as a Western mining-town, I had taken sufficient notice of her even without another reason for being interested, of which I doubted she had ever heard. Somebody remotely connected with the Urshotts who knew the head of an English mining syndicate who had once come over the Mojave stage route in a sand-storm with a drunken driver on an occasion in which I was the only other passenger, had made out of that acquaintance ground for acquiring information as to the young person Lord Shelton purposed to marry, and had written me accordingly.

Now, as this conspicuous youth had been shunted by his family into the waste and outer places to escape implication in a little the most scarifying scandal that had shaken the complacency of his class, and immediately upon arriving at said wastes had gravitated to the dance-hall as affording the only sort of society in which he was likely to shine, there were reasons difficult to explain to a connection of the Urshotts why I was not in a position to estimate correctly either his or the young lady's character. I had compromised with my politeness by writing the equivocal fact that, as such things went in Maverick, Miss Darrah was quite on a social plane with Lord Shelton, and of entirely compatible tastes. But even as I reviewed this in my mind, I realized that however my letter may have operated to soften her acceptance by the family, it could not have been enough to account for the eagerness with which Lady Constance—for I saw by her dress that so I was to call her—insisted on my rowing back to the landing to have tea with her and the countess.

She ran back by the bridge to meet me at the end of the two narrow, rail-less oak boards that led from the grass border to deep water, and as I made fast my boat to the iron rings there, the cockatoo unfurled a great, white wing on each side of his brazen perch, and uttered a long, hoarse scream of exasperation. As I followed Lady Constance across the soundless sod, it struck upon my fancy like the shriek of a rusty hinge on a door turning into forbidden chambers.

The countess received me with that excellently gaged English politeness which is difficult to distinguish from the gaucheries of embarrassment, but not that, not the satisfaction of having produced at least one creditable acquaintance out of her past, nor the still more evident gratification of having arrived at the pitch of being able to present me to countesses, accounted for Lady Constance's anxiety, once the introduction was accomplished, to get me out of earshot. I was to get at the matter a little later when she took me to look at the pleached garden. Before that, however, a very curious thing happened.

We had got through with some inquiries about my travels, for Lady Constance had snatched me up into a plane of previous intimacy which I did not see my way to decline, and the Singhalese had brought out the tea. The thick, enchanted air of England slept across the lawn, great masses of the weeping-willow flowed windlessly above the river in laps and folds of sculptor work, and behind us the white cockatoo fretted his bells. Suddenly he

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unfurled his broad, feathered fans and slid upon them straight out across the turf toward the staff of the water-gage, which rose in deep water just beyond the end of the narrow landing. As he sailed past me like a kite, I saw Lady Constance put down her cup, and with a kind of blind running, as though she had been attached to the kite's string, move after it toward the landing. There was a sharp click from the countess—sharper even than mere annoyance.

"Badur! Badur Khan!" she called, which I understood to be the name of the Singhalese, of whom up to this moment I had taken no sort of notice. If I observed him now, it was not for anything unusual in the way he raised to his lips and blew upon a thin silver whistle, but for the dart, the wounding sting, of an implacability unsheathed by the incident, which planted itself in my unwary consciousness. It flashed electrically between those two, and was recovered on the instant of the whistle, at the shrill blast of which the great bird uttered an answering scream, and, rising from the water-gage, floated back in a straight line toward his perch. As he passed her, Lady Constance, whose foot was already on the landing, wheeled uncertainly, and returned to her chair with the air of not knowing quite why she had left it. The countess said a few words in what might have been his native tongue to the Singhalese, who snapped a thin fetter to the leg of the cockatoo and chained him to his perch. Whatever the stab of viciousness which, without giving me occasion to speak of it, had yet left me ruffled and swelling with the ridiculous resentment of an accidental prick, it had passed quite over Lady Constance. She sat absently toying with her cup and spoon, and suddenly, without any conversational lead to it, asked me if I should like to see the garden.

It was one of the most notable walled pleasances of England, but what I was given chiefly to understand was that it bored Lady Constance to extinction. It came out in the course of the conversation that since Lord Shelton's death, which occurred, I learned, in a motor accident something less than two years before, his widow had put in most of her time being bored. It appeared that though there had not been a finger raised in the way of Lord Shelton's descent to Avernus, whole phalanges had been lifted against his first decent movement of return.

Immediately on his death, Lady Constance found herself involved in a renewal of the hostility which had been somewhat allayed by the birth of her son. It took the form of assuming that since the heir was provided,—Shelton had been a younger son, but the present Lord Urshott had no issue,—there was no further reason for the existence of his widow, and the only proper sense of her position demanded that, as far as tastes, opinions, and personal expectation went, she should cease to exist. I gathered then, and later, when she came to my lodging in the pony trap to take me for a drive, that Lady Constance would not have minded a row, would have backed herself to a considerable extent in any open encounter, but the baffling thing about the situation was the impeccable behavior of the Urshotts.

"It ain't what they do," she averred: "it 's what they won't even think of there bein' any occasion for doin'. They all hate me, but it fairly makes you ache seein' the way they hold it in. There 's the countess. I 'm just poison to her, but you saw yourself how polite she was; and she don't like me introducin' her to Americans, either."

"And Badur Khan," I hinted, reverting to what had hung in the air between him and his mistress, "does he hate you?"

"Him?" She stared in frank amazement; she had learned at least one English trick of being superior to the opinion of her servants. "Nobody minds *him*. He belonged to the old lord. Yes, I suppose he 'd hate me if he thought about it; he 'd think it his duty." She returned to her grievance. "It 's not as if I had n't been a good wife to Shelton. I kept him from drinkin'." It was curious to me to hear how the slovenly speech of the camps had fitted itself to the clipped terminations of the English.

In the course of the bosom friendship with Lady Constance to which I found myself elected during the remainder of my stay in the neighborhood of Urshott Manor, I heard more than enough of her trouble with her husband's relatives. She said disrespectful things of the mourning which she still wore, and of English customs in general. They had been to town

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only once since his death, she told me; the previous winter they had spent on the Riviera in circumstances of extreme retirement. There was no doubt that Lord Shelton's wife had mourned him sincerely, but not for two years.

"It 's all a bally funeral," she protested—"tea-drinkin', and talkin' about the tenants, and havin' somebody in to make up a rubber." Accents, mannerisms, came out in her as she said these things that caused me to reflect that Darrah was only her stage name: the real one might have been Bowers.

Of course the crux of it all was the child, and the fact that Lord Shelton had failed to make such a settlement as enabled his widow to maintain a separate establishment. Lady Constance had herself been injured in the motor accident, and on her recovery from that and the shock of her husband's death, it was to find that the Urshotts had intrenched themselves in the impregnable position of having put her under obligation to them.

What had she to say in the face of the boy's being brought up in accordance with his great prospects, with a governess of the countess's own choosing and at the expense of the estates he would probably inherit? What more amiable than for the countess to include the mother as an appanage to his young lordship?

What Constance might have purchased for herself by resigning all control of him, was a question which she had not yet faced.

It grew upon me that the certainty of having to face it was responsible for the clutch of her spirit toward all that I stood for in her mind. In a hundred inarticulate ways I felt myself called upon to justify the choice of the soul.

Now, it is asking a great deal of a woman who has recently lost a child to sustain another woman in the faith that there is anything for which it is worth while resigning hers, especially as I did not yet know precisely what Lady Constance was to get out of such an arrangement. This was shortly to be made plain to me. It was on a day when she had received permission from the countess to show me over the house, which I thought no more than right, considering how much I had had to hear of its effect on Connie Darrah. We took nearly the whole of one day to it, in which she dropped generously as far as possible from her resentment against the present Urshotts into the glory of the Urshotts' past; and we had come out at last on a sort of platform in front of one of the towers connected by the arch of the gateway between the two courts about which the house was built. No doubt the arch had originally been practicable to the guard, but it had been ruined and restored since the time when a guard had been necessary to the maintenance of a country seat, and now afforded no securer passage than a narrow girder of stone. We felt ourselves stopped by it, and stood looking down on the flower-furnished inner court, where the white cockatoo swung on his burnished perch between the fountains. A foot-thick screen of ivy mantled the inner walls, and I noted long streamers of Virginia creeper that, planted with it, yet contrived to keep exposed above the ivy to the light and air. I said something to my companion about how like it was to the clambering growth of Americanism on the surface of English society, and a word or two of my meaning got through to her.

"It 's simply amazin'," said she, "how set they are against anything of ours. There was an American gentleman on the Riviera—"

The cockatoo, disturbed by our voices, rose suddenly from his perch, made straight for the arch of the gateway, hovered an instant, and, settling on the watch-tower directly across from us, began to preen his feathers. To my amazement, Lady Constance turned in a matter-of-fact way and, with the evident intent to reach the cockatoo, set foot on the narrow ledge of stone that a moment before had checked our passage.

"Heavens!" I cried,—I believe I caught her by the arm,—"Child, are you crazy?"

She looked at me without resentment.

"I have to get him back," she explained carefully; "I have to get him back."

The bird teetered a moment on his great wings and moved farther along the parapet. Just then I saw Badur Khan against the doorway below, thin and brown, like a low relief in bronze. I was shot through again with that strange, causeless resentment. This time I thought it was against Lady Constance. If she wanted to be such an absolute fool as to walk on that parapet, why not let her? Almost as my eyes lighted on him, Badur lifted the

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whistle on his chain, and called the bird back to him.

"They ought to keep him fastened more than they do," said Lady Constance. "He came in at my window the other night, and I had to chase him." She stirred slightly, like one shaking off a drowse. "What were we talkin' about?"

"An American gentleman on the Riviera," I suggested; but I regretted it. For the rest of my stay in that neighborhood I was to hear of very little else but the American gentleman and the shocking way the countess had behaved; despite which, Lady Constance seemed to have seen a great deal of him. It accounted, I imagined, for the recrudescence of her interest in things American.

The gentleman, it appeared, was now in London, and Lady Constance heard from him. She told me significantly that she always posted her letters herself.

"Nonsense!" I protested. "People don't do that sort of thing except in novels."

"Oh, don't they?" She was dark with superior knowledge. "The countess would give a lot to know what there is between us."

"Is there," I wished to know, "anything between you?"

Lady Constance considered.

"He 'll be comin' down next week," she admitted. "He 'll be stoppin' at the George's Head; of course I could n't have him at the house after the way the countess treated him. I thought maybe you would see him." She explained that so long as she had bed and board at the hands of the countess, she felt a little uneasy about what might be interpreted as clandestine meetings; but if the gentleman was an acquaintance of mine, and she called at my lodgings, or the three of us took a walk together?

Well, I think I saw what I was in for—saw, too, a little of the tragic proportions it took on for Connie Darrah in her effort to keep it so far as she knew on a plane of behavior that was being turned as a screw against all that was left to her of life and pleasantness.

I met Mr. Hughes—this was the gentleman from the Riviera—by Connie's arrangement. He was originally from Milwaukee, and the sort of man who thinks he has capped everything when he goes to New York and puts up at the Waldorf. But I don't think I minded him much after I discovered that he was genuinely in love with Connie and that when they came back from their first walk together—I was properly waiting for them at the bottom of the deep lane—she had been crying.

It was a simple enough story. He had happened in her life just at the end of her period of mourning, too severe for anything Shelton might have been to her, and just when the poor lady's mind turned most hungrily toward everything Hughes stood for in the superlative degree. To a certainty she wanted the man—Lord Shelton must have been a poor, sapless sort at best—and the garish life they would have together at theaters and hotels, the ridiculous, overloading meals, bridge, and the automobile show—wanted them with the conscious, uncomplicated intensity of her kind.

But, on the other hand, there was the boy. She had promised Shelton that he should be brought up in the eye of his inheritance, and there were several disadvantageous things, not quite clear to one unversed in the intricacies of English entail, which might happen if she angered the Urshotts. And the pull of nature was too strong against resigning him to the family while she sought her own happiness. Besides, it would have made the countess happy, which was more than she deserved.

In the mood in which I then found myself, I am afraid I did not regard Mr. Hughes as a fair equivalent for the large, ordered content of English country life, though, in view of the final outcome of the affair, I hope Lady Constance did not find me altogether unsympathetic. At the time I was immensely more interested in the countess whenever, in the character of a guest of her daughter-in-law, she permitted me to take tea with her, invariably in the same place on the lawn, with the brown man and the white cockatoo behind her. She looked not unlike a great cockatoo herself, with the wind ruffling the lace of her head-dress above the thin, old profile.

Though she probably knew everything that went on between Mr. Hughes and Lady Shelton at my lodgings and elsewhere, she would never be brought to

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speak of it. Connie herself declared that she herself could never think of attempting the subject. Alone with Mr. Hughes, she rebelled, plotted, and wept; but in the presence of her husband's mother the impassivity of the Urshotts covered her like the slime with which the boa-constrictor slavers his victim before swallowing it. I am afraid the fascination of watching the struggle rather drew off my sympathies from the poor lady who was paying just that price for her ladyship; at any rate, I accepted an unconscionable number of invitations to tea in order that I might observe it. On these occasions Connie did nothing whatever beyond pouring the tea and looking after the cockatoo. Whenever he stirred from his perch, she would leave off whatever she was engaged upon and bring him back, though I should have supposed Badur Khan better suited for that service.

We would be sitting quietly on the lawn, and the bird would stretch his wings and give voice to one of his strange, hoarse cries, and I would see Lady Constance quiver and start alert, as though the movement stirred some invisible mechanism of her own; and I would find myself possessed of a ridiculous impulse to put down my cup and speak my mind out on something or other which appeared a monstrous, unbearable imposition; and then the moment would pass and leave me aware that it was not my imposition or my resentment, but an eddy of the incalculable antagonisms, so much greater than poor Connie's wit to cope with them, in which the countess and her daughter-in-law lived. It did occur to me on several occasions to wonder why, since having her attend on the cockatoo disturbed the countess so much, she did not forbid it; but it was altogether owing to Mr. Hughes that I began to read a sinister import in it. Hints, intimations, too fine for any ability possessed by the gentleman from Milwaukee to convey, had reached him in the earlier stages of the acquaintance, before the behavior of the countess—and I never learned just what behavior—made it impossible for him to visit the lady of his affections in her home.

"There 's things goin' on," he portended. "Them two"—he meant the countess and the Indian—"understand one another. The old lord picked him up in India when he was writing his book on magic, psychic phenomena, and so forth."

It appeared that on the Riviera he had read this book, meaning to ingratiate himself with the countess thereby. But his anxiety was none the less importunate for being formless. It sat upon him like an incubus.

"And is it your idea," I wished to know, "that some mental influence is being brought to bear on Lady Constance, to her disadvantage?"

"Well," he declared, "look at the way she is with me and then at the manor. She 's afraid to say her soul 's her own there. I tell you, it ain't natural."

But I turned upon the point of incredulity.

"What," I questioned, "could they do?"

"It ain't what they 'll do; it 's what they may drive her to."

"Suicide?" The idea refused to be entertained along with Connie Darrah.

"Well—accidents. That cockatoo, now—"

It flashed upon me suddenly—the bird's habit of perching on the parapet, across the water, in high, inaccessible places. It occurred to me that if there was anything of an occult nature going on at Urshott Manor, it was not going to be helped by calling it ridiculous. The Singhalese reminded me too much of my own brown, lathy Shoshones not to impress me with the likelihood of his possessing unusual hypnotic powers; and if he was exercising such to the disadvantage of Lady Constance, it was my duty, besides being extremely interesting, to take a hand in it.

There was a little trick of gesture I had picked up from a medicine man down Panamint way, contrived by startling to dispel the concentrative effort from which such influences spring. I had found its twin in use in Italy against the evil eye, and I thought it not unlikely that the Singhalese would be amenable to it. The very next afternoon gave me occasion to try.

We were sitting in the inner court,—for there was a wind on the river-side of the house,—and suddenly the cockatoo rose straight up in air, as if to catch it in his great, white sails, and, after circling a moment above our heads, settled on a ledge of stone that shored up the window space from the encroaching green.

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I saw Connie rise to the upward pull of his wings, and the brown man fumbling at his whistle while she stood hesitating, doubtful how to get at him. The countess sat in a Bath-chair at a little distance from us, half adoze in the sun. I deliberately turned my back on her, and, raising my hand with a movement abrupt enough to call it to his attention, executed my gesture in the face of Badur Khan. The result was altogether out of expectation. He took a step backward, like a man surprised in some natural act or occasion of potential indecency. The sickly hue of embarrassment came upon him. The contagion of it was so great that I could scarcely look at him; but it served to convince me that whatever he had practised upon Lady Constance was, until my gesture apprised him of it, without deliberation or consciousness. I sat up half the night after, in my lodgings, reading the old earl's book, which I had borrowed from Connie on the strength of a suddenly developed interest in psychic phenomena. The chapters that occupied me most related to the part Badur Khan had played in his experiments.

Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"AS HE PASSED HER, LADY CONSTANCE, WHOSE FOOT WAS ALREADY ON THE LANDING, WHEELED UNCERTAINLY"

It appeared, as I explained afterward to Mr. Hughes out of the sheer necessity of talking to somebody, that Lord Urshott had used the Singhalese as a transmitter for the powers he himself could practise only in an imperfect way. He could not himself put anybody into the hypnotic state without recourse to the obvious

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means of the laboratory, but he could fill up Badur Khan, so to speak, with his hypnoidal purpose, and the brown man, more sensitive than the phlegmatic English subject, could work it out by the still method of his kind, the secret of which has never quite yielded itself to European investigation.

"You mean to say, then," Mr. Hughes demanded of me, "that the black fellow does n't know?"

"He did n't know yesterday, that I can swear to. After all, what possible reason could he have for wishing to harm her? Depend upon it, he is merely the centralizing agent—"

"You mean the countess is working him. Well, of course she has reason enough." Suddenly he began to splutter. "It 's plain murder, that 's what it is; it 's actionable!"

"You 'd have to prove it. Besides, she may not know herself." Mr. Hughes polished off his forehead in the excess of bewilderment. "You think," he stuttered, "you think—"

But I had to say it for him.

"The countess hates her," I began.

"Oh, they all hate her, the family; and, for all they are so obsequious, the servants hate her, too."

"Exactly. She moves in waves and layers of hate. The people of the village, too, though she is kind to them, think of her as an interloper; they 'd side with the Urshotts. And Badur Khan is a sensitive: he 'd take in hate like a sponge, and give it out again. It would n't need any agreement between the countess and him. Say one day she had seen the possibility of Connie meeting with an accident,—a slip of her foot on the landing,—she 'd brood on that. And if Badur Khan had been by!" I was a sensitive myself in some degree, and I recalled the stab of viciousness playing between mistress and man that pierced me that first afternoon.

"She 's being done to death!" groaned her lover. "But you need n't tell me the countess does n't know. O Lord! Lord! and there 's nothing I can do about it!"

"You could run away with her," I suggested.

"She will never consent to it. She 's one of the Urshotts now herself; she has her pride." He grinned at me in a dreadful kind of irony.

It was partly by way of reaction against what I felt to be an entirely indefensible situation, and partly because I was growing a little tired of it, that I offered at last to bring notice of Lady Constance's plight to the countess myself. I had gathered from something let fall by my landlady that if she was not aware of it already, she was the only person in the place who was not, and I had the large faith of the Westerner that something could be arranged about everything. And, anyway, what did the Urshotts expect?

We were down in the herbaceous garden when I made this offer, which Connie hardly received with enthusiasm. It was very safe and private there, out of sight of the house; great hardy borders stood up about us. The veiled sky, the green stillness—green of the marching willows, of the unending English turf, of the mirrored green of the moat, with great rockets of scarlet phlox burning like torches on the moveless water—gave it the color of conspiracy. We dropped our voices as we talked.

"You know, I tried myself," she admitted—"told her I was thinkin' about gettin' married again. She—knitted—and went on talkin' about something else."

"But," I said confidently, "I shall refuse to talk of anything else." It is always a weakness of mine to suppose that people are going to be reasonable, can be persuaded to measure their behavior by the facts in the case.

That afternoon at tea Lady Constance left us by arrangement to bring me a book. I began to say how pleased I was to learn that she had a new prospect of happiness. I have had a great deal of experience in affairs of this kind, and I think it always well to begin with something that people do not generally barefacedly deny, like an interest in the welfare of one's own household. I was not looking directly at the countess as I said this, and I could not see how she took it except that it was in silence. I was going on to dwell on poor Connie's scruples about removing the boy from the influence of the countess, which was so remarkably good for him. I thought that rather a fine touch, but I was aware she had laid down her knitting.

Presently she spoke in a very quiet voice, impersonal, as when one is quite alone.

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Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'I HAVE TO GET HIM BACK,' SHE EXPLAINED CAREFULLY; 'I HAVE TO GET HIM BACK'"

"Badur," she said—"Badur, I feel a draft."

The still, brown man came forward to her chair, and she leaned upon his arm. She did not look at me as she passed on her way to the house; she did not even quiver; she went by me as though I were not. The wind which blew up just then, as though it could not allow so great a lady to be at fault, ruffed forward the lace of her head-dress as though it had been a crest. Presently the Singhalese came back and took away the tea-things.

It was only half a minute across the lawn to my boat, but I would not have crossed it so deserted for the half of Urshott Manor. I had to sit there until Connie came out and walked with me to the river. It struck me that something of the same kind might have happened to Mr. Hughes.

"After this," she said for all comment, "I suppose you won't feel like comin' back."

"Ah," I said, making light of it, "I 'll see you again on Fifth Avenue." I thought as I left her staring dejectedly into the water that by that time she would have

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Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"THE COUNTESS SAT IN A BATH-CHAIR AT A LITTLE DISTANCE FROM US, HALF ADOZE IN THE SUN. I DELIBERATELY . . . EXECUTED MY GESTURE IN THE FACE OF BADUR KHAN"

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put on weight, and with the amazingly smart clothes that would make her indistinguishably one of the crowd of New York shoppers, I should not care whether I met her or not.

"What you will have to do," I said to Mr. Hughes, "is to elope with her and make terms about the child afterward." I believe I was rather keen on this; I was thinking of its probable effect on the countess. The truth was, I had been horribly snubbed, and I was not liking it. There was nothing in my tradition which granted the inherent right of the Urshotts to administer snubs. And I discovered the next day that my landlady knew all about this, too. I thought all that Connie had said to me about the English was quite true and ridiculous.

Some business occurring to take me up to London, I jumped at it as a way of getting quit of the whole affair. That I was not quite done with it I realized when, two weeks later, I met Mr. Hughes in Piccadilly in a particularly beaming mood. Lady Constance had missed me to such a degree, he told me handsomely, that in sheer desperation she had half consented, and since his coming up to town for an unavoidable appointment, she had written to confirm her resolution to marry him and settle her account with the countess afterward. They were to let matters stand as they were for a week or so in order to allay suspicion, and then he was to go down for her. He was expansively making the most of totally unnecessary preparations to receive her in an effort to make them fit with the magnitude of the affair. He conceived himself quite the hero of romance. I congratulated him, though I could have wished him slimmer for the part, and then I went motoring in Wales, had a run over to Paris, and quite forgot all about him until I came upon him quite unexpectedly some six weeks later, taking tea all alone at the Savoy. He came over at once in response to my signal, and almost before the words of greeting were out of my mouth I saw that he was in mourning. He sat down beside me, and as soon as the occasion afforded I touched the band on his arm in sympathetic inquiry.

"It 's all of three weeks now," he said. "Have n't you heard?"

I mumbled my reasons for being out of touch.

"It was in all the papers." There was a melancholy satisfaction, I saw, in his way of mentioning it, in the space devoted to the death of Lady Constance Urshott: it satisfied his sense of the proportions of her worth.

"Were you married?"

"Almost." He glanced at his mourning, which was such as a widower might wear. "At the last she made her preparations openly; she seemed to think it only fair."

"And the countess?"

"She knew. She never made any sign, but I knew that she knew." He felt in his pocket for a worn clipping.

"Drowned!" I caught at the headline—drowned in the river! But how?"

His pointing finger led my eye down past the recital of dates and the titles of the Urshotts:

> Lady Constance was supposed to have met her death while endeavoring to catch a favorite cockatoo . . . there is no rail to the landing, and she must have lost her footing while reaching for the bird, which perched on the water-gage. . . . Help did not reach her until life was extinct.

"It is all of eight feet deep there," I protested; "no person in her senses—"

"That 's just the point," said Mr. Hughes; "that 's what makes me certain the countess knew."

"You think—" After all, what could one think?

"They 'd never let her disgrace herself by marrying me, nor give up the boy. That black man—it was him made Connie think she had to bring the bird back every time—*had to.*"

He folded up the clipping and put it away again. "It 's a bad business this marrying foreigners; I 'll always say it is a bad thing."

I had to go back to the neighborhood of Urshott Manor to fetch some books I had left, and I took a last row up the river past the house of the cockatoo. It was clear October, with the leaves off the willows, and the house open to view. I marked how the blood-bright Virginia creeper made a pattern over the dull, masking green of the ivied walls. A child, dressed in deep mourning, trundled a hoop across the lawn with the soundless motion

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of a dream. He had American written all over him as plainly as though he had been tattooed. Beyond, in the sunny bay, the countess sat knitting; the brown skin of the Singhalese, melting into the shadows, gave a headless look to the folds of his white clothing. But I missed the cockatoo. I had a moment of regretting that I had afforded the countess the opportunity to snub me. I wanted to go in and inquire about the cockatoo. I asked my landlady instead.

"Ah, poor dear, she had to get rid of him," she said, "and all these years he 'd been about the house! But, you see, him bein' the death, so to speak, of the young lord's mother, after that she could n't abide him."

"No," I admitted, after a while—"no, I don't suppose she could."

THE OBVIOUSNESS OF DICKENS

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

WITH REPRODUCTIONS OF A PENCIL PORTRAIT, AUTOGRAPHS, AND RELICS OF DICKENS IN THE COLLECTION OF MR. HARRY B. SMITH

IN the college world it is a point of honor for the successive classes to treat each other with contumely. The feud between freshman and sophomore goes on automatically. Only when one has become a senior may he, without losing caste, recognize a freshman as a youth of promise, and admit that a sophomore is not half bad. Such disinterested criticism is tolerated because it is evidently the result of the mellowing influence of time.

The same tendency is seen in literary and artistic judgments. It is never good taste to admit the good taste of the generation that immediately precedes us. Its innocent admirations are flouted and its standards are condemned as provincial. For we are always emerging from the dark ages and contrasting their obscurity with our marvelous light.

The nineteenth century had its fling at the artificiality of the eighteenth century, and treated it with contempt as the age of doctrinaires. And now that the twentieth century is coming to the age of discretion, we hear a new term of reproach, Mid-Victorian. It expresses the sum of all villainies in taste. For some fifty years in the nineteenth century the English-speaking race, as it now appears, was under the sway of Mrs. Grundy. It was living in a state of most reprehensible respectability, and Art was tied to the apron-strings of Morality. Everybody admired what ought not to be admired. We are only now beginning to pass judgment on the manifold mediocrity of this era.

All this must, for the time, count against Dickens; for of all the Victorians he was the midmost. He flourished in that most absurd period of time—the time just before most of us were born. And how he did flourish! Grave lord chancellors confessed to weeping over *Little Nell*. A Mid-Victorian bishop relates that after administering consolation to a man in his last illness he heard him saying, "At any rate, a new 'Pickwick Paper' will be out in ten days."

Everywhere there was a wave of hysterical appreciation. Describing his reading in Glasgow, Dickens writes:

> Such pouring of hundreds into a place already full to the throat, such indescribable confusion, such rending and tearing of dresses, and yet such a scene of good humor, I never saw the slightest approach to. . . . Fifty frantic men got up in all parts of the hall and addressed me all at once. Other frantic men made speeches to the wall. The whole B family were borne on the top of a wave and landed with their faces against the front of the platform. I read with the

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platform crammed with people. I got them to lie down upon it, and it was like some impossible tableau, or gigantic picnic,—one pretty girl lying on her side all night, holding on to the legs of my table.

In New York eager seekers after fiction would "lie down on the pavement the whole of the night before the tickets were sold, generally taking up their position about ten." There would be free fights, and the police would be called to quell the riot.

Such astonishing actions on the part of people who were unfortunate enough to live in the middle of the nineteenth century put us on our guard. It could not have been a serious interest in English literature that evoked the mob spirit. Dickens must have been writing the kind of books which these people liked to hear read. We remember with some misgivings that in the days of our youth we wept over *Little Nell,* just as the lord chancellor did. The question which disturbs us is, Ought we to have done so?

Let us by a soft answer turn away the wrath of the critic. Doubtless we ought not to have done so. Our excuse is that, at the time, we could not help it. We may make the further plea, common to all soft-hearted sinners, that if we had n't wept, other people would, so that no great harm was done, after all.

From a pencil-drawing by Priscilla Horton, the actress (Mrs. German Reed)

DICKENS AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-SIX

This sketch was made in 1838, when Dickens was writing "Nicholas Nickleby." It bears a general resemblance to the Maclise portrait, which was used as a frontispiece to the first edition of that novel.

But letting bygones be bygones, and not seeking to justify the enthusiasms of the nineteenth century, one may return to Dickens as to the home of one's childhood. How do the old scenes affect us? Does the charm remain?

When thus we return to Dickens, we are compelled to confess the justice of the latter-day criticism. In all his writings he deals with characters and situations

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Drawn by Albert E. Sterner. Engraved on wood by M. Haider

LITTLE NELL AND THE SCHOOLMASTER ("OLD CURIOSITY SHOP")

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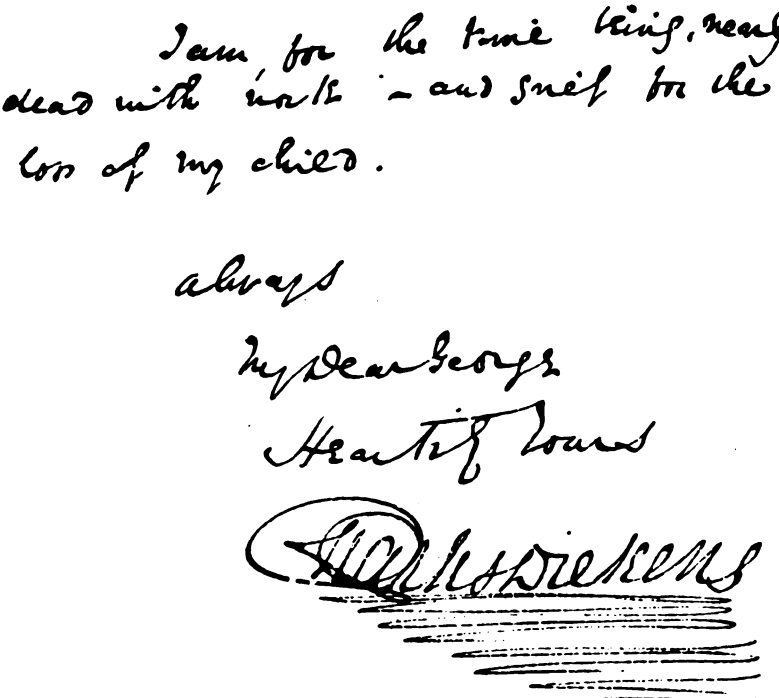
which are wholly obvious; at least they are obvious after he deals with them. Not only is he without the art which conceals art, but, unlike some novelists of more recent fame, he is without the art that conceals the lack of art. He produces an impression by the crude method of "rubbing it in." There are no subtleties to pique our curiosity, no problems left us for discussion, no room for difference of opinion. There is no more opportunity for speculation than in a one-price clothing store where every article is marked in plain figures. To have heartily disliked *Mr. Pecksniff* and to have loved the *Cheeryble Brothers* indicates no sagacity on our part. The author has distinctly and repeatedly told us that the one is an odious hypocrite and that the others are benevolent to an unusual degree. Our appreciation of *Sam Weller* does not prove that we have any sense of humor save that which is common to man. For *Mr. Weller's* humor is a blessing that is not in disguise. It is a pump which needs no priming. There is no denying that the humor, the pathos, and the sentiment of Dickens are obvious.

All this, according to certain critics, goes to prove that Dickens lacks distinction, and that the writing of his novels was a commonplace achievement. This judgment seems to me to arise from a confusion of thought. The *perception* of the obvious is a commonplace achievement; the *creation* of the obvious, and making it interesting, is the work of genius. There is no intellectual distinction in the enjoyment of "The Pickwick Papers"; to write "The Pickwick Papers" would be another matter.



LAST PAGE OF A LETTER BY DICKENS TO GEORGE CATTERMOLE

This letter was written late at night, immediately after Dickens had finished the description of the death of *Little Nell*. The first part of the letter gave instructions to the artist for the drawing of *Little Nell* on her death-bed.

It is only in the last quarter of a century that English literature has been accepted not as a recreation, but as a subject of serious study. Now, the first necessity for a study is that it should be "hard." Some of the best brains in the educational world have been enlisted in the work of giving a disciplinary value to what was originally an innocent pleasure. It is evi-

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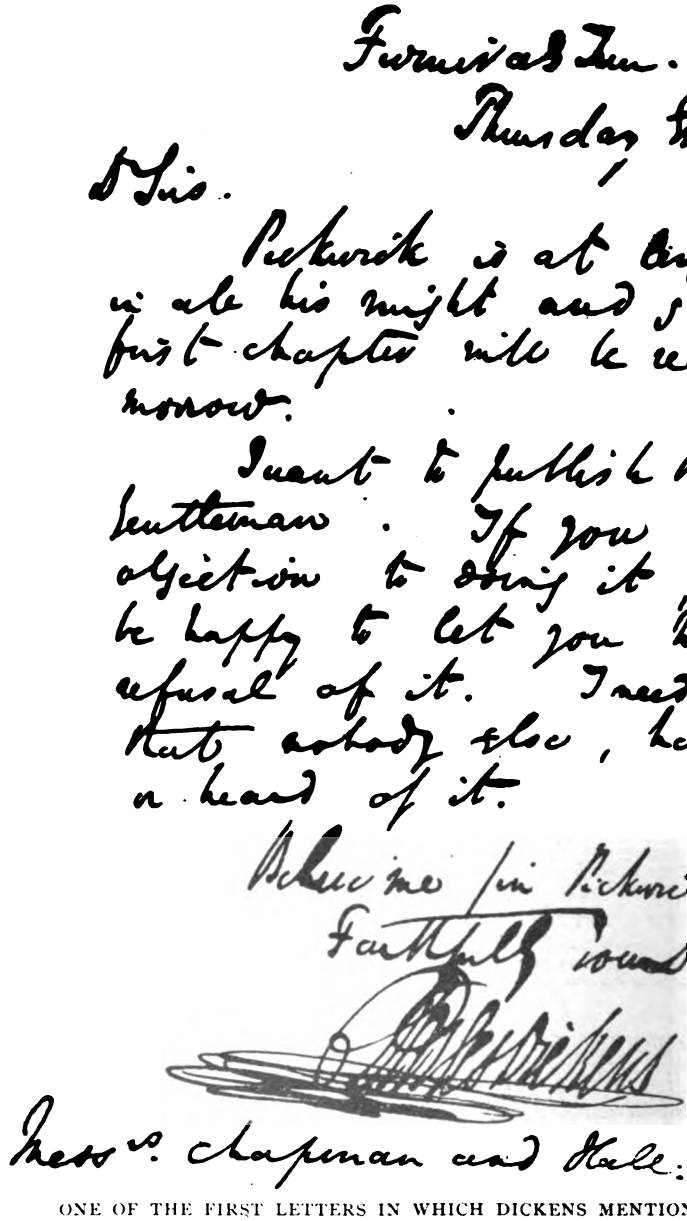
dent that one cannot give marks for the number of smiles or tears evoked by a tale of true love. The novel or the play that is to hold its own in the curriculum in competition with trigonometry must have some knotty problem which causes the harassed reader to knit his brows in anxious thought.

In answer to this demand, the literary craftsman has arisen who takes his art with a seriousness which makes the "pain-



ONE OF THE FIRST LETTERS IN WHICH DICKENS MENTIONS "PICKWICK"

In this letter the novelist coins the word "Pickwickian," which he afterward used so effectively in the book itself.

ful preacher" of the Puritan time seem a mere pleasure-seeker. Equipped with instruments of precision drawn from the psychological laboratory, he is prepared to satisfy our craving for the difficult. By

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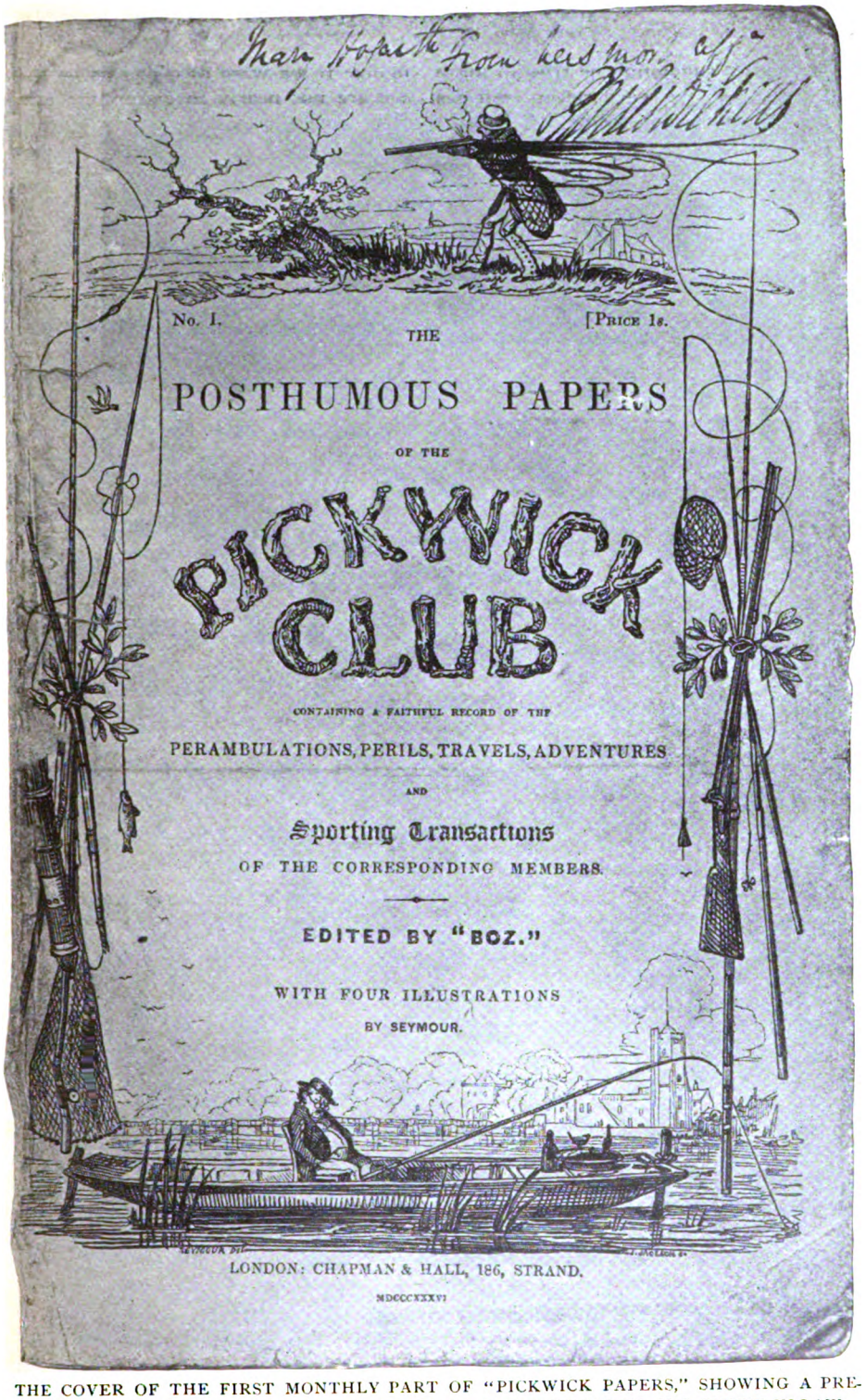

THE COVER OF THE FIRST MONTHLY PART OF "PICKWICK PAPERS," SHOWING A PRESENTATION INSCRIPTION FROM DICKENS TO MARY HOGARTH, HIS SISTER-IN-LAW

The first fourteen monthly parts all bear similar inscriptions to Miss Hogarth. After the publication of the fourteenth part, Miss Hogarth died. Dickens was so prostrated by the death of this young girl that the publication of "Pickwick" was interrupted for two months. The remaining parts of this set were presented by the author to Miss Hogarth's father. This set of the first edition parts of "Pickwick" is probably the most interesting in existence. Mr. L. G. Kitton, the bibliographer of Dickens, states that it is probably the first copy issued from the press.

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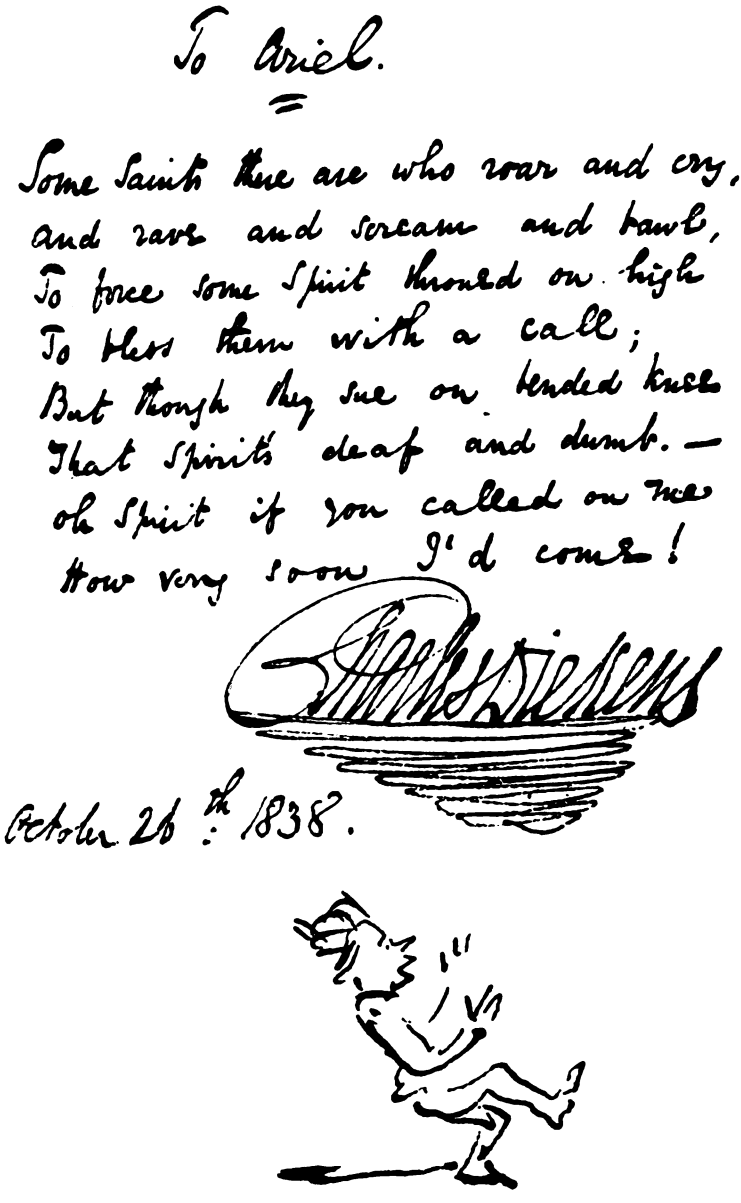
the method of suggestion he tries to make us believe that we have never seen his characters before, and sometimes he succeeds. He deals in descriptions which leave us with the impression of an indescribable something which we should recognize if we were as clever as he is. As we are not nearly so clever, we are left with a chastened sense of our inferiority, which is doubtless good for us. And all this groping for the un-obvious is connected with an equally insistent demand



VERSES IN DICKENS'S HANDWRITING IN THE ALBUM OF PRISCILLA HORTON, WHO WAS A FAVORITE IN THE RÔLE OF *ARIEL*

This sketch is the only known drawing by the novelist. It is supposed to represent Dickens hastening at the call of *Ariel*. (See also page 561).

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PRISCILLA HORTON AS *ARIEL*

This was sketched by George Cruikshank in Miss Horton's album in 1838, the year in which Cruikshank completed the etchings for "Oliver Twist." His autograph is seen below. At the top is the autograph of Macready, another of Dickens's early friends.

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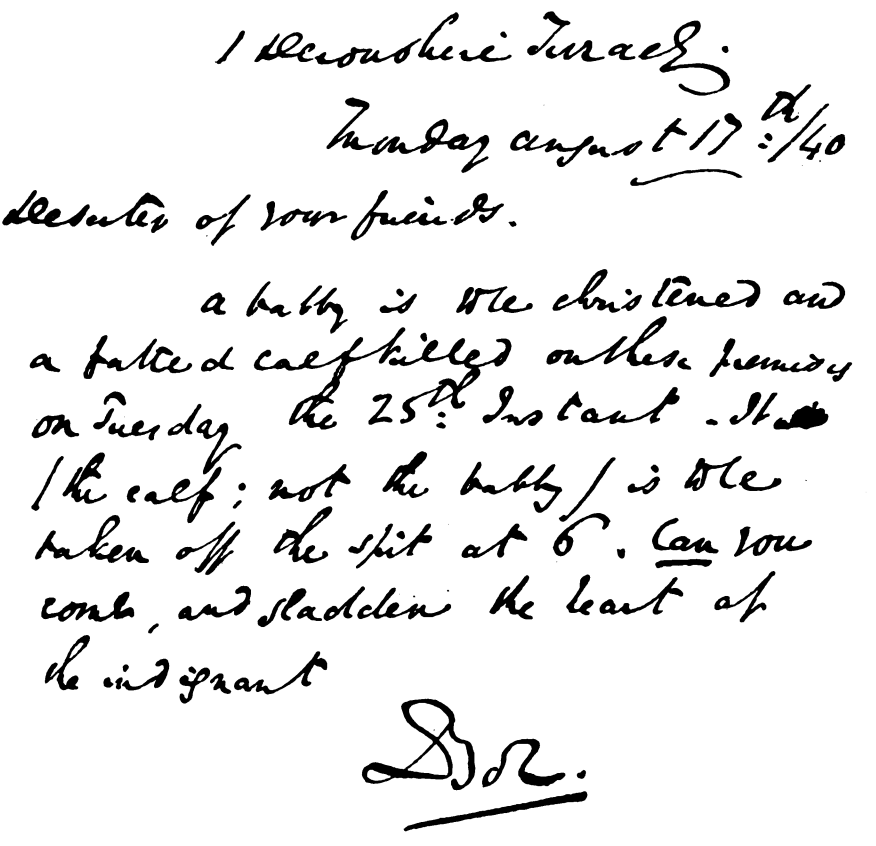
for realism. The novel must not only be as real as life, but it must be more so. For life, as it appears in our ordinary consciousness, is full of illusions. When these are stripped off and the residuum is is not visible to the naked eye. But if the insides of things are real, so also are the outsides. Surfaces and forms are not without their importance.

It may be said in extenuation of Dick-



A LETTER FROM DICKENS TO MR. J. P. HARLEY

The peculiar interest in this letter lies in the signature. Letters signed "Boz" are extremely rare. John Pritt Harley, the actor, was an intimate friend of Dickens, their acquaintance beginning in 1835. Harley created the leading characters in Dickens's dramatic pieces, "The Strange Gentleman" and "The Village Coquettes."

compressed into a book, we have that which is at once intensely real and painfully unfamiliar.

Now, there is a certain justification for this. A psychologist may show us aspects of character which we could not see by ourselves, as the X-rays will reveal what ens that the blemish of obviousness is one which he shared with the world he lived in. It would be too much to say that all realities are obvious. There is a great deal that we do not see at the first glance; but there is a great deal that we do see. To reproduce the freshness and wonder of

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creature than he is? Do you think that if I spat upon him, I could degrade him to a lower level than his own? Look at him. Look at him, Pinch! [illegible] as he lies there, disgraced, bought, used; a cloth for dirty hands; a mat for dirty feet; a lying, fawning, servile dog; he is the very last and worst among the vermin of the world. And mark me, Pinch. The day will come—he knows it; see it written on his face, the while I speak!—when even you will find him out, and will know him as I do, and as he knows I do. *He* renounce *me*? Cast your eyes on the renouncer, Pinch, and be the wiser for the recollection!"

He pointed at him as he spoke, with most unutterable contempt, and flinging his hat upon his head, walked from the room and from the house. He went so rapidly that he was already clear of the village, when he heard Tom Pinch calling breathlessly after him in the distance.

"Well! what now?" he said, when Tom came up.

"Dear, dear!" cried Tom, "are you going?"

"Going!" he echoed. "Going!"

"I didn't so much mean that, as were you going now at once—in this bad weather—on foot—without your clothes—with no money?" cried Tom.

"Yes," he answered sternly, "I am."

"And where?" cried Tom. "Oh where will you go?"

"I don't know," he said.—"Yes I do. I'll go to America!"

"No, no," cried Tom, in a kind of agony. "Don't go there. Pray don't! Think better of it. Don't be so dreadfully regardless of yourself. Don't go to America!"

"My mind's made up," he said. "Your friend was right. I'll go to America. God bless you, Pinch!"

"Take this!" cried Tom, pressing a book upon him in great agitation. "I must make haste back, and can't say anything I would. Heaven be with you. Look at the leaf I have turned down. Good bye, good bye!"

The simple fellow wrung him by the hand with tears [illegible] down his cheeks; and they parted hurriedly upon their separate ways.

A PAGE OF THE FIRST PROOF-SHEETS OF THE FIRST EDITION OF "MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT," AS ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MONTHLY PARTS

The corrections are in Dickens's handwriting, and the added paragraph is a characteristic description of *Mr. Pecksniff*.

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the first view of the obvious world is one of the greatest achievements of the imagination.

The reason why the literary artist shuns the obvious is that there is too much of it. It is too big for the limited resources of his art. In the actual world, realities come in big chunks. Nature continually repeats herself. She hammers her facts into our heads with a persistency which is often more than a match for our stupidity. If we do not recognize a fact to-day, it will hit us in the same place to-morrow.

We are so used to this educational method of reiteration that we make it a test of reality. An impression made upon us must be repeated before it has validity to our reason. If a thing really happened, we argue that it will happen again under the same conditions. That is what we mean by saying that we are under the reign of law. There is a great family resemblance between happenings.

We make acquaintance with people by the same method. The recognition of identity depends upon the ability which most persons have of appearing to be remarkably like themselves. The reason why we think that the person whom we met to-day is the same person we met yesterday is that he *seems* the same. There are obvious resemblances that strike us at once. He looks the same, he acts the same, he has the same mannerisms, the same kind of voice, and he answers to the same name. If Proteus, with the best intention in the world, but with an unlimited variety of self-manifestations, were to call every day, we should greet him always as a stranger. We should never feel at home with so versatile a person. A character must have a certain degree of monotony about it before we can trust it. Unexpectedness is an agreeable element in wit, but not in friendship. Our friend must be one who can say with honest *Joe Gargery*, "It were understood, and it are understood, and it ever will be similar, according."

But in the use of this effective method of reiteration there is a difference between Nature and a book. Nature does not care whether she bores us or not: she has us by the buttonhole, and we cannot get away. Not so with a book. When we are bored, we lay it down, and that brings the interview to an end. It is from the fear of our impatience that most writers abstain from the natural method of producing an impression.

And they are quite right. It is only now and then that an audience will grant an extension of time to a speaker in order that he may make his point more clear. They would rather miss the point. And it is still more rare for the reader to grant a similar extension in order that the author may tell again what he has told before. It is much easier to shut up a book than to shut up a speaker.

The criticism of Dickens that his characters repeat themselves quite misses the mark. As well object to an actor that he frequently responds to an encore. If indicted for the offense, he could at least insist that the audience be indicted with him as accessory before the fact.

Dickens tells us that when he read at Harrogate, "There was a remarkably good fellow of thirty or so who found something so very ludicrous in *Toots* that he could not compose himself at all, but laughed until he sat wiping his eyes with his handkerchief, and whenever he felt *Toots* coming again he began to laugh and wipe his eyes afresh."

"Whenever he felt *Toots* coming again"—there you have the whole philosophy of the matter. The young fellow found *Toots* amusing when he first laid eyes on him. He wanted to see him again, and it must always be the same *Toots*.

It is useless to cavil at an author because of the means by which he produces his effects. The important thing is that he does produce an effect. That the end justifies the means may be a dangerous doctrine in ethics, but much may be said for it in literature.

The situation is like that of a middle-aged gentleman beset by a small boy on a morning just right for snowballing. "Give me leave, mister?" cries the youthful sharp-shooter. The good-natured citizen gives leave by pulling up his coat-collar and quickening his pace. If the small boy can hit him, he is forgiven, if he cannot hit him, he is scorned. The fact is that Dickens with a method as broad and repetitious as that of Nature herself does succeed in hitting our fancy. That is, he succeeds nine times out of ten.

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WILKIE COLLINS CHARLES COLLINS MISS DICKENS MISS HOGARTH CHARLES DICKENS, JR. HAMILTON HUME
MRS. CHARLES COLLINS
MRS. CHARLES DICKENS, JR. CHARLES FECHTER CHARLES DICKENS

From a photograph taken about 1861

A GROUP ON THE LAWN AT GAD'S HILL

It is the minor characters of Dickens that are remembered. And we remember them for the same reason that we remember certain faces which we have seen in a crowd. There is some salient feature or trick of manner which first attracts and then holds our attention. A person must have some tag by which he is identified, or, so far as we are concerned, he becomes one of the innumerable lost articles. There are persons who are like umbrellas, very useful, but always liable to be forgotten. The memory is an infirm faculty, and must be humored. It often clings to mere trifles.

The man with the flamboyant necktie whom you saw on the 8:40 train may also be the author of a volume of exquisite lyrics; but you never saw the lyrics, and you did see the necktie. In the scale of being the necktie may be the least important parcel of this good man's life, but it is the only thing about him which attracts your attention. When you see it day after day at the same hour you feel that you have a real, though perhaps not a deep, acquaintance with the man behind it.

It is thus we habitually perceive the human world. We see things, and infer persons to correspond. One peculiarity attracts us. It is not the whole man, but it is all of him that is for us. In all this we are very Dickensy.

We may read an acute character study and straightway forget the person who was so admirably analyzed; but the lady in the yellow curl-papers is unforgetable. We really see very little of her, but she is real, and she would not be so real without her yellow curl-papers. A yellow-curl-paper-less lady in the Great White Horse Inn would be as unthinkable to us as a white-plume-less Henry of Navarre at Ivry.

In ecclesiastical art the saints are recognized by their emblems. Why should not the sinners have the same means of identification? Dickens has the courage to furnish us these necessary aids to recollection. *Macawber, Mrs. Gummidge, Barkis, Mr.*

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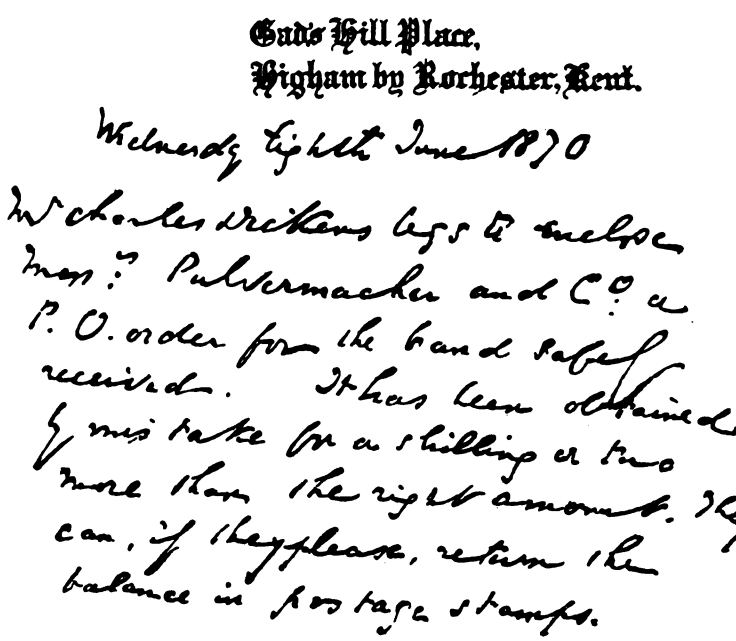
Dick, Uriah Heep, Betsy Trotwood, Dick Swiveller, Mr. Mantalini, Horace Skimpole, Sairey Gamp, always appear with their appropriate insignia. We should remember that it is for our sakes.

According to the canons of literary art, a fact should be stated clearly once and for all. It would be quite proper to mention the fact that *Silas Wegg* had a wooden leg; but this fact having been made plain, why should it be referred to again? There is a sufficient reason based on sound psychology. If the statement were not repeated, we should forget that *Mr. Wegg* had a wooden leg, and by and by we should forget *Silas Wegg* himself. He would fade away among the host of literary gentlemen who are able to read "The Decline and Fall," but who are not able to keep themselves out of the pit of oblivion. But when we repeatedly see *Mr. Wegg* as *Mr. Boffin* saw him, "the literary gentleman *with* a wooden leg," we feel that we really have the pleasure of his acquaintance. There is not only perception of him, but what the pedagogical people call apperception. Our idea of *Mr. Wegg* is inseparably connected with our antecedent ideas of general woodenness.

Again, we are introduced to "a large, hard-breathing, middle-aged man, with a mouth like a fish, dull, staring eyes, and sandy hair standing upright on his head, so that he looked as if he had been choked and had at that moment come to." This is *Mr. Pumblechook.* He does not emerge slowly like a ship from below the horizon. We see him all at once, eyes, mouth, hair, and character to match. It is a case of falling into acquaintance at first sight. We are now ready to hear what *Mr. Pumblechook* says and see what he does. We have a reasonable assurance that whatever he says and does it will be just like *Mr. Pumblechook.*


Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent.

Wednesday Eighth June 1870

Mr Charles Dickens begs to enclose Messrs Pulvermacher and Co's P. O. order for the Band Label received. It has been obtained by mistake for a shilling or two more than the right amount. They can, if they please, return the balance in Postage Stamps.

ONE OF DICKENS'S LAST LETTERS

On the day before Dickens's death he worked on "Edwin Drood" until the end of the afternoon. He then wrote letters for half an hour before dinner. At dinner the fatal seizure occurred. Three of the letters written during the last half-hour that the novelist held a pen have survived. This is one of them. It is impossible to determine which of the three was actually written last. The above letter refers to the purchase of a magnetic band for the rheumatic foot which gave Dickens great pain during the last few weeks of his life.

We enter a respectable house in a shady angle adjoining Portman Square. We go out to dinner in solemn procession. We admire the preternatural solidity of the furniture and the plate. The hostess is a fine woman, "with neck and nostrils like a rocking-horse, hard features and majestic headdress." Her husband, large and pompous, with little light-colored wings "more like hair-brushes than hair" on the sides of his otherwise bald head, begins to discourse on the British Constitution. We now know as much of *Mr. Podsnap* as we shall know at the end of the book. But it is a real knowledge conveyed by the method that gives dinner-parties their educational value. We forgive Dickens his superfluous discourse on *Podsnapery* in general. For his remarks are precisely of the kind which we make

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when the party is over, and we sit by the fire generalizing and allegorizing the people we have met.

That *Mr. Thomas Gradgrind* was unduly addicted to hard facts might have been delicately insinuated in the course of two hundred pages. We might have felt a mild pleasure in the discovery which we had made, and then have gone our way forgetting what manner of man he was. What is *Gradgrind* to us or we to *Gradgrind?* Dickens introduces him to us in all his uncompromising squareness—"square coat, square legs, square shoulders, nay, his very neck cloth is trained to take him by the throat with an unaccommodating grasp." We are made at once to see "the square wall of a forehead which had his eyebrows for its base, while his eyes found commodious cellarage in the two dark caves overshadowed by the wall." Having taken all this in at a glance, there is nothing more to be done in the development of the character of *Mr. Gradgrind.* He takes his place among the obvious facts of existence. But in so much as we were bound to find him out sometime, shall we quarrel with Dickens because we were enabled to do so in the first chapter?

CANDLESTICK USED BY DICKENS, 1851–1870

In the picture by Luke Fildes, "The Empty Chair," representing Dickens's study after his death, this candlestick stands upon the writing-table. The picture of the study shows no gas-fixture, and it is likely that most of Dickens's writing at night was done by candle-light.

Nor do the obvious exaggerations of Dickens arising from the exuberance of his fancy interfere with the sense of reality. A truth is not less true because it is in large print. We recognize creatures who are prodigiously like ourselves, and we laugh at the difference in scale. Did not all Lilliput laugh over the discovery of Gulliver? How they rambled over the vast expanse of countenance, recognizing each feature—lips, cheek, nose, chin, brow. "How very odd," they would say to themselves, "and how very like!"

To the fact that Dickens was not afraid of the obvious we owe much of the good cheer of which he was the bringer. Happiness is much more common than the ability to describe it, a fact well known to literary men, who are usually saddest when they write. It is a literary conventionality that man is a creature who is consumed by a divine discontent and who is always engaged in a nerve-racking and futile pursuit of happiness. In order to live up to this expectation, we train ourselves to attitudes that are not natural to us. We are like a high-stepper that is all the time prancing over imaginary obstacles and shying at imaginary dangers, thus giving an impression of mettlesomeness which may be quite foreign to his native disposition. We would not for the world have people know how little it takes to make us happy.

All these pretenses Dickens sweeps aside. There are miseries enough, to be sure, but, for all that, happiness is one of the commonest things in the world. You have to take it in snatches; but what of that? Here are hosts of people who are caught in the very act of enjoying themselves. They are for the moment in a state of unabashed content. And the pleasure does not come as a reward of merit or as a mark of distinguished consideration. It is the unadulterated sat-

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isfaction that came to little Jack Horner when

He put in his thumb
And pulled out a plum,
And said, "What a great boy am I!"

The finding of the plum was not a matter of world-wide importance, but it was a great pleasure for Jack Horner, and he did not care who knew it.

What joy *Mr. Macawber* gets out of his own eloquence! We cannot begrudge him this unearned increment. We sympathize, as, "much affected, but still intensely enjoying himself, *Mr. Macawber* folded up his letter and handed it with a bow to my aunt as something she might like to keep."

And *R. Wilfer,* despite his meager salary, and despite *Mrs. Wilfer,* enjoys himself whenever he gets a chance. When he goes to Greenwich with *Bella* he finds everything as it should be. "Everything was delightful. The Park was delightful; the punch was delightful, the dishes of fish were delightful; the wine was delightful." If that was not happiness, what was it?

Said *R. Wilfer:* "Supposing a man to go through life, we won't say with a companion, but we will say with a tune. Very good. Supposing the tune allotted to him was the Dead March in Saul. Well. It would be a very suitable tune for particular occasions—none more so—but it would be difficult to keep time with it in the ordinary run of domestic transactions."

It is a matter of common observation that those who have allotted to them the most solemn music do not always keep time with it. In the "ordinary run of domestic transactions" they find many little alleviations. In the aggregate these amount to a considerable blessing. The world may be rough, and many of its ways may be cruel, but for all that it is a joyful sensation to be alive, and the more alive we are, the better we like it. All of which is very obvious, and it is what we want somebody to point out for us again and again.

HOW THE HOUND GOT HIS MOUTH

BY HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS

Author of "Isam's Spectacles," "Two Runaways," etc.

ISAM readjusted his spectacles, and wrinkled his nose until they settled comfortably into their accustomed grooves. During this performance he looked up toward the sky, his little, black eyes crossed and uncrossed several times, and every line of his mobile face shifted. The little boy, watching him, laughed aloud.

"Some er dese days," said the old negro, after an interval of reflection, as he picked up his white-oak strips and drew the chair he was bottoming across his lap, "you goin' ter be ole an' half blind yo'se'f, an' folks goin' ter laugh at you. Maybe 'bout dat time de fun 'll all drap out er de joke. What ails you, anyhow?" And pausing in his occupation, he looked over his glass rims at his companion with all the sternness his features could compass.

"I could n't help it, Unc' Isam," said the little fellow, penitently. "You did look so funny! You looked like the old goat smelling the wind. I was just going to ask you something when the laugh slipped out instead."

Isam nodded his head and shook silently, while Major Worthington, up on the porch, shifting his fat legs in the big rocker, reached out his stick and touched Helen. Smiling, she bent lower over her sewing.

"Like de houn'-dog when he tried to whistle for Br'er Rabbit," said Isam, carelessly.

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"Huh! Did he try to whistle?" The little boy almost climbed into the old negro's lap in his excitement. "Tell me about it, Unc' Isam, please—please!" The little boy's "please" was a flute-note carrying a reverse curve, and was usually irresistible.

Isam looked at him over the glasses again in mock surprise.

"Sho'ly you done hyah dat story too long ergo ter talk erbout! Go 'long 'way f'om heeh, an' lem me get de bottom in dis chear—"

"No, I have n't, Unc' Isam. Did he whistle?" The little boy went off into a paroxysm of laughter over some mental picture his vivid imagination conjured up. "But, pshaw! he just could n't whistle with that kind of mouth. Mother!" He looked up toward the busy little woman on the porch.

"Now, don't pester yo' ma 'bout dis whistle question!" said Isam. "What she know 'bout houn'-dogs an' deir doin's?"

"Mother, *can* a hound-dog whistle?" persisted the little boy.

"I have never heard one," she answered, smiling over her stitches. "I used to hear a story of a dog that tried once, with a rabbit to teach him."

"Oomhoo!" said Isam. "Hit 's de same dog and de same rabbit I been tol' yo' *ma* erbout nigh on ter twenty-five years ergo!"

"But, Unc' Isam, an animal just *can't* whistle."

"Don't say 'can't' erbout no animal," said Isam, solemnly. "Nobody knows what dey kin do when de notion strikes 'em." Suddenly he pointed to some little branches lying under the pecan-tree. "Fetch me one er dem bunches er dead leaves," he said. When the little boy complied with the demand, the old man took the branch in his hand. "Ef I 'd er said er animal er bug could saw wood, you 'd 'spute my word 'fo' hit more 'n hit yo' year. Now look at dis heeh limb!" He pointed to a neat, beveled cut. "Er little, ole bug—er teenchy, little ole bug straddle' dis limb las' night, set his saws, an' walked roun' tell de limb 'mos' off, an' de wind did de balance." The boy studied it gravely.

"What for?" he asked in awe.

"See dem little holes all erlong by de j'ints? Dere 's whar he stuck es eggs. An' he cut de limb so when it fall down ter de groun' es young could des natch'ly burrer in an' git out er de way of ev'ything an' ev'ybody. I hyah Dr. Bailey talkin' 'bout it one day. Don't say er animal *can't*. Dey sho'ly *kin*. Er rabbit kin whistle, an' er dog mout er learn' how ef he had got esse'f er whistlin' mouf like er rabbit."

"Has a rabbit got a whistlin' mouth?"

"Sho'ly. Ev'ything erbout hit des runs up in er bunch, an' when he wants ter whistle, he des jumps up, cracks es hind laigs in de road ter start er roll er a'r up es insides, an' hit comes outer es mouf des dis erway." The old negro, lifting his face, puckered his lips, and produced a short musical whistle. "You go 'long up de mill road 'mos' any day 'bout sundown expecially atter er shower an' set dere erwhile. You 'll hyah rabbits whistlin' back an' forth. Go up yonner ter de ole buryin'-groun' ter-night when de moon hangs low an' des listen—"

"Who, me?"

"Sho'ly! You ain't afeerd, er big, strappin' boy like you!"

"You been there, Unc' Isam?"

"I been by dere," said Isam, after a pause.

"Did you hear rabbits whistling?"

"Not up dere. 'Mos' gen'ly when I 'm er-passin' dere I 'm doin' de whistlin', an' er rabbit won't mix his whistles up wid no man." The lady on the porch laughed, and exchanged glances with the major.

"Don't aggravate him, Uncle Isam. Tell him the story!" she said gently.

"Sho'ly, sho'ly. Dere was er story, now I come to study 'bout hit. An' right dere is where de houn'-dog got dat long, tired-lookin' smile o' his'n. You see, erway 'long back yonner 'fo' we-alls was borned, de houn'-dog an' de rabbit was de bes' o' friends. When you see one, hit ain't long 'fo' yer see de yuther. Dere war n't no fussin' 'twixt dem two 'ca'se dere war n't no chance for dem ter mix up at feed-time. De houn'-dog wanted b'iled food an' bones an' ter lick de skillet three times er day when de bell rings. De rabbit he like' bes' ter set down late in de day er in de shank er de night by er collard-plant an' nibble sprouts tell es quid comes. In de daytime dis would las' him tell night ergin, an' ef yer foun' him, you 'd find 'im settin' on de aidge o'

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Drawn by Carton Moorepark

"AN' BR'ER HOUN'-DOG SAY: 'BR'ER RABBIT, HOW YER MANAGE TER WHISTLE SO FINE?'"

es bed chawin' an' rumminatin'. 'Mos all de fusses in de worl' come o' folks wantin' de same thing at de same time. Hit 's scramble fust, an' fight nex'. But de dog had es feed-time, an' de rabbit had his'n.

"Well, sah, one night on de fall er de moon, Br'er Houn'-dog hyah Br'er Rabbit whistle f'om out in de collard-patch, an' he jog erlong down de row tell he come on 'im, an' dey pass de time er night. Br'er Houn'-dog he walk' roun' an' roun' in er ring an' trample all de clods er dirt ter powder, an' den 'e lay down an' watch Br'er Rabbit chaw es cud, which he done made out o' er collard-leaf, an' Br'er Houn'-dog say:

" 'Br'er Rabbit, how yer manage ter whistle so fine? I tries an' I tries, but nothin' comes but a'r. Lem me see yer set yo' mouf one mo' time.' An' Br'er Rabbit slip es cud in de holler o' es jaw, lif' up es head, an' pucker' es mouf, an' let de top lip sort er curl over till de split got in line; den he jump' up an' hit de groun' *kerflop* wid es hind laigs to start er roll er wind."

"Like Unc' Alec out in the blacksmith shop pulls down the handle to blow his fire," said the little boy, appreciatively.

"Des so, des so; an' de whistle come. Wid dat 'e drap' es years an' look' at Br'er Houn'-dog settin' dere wipin' dus' out er es eyes."

" 'I sees how yer does it, Br'er Rabbit,' 'e says, des so—'I sees how yer does it, but I don't know how yer does it.'

" 'Hit 's putty easy,' said Br'er Rabbit, 'ef you l'arn how.' Wid dat Br'er Houn'-dog lif' es head in de moonlight, hump' esse'f in de middle, scratch' de dirt 'way yonner wid es hind laigs, an' cough' up a'r."

"Did he whistle, Unc' Isam?"

"No, honey. Ev'ything come' but de whistle. Br'er Rabbit cover' his mouf wid es han' an' shuk all over er minute tell de dust settle'. Den 'e lope' up close an' say':

" 'Frien', lem me look at dat mouf er

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your'n.' An' wid dat he tek es han's an' part de houn's lips, an' look' close an' long, sayin' ter esse'f, 'Tut! tut! tut!' like he was sho'ly grievin' over somep'n dat 'mos' break' es heart. Den 'e set' back an' 'splain' ter Br'er Houn'-dog dat es mouf ain't built fer whistlin'. Dat hit mus' be open' up wid somep'n 'fo' hit could wrop itself roun' er streak er a'r an' mek hit shriek. In dem days de houn'-dog's mouf was des er straight hole in de front er es head, like er pon'sucker's what Unc' Manuel catches in es net in de 'arly spring.

"Well, sah, de houn'-dog arsk 'im do please for goodness' sake open hit up for 'im, an' Br'er Rabbit say' all right; he know' des what ter do. Wid dat he lope' back ter whar he seen er grass-hook hangin' on er bush, an' putty soon heeh 'e come wid it."

" 'Set up, Br'er Houn'-dog!' 'e say', des so—'set up an' look at de moon, an' shet yo' eye'!' All de time 'e was er-whettin' de blade on er rock, drawin' and shovin', *flip, slip! flip, slip! flip, slip!* Br'er Houn'-dog cas' es eyes roun' an' tek' er dubious look at de perceedin's; den 'e lif' up es face an' shet es eyes an' let es soul lean on Br'er Rabbit mightily. Br'er Rabbit say':

" 'Is yer ready, Br'er Houn'-dog?'

"An' Br'er Houn'-dog say':

" 'Oomhoo! Ready as I 'm goin' ter git.'

" 'Den stretch yo' mouf like yer was goin' ter bite er hen aig!' says Br'er Rabbit. An' Br'er Houn'-dog stretch' es mouf ter swaller er hen aig.

" 'Turkey aig!' says Br'er Rabbit. An' Br'er Houn'-dog stretch'.

" 'Goose aig!' shout' Br'er Rabbit. An' Br'er Houn'-dog stretch' er little mo', an' es mouf look' like er woodpecker's hole in er pine-tree. Den Br'er Rabbit lean' back tell es long year trail' in de dus' an let' fly wid er mighty swingin' lick an' caught Br'er Houn'-dog squar' 'cross de mouf, splitting it back f'om year to year, an' cuttin' de year roots plum' in two. Br'er Houn'-dog blink es eye' an' swaller hard, an' es years, what been p'intin' up, drap' down side o' es jaw like you see 'em ter dis day. Br'er Rabbit jump' roun' in front an' raise' esse'f on es hind laigs wid bofe years p'intin' at de moon, an' 'e say':

" 'Now lif' up yo' head an' whistle!' An' Br'er Houn'-dog lif' up es head, strain' esse'f mightily, scratch' dirt behind, an' let de roll o' a'r come powerful."

Here Isam shut his eyes and shook silently over the mental picture. The little boy seized him by the knees.

"Did he whistle, Unc' Isam?"

"No, honey," said the old man, taking off his glasses and wiping them. "Hit war n't no whistle what come. He des said, 'Oof! Oof!' an' wid dat Br'er Rabbit turn' er backerds summerset an' lit out er-runnin', wid Br'er Houn'-dog atter him an' mad as er hornet."

"F'om dat day tell now," continued the old man when the boy's laughter slackened, "de houn'-dog has been on de rabbit's trail, shoutin' 'Oof! Oof!' An' sometimes in es sleep you kin hyah 'im when 'e is er-dreamin' o' de way Br'er Rabbit put de joke on 'im."

"And, Unc' Isam, when he barks at the moon maybe he is thinking about it, too."

"Yes, sah," said Isam, cutting his eyes toward the porch, a little smile stirring his many wrinkles; "des er-thinkin' erbout hit!"

"An' is that the reason his ears hang down, and he can't drink water like a mule, but just a little at a time?"

"So dey tells me, so dey tells me. Run erlong now out yonner an' look at ol' Trailer's mouf, an' you 'll see whar de cut is ragged down bofe sides. An' while you is busy out dere," continued the old man, softly, gathering up his strips as the boy sped away, "I 'll be movin' erlong. Dere 's somep'n erbout dat story I ain't never hyah nobody elucymerdate."

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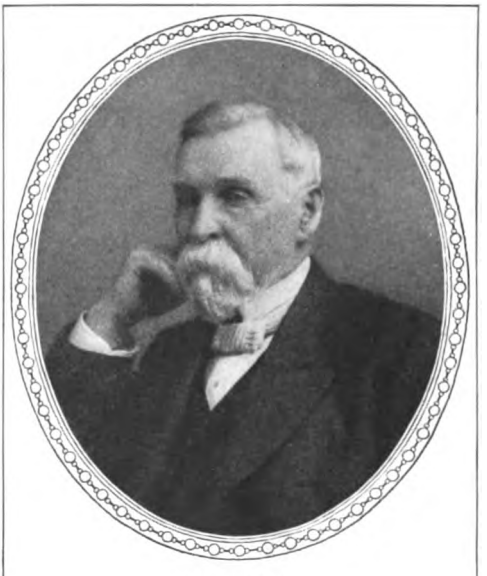
JOHN FRITZ, IRON-MASTER

BY THOMAS COMMERFORD MARTIN

THE steel industry has done more to develop modern democracy than any other force or influence of our times. Steel inventors and engineers, their rails and plates, and the locomotives and steamships transporting the products of Western prairies, are the true explanation of the political upheavals and social changes now witnessed in Europe. Such were the theses propounded often with much incisiveness and emphasis by Abram S. Hewitt, formerly mayor of the city of New York, who asserted also, not less boldly, that the saving on traffic due to the substitution in America of steel for iron would be equivalent to paying off the whole national debt in a few years. It was Hewitt who spoke of John Fritz, father of the modern steel industry in the United States, as one whose career was unique among that of men of his day and generation; adding, "by common consent he occupies the first place in the domain of practical industry with which he has been connected."



JOHN FRITZ

Yet, in all the spectacular piling up of huge wealth from steel, the creation of colossal corporations, the fierce outbursts of sensationalism, the tremendous interplotting of politics and finance, the tiresome focusing of the lime-light of publicity on one millionaire after another, and the ceaseless efforts of the muck-raker to drag another ancient or new scandal from the slag-heaps, nobody has ever seen mention, of any kind or degree, of John Fritz, in whose honor the four great national engineering societies have founded a gold medal in recognition of his worth and work,—the only American for whom such a thing has ever been done. The humor and the irony of it—likewise the compliment! On a green hill far from the madding crowd, he has lived in dignity and quiet, attaining now his ninetieth year after a career begun long before the American steel industry was successfully established, as it was, largely, through his courage, energy, and genius.

In 1822, John Fritz was born into a world that knew not railroads, but had gone crazy over canals. "Clinton's big ditch" from Buffalo to Albany, reducing the cost of moving merchandise between the two cities from $100 a ton to one tenth that tax, soon had copies in other States, between other cities fearful of losing their trade unless they enjoyed the same facilities. But Fritz was still a boy on the farm of his father in Londonderry, Pennsylvania, when the railroad era began, and now, nearly a century later, he has lived to see the canal craze revive.

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New York is spending a hundred million dollars in revamping the Erie, thereby intimating that as freight-rate regulators the Interstate Commerce and other commissions are a dismal failure; and the nation is spending three hundred millions at Panama, although half a dozen railroads now span the continent. Despite all the undoubted advantages of waterways, the fact remains that the "hard, smooth road," as Professor Jevons described the railway, affords, on the whole, far quicker, safer, and more economical transportation than its liquid rivals, which thus far seem able to survive only when lavishly endowed by the state. This significant revolution in means of transportation is largely due to the work of Fritz himself in perfecting and substituting the steel rail for the iron one.

What the iron industry itself suffered under the old régime was curiously brought out in a casual comment made on the presidential address of Mr. Fritz before the American Institute of Mining Engineers at Bridgeport, Connecticut, in 1894. A Cleveland member recalled an interview with Hughes Oliphant, who had a small charcoal iron furnace and mill at Fairchance, Pennsylvania, near the foot of the Alleghany Mountains. "He told me that early in the century he ran for eighteen months, and in that time saw only ten dollars in money. I said to him, 'How on earth did you manage?' He replied: 'We made our iron into nails, rods, and kettles, hauled them twelve miles over to Brownsville on the Monongahela River, loaded them into flat-boats, and floated them down the Ohio, swapping our wares for whisky and rum. At New Orleans we exchanged these for sugar and molasses, which we sent by sea to Baltimore, and there we swapped again for groceries and dry-goods, which we hauled in Conestoga wagons over the mountains, three hundred miles to our furnaces.' The career of Mr. Fritz covers and affects the whole development from that primitive period to a time when one steel corporation doing less than half the business of the industry has larger gross revenues than the National Government.

The action of New York and Pennsylvania in cutting canals alarmed Baltimore, and in July, 1828, work was begun on a track to some point on the Ohio River. From this grew the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. John Fritz was then just six years old, and, as a boy, must often have heard his father, on the farm in Chester County, Pennsylvania, discuss these matters, for George Fritz was a skilful mechanic and a keen observer of events. The naïve autobiography that John Fritz has just set down as he enters on his tenth decade reveals a vanished social and rural life of barest simplicity. Quite possibly because there were Hessian military relatives "left over" from the Revolutionary War, the Fritzius family emigrated from Hesse-Cassel in 1802, to settle in Pennsylvania and till the soil. An amiable spirit of religious toleration notable in John Fritz is surely traceable to such facts as that his father George married Mary Meharg, of stanch Scotch-Irish Presbyterian stock, in a Baptist Church, and that John himself was educated by the Quakers, being once told in early youth that he had had the privilege of hearing Elias Hicks whose doctrinal views on the divinity of Christ split the society asunder. "The Friends were a most excellent people, good neighbors, charitable, peace-loving, and peace-making; in early life I was much amongst them, and I have no doubt that I profited by association with them." Not even his pioneership in the manufacture of American armor-plate has prevented many people from assuming him to be a typical follower of George Fox.

The America of that time was virtually without public schools, and such education as the children in rural districts got was chiefly that afforded by private schools, usually of uncertain quality, and limited to three months in each of the seasons of winter and summer. Up to the age of fifteen John Fritz received his book-learning in this intermittent fashion in a log-house from one teacher who might have some forty pupils to look after at a time. The real education in actualities was that on the farm itself. John Fritz asserts that the exacting care insisted upon by his father in picking up potatoes and harvesting them without bruise or abrasion explains the meticulous zeal of his after-life in turning out tons of rail or plate as though they were watch-springs. But besides gathering potatoes there was corn to hoe, and from personal experience Edison has testified that hoeing

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corn has been one of the principal elements in creating our modern overcrowded American cities.

Conscientiously as the boy may have attended to his work with plow and harrow, scythe and pitchfork, it was a happy release when he could carry his father's chest of tools to some mill or factory in the vicinity, where an odd job of repairing had to be done. If farming could be made an altogether mechanical pursuit, it would be much more popular than it is. In New England the "abandoned" farm districts are full of farmer-artisans who rise like trout to fly at the chance of getting an odd job in brick-laying, plumbing, painting, or patching-up an automobile; and John Fritz, like his father, had the same incurable passion for tools and tinkering. In 1838 he became an apprentice in a village smithy at Parkesburg, Pennsylvania, where country machine work was taken in, and where the six-horse-power engine and boiler had been built by the master blacksmith. The specialization of our day forbids such feats, and it was the all-around knowledge acquired here that John Fritz found of such invaluable service to him when organizing great iron and steel works and directing the energies of an army of machinists and artisans. An instance of ready versatility occurred in 1839, when he first saw a shotgun with percussion-cap-lock, changed his own old flint-lock, and soon had a monopoly throughout the region as a gunsmith. "Saturday night was my harvest-time, as I could work all night. I would make the forgings in the early morning and the noon hour during the week. All the fitting and putting together was done at night. The light was a tallow dip or an oil lamp, both of them bad for this class of work. A good and smooth finish was essential to make the change look well. The owner in turn was proud of the change, and took pleasure in showing his gun to his friends. It impressed on my mind the importance of making a job pleasing to the eye."

In the early forties came business depression. "Back to the farm" was a sentiment as popular then as now, and John Fritz filled in a year or two between the furrows and the hayricks, until, in the autumn of 1844, a mill for rolling bar-iron was built at Coatesville, Pennsylvania. There he tried at once to secure work; but the proprietors were not ready, and so, once started, never to turn back, he drifted to the iron works at Phœnixville, then regarded as the largest and best in America. There, too, he met with a rebuff, but at distant Trenton were alluring works of the kind; and a new mill was going up at Morristown, Pennsylvania. He never got as far as Trenton, for at Morristown they took kindly to the tall, gaunt, growing youth with keen, blue eyes and diffident, earnest manner, and thus he assisted in building what was then the best mill for making bar-iron in the country. Entering as a "cub," in a few weeks he attained the grade of a regular mechanic, and within two or three months he was in full charge of all the machinery in the plant. A month or two later he was responsible for production, and had become an iron-master, operating the mill both day and night.

His genius was felt in every direction. "Efficiency management," and the lessening of "lost motion" are supposed to be modern shibboleths of industry, but John Fritz has ever sought and won the highest economy of material, time, and effort—a true conservator. So expert was he in inserting teeth in the broken gear-wheels, that the fame of it went abroad, and when two-score years later his seventieth birthday was celebrated in the opera-house at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, a mock trial took place, when he was arrested at the banquet and indicted for practising dentistry without license or diploma. This was a detail, for he attacked also the problems of puddling, heating, and rolling, and introduced improvement in every direction. The art was, moreover, in a transitional period from smelting with charcoal to smelting with mineral fuel, with happy results for the preservation of the forests, but bringing many new problems to be solved by the iron-master. One mill after another enjoyed the benefit of the ever-ready ingenuity and shrewd common sense of young Fritz.

Going thus from plant to plant with vivifying touch, John Fritz in 1854 was called upon to assist in creating the famous Cambria Works at Johnstown, Pennsylvania, where many engineering innovations were introduced and where important changes in the manufacture of iron rails were worked out under dramatic

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conditions of struggle. Almost the first occupation of the new engineer-in-chief was to raise capital in Philadelphia to keep the plant going, and his next task was that of informing the stock-holders that the old mill was useless and must be entirely remodeled. But with the dogged obstinacy that has always characterized him, he held to his new plans. At that time rails were rolled in two "high" mills, and it was proposed to adhere to this method in using the new capital. Fritz, in rank insubordination, refused to have anything to do with it. He proposed to save the time and heat lost in passing the bar back in idleness over the top roll, by adding another, third roll, thus making what had been the top roll a middle one. The bar passed first between the lower pair in one direction, and Fritz used the upper pair for forcing it in the other direction, ready for another pass. He also used solid parts in place of those which had previously been made so weak as to break when any extra strain came upon them. One piece was a breaking-box on top of the rolls made hollow so as to crush easily if under an overload. The head roller objected, but Fritz said he would rather have one grand smash-up occasionally than be annoyed constantly by the loss of spindles, couplings, and breaking-boxes. "Well," said the head roller, grimly, "you 'll get it."

But the new plant worked admirably, and when some of the disgruntled Welsh workmen came to gloat over its failure, they were shown "handsomer rails than had ever been made in their country." That night the mill went up in smoke, and the story was started that, as the new machinery was a total failure, Fritz had burned the mill down to hide his mistake. It was a disaster enough to appal the stoutest heart, but in four weeks the mill was running again, and before any further trouble occurred it had produced 30,000 tons of rail without a hitch or a break, and had become a great financial success. Meantime the Fritz mill was rapidly adopted by the other rail works in the country, and left its mark in increased production, more perfect work, and all the improvements that follow in the wake of a new idea. Rail with rough edges or ragged flanges gave place to that which competed favorably with any from Wales, hitherto a leading source of supply, and America became equal to her own necessities in this direction.

The remoteness of the period, measured in the growth of the industry, is shown in the fact that when Fritz went to Johnstown in 1854, there was not a blast-furnace in Pittsburg. So little was the establishment of the mills appreciated in the valley of the Conemaugh itself, that when Governor Porter crossed the mountains to Johnstown in a stage, the driver, pointing out the cluster of buildings, said, "It was a darned shame to spoil such a nice piece of ground to build such a town on it." From the point of view of scenery, this is probably a fair criticism of every iron or steel establishment ever built, and was certainly pertinent to the plant which John Fritz next brought into being in the Lehigh Valley. Amid the excitement of the coming Civil War, he made beautiful Bethlehem the scene of his energies. The quiet retreat of the peaceful Moravians was invaded and spoiled by the smoke and grime and tumult of a plant in which he was to achieve many new triumphs. As was said of him jocularly, he destroyed the romantic lovers' walk by occupying the ground with pigs; but at Bethlehem an enormous advance was made in securing for the United States her supremacy in steel. Meanwhile war broke out, and it was not until September, 1863, that the new plant was able to overcome all delays and difficulties and begin rolling rails. So much of the work fifty years ago was of the cut-and-try plan that it is easy to picture Fritz indulging, as he often did, in the following conversation with his assistants before trying to start a new mill engine:

"Were the drawings all correct?"

"Yes."

"Did the pattern-shop do its work all right?"

"Yes."

"Were the castings sound and properly finished?"

"Yes."

"Did you assemble the parts and find everything complete and well-fitted?"

"Yes."

"Are you sure the foundation is good, and the shafting true, and every belt and connection in place?"

"Yes."

"Is she all ready to start?"

"Yes."

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"Well, turn on the steam, and let 's see why she won't work!"

But the genius of the chief engineer was not to be refused its reward, and "the plant was for some years a Mecca for iron-men to visit. There was nothing in the world in the way of an iron plant that could be compared with the Bethlehem works." Incidentally it may be noted that coke began to be used in the blast-furnaces of western Pennsylvania and eastern Ohio, so that nearly double the amount of iron was made in the same-sized furnaces as compared with that when anthracite coal was used. Fritz believed, however, that by building larger and higher furnaces and more powerful blowing-engines for the blast, he could restore anthracite economically to a parity with coke. He did so successfully, employing horizontal blowing-engines that were the subject of much adverse comment; but they ran constantly day and night for thirty years, giving a pressure of ten or twelve pounds or more of forced air, and quite likely are running at this moment. As far as known, Fritz was the first to use this high-pressure blast; but he had no sooner attained it than, as usual, he designed a new furnace with a blowing-engine that gave a pressure of from twenty to thirty pounds. He had the foundations of the stack put in—but then his patient, long-suffering directors objected, eager for an occasional dividend, and caring very little for the technic or progress of the art. The advantages of the changes were soon apparent, however, and higher pressures were generally adopted in blast-furnace practice.

In the Civil War a favorite diversion of both armies, and particularly of the Confederate, was the tearing up of railroads and the twisting of the rails. Early in 1864 the authorities at Washington found it necessary to have somewhere in the South a mill for rerolling these *disjecta membra,* and in March, without his knowledge, entirely as a surprise, Fritz was given power by the United States Government to buy all the required material and start a rail-rolling mill at Chattanooga. He needed a driving-engine quickly, and went to George H. Corliss, the famous builder, who happened to have one on his hands at Providence, Rhode Island, built by contract for a manufacturer whose business had been injured by the unsettled conditions. Machinery was selling at double the price ruling when the contract was made, and the Government was in a great hurry. Mr. Fritz said to Mr. Corliss:

"I should like to make as good a bargain as possible for the Government, but I want to be fair with you in this matter."

Whereupon Corliss replied:

"You can have the engine at the original contract price, although it is worth more to-day. No good citizen can afford to take advantage of the Government in its hour of peril."

Now came the epoch-making Bessemer process for the production of steel, introduced into the United States in 1864. Of course John Fritz was one of the first to appreciate its real value, his own work having done so much to make possible the enormous output of steel rails with which the public is familiar to-day. Alexander L. Holley, the distinguished engineer, was leader in this revolution of methods in America, and between him and the brothers John and George Fritz the closest friendship existed. Each in his own way sought to work out the endless problems that now arose, while the ever-memorable Captain "Bill" Jones shared their counsels and conferences. A process kindred to the Bessemer had already been tried at Eddyville, Kentucky, by an American, William Kelly, who had obtained a patent, and whose experiments had been partly made at Johnstown while John Fritz was managing the Cambria plant; where George Fritz, as superintendent, marked a new era in Bessemer manufacture by rolling the steel ingots into blooms instead of drawing them under steam hammers.

No attempt can be made here to indicate the innumerable stages of experiment and improvement throughout the new art. In a graphic address before the Franklin Institute in 1899, John Fritz described various adventures and dangers with the converter and other appliances, and summed it up tersely as follows: "Altogether the difficulties we encountered were enough to appal the bravest hearts. My brother George once said that he did not believe there was a man who ever went into the Bessemer business and was responsible for the result who did not at times wish he had never gone into it; and so far as my experience goes, I can fully

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corroborate him." Among his innumerable and well-deserved honors, Mr. Fritz has the Bessemer gold medal of England.

With the close of the war, Mr. Andrew Carnegie came into the steel industry, and his titanic energies were at once directed to the development of it around Pittsburg and the absorption of a large part of the business already built up elsewhere. Under changed commercial conditions, the manufacture of Bessemer rails at Bethlehem became unprofitable, and basic open-hearth methods had not yet been taken up in this country. John Fritz sought, therefore, to put his plant in condition to make structural material of the kind now familiar in bridge and "skyscraper" construction, but being peremptorily denied the means, he thereupon threw himself into the manufacture of large shafting and armor-plate. Once more he was opposed. "For a time," he says, "the situation seemed hopeless, and had it been manly I would have given up the whole matter. But the condition of the country was such, it was apparent to my mind that a good forge and armor-plate plant was indispensable. I had armor-plate in my mind from the beginning. Practically speaking, we were in a most defenseless condition, having neither a navy nor modern guns for land or coast defense. We were at the mercy of the world, a disgraceful condition for a great nation to be in. But after every suggestion that I had made had been turned down, it seemed like a forlorn hope to attempt resurrection."

Fritz considered that the experiments of the English navy in adopting compound armor-plate with a soft back of wrought-iron or low carbon steel, and high carbon steel on the face, were wrong both in theory and in practice, and that the essential was a hammered, close-grained solid plate. He offered to risk his own little savings in the enterprise, and was at last instrumental in having adopted in America the Whitworth processes from England, and the Schneider-Creusot processes from France. The Bethlehem plant was the first in the United States to be erected for the purpose of making armor-plate, and forthwith began immediately the creation of a fleet now the second in the world in fighting power and protective ability, all clad in home-made steel and bristling with home-made guns. That the *Delaware* was the most formidable battle-ship afloat at the Coronation review of King George, was because a quarter century before John Fritz started the work that placed her unequaled in the line at Spithead. In a sense, the forging of armor-plate closed fitly the active career of one who began with hand-forging the parts to replace flint-locks in the first percussion-cap shotguns fifty years earlier.

The memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini hold their own in light literature, with a fine charm of personal flavor; but through all the obliquity and indecency one feels the tense passion of a master for his art. It is really all that matters; and it is that which Fritz, this grim, serious worker in iron, has in common with the worker in silver and gold. Cellini never had a conscientious scruple, and Fritz has never been without one; but both aimed at an ideally perfect product in their respective arts. It is hard to stamp personality on a million tons of pig-iron or steel rails or armor-plate, but Fritz has done this as successfully as the individualistic genius Cellini in modeling the Perseus. In reality the mere artificer cared far less for lucrative return than the erratic genius; but to both the art was everything. Doubtless it was this superb spirit of devotion of Fritz to his art that appealed to professional colleagues, and, almost in a mood of subconscious protest against materializing tendencies, led the four great national engineering societies of America in 1902 to found a gold medal in his honor. Here, they said, is the embodiment of our ethics and ideals, ever clean and pure.

A man of ninety has few contemporaries, and John Fritz, tougher than his best steel, has outlived every one else of whom this appreciation has anything to say except his friend Mr. Carnegie. It is in his attitude toward the living that one finds another key to the secret of longevity. Seated on his green hill at Bethlehem, with the roaring, flaming steel plant ever attracting his loving gaze at the left, he turns with equally pleasurable contemplation to Lehigh University on the slopes to his right. Though a self-educated engineer, Mr. Fritz has no prejudices against a technical education, but all his life has regarded himself as handicapped by lack of it. The students at the

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college founded by Asa Packer know him as a friend, and young graduates receive from him fraternal recognition and encouragement. He is at the furthest remove from one who accuses the presidents of technical schools of sharp practice and dishonesty in attracting pupils. A trustee of Lehigh from its earliest days, two years ago John Fritz gave it a splendid engineering laboratory, and, best of all, in its unusual simplicity and efficiency, it is built and equipped entirely from his own designs, the only university laboratory in the world of which the donor was his own architect.

When, in 1902, a great banquet was given in Mr. Fritz's honor in New York to celebrate his eightieth birthday, a woman guest exclaimed that it was a shame to keep so old a man so late out of his bed; but no one was more alert that night than the recipient of renewed honors from the engineering societies of the world. No one, it may be hoped, will be more alert when his ninetieth birthday is celebrated this year. Simple living may explain it; but what does simple living mean? Rallied by a friend upon his ostentatious luxury in staying at one of the palatial hotels of New York, John Fritz hastened to explain that he went there because it had the most perfect mush in the country. At home his devoted wife gave him the best of food; but one could not keep servants up all night, whereas in a big hotel there were cooks in the kitchen for twenty-four hours of the day; and the mush, as was necessary for its perfection, could be stirred all the time! Sybaritic simplicity of diet could no further go.

BELLS AT EVENING

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

NOW, in the cool and crystal dark
You hear, borne on with fine insistence,
A bell's clear ringing call to prayer,
Long mellowed through aërial distance.

Of some yet unknown land it seems
The tone divines a swift revealing,
And as a bird's wing shakes the rain,
Upon the sound the tear is stealing.

Not the slow tear of nameless grief
Which knows time's alchemizing leaven,
Nor that glad drop which, like the dew,
Upon the rose reflects all heaven.

But hint of unremembered days,
Dreamy and vague, yet touched with sweetness,
Befalls you, with strange sadness, too,
And sense of mortal incompleteness.

Or thought, perchance, of some high heaven,
Far o'er our seeing or aspiring,
Comes on that singing wind and brings
Only ineffable desiring.

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THE BURDEN OF THE LINE

A STORY OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY

BY ROBERT DUNN

ENSIGN RUFUS COLE joined the battle-ship *Arizona* at Cavité. The year before he had been on the gunboat *Infanta,* a Spanish War left-over on duty along the Chinese coast, during the late coal-concession row on the Yangtse River. The day that young Cole reported aboard the *Arizona* he came straight to Lieutenant Harkness's quarters, off the ward-room country, and found us littering the bunk and coffer-dam, yammering at the far East as only men near the end of a two-year cruise there can.

Immediately Harkness said to him: "Gossheutz has been in here twice, looking for you. He wants you to go to his room."

"Gossheutz!" exclaimed Cole, and the corners of his thin mouth twitched. "You mean that machinist who was with me on the *Infanta?"*

"The same. But he 's got his broken stripe now. Shuzzy 's a warrant machinist," said Harkness; and added significantly, "Had n't you better look him up?"

"Then he did pass his physical test and has won his papers?" Cole asked, with a kind of awed unbelief. "Thank Heaven! That man has a right to get anything he wants of me. I did n't play quite fair with him once." And Cole stepped quickly out of the room.

In the moment's silence before we drifted back to our discontent, Harkness said: "Cole has a story to tell us about himself and Shuzzy on the *Infanta.* And if I don't mistake, he 'll have the whole thing out right now. He 's sharp enough to realize that we on board here must know the truth about them sooner or later."

Harkness was right. Cole returned in half an hour, seeming exhilarated by his talk with Gossheutz, and plunged right into his story, with the detail and nervous vigor peculiar to him. He wedged his lanky body between Harkness's desk and the bulkhead, his dark eyes glittering under their whitish brows, and at once satisfied our expectant pause by saying:

"It began tamely enough, that coal-mine row which brought the *Infanta* to Chungking City, there in the Chinese back of beyond. But before it was over, the upper Yangtse provinces saw the worst rising since Boxer days. We know how easy it is to start trouble in China: a foreign company interferes with native labor, there is a boycott, and the secret societies begin an anti-foreign agitation. Before you know it, the populace has won over the mandarins, gone mad itself against all white men, and the affair has become international.

"It was so with that Chungking mine —a Seattle company. It had imported machinery which turned out the yellow labor, which in its turn drove the white foremen down-river. Then it appealed to our legation in Peking, which had the *Infanta* sent up from Nanking to protect American interests. But the powder-train had been started, and as we lay tied up at the east gate of that stewing heathen town from March until May, matters only went from bad to worse, in the furtive, underground Chinese way. Every day we visited the mummy-faced old tao-tai in his walled apricot-garden, swallowing his invidious flatteries and genial insults, trying to settle the trouble. And then one morning the tension snapped. The rising was proclaimed; word was passed like lightning through the province not to allow us to reach Nanking afloat.

"We shoved off down-river from the

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city that night. Lieutenant Raile was our skipper, the restless, tenacious Raile whom we all like so well, with the bronze, stiff hair. But our failure as peacemakers spoiled any thrill at being bound 'home' to the big cruisers at Nanking. Already the whole Yangtse was aflame. All day a hubbub of drums and waving, ink-splashed banners had filled the city, and now at night the sputter of fire-crackers and flash of colored lights had the surrounding valleys in a tumult. We knew, also, that fifty feet of freshet had swollen into vicious rapids the quiet pools of the Gorges through which we had to pass. And of course, following its usual trails among rioting heathen, cholera had seeped down across the millet-fields and plum-orchards, and entered our port-holes, although Morrison, our surgeon, had wisely persuaded us that it was 'ague.' We had slipped our chief electrician overboard that same morning. Five of the deck-force were still stricken, but Selden, our one midshipman, was past his crisis.

"In Raile's cabin, along toward the mid-watch, he and I faced the issue before us. Our course lay among armed river-boats, through rapids no ship of our tonnage had ever run in flood. In the 1500-mile run through that devil's land we should have no chance to stop, and over us always would be the dread of malign disease. If we both were done up by sickness or anything, Gossheutz, our first-class machinist, would be in command—an enlisted man. He knew the river's kinks like the lines in his own hands; still, he was a blue-jacket, with all the blue-jacket's virtues and failings. And so Raile and I proceeded to discuss blue-jacket nature—that cock-sure, opinionated swagger of the enlisted man, his impetuous personal judgments, and silent criticisms of orders. And yet we knew how, with an officer acting directly over him, the blue-jacket will chuck aside every bit of his conceit, grasp the right idea of discipline, and do his duty as taught to him at drill. The only question in Shuzzy's case was, as it must always be in such rare crises as the one we were in, whether his natural initiative and self-assurance would survive and prove efficient under the weight of responsibility,—his intelligence and training stand the test of leadership,—and if he could slough off all his blue-jacket faults without an officer at the helm as completely as when a subordinate.

"At last Raile leaned forward in his wicker long-chair, and, touching a pile of official litter on his desk, said grimly: 'Speaking of Gossheutz, look at the farce of this. Here I 'm reading his examination-papers,—stuff about check-valves and water-gages for the board that gives men like him warrants,—and perhaps our lives, and the fate of a hundred million heathen, are to be put into his hands, no matter how he passes.'

" 'But has he passed?' I asked.

" 'Passed?' smiled Raile. 'About compensating-gear the old sausage writes, "Draw a line agross"—spelt with a "g," the way he talks. Shuffles his "v's" and "w's," and draws them out regardless. Double negatives, too. He knows enough, poor man, but he has n't a chance. I 've hardly the nerve to turn his papers in.'

"In a moment I remarked that I had had a chill that noon, and Raile said carelessly, as I thought then, merely to impress me with his usual bravado: 'Oh, did you? So did I.' And neither of us spoke for a while, each showing the other that he need n't flinch.

"It was then that I asked if Shuzzy had passed his physical test yet.

" 'Of course not,' said Raile. 'But why do you want to know?'

"I said that if we both went on the sick-list, and Shuzzy had to command the ship, and got us through safely to Nanking, it would be a shame for him to get no reward, no warrant's papers, even, but only a blow in the face, his lifetime's work, all his ambitions, for all we knew, sponged out.

" 'Oh, those lumbering, straw-haired Germans are always as sound as dollars,' said Raile. 'And a man with Shuzzy's humor and bull conceit is sounder.'

" 'So we must hope,' I allowed. 'But you can't tell what a skin hides with any man who 's rotted in this East.'

" 'Well, in a tight place we 'd have to trust to him if his heart was cracked,' said Raile. Then he suddenly raised his voice, and added: 'And to-night—to-night we ought to be happy. Why are n't we? We 're getting a clean start.'

" 'If I were in Shuzzy's place, I 'd like to know about those papers,' I reasoned, 'whether I 'd lost or got my promotion,

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failed or not. I could stand the strain of an extraordinary duty better then, and be saved from disillusionment afterward. Do you think his knowing could help him any?'

" 'Knowing that he 's to be a warrant machinist or disrated to a coal-passer?' cried Raile, his voice breaking sharply. 'Gods, no! Is that your idea of discipline? And to tell him 's breaking regulations.'

"He had risen and faced me, leaning on the desk, bracing his lean fingers over the blotter, his blue eyes staring and on fire. Then all the blood left his face, his eyelids drooped, and he trembled as if he were freezing inside him. I jumped up, and as I pushed him back into the long-chair the cords bulging in his neck were so hot they seemed to burn my hands."

Cole sucked in his breath with a little gasp, and then went on:

"Well, that finished Raile for a while. I shouted for Morrison, and we undressed him and put him in his bunk. Then I went up on deck to relieve Shuzzy at the wheel. The moon was rising over the bare hills, and a delicious fresh-water coolness had followed the day's heat. Along shore the farms lay blurred under their loquat-trees, and the poppy-fields glittered with dew. The shadows on the river would become matting sails, and the junks passed us with a defiant bleating of gongs on their high poops.

"Shuzzy was pacing back and forth by the wheel in one of his interminable harangues with our young quartermaster Reardon. Before relieving him, I stepped to the chart-table, and stood there a moment, considering my own position. The *Infanta* was my command now, for the future gossip of mess-tables along the China seas, for a line of official praise or knifing to be signaled to Washington some day.

"And just as we were passing a Taoist temple, with tapering stories of shiny tiles, like a tower of shoes with upturned soles, I heard Shuzzy say: 'Mr. Cole vill be little goot gommanding dis crew. He is vun of dem young ensigns dat ven dey get vun more half of a middy's stripe t'inks de 're some hell. But if I have to drive dem, I shall drive dem.'

Drawn by Clifford W. Ashley. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"EVERY DAY WE VISITED THE MUMMY-FACED OLD TAO-TAI"

"So, there was Shuzzy already forestalling cession of the command to himself. I dug my finger-tips into my palms in a kind of resentment not for the personal slur, but because in picturing himself in my position, he seemed only to grasp my imagined shortcomings, while he was blind to its great risks and responsibilities. I thought, 'There 's the bluejacket for you, with all his petty incapacity!'

" 'Mr. Raile is on the sick-list, Gossheutz,' I said, stepping forward. 'It 's my command now, and you 're to stand watch regularly, turn about with me.'

"Shuzzy scarcely widened his eyes. He spat overboard deliberately, and all he said was: 'Vell, t'ank God, dere is no more down sick from de engine-room yet. In such case ve are dished, I t'ink.' He seemed to show no commiseration for Raile, to feel no importance in his new duty. 'It 's only to guess how many too much fathom' old Yangtse run' in dis flood,' he condescended, 'add her to de chart-markings, and let her go for goot luck.'

" 'You ought to know from your three trips up this river,' I said. 'Good men taught you the channels.'

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" 'It vas I dat wrote her music,' Shuzzy snorted, leaning over the rail again; and then a blow struck our bow, and he sprang back to the wheel.

"I, too, flung myself on it, shouting, 'Stay at your post, then!' But it was too late. The shock jerked us backward, with a loud clatter of smashing crockery against our cutwater. It gave one cheesy dig, and then forged on free. A junk, without sails or lights, had been anchored near a shoal, and in a jiffy we had cut and sunk the flat soap-dish that she was.

"We raced aft along the starboard life-lines, and saw points that glistened, wavered, and vanished in the river—bare arms and legs, maybe. But a few specks still remained floating alongside.

"Shuzzy stared at these, and said: 'Loaded mit dem yellow rice-bowls she vas. You hear dem changle?'

"But those bowls were blue, plainly. 'Blue—blue bowls, you mean,' I said, gazing at them there in the moonlight. It struck me as odd that he should not have noticed the color of the bowls.

"He changed the subject quickly, chuckling, 'An' dem Chinks all drownded, to save us troubles shooting dem to-morrer.'

"Now, we had plain orders from the admiral at Nanking, and Shuzzy knew it, not to open fire unless we were cornered, and it was a life-or-death job. So I cut in: 'You 'd shoot them, would you? and you think you 're fit to stand our watches?'

"He turned away silent, and I felt that the rebuke had told; but it was no time for guessing, because right then the glow of a town at the foot of a domed hill drew our eyes to port. Its lights streaked out across the polished river, strings of lanterns were looped between the roofs of the narrow streets, and soon the snapping of fire-crackers and the tumult of marching crowds reached our ears.

" 'She moost be Fu-chau,' grinned Shuzzy. 'Gots! dey is mad to see us valsing by so safe.'

"The bund swung, roaring, abreast of us, with a whiff of foulness and the smell of parching beans; and then from the far end of the city, now right opposite, there boomed out a revolving cloud of a dead and pasty-white color. It seemed to be a shot from a mortar, and I called out that we were being fired upon.

" 'Dey can't hurt you mit dem old soup-kettles,' said Shuzzy. 'I seen a gouple at Chungking.'

"Another blast, then another. A stinging, metallic shower had clattered over the deck. Shuzzy had picked up, and was holding out to me in his hand an iron slug, saying, 'You see, dey is not'ing but old penny-nails,' when I felt something warm and wet trickling down my throat, and gagging, I collapsed to the deck in sudden pain.

"No one saw me lying there against a stanchion until Fu-chau had contracted into a lurid eye. At first I could n't speak when the quartermaster dragged me up by the shoulders and began wiping away the blood.

"Shuzzy shuffled up and bent gently

Drawn by Clifford W. Ashley. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"'HERE I 'M READING HIS EXAMINATION-PAPERS,—STUFF ABOUT CHECK-VALVES AND WATER-GAGES'"

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over me. I saw his gray eyes moisten and his jowls twitch. Then he whipped a hand through the shaggy cowlick in his hair, and seized a rifle from the rack by the chart-table.

" 'I ping dem, Mr. Cole,' he cried, dashing to the side and aiming uselessly up-river.

" 'What—did—I—tell you about firing?' I stammered weakly. 'Put up that gun!'

"The butt thumped on the deck, and he obeyed me, subsiding instantly. I did n't realize then that only a loyal impulse to avenge my wound had impelled him to break the very order that I had just warned him about; nor that as I reprimanded him, and he saw me there, helpless, he must have immediately grasped that my duty as a line officer had fallen upon his shoulders. I was angry at his disobedience, and my wrath was inflamed, I suppose, by his strictures on my ability that I had overheard, by his overbearing view of our plight and the dangers of the river, and by the desperation one feels when struck down in the dark. At any rate, I did not see that responsibility had suddenly sobered and shamed him, and it was then that I failed to play fair with Gossheutz, that I made my mistake—the mistake that I had broached to Raile.

" 'You ought to be disrated, here, now,' I cried. 'Oh, you will be all right. You 'll never get that warrant. You 've bilged out on your examination-papers.'

"Shuzzy took a crouching step toward me and thrust out both arms appealingly. 'I bilched, eh, Mr. Cole? So I loose everything—' He paused, overcome; but the next minute he was lifting me in his arms and asking me firmly: 'But must n't she be—ain't she—my gommand now? Ain't she all different now mit me to you? I t'ink so.'

"I tried to speak, to reassure him, to eat the words I had said; but a fog seemed to be closing in over me through the back of my head. I had a feeling that I was overboard, floating in the river, and that its flood of myriad bowls of crockery was choking me."

Cole blinked his eyelids a few times, moistened his lips, and continued:

"A shot from the mortar had passed through and out of my neck. When I came to, I was lying on a cot, with my throat bandaged and my head swimming. It was early morning, and at last we were in the heart of the Gorges. A pinkish glow and the smell of fresh-water slime reached me. I could see gray cliffs that reached up dizzily into a ribbon of sky. We appeared to be gliding through a succession of deep wells. Every minute the engine-room telegraph buzzed in the gloom, the deck sank, and with our smoke driving under the awning, we would make a right-angle turn, and seem about to pile up against walls of rock.

"We were where the Yangtse cuts through the Rocky Mountains of China. Take the Cañon of the Arizona, flood it, and scatter twisted evergreens and pagodas everywhere; then set the current swarming with junks, each with a herd of naked trackers swinging their arms and shouting in chorus at every step along a beetling tow-path, and you have the Gorges.

"Soon Shuzzy's broad face was bending over me, and he was saying: 'You fight to stay on deck, sir. You make me to promise so as I take gommand. And Dr. Morrison say, "Very vell, den." '

"I asked him where we were.

" 'Ve choost enter de Vitches' Mountain Gorge,' he said, laying his rough hand tenderly on my forehead and smiling through his freckles. 'Can't you see dem smoke-towers?'—he pointed ashore— 'By Himmel! dey is lighted for us!'

"I remembered the smoke-towers there as I pushed my body up on the cot. In some ancient dynasty, at mile or more intervals, and high upon rocky shelves, had been built squat, conical towers, where brush was burned in times of revolt, smoke column rousing smoke column to warn the lower country. The towers were whitewashed, and vermilion paint had been splashed on their faces in enormous suns, or symbols of the sun, like those used by the alchemists in our Middle Ages.

"I raised my eyes to the tower then passing over me, and muttered, 'Looks like they were painted with blood, does n't it?'

" 'Blood? Vere?' asked Shuzzy, puzzled.

" 'On the front of it. Can't you see?' I said.

"He answered solemnly, 'Dere is no blood yonder.' And at the time I believed that my aching eyes had tricked me, de-

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spite his mistake about the bowls of crockery.

" 'Not an omen of our blood that may be spilt, eh?' I said.

" 'But dem towers is all white,' he laughed, and began to tell of the happenings of the night.

" 'V'en ve pass An-sau,' he said, 'all our men rush up on deck; yet I t'ink I keep dem in hand. You vas still fainted,' —he hesitated,—'but de fight did dem goot, holds dem togedder. Two vas hit, but not bad.'

" 'We were fired on again?' I exclaimed. 'You did n't answer?'

"Shuzzy reddened, and at length, simply, soberly, with a touch of pride, he said: 'No, sir. I haf tell you, t'ings is different now. No matter vat mistake I make yesterday, I am in your shoes for de moment. No matter for after I touch Nanking, now I haf de burden of de line.'

"I winced at his reference to my broken confidence about his examination-papers. A sudden faith in his aptness for my duties filled me, mixed with a guilty thankfulness at how his blue-jacket's bluster and arrogance of the day before had vanished.

"He broke in on my hot thoughts with: 'I t'ink you better sleep some. It comes very warm.' And I did sleep, aroused once by Morrison slipping cool spoonfuls of something into my mouth.

"It was night when I waked fully again, stirred by the burring of a rapid as it burst into a roar like surf. I sat up. My wound throbbed furiously, and my tongue was dry and swollen. The moon glazed the cliffs, and I began watching them slip past, with the junks bunched at all the narrows, where the trackers squatted like gnomes about their smoky fires, and the white bales from swamped cotton-boats dried on the rocks—all like the unreal, heightened, and lingering images of fever.

"We plunged past a mid-channel shoal, walled about by a big stone revetment on which had been traced enormous characters that glowed as if they had been painted with phosphorus. A silvery kite wavered its tail overhead. I caught the hum of distant voices, which were drowned instantly by the thunder of falling water.

Drawn by Clifford W. Ashley. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"BUT A FOG SEEMED TO BE CLOSING IN OVER ME THROUGH THE BACK OF MY HEAD"

"It was the Yetan Rapid, the wickedest of them all since the landslide the year before had choked it. In the cluster of lights ahead, behind a string of salt barges that looked like big gondolas, loomed a high-decked house-boat; and Shuzzy muttered, 'She belong' to some big muckamuck, I bet.' Then, 'Holy Christmasses!' he cried.

"Gathered there to rescue man and wreckage, as usual, lay half a dozen yellow Government life-boats. But it was the shadowy human figures crowded aboard them that struck us dumb.

"Shuzzy whispered: 'I hit up speed. Beyond is Sleeping Pig Shoal. Her v'irlpool below is vicked.'

"He turned the speed-signal with a wiry rasp. Our decks gave a spiral wrench, and creaked. I gripped the sides of my cot, and for a second we seemed to sink through space. Then spray misted over us, out of a din of gongs and drums and strident voices, capped by Reardon, the little quartermaster, shouting in falsetto:

" 'Look! Ahoy there!'

"There was a blaze and crackle of muskets. One bullet whipped over my head with a waspish *tsung,* and next the glass wind-shield crashed to the deck. I got on

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my feet at the next volley, which was answered by the clatter and scurry of all our men up the forward ladder, as the madness on shore swept up to a climax.

"I heard Shuzzy's voice, steeled and clear, snarling, 'Ram dem life-savers!' Through the acrid cloud blowing in from forward I saw Reardon's hands spin the wheel, and a barefoot man drop at his side.

"I found myself trying to shout: 'Answer, men! Fire, Gossheutz!'

"The gunboat collided with something, lurched on, struck again and again. The shots ceased. And in a pause of the frenzy upon the rocks Shuzzy's voice rose again, heedless of me, 'Two boats cut, by Himmel!' So, left alone in the rush of our men forward, I seemed to feel the dragon eyes of the throngs on the boats burning into me as they watched the bodies squirm in the eddies and sweep drowning toward the whirlpool.

"Every eye aboard was riveted upon Gossheutz as the crew crept backward upon the rifle-rack. They all looked to him alone for orders. I think that I blurted out the order to fire, in the whirl of helplessness in my head, and sank back upon my cot.

" 'No need to fire, Mr. Cole. Ve outrun dem,' Shuzzy's voice reached me, calm through the tumult. Their shots cracked scatteringly now. Another white-clothed figure collapsed by the chart-table, and I felt myself quaking at the blood that veined out through his open shirt.

"Then all at once a loud hissing spread about us—the burning sound of water flooding upon dry sand. The legs of my cot collapsed, and with a crash and grinding aft, with a great upward heave of our bows, we locked ourselves upon the Sleeping Pig Shoal.

"The rattle of muskets, unstacked without an order, was the first sound to break the deadening silence. Next Shuzzy's voice boomed out, drowning the babel of muttered oaths all around. 'Holt your fire, an' turn to aft!' he ordered, and the quick scrape of feet, the click of outthrown breech-locks, passed me in obedience.

"Ashore the silence still held. A wonder and an admiration for that man stirred my tottering senses. Here, between us, desperate for life and our country's honor, trapped there, aground, at bay, and in a darkness foul with unspeakable lusts for death, towered that jargoning old bluejacket, simple, quelling, obeyed, a being who was immense, devoid of any personality.

"Not a shot. Slowly we canted to starboard. Soon ruffs of foam, great eddies plunging up from the river-bottom, heaved and coiled close along the side. We began to sway back and forth, to rock helplessly, sickeningly, with our bow for a pivot, like a stranded log. Then, gliding down stream behind us, poling warily along the white edge of the rapid toward us, I caught sight of those ambushed life-boats, and I remember wondering why they seemed so shy of opening fire again.

"Shuzzy was forward again, with his men gathering around him, as I heard him exclaim, 'Naw, she ain't smash' her rudder!' He was ripping the engine-room signal to reverse. I tried to cry that the devils would be down and aboard us, but the jumping of our decks, the toughening, backward bite of the propeller seemed to throttle me.

"So there we hung, yawing and thudding, leashed against the fly-wheel of that whirlpool, grinding in the sand, buckling in every seam and rivet. It must have been many minutes that the starboard rail roared awash, but I could have sworn that my delicious sense of that old hull's plunge into freedom—like butter streaking down a warm plate—exactly marked the final outbreak of bedlam aboard us.

"First I saw a naked, tawny form peer over the side, gripping the life-lines. He appeared to stare at me a long time, with a sort of sardonic fire in his slant eyes. Then another and another appeared—a rat-queued horde, swinging from the backstays of the mast, shinning, sliding toward me, in a glitter of keen knives. Under no command, but with Shuzzy shuffling to the fore, the men without a cry flung themselves upon the pirates; and no sound followed except the clicking of the metal rings in their circling rifle-butts, the shivering of thin blades upon the deck, and a sound of chugging flesh. I saw nothing but a kind of reddish mist until I found myself leaning over the moving river, gazing at polished skins and arms and legs twisting and plunging into the tides beneath. I was in the van of every one, pressed against the side, gripping a rifle

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"THEN ANOTHER AND ANOTHER APPEARED—A RAT-QUEUED HORDE, . . . SLIDING TOWARD ME, IN A GLITTER OF KEEN KNIVES"

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by its barrel, and frozen with a rapturous dizziness of hate, of race-hatred.

"Then came a rush of clear thought, a certainty of deliverance. My eyes filled, and flinging my arms upon Shuzzy's shoulders, I cried:

" 'Forget what I said about your papers. I 'll fake them to pass you. You 'll get your warrant. Damn regulations! It 's you, only you, who could have kept your head and pulled us through this hell.'

"Shuzzy croaked: 'I haf done my best, sir, and fired no shots. I t'ank you for your vord.'

"My gratitude was unreasonable, irresponsible, of course; but in the even swaying of the old gunboat I felt my fever, smothered by the excitement of the attack, blazing up again and putting me out.

"I asked where we were, and Shuzzy answered, 'In Lamp Shine Gorge. De last of dem above Ichang.'

"Instantly the moonlight appeared to leap up all around, and we seemed to be soaring through mid-air. The cliffs sank into the river. To port, a whale-shaped bank of clay heaved up, studded with reddish eyes—the caves, I remembered as they carried me below, of the blind beggars of Ichang."

Cole drew in his breath and held it a moment, as if challenging any one of us to stir until he had finished.

He went on: "I was in my bunk a week with erysipelas, the week in which the *Infanta* felt her way through the canals and flooded lakes of the lower river, but which allowed us to avoid the larger towns and river-boats.

"All the men who had been hit were out of danger when I got on deck again. Only one seaman had died of fever, and Raile and the paymaster were nearly well. Selden was back on duty, standing watch and watch with Gossheutz, and Raile had taken over his command.

"I went on deck for the first time on the evening when Nanking and the cruisers were to be sighted. Shuzzy was at the wheel. For a while I stood gazing across the wide, brown river, specked with uprooted water-plants as far as the horizon, which was blurred by a dust-storm. I walked up behind Shuzzy's big shoulders, and silently seized him by the hand. He turned his thinned but still ruddy features on me with a look of reassurance, but without speaking. We were passing a squalid village of mud and wattle, where two water-buffaloes were drawing a sled of dried reeds along the shore. And then far ahead began to grow the twin towers of the famous Talai Pagoda, which marks the great bend in the channel a few miles above the city.

"It is a double pagoda, built upon a mid-river shoal. In low water, every year a temporary village springs up about it, and only the right-hand channel is navigable, over which a red lantern always burns in the right tower. But in high water the village moves away, a green lantern is also lit in the left tower, to mark its channel as navigable as well, and the pagoda looks like a double lighthouse.

"This was the case now, and Shuzzy chose the summer channel, turning his helm, and veering so that we passed under the green light. And when it was behind us I asked:

" 'Why change course to bet on the green?'

"But he answered, 'I bet alvays red—not?'

"A sudden suspicion seized and held me silent. Our arguments about the rice-bowls and about the red suns blazoned on the smoke-towers recurred to me out of the nightmares of the Gorges.

"I remembered my all but forgotten words with Raile about the man's physical fitness.

" 'Can't you tell?' I asked in a hushed voice and very gently. 'Are you *color-blind?*'

"He stammered something; his eyes filled pitifully; his head fell. He turned away, and I could see him stiffening in every muscle. He had been found out. For years, I suppose, he had suspected, played the ostrich to the defect, until it had become almost unreal to him. He must have gathered a dread of it from seeing men he had known, men he had heard of, failing promotion at their physical test through color-blindness, the one weakness toward which the navy, of its very nature, has to be firm even in the face of heroism.

"At last he lifted his head, and said slowly, 'But about my varrant, Mr. Cole. I haf your vord.'

" 'About your warrant,' I repeated mechanically, as my reckless promise, made

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in the heat of his saving us all, and remembered only vaguely and guiltily since, rushed back on me. My heart turned to ice. Here was the burden of the line for me to bear! The integrity of my word, my personal, manhood honor, no matter how cast, stood on one side; and on the other, my duty to the service by oath and training. A hundred ways of reasoning with him flashed through me, but each of them seemed to involve lying or arguments which Shuzzy could never understand.

" 'Raile would never agree,' I began at first, weakly, involuntarily; and then checked myself in self-contempt. 'Color-blindness—that 's the one thing,' I tried again, raging at my cowardice. And then, but still with shame, I seized upon the honestest, cleanest parry. It was true enough, but it filled my mouth with ashes. I burst out:

" 'Gossheutz, I was out of my head all through that fight.'

"And he turned on me. 'An officer eat his vord?' he cried. 'You vant my honor of taking us t'rough safe among dem devils? You—*you* vould haf fired on dem!'

"He was the blue-jacket again, with all the blue-jacket's unreasonableness, now that he was no longer in command. Sailormen—oh, the enigma of them!

"I think that I muttered, 'You can't understand—' The only straw that I saw to grasp at lay in resenting the disrespect of his outbreak. Something like, 'Duty forces me,' formed on my lips, but I had not the hypocrisy to utter the words.

" 'All my life—I haf vorked for the varrant's papers,' his voice broke in; 'kicked down—dis navy—ach, no use!' he groaned.

" 'Don't—for the Lord's sake, don't!' I cried. I most dreaded, I knew that I could not withstand, the pathetic appeal.

"Then he turned away again, and his head sank between his shoulders."

Cole paused, and drew a long breath.

"Then at last I told him," he went on quickly, "what I would never have dreamed I had the strength to say then. And in the months to come—the months just passed—I have looked back upon my words, first with amazement and self-reproach, but finally—glad.

"I put a hand on his shoulder, and spoke as roughly as I could.

" 'Go through with your physical test,' I said. 'We 'll turn in your examination-papers as they are, with recommendations, and the full report of this trip—with the facts, all the facts, about you, and about myself, I tell you.'

"I could see the glare of Nanking beginning to outline the four smoke-pipes of the cruiser *Panama*. And the light was mounting, like the reflection of a great fire, behind those crenelated walls about the city.

"Shuzzy raised his eyes in that direction, and said without moving:

" 'I t'ink you are right, sir. I vould take no faked varrant. Some day, like now, my eyes vould be found out, and you, too, vould haf trouble for it.'

"We heard a sound behind us, and turned together. Raile was standing there in his pajamas, his head bent down upon his chest. He was very white from his sickness, but, men, you should have seen the glitter in his eyes!"

"WHAT did Shuzzy say to you just now?" asked Harkness.

"He—he thanked me," answered Cole, as the blood surged back across his own face. "Why—he was like a father to me. The department put him through on my report, and with commendation for bravery. Of course they did. I ought to have known they would."

In a moment Harkness said, "Well, aboard this ship, I guess that Gossheutz has as good as got a whole stripe about his sleeves, with no warrant's blue breaks in it."

"And the queer thing was," said Cole, "I never knew until to-day, because I 've been out of the world for four months on the *Infanta* up there off Hokkaido, that I was commended, too."

"You need n't tell us that," said Harkness. "We know you, and you know how it 's harder to face the truth than to face any fight."

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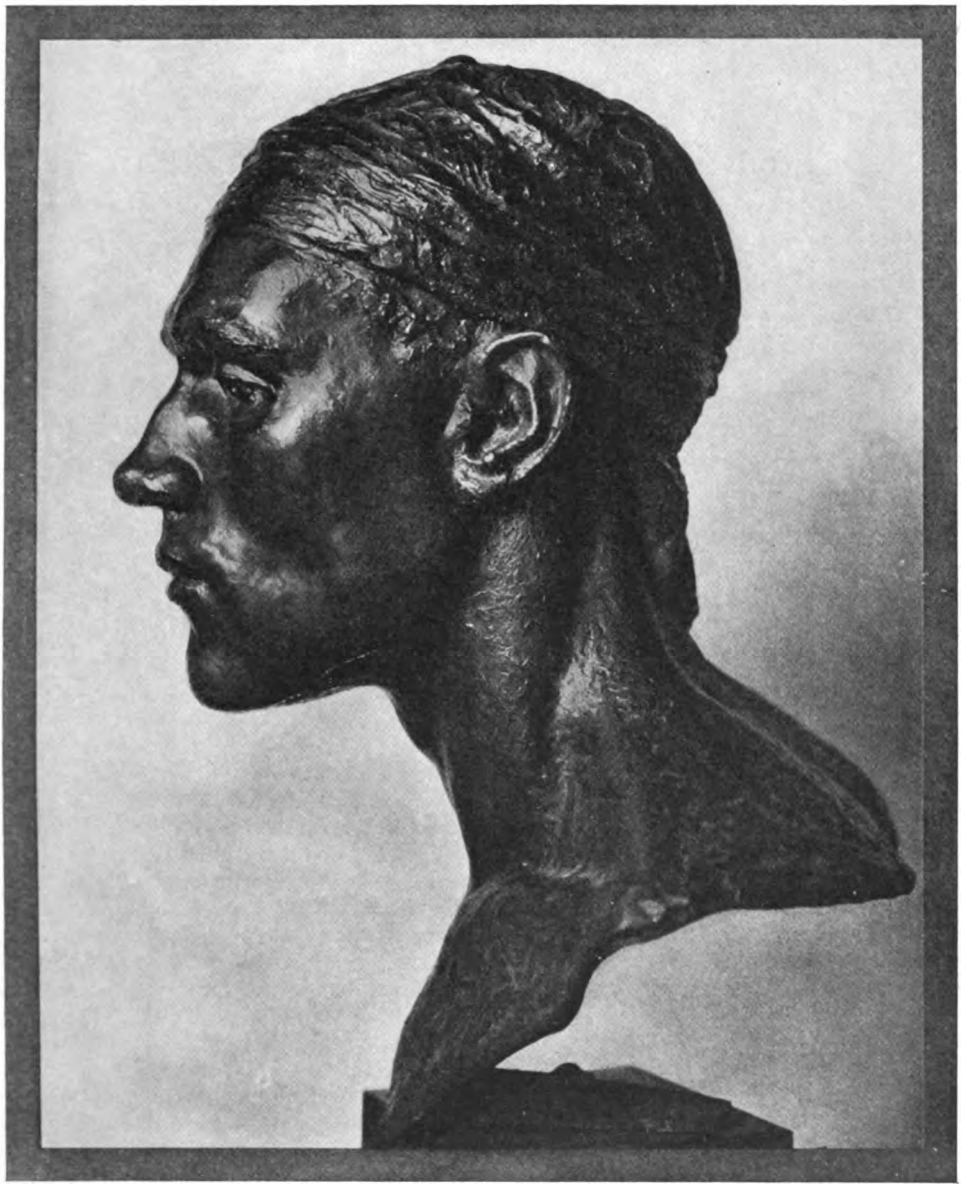

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

HEAD OF A SPANISH PEASANT

BRONZE BUST BY GERTRUDE VANDERBILT WHITNEY

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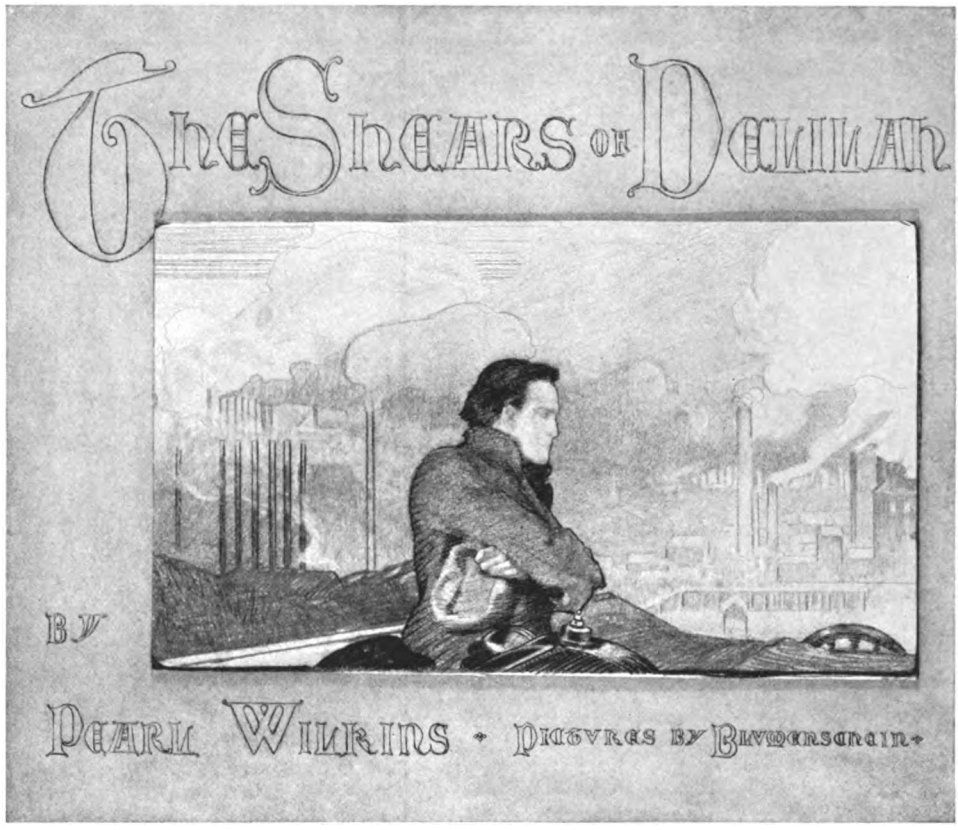

I

AS Egypt O'Rell, bareheaded, the ends of her black tie flying in the breeze, pulled up her buckskin mare in front of the post-office so abruptly that the open, rubber-tired buggy seemed to stand on two wheels, men lounging on the sidewalks, whittling or idling or exclaiming over Alfred Hurlburt's phenomenal luck of the day before in uncovering a forty-per cent. vein within ten feet of ground where four previous owners had explored, to the loss of four fortunes, stopped to watch her, to exchange glances with one another, and to smile knowingly—a smile that was a prophecy into her future.

She whisked the lines about the whipstock and stepped lightly to the wooden sidewalk. Her dress of white linen, with touches of black about it, effectively set off the pallor of her face, which was partly natural, partly powder. In contrast, her lips appeared of a siren-like redness and her hair and lashes very dark; from a little way off her eyes looked dark, too—dark gray, perhaps.

As an acquaintance approached to tie her horse, she bowed graciously. "You 'll find the halter in the back of the rig," she informed him, sweetly, and for a brief instant her level gaze swept the ranks of the loungers. It seemed she understood that covert smile of theirs, and challenged it in flippant scorn. Then consulting a list in her hand, she turned in the direction of the "company store." As the double screen-doors were closing, one of the two men coming out of the law-office of the I. O. O. F. Building, two doors away, stopped in the act of lighting a cigar to look after her interestedly.

"Who is she?"

Schoffield, the black-browed mining-engineer at his side, muttered something in his beard. "Always the women, Hurlburt," he said shortly. "She is Egypt O'Rell."

"Thanks." The flame of the other's match, as he held it to his cigar, cast a

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deep-red reflection on his puffing face. "Related to Boss—O'Rell?" Alfred Hurlburt had been in Crescent three weeks, but already he had made himself familiar with the history of her chief personages. You would have known those heavy-lidded, neutral-colored eyes of his anywhere for the kind that very little escapes. "Related to Boss O'Rell?" he persisted.

"Daughter," answered Schoffield.

"Er—Egypt and O'Rell—kind of an unusual combination, is n't it?"

"Her mother named her after the heroine of a French play. She 's a product of Crescent, but educated in the East. Old Mike sent her to college so she could write out his speeches for him and coach him up in parliamentary law. She does it, too, and when it comes to knowledge of human nature she can give him cards and spades."

"H'm." Hurlburt let droop his heavy eyelids. "I 'll have to make her acquaintance. Do you know she did n't strike me as being that sort of a lady at all."

"No?" said Schoffield, coldly. "Take it from me, though, she 's the kind the wise gambler never bets on. If you 're thinking of making an inspection this morning, Al," he reminded his employer, "it 's a quarter of eleven, and we 'd better be going."

"No hurry," said the other, calmly, as the store door opened and Miss O'Rell reappeared. With a rather inscrutable expression she bowed to Schoffield and with an inscrutable expression he returned it, taking his pipe from his mouth and lifting his hat gravely. The young fellow who had tied her horse helped her into the buggy, but as she was thanking him, out of the corners of her eyes she glanced at Hurlburt, his powerfully made figure, the mask of white flesh that was his face, his expensive clothes. Hurlburt returned the gaze with interest.

He watched as she touched up her horse, and with a skilful flirt of the wrist turned her light trap dexterously to avoid a passing team. "That girl knows how to handle a horse, does n't she?"

"She knows equally well how to handle —more contrary brutes," said the engineer, with a shrug of his blue-flanneled shoulders. "You 'd better not be thinking of *her*."

Alfred Hurlburt shifted his half-smoked cigar from one side of his mouth to the other.

"Why?" he demanded immobilely.

"Why? Because as the proprietor of what promises to be the richest-paying mine in the State you 've got enough to think about as it is. Where 'd you leave your machine? Haines 'phoned he 'd some samples of a new grade of ore he wants us to look at."

Eight years before, Schoffield and Hurlburt had been classmates in a Western university. The fact that in those eight years Hurlburt, by virtue of an unfailing nerve, a strong arm, and an almost unbelievable run of luck, had "bucaneered" to himself a fortune amounting to almost a million, while the other was still working for five hundred dollars a month, had made no difference in their attitudes toward each other. Schoffield still spoke his mind as freely as in the days when they worked as "side-partners" in the assaying laboratory.

Presently they were seated in the automobile, with the noises of blasting, drilling, the tinkle of steel on rock, and the heavy trundling of cars growing louder as they approached that part of the town where the timber and machinery of Hurlburt's mine, and half a score of others, rose above the dull-red buttes like giants' monuments.

Now and then, warned by the jingling of bells, their little car had to be brought to a standstill to let pass wagons loaded with sacks of ore drawn by straining mules.

"Received any congratulations from Jerry Ormsby or the Crescent Smelting?" asked Schoffield after a while.

Hurlburt, with one hand on the steering-wheel, was guilty of a grin.

"Not yet," he said.

"Poor old Jerry! Three weeks ago he sold you his mine for one hundred thousand; yesterday we found it to be worth nobody knows how many millions. If there 's any flaw in those papers you made out for him, Al, you 'd better go down in the desert and get yourself bitten by the deadly little horned toad."

"What can he do?"

"He can join forces with the Crescent Smelting, for one thing. They 'd jump at the chance. You—Lord! man, you 're a

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menace to their interests. The Swastika promises to pan out richer than half their whole combination. Think of what you 'd do yourself in their place!"

Hurlburt dropped his heavy eyelids. "If the Crescent Smelting 's looking for trouble, they won't have to borrow from Jerry Ormsby. While you 've been away, I 've had Samuels looking around. The Swastika is rightly named. The Liberty Bell 's on one side of her, and the Oriental Queen on the other. I happen to know what their combined output for the last year brought the Crescent, and it 'll be six decades before they 're worked out. Samuels is no timid scholastic; he says ten to one that the Rainbow and the Condor veins come to the top in my—catacomb!"

"You 're both crazy!"

"I thought you were above professional jealousy, Schoff."

"Professional jealousy your grandmother! More than six months ago I suspected what you 've told me. It 's not yours nor Samuels's technical knowledge nor your methods I 'm disputing. But the apex theory is all wrong, anyway; you 'd be the first one to say so if you were on the other side of the fence. The Crescent Smelting 's dead sore, anyway, and you go to exploring their territory, I don't care whether it 's according to law or not, and see where you 'll land! They 'll run you out of the State. You can't buck against the C. S. & Co. By the time you get through with your lawsuits, you won't have money enough to buy a pickax."

They were climbing the grade, the little car groaning and puffing. Beneath them the panorama of Crescent and the surrounding country unfolded, on three sides red buttes, on the other "the painted desert."

"Lawsuits!" said Hurlburt. "I 'll hire the best lawyer in the State, one they can't tamper with, and they can come ahead with their lawsuits. The great C. S. & Co. has been having its own way here long enough. Everybody in Crescent knows they 're not on the square, but nobody dares to say so. I 'll give them a taste of their own medicine; if the top of a vein 's within two sides of that claim of mine, I 'll follow her up, whether she leads through ten Liberty Bells or Oriental Queens or—hell."

"I guess you 'll stop to reflect, though," warned Schoffield, grimly, "when the Crescent Smelting's bought lawyers bring suit against you, and their bought judges instruct their bought juries to land you in jail for felony or manslaughter or something like that. Great Scott! man, you don't seem to realize! They 've spent fifteen years making themselves solid here. They 've made as many men walk the plank as that girl back there, and they 've got millions back of them."

The slow, dark blood, always a sign that he was deeply moved, crept up under Hurlburt's skin. "And I 'll have millions back of me," he said.

Millions! His head was still reeling with the reiteration of the word when, two hours later, by the light of candles, in iron-pointed miners' candlesticks, stuck in crevices of the rock walls, the two stood in the subterranean gallery where the ore had first been discovered, watching with fascinated eyes the machine drills.

Close at hand, jealously secreted in the gray, wet rocks, were the tons and tons of wealth that overwhelmed them like a living presence.

"There 's no accounting for it," said Schoffield, speaking constrainedly—"luck, luck! You 've got the luck of—Midas."

"Don't belittle *me,*" laughed Hurlburt. "Be more complimentary, and call it foresight." He took up a light, and in apparent unconcern walked away along the level, and burly fellows, their bodies straining their undershirts, stopped work an instant to look after him. "Gosh!" commented one, having read nothing in his face, "he 's a cool devil."

But Hurlburt was not cool. He entered the cage with a shift boss and a couple of others, listened to their congratulations, replied to them, and gave orders, but the men themselves did not seem like real people to him. He reached the surface, stepped out upon the trodden, red earth, and stood for a moment gazing down on the raw little mining-town like the statue of a conqueror. All the blood in his body rushed to his brain. "Lord Harry!" he whispered, "I 'll put a fence around the world!"

II

BUT a week later, Schoffield, stumbling up the stairs after supper, found him sitting in his apartments of state in the

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"Crescent Astoria Hotel" as quiet as any ordinary citizen, feet elevated to the sill of the bay-window, the end of his cigar a glowing disk in the half-darkness.

"Come in, Schoff," he invited, "and shut the door. You 'll find a chair over by the bookcase. Cigars and matches on the table. Help yourself."

The room was a sea of deep-purple color, and he seemed sitting in the heart of it; in the window was framed a picture of dark-violet mountains; the evening air was warm, and freighted with scents of pine and of sulphur from the smelters.

Blue smoke curled upward as the two sat for a while in silent communion. Then Hurlburt said:

"Seen Samuels lately?"

"Not since Monday. Why?"

"Oh, he sent a fellow up here at midnight the other night, woke me up, and dragged me out of bed, and all because his gang had reached the Oriental boundary and he wanted to know how about it."

"Well?"

"I told him to go ahead. That ore belongs to me; it 's a continuation of my vein. I can prove it in any court of law."

Schoffield sat up in his chair and drew a deep, hard breath. "Prove nothing!" he said contemptuously. "The Crescent Smelting is the court of law here, and the judges and juries and prosecuting attorneys. Man alive, you 're pitting yourself against the most unscrupulous alliance in the West!"

"It 's the other way around: they 're pitting themselves against me. I 'm right, and I 'm going ahead."

"The Crescent Smelting does n't care anything about that. It is n't a Y. M. C. A. You 're going to have a fight on your hands."

Hurlburt lazily laughed. "All right," he said deliberately; "let her come."

The dusk had gradually deepened; from where the engineer sat, Hurlburt's figure appeared only a huge, black bulk, his face a smudged monochrome, the features of which were nowise distinct: powerful jaw, mouth contradicting with lines of lurking sensuality, heavy-lidded eyes—all alike mere inferences.

"I met your girl the other night," he said casually. "She and her dad were at the rally Tuesday evening. She said she used to know you very well."

Schoffield was filling his pipe a second time.

"What—girl?"

"Oh, what-you-may-call-her O'Rell. She 's almost as interesting as the 'Hon. Mike,' her father. As for him, if he is n't in the State legislature, why is n't he in the State prison? I think, though, I 'll have to cultivate him."

The match Schoffield had lighted had sizzled out; he put his pipe in his pocket and rose from his chair. "I 've just got this to say, then," he announced: "in your confabs with the old man, don't get to fooling with the girl. If you do, good-by! I—I had my turn. So have about seventeen others, to my certain knowledge, and I don't know how many before. All of them came to grief. One chap shot himself on her account. And don't get it into your head *you 're* the one to break her; she 'll come a darned sight nearer breaking you. I ought to know."

"O Lord!" said Hurlburt.

One evening, seated in the Hon. Mike's sitting-room opposite the girl, at a round table crowded with "blue-prints," papers, a type-writer, and a bowl of red geraniums, he recalled that sermon of Schoffield's with the confident smile of a man who knows women. In an adjoining room, stretched ingloriously upon the sofa, purple of complexion and odoriferous of breath, the Hon. Mike reposed heavily and audibly. Hurlburt had come to know he was often this way; he had also come to know that the girl knew Crescent politics rather better than her father. Schoffield had been right about her in that respect.

The little gilt clock on the mantel had chimed the half-hour of eleven, and Hurlburt was stowing away letters and papers in his coat pocket preparatory to leaving. He looked down at the girl as she sat picking to pieces one of the red geraniums in the bowl.

"It 's a wonder you would n't give me one," he said experimentally.

"A flower?" she asked, and pushed the bowl toward him. "Take your choice."

He laughed a little.

"I did n't ask to take my choice. I asked you to give me one."

For a moment she hesitated, then she

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rose and selected one. "Do you want to wear it? I 'll pin it on for you." He rose from his chair and stood docilely, with his hands in his pockets, a quizzical smile dawning on his face as he gazed down at her assured, white fingers. "You are—practised," he commented when the operation was completed.

She stepped backward. "Practised!" she cried in an indignation he felt must be assumed. "And is that the thanks I get?"

Hurlburt gave her a curious glance. "What thanks do you want?" he asked. His hands came suddenly from his pockets, and placing a thick, white forefinger under her chin, he turned her face to the light. "I have a notion," he said slowly, looking down on her, "to kiss you good night."

She never moved. Beneath her chin he could have felt the slightest tremor, but none came. "I think, though," she said coolly, "you had better not go any further than the *notion.*"

In his varied experience with men and women Hurlburt's faculty of "sizing them up" had never failed him before. His hands dropped like a dead weight to his sides, but he continued to stare unbelievingly into her eyes.

"What makes you play with hot coals, then?" he demanded.

Her eyelashes flickered. "I always drop them in time," she said coolly.

The significant emphasis in her tone brought the slow blood to Hurlburt's face, and made him more brutal than he intended to be.

"But very few people," he said, "give you credit for that."

Her color rose a little, she bit her lips, opened them as if to fling back an angry retort, then checked herself. "Let 's change the subject," she suggested dryly. "I know of something that should be a good deal more interesting to you. For instance, I heard yesterday that Jerry Ormsby 's going to get you out of Crescent inside of three months by fair means or foul, preferably foul. The Crescent Smelting 's behind him."

"All the money in the trusts can be behind them," said Hurlburt, contemptuously. "I 'll stand up against them single-handed, and give them a fight that 'll be heard of from one end of the State to the other."

As if disturbed by his loud tones, the Hon. Mike, in the next room, turned over on his sofa with a deep groan, and the girl leaned across the table, her dark-gray eyes, black in the lamplight, revealing a spirit that matched Hurlburt's own.

"Oh, I knew it!" she exulted. "You are a man!"

"And you," said Hurlburt—"if you were a man, I 'd take you into partnership with me."

"No, you would n't. If I were a man, I 'd be more dangerous to your interests than the Crescent Smelting. I 'd blow up your mines and stir your men to strike."

"But since you 're not a man," said Hurlburt, "you 'd better—marry me!"

The moment the words were out he would have given years of his life to recall them. Appalling visions of breach-of-promise suits flitted across his brain. He sat in tense silence waiting for what she would say.

It was as if she had read his thoughts; she laughed. "You don't mean a word of it."

Hurlburt was recovering himself. "I do; but—"

"Oh, you need n't think I 'll be offended. Lots of men have been afraid I wanted to marry them—at first; afterward—" She looked down at the bowl of crimson flowers with a curious little smile—"afterward it was the other way round. But I could n't have taken any of them. I always knew I could n't, even when I was most in love with them. Any gossip in Crescent will tell you how many chances I have let slip."

Hurlburt laughed at her. "You 're not cut out for an 'old maid,' " he told her.

"I 'm not 'cut out' for the married state either. I love my freedom almost as much as a man does; at least there 's never been a man yet for whom I thought I could give it up."

It was as if she had thrown down the glove of challenge, and Hurlburt was not the man to let it lie there. To make him move heaven and earth to get a thing was to tell him he could not have it; nothing inflamed him like denial. In the space of twenty seconds the thing that Schoffield had vaguely foreseen abruptly came to pass. "You," he said, swiftly forgetting his thoughts of a moment before concern-

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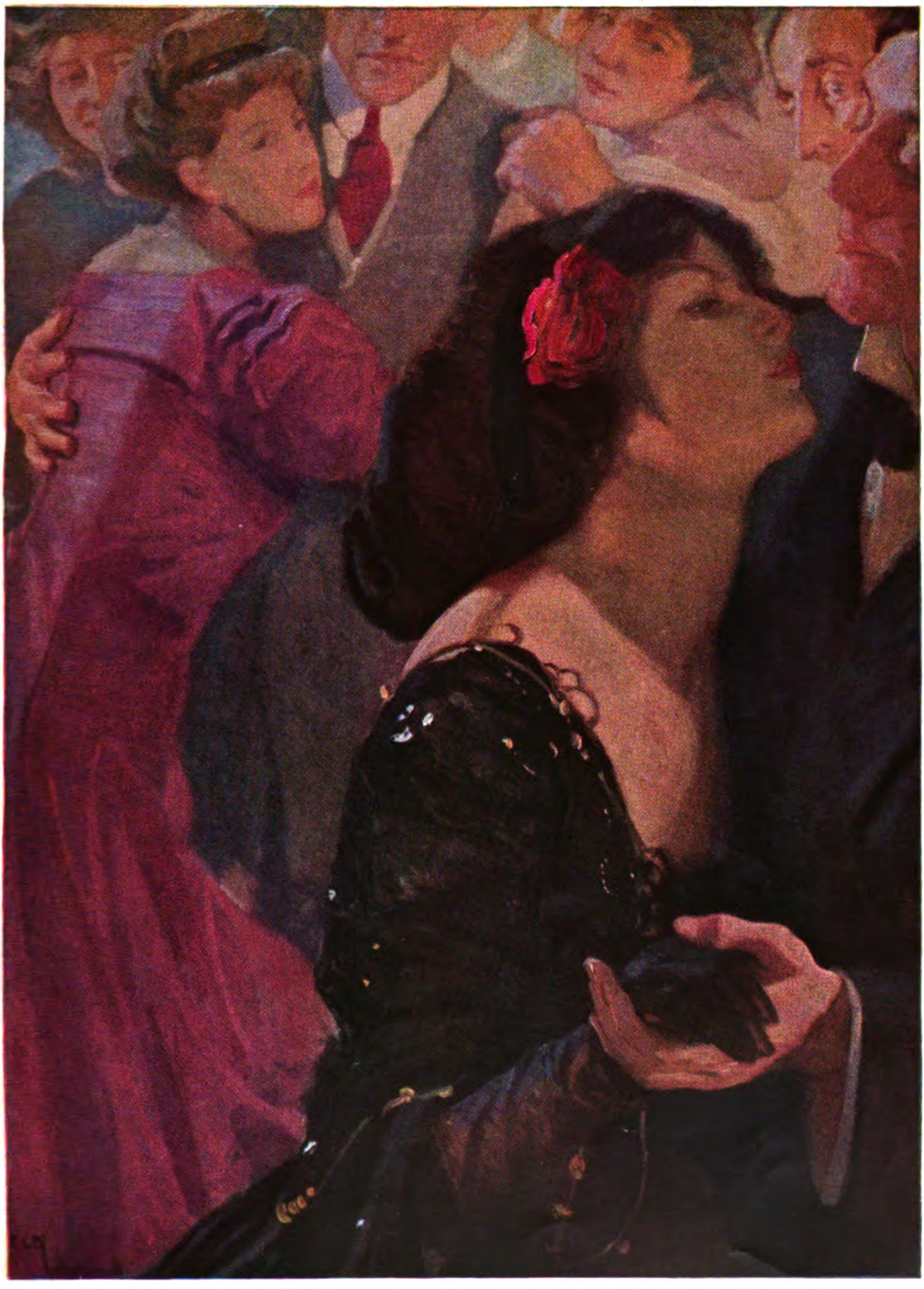

"THE PARTNERS OF OTHER GIRLS TURNED THEIR HEADS TO SEE HER"

("THE SHEARS OF DELILAH")

PAINTED FOR THE CENTURY BY E. L. BLUMENSCHEIN

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ing breach-of-promise suits—"you 're going to marry *me*. Oh, yes you are," he assured her. "Leave it to me. I 've never gone after a thing yet that I did n't get."

"And as for me," she said coldly, "no living man yet has ever made me do a thing I did n't want to."

III

It was a Thursday evening, and Hurlburt, seated in one of the Crescent's liveryman's best "rigs," was driving across ten miles of desert to a dance at Camp You Bet. There was a gold boom at You Bet, and the Lowe brothers, anticipating the stampede to come, had erected a huge hotel. The dance was in the nature of a housewarming. Hurlburt was going because just now it was "policy" for him to gain the good-will of as many men in whatever way he could.

Owing to his late start, however, when he drove up to the hotel that was to be "the largest and most comfortable in the State," he was greeted by the rousing blare of the Crescent band, the big building illuminated from cellar to garret, and the sight of dancing couples whirling past the lighted windows.

At the door he was welcomed by "Shorty" Lowe, doing the honors downstairs, who explained, with a wink, that a "smoker" was in progress up-stairs. But Hurlburt strolled first into the dining-room, where the dancing was in full swing.

The band was playing a throbbing waltz; a prolonged puff of heated air, odorous of dust, wilting flowers, and various perfumes, struck him in the face as he entered. Taking up his position with a knot of men, he proceeded to make a leisurely survey of the floor; and presently his heavy, white eyelids drooped a fraction: he had found the person he was looking for.

She was in a black gown, a-glitter with jet, low-necked, and cut dancing length, to show very high-heeled slippers of patent-leather, and was dancing with Britt Samuels. As they swung under the blaze of lights near the door, Hurlburt's breath for half a second caught in his throat. He had come to know by this time that she was a creature of moods, but he had never seen her in this one. Britt was holding her too close, he decided, with a forward thrust of his lower lip; but what a fire was in her eyes as she looked up into the man's face! Watching, Hurlburt was aware how the partners of other girls turned their heads to see her or speak to her. Passion exhaled from her to-night like a perfume.

"There 's Gyp O'Rell," remarked a masculine voice near him. "Some class to her to-night."

"Oh, yes, she 's one of the kind that 'lights up' well," came a woman's spiteful reply. "But what all you boys see about her to go crazy over is beyond me. Meet her in the daytime, with all that paint and powder off, and I bet you 'd not know her."

Hurlburt waited until the music stopped and the floor had partly cleared, and then walked over to the group of which she was a part.

The men about her moved to make way for him.

"Oh, it 's you, Mr. Hurlburt," she said, her color deepening a little. "I did n't expect to see you here."

He looked at her rather deliberately. "I had my reasons for coming," he said. "You 're looking charming this evening."

"Thank you."

"Your dad here?"

"He 's up-stairs playing cards."

On the musicians' platform a large card with "Waltz" on it was hung out.

"Hope you saved a dance for me," said Hurlburt, lazily putting his hands in his pockets.

"You never asked me to." She consulted her program, made out on the back of an envelop. "I 'm engaged up to the tenth. If you 'd care—"

"Oh, no," he answered good-humoredly; "I promised Schoff I 'd be home early. If you 're that well taken care of, I suppose there 's nothing for me except a card-game up-stairs."

He moved away without haste, and at the door turned so that his eyes met hers; then lighting a cigar, he joined the masculine assemblage up-stairs. Through the thick, blue haze of smoke he made out the Hon. Mike O'Rell, red-faced, glass in hand, boisterous even at this early stage. Some one asked Hurlburt to take a hand at cards, and he sat down.

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Three hours later he was descending the stairs, with his overcoat on his arm, when he caught sight of a black-gowned figure in the hallway.

"Is father up there?" she called when she saw who it was. "I 'm ready to go home." She leaned against the balusters, and Hurlburt noticed the crushed and torn look of her roses, the knot of her hair a little awry, the droop of fatigue in her eyelids.

"You look about all in," he said to her, sympathetically.

"I am." She reached up wearily and put back a straggling lock of hair. "I 've danced every dance till I 'm ready to drop. Do you believe I could drag dad home?"

"Not with all the king's horses and all the king's men. He won't budge till morning. You 'd better let me drive you home."

"Oh, I could n't."

"Why? You 're not hesitating over the lack of a chaperon, are you?"

She dropped suddenly upon the lowest step. "Go get my coat and tell father about it," she said. "I 'll go."

The dancing was still at its height, the whole building still illuminated from cellar to garret, when they stepped from the close-heated rooms into the cold, fresh night air. A sleepy man, lantern in hand, stood at the horses' heads while Hurlburt assisted the girl into the buggy and tucked the rugs about her; then he settled himself beside her. They drove forth into the night.

The noise of the horses' hoofs was padded in the thick sand; across a mile and a half of desert the throbbing of violins followed them.

In the late night the near-by mountains rose dimly and the desert lay level and neutral-tinted, its red and ashen and violet cold and unresponsive in the moonlight.

The girl moved among her wraps. "Your geologist was telling me the other day that he was convinced this is the bed of some prehistoric lake. It 's strange, is n't it, to think we are riding now where once the water was?"

"Yes," agreed Hurlburt; "but there are stranger things." He put his arm about her. "Are you very tired?" he asked.

For the space of one breathless half-second she never moved; then she raised her hand as if to pull away from him, but the next moment, with an abandon for which he was totally unprepared, her head drooped against his shoulder.

"Are you going to kiss me?" she said.

HURLBURT walked briskly through the crisp night air from the livery-stable, where he had left the horses, to his quarters in the Crescent Astoria. He was chilled from his long ride, and the shoulder where her head had rested was still numb. From the office, where a night-lamp was still burning, he made his way up the broad, uncarpeted stairs, and threw open the door of his own rooms. Then, "Hello!" he said in surprise.

Schoffield sat at the littered table in his shirt-sleeves, pipe in mouth and a green shade over his eyes. As Hurlburt closed the door, he swung round in his swivel-chair.

"Thought you were going to be home early," he rasped sarcastically. "It 's three o'clock."

Hurlburt laughed. "Well, that 's early in the morning, is n't it?" he demanded a little self-consciously. "What difference does it make?"

"What difference?" exclaimed Schoffield in a loud voice. "The difference is this: while you 've been fooling away your time, the Crescent Smelting 's been at *work*. Johnson 's been here with me since nine. He 's just left. Ormsby 's going to begin suit at once. There 's also a scheme being hatched to have your bond raised five hundred thousand dollars."

Hurlburt sat heavily down in the nearest chair, still in his overcoat, his dry cigar between his teeth. "What 's the matter with Johnson?" he demanded. "Why did n't the fool come to me?"

"Fool!" retorted Schoffield, angrily. "He 's done his best. I telephoned out to Lowes' two hours and a half ago, and they said you 'd just left. Where 've you been all that time?"

"For the Lord's sake, Schoff, you 'll wake every soul in the building!" Hurlburt was getting out of his overcoat. "You can't expect a span of even the livery-stable's best to make the time of an eighty-horse-power touring-car."

Schoffield removed his green shade. "There are three kinds of men," he said more quietly, "who won't take advice, a madman, a drunken man, and a man

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playing the fool with a woman. I suppose there 's no use saying anything."

"Not a bit."

"Nevertheless, I can't stand by and watch you go to the devil. If it were any other woman, I would n't say a word. But Gyp O'Rell! She 'll fool you as she 's fooled others. She 'll lead you on, and then she 'll drop you like a hot biscuit."

Hurlburt had lighted a cigar. "If you 've said your say out," he suggested without emotion, "we 'll get to work."

"Work! At this time of night!"

"Any telegraph-blanks under all that debris on the desk? There 's a paper with addresses of employment-offices on it in that left-hand pigeonhole. Hand it over, will you? I 'm going to send for a couple more car-loads of men."

Schoffield stared. "The levels are crowded now."

"I 'll crowd 'em some more, then. I 'll trundle that ore out so fast the C. S. & Co. won't be able to see what I 'm doing for dust. I 've been on the square up to now, but, by the Lord! if they 've no regards for the kind of weapons they use, neither will I. If I 'm going to have the blame, I might as well have the game; it 'll come out of their pockets, if my bond 's to be raised. And let Judge Clark be wheedled into signing an injunction to stop work if he dares! He 'll take his choice between revoking and a rope about his neck. Oh, they have n't got *me* bluffed!"

His confidence was so great it would have inspired belief where belief seemed preposterous. Schoffield looked at him across the table, an expression of grudging admiration in his eyes. "Maybe they have n't," he conceded, "but remember it 's a big thing; you 're fighting a big fight, and taking chances against fearful odds. You have n't any time between the rounds to listen to the song of the siren."

IV

ALL that day they were occupied with the press of business until far into the afternoon, and as Schoffield saw the masterful ease with which Hurlburt disposed of his various problems, he began to breathe easier. After all, if there was any man who could bring Gyp O'Rell to terms, Hurlburt was the man.

He glanced at him now as he sat, cigar in mouth, looking over his afternoon mail. Among the letters and papers was a perfumed, gray envelop, which he slit with an impassive face.

But when he had read it, his cigar dropped from his mouth, and he crushed the note in his hand.

"Reaction—hell!" he said.

Schoffield watched him while he sat for nearly a quarter of an hour staring out of the window into the gray afternoon. Then, with a paper in his hand, he got up from his chair.

"Think you can manage things single-handed for a few days, Schoff?" he said. "There 's been a change in the market. I 'll have to be off for the city. If you get in deep water, 'phone long distance. I 'll be at the Grand. So long."

He took himself swiftly away.

"Hold on!" cried Schoffield after him. "You can't go off like this. What 'll I do about shipping—" He sprang up, but he was speaking only to the panels of the hastily slammed door. "What the devil is he up to?" he exclaimed.

He was still repeating the formula when, the next afternoon, his co-worker, Johnson, dropped in for instructions.

"He lied," he complained bewilderedly to the lawyer, "and it is n't like him to lie—to me. He said there was a slump, but the papers have n't a word. I can't make him out."

"I can," said the lawyer, coldly—"I can make him out a darned fool. Gyp O'Rell went away yesterday on the early morning train. It 's one of her little tricks, you know, to woo and win and—run away. He 's followed her."

Schoffield thrust his hands into his pockets with a deep breath. "I told him how it would be," he said, "but I did n't think— The Lord have mercy on his soul!"

There seemed nothing more to be said.

Hurlburt at that moment, one hundred and fifty miles away, was sitting beside the girl on a rustic bench in a little spick-and-span city park.

"Why did you run away?" he was saying. "Did n't you *know* I would follow you?"

"Why did you?" she said hurriedly. "You—you could have your pick of hundreds of women. I 'm the daughter of an

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ex-shift boss. I seem to promise all things to all men, but I 've never gone *beyond* the promise for any man. I can't; and neither can I marry you."

In the strong afternoon light she appeared older, and Hurlburt noticed for the first time all the little imperfections of her face; of the charmer of two nights before there was not the slightest trace. He was obscurely aware that, were he seeing her for the first time, she would have attracted only his casual glance; but now his love was an accomplished fact.

"Listen," he said. "You know something of what I 've been doing the past year. In five years I 'll be worth ten millions or I don't know myself. Five years more, these Crescent buttes will not bound my horizon. Ambition is in your blood, too. I 'll build up a corporation that will startle the world. You 'll have everything you ever dreamed of—clothes, houses, servants, everything; my money will set you up above the most envied women of two continents."

"I know that as well as you do, and I want all those things. And you 're the type of man I most admire; for a while I thought you were the type of man I was going to love. But I was mistaken, as I have been in other cases. I 've tried men and men and men. What it is I 'm hunting for I don't know."

"But I do," declared Hurlburt. "You 're hunting for a man strong enough to bring you to your senses; and I 'm the man."

She shook her head, and for the first time in his life a fear crossed Hurlburt's mind; but he was not the man to show it.

"I 'm going back to Crescent on Thursday," he announced, "but not alone. You 're going with me. If you can't make up your mind, I 'll make it up for you."

But when he had put her on the car, he looked at his watch and wiped what was very like beads of sweat from his forehead. "It 's 4:30, and I can make the 5:55 and be with Schoff in six hours. If I don't, I can never conquer her in this world. She 's stronger than I am." His hands suddenly clenched themselves. "Only she can't be! The man or woman does n't live who could be. She can't hold out; it will be like that night coming home from the dance. All the same, I wish I 'd never seen her."

It was a raw, foggy morning fourteen days later when Schoffield, sitting amid the wild disorder of the office, heard a familiar step on the stairs. He raised his face, gaunt, unshaven, blue-circled about the eyes, from the papers he was looking over just as the door-knob turned and Hurlburt walked in. He wore nothing of the look of a happy bridegroom.

"How are things, Schoff?" he asked. "You see, I 'm back."

Schoffield arose and towered above his desk. "Back," he exclaimed—"back! It 's time. Man, man alive, do you know what you 've done? We 're smashed! The way you 've acted is unparalleled. What under heaven has possessed you? I tell you, we 're smashed!"

For the first time in the history of their friendship Hurlburt turned on him. "And I tell *you*," he said insultingly, "I don't give a ——! And as for what has possessed me—that 's my business."

Schoffield's face turned crimson, his hands clenched themselves, he raised his arm as if to strike, and then happened to glance at Hurlburt's face. Something in the look of its tired lines and bloodshot eyes, as if for days and nights the man had not slept, paralyzed his arm. He turned away.

For the next few days, though they acted together, they carefully avoided each other's eyes; then once again, after a day of desperate manœuvers and unremitting toil, as they sat conferring together, Schoffield was once more moved to meddle.

It was three o'clock in the morning, and the two were alone, as they wished to be, in the privacy of Hurlburt's rooms.

Schoffield had risen from his chair. "I guess that 's about all we can do for the present," he had remarked, yawning, "and I think I 'll turn in." He played with a pencil a moment and then said suddenly: "Gyp O'Rell came home to-day. Did you know it?"

Hurlburt had his head bent over a paper of figures, and he did not look up. "No," he said shortly.

Schoffield filled and lighted his pipe with elaborate care. "I 'm glad you feel that way," he said, looking anywhere but in Hurlburt's face. "I 'm glad you put her out of your mind. . We 're beginning to get things into little better shape, but we 're still just about as safe as a keg

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sitting on a bag of dynamite, with the fuse lighted. From now on we 've got to keep our wits about us or it 'll be all up with us." He laid his hand on Hurlburt's shoulder. "Old man," he entreated unsteadily, "it 's none of my business, but for my sake, for your own, or for anybody's sake, keep away from her, have nothing to do with her, at least for a couple of months. If you do—"

Hurlburt shook him off. "When I want advice in that quarter from you, Schoff, I 'll ask for it. Till then I guess I 'm capable of managing my private affairs without any sentimental supervision on your part."

"It all goes to prove what a fool man is," spoke Johnson, when she had been home three weeks and he and Schoffield sat over their table d'hôte supper in one of the two-by-four private rooms of the Crescent Astoria. "To think of Al Hurlburt, after playing the devil with dozens of women, throwing everything overboard for a little local Lorelei like Gyp O'Rell! When I broke the news to him the other day about the Crescent Smelting's scheme to tap the Liberty Bell's pipes and drown out our men, he merely glared, never said a word. Samuels tells me he would n't be surprised if there was a strike. And here we sit twiddling our thumbs. It 's maddening. Why can't he be a man and put her out of his mind at least until his affairs are in better shape?"

Schoffield stared moodily into his empty coffee-cup. "Why does n't the drunkard deny himself his drink?" he countered. "I went up there this afternoon to see if something could n't be done with *her*. I offered to make it worth her while to go away; she pretended to be insulted."

"I suppose he 's up there now."

"I suppose so."

But Hurlburt was sitting in his office, an unlighted cigar between his teeth, thinking upon all the women who in the past had amused his lighter hours. He ground his teeth in impotent fury because, in comparison with one image that possessed his soul, all alike meant nothing to him. And to-morrow he must appear at court; there would be rigid cross-examinations, traps laid for him, and men looking on and listening who would exult in his downfall with fierce satisfaction.

The thought drove him from his chair. He locked the door of his office behind him and, from force of habit, took the road which led to the mine.

The stars twinkled at him overhead through the early dusk; there came to his nostrils a whiff of smelter-smoke, strong with sulphur-fumes; the steady throbbing of the blowers, which is a feature of smelter towns, seemed to pursue him. He reached the little promontory where years before, it seemed, he had stood like the statue of a conqueror and thought to face the world.

He stumbled over a dead limb, and a low exclamation, coming from near at hand, recalled him with a start to his surroundings.

Upon a boulder, so close to him that the sleeve of her long, gray cloak almost brushed his arm, a girl was seated, gazing off in the direction of the town.

"Gypsy!" said Hurlburt.

She started and turned her head.

"Is it you?" she asked, and Hurlburt's dead cigar dropped to the ground and he stood looking down on her and breathing heavily.

"I 've something I want to say to you," she said.

Under the cover of the twilight, Hurlburt's hands doubled. These contradictions! For a second he hesitated; then he dropped down beside her.

"I 've been having a terrible time," he said huskily.

"I 'm sorry," she said gently.

Down in the town lights were scintillating. Close at hand, deep in the bowels of the earth, the night-shift were at work with sledge and drill, the wind was permeated with the strong sulphur smell that was, as always, incense in Hurlburt's nostrils, gripping his imagination with visions of ponderous machinery, the reddish glint of molten copper, furnaces at white heat —all the things that were a part of the life that never slackened here.

He reached over and laid his hand on the girl's, and she did not draw it away. Gradually the burdens of the last weeks fell away from him. Sitting with her cheek against his shoulder and her hand under his, his nerves steadied and his confidence returned. It was borne upon him that the next day he would prove himself cleverer than any man of them all.

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"To-morrow," he said, as if continuing a train of thought, "we 'll be married. Our honeymoon 'll have to be postponed till I smash about a dozen of these know-it-alls. But we 'll have one, never fear, anywhere you please."

She seemed suddenly to have grown rigid. "To-morrow," she said in a strangled voice.

"To-morrow. You see, you 've proved yourself a pretty slippery customer, and I won't have any peace of mind till you 're mine."

She tried to draw away her hand. "But don't you see how it would look? There 'd be a thousand things to be done first. Think of it."

"I *have* been thinking of it," said Hurlburt, grimly, "and it pretty nearly did for me. To-morrow I 'm going to marry you."

She rose in nervous haste, and not relaxing his grasp of her hand, he got to his feet as well. He saw she was white and shaking, and made as if to put his free arm about her when she suddenly pulled away.

"Don't!" she said. He paid no attention, but laid an arm across her shoulders; she made a movement like a trapped animal. "Let me go!" Then all at once she was crying. "Let me go! I can't, I can't!"

"Can't what?"

"Can't marry you—ever; can't belong to you. Let me go!"

Hurlburt felt the breath knocked out of him as from the impact of a tremendous weight; he closed his eyes stupidly, like a mortally wounded beast. When he opened them again, there was her white face within a few inches of his own, the white column of her throat showing how her head was straining against his hand to be away from him. Her wrist twisted ineffectually in his vise-like grip. "Oh, you 're hurting me!"

He continued to hold her like iron. "Don't be in such a hurry," he said with heavy sarcasm. "Hold on a moment before you go. You know there are a few little things to be explained. By the Lord Harry! if I thought you 'd been fooling me again just to gratify your ghoulish notions of amusement, I 'd—choke the life out of you with my hands!"

"No, no!" her accents were shrill with terror. "It was Mr. Schoffield!"

"Schoffield?"

"Yes. He came to me this afternoon and told me how things were with you. He said you were on the verge of ruin, and I was the cause of it. He asked me if I would n't be—be kind to you for a little while till your affairs were straightened out. He said—" She ended in a burst of sobs.

But Hurlburt was laughing harshly. "Schoffield!" he exclaimed. "Oh, my God!" He shook her suddenly and violently till she gasped for breath; then his arm went back, and he hurled her from him as far as he could. He left her lying face downward, and strode blindly down the steep road that led to the town.

At midnight that night, for the sum of one million five hundred thousand dollars, he turned over all right, title, and interests in all his mines to the Crescent Smelting. It was a bargain unparalleled. The president of the Crescent Smelting said his company owed at least a vote of thanks to Miss O'Rell.

Drawn by E. L. Blumenschein

"UPON A BOULDER, . . . A GIRL WAS SEATED, GAZING OFF IN THE DIRECTION OF THE TOWN"

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THE MIDDLE WEST

BEING STUDIES OF ITS PEOPLE IN COMPARISON WITH THOSE OF THE EAST

FIRST PAPER: THE FIBER OF THE PEOPLE

BY EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS

Professor of Sociology, University of Wisconsin, author of "The Changing Chinese," etc.

MISAPPREHENSION BETWEEN WEST AND EAST

IN these days of change, by the time a national trait has come to be generally recognized it has vanished. The school geographies insist that the French are "gay"; in point of fact, they have become in the last forty years a very serious people. The world thinks of the British as "stolid"; but, since Mafeking night, these same British seem to have turned demonstrative, almost mercurial. We go on thinking of the Germans as cautious and sluggish, whereas, actually, they are daring and energetic.

So is it with sectional traits. By the time some impression about the West has sunk deep into the Eastern mind, the West has swept onward and falsified it. The Yankee thinks of the Middle West as the land of privation and hardship; it is, in fact, a scene of comfort and plenty. He regards it as peopled by a hodgepodge of aliens, whereas the hodgepodge is at his own door. He looks upon New England as the refuge of the primal American spirit, when, in sooth, Iowa and Kansas are more evenly American in tone than any like population in the East. The Back Bay may think of the Illinois farmer as raising corn to feed hogs, which he will sell in order to buy more land on which to raise more corn to feed more hogs with which to buy more land; and so on. But the grandson of the man of whom this was said sends his daughter to college, taxes himself for a public library, and is patron of the local art-loan exhibit.

Nor is the Middle West without its delusions. It imagines it is growing faster than the East, because the drift from the crowd toward the Edge of Things, and from the wearied land to the virgin soils, has been a constant in American history. That the center of population, which has traveled westward at the average rate of fifty miles a decade, should halt, or even retreat, would be deemed a marvel, like the sun standing still in the vale of Ajalon. Yet that very portent impends. The center, which migrated fifty-eight miles in the seventies, and forty-eight miles in the eighties, shifted only fourteen miles in the nineties. That it then moved on thirty-one miles was due to the rush to the Pacific slope, where a family, being at the long arm of the lever, balances half a dozen Slovak families shantied in Pittsburg.

The truth is that the East grew faster than the Middle West through the nineties, and in the last ten years it has been gaining nearly twice as rapidly, having

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added a quarter to its people while the West was adding a seventh. While in the East one county out of four lost in population, more than two counties out of five in the Middle West showed a decrease.

THE NEW BLOOD OF THE WEST—WHERE IT COMES FROM

ONE reason is that the Western farmer resents cramping conditions more strongly, and responds sooner to the lure of fresh acres, than the Eastern farmer. The West it is that peoples the newer West, while the enterprising spirits of the older commonwealths seek their chance in the near cities. A lifetime ago the old Yankee stock was faring overland to settle the wilderness. To-day only a sprinkling of the native Americans west of the Great Lakes claim an Eastern State as their birthplace. If in Iowa seventy-one counties out of ninety-nine have gone back in population during the last decade, and an equal number in Missouri, it is assuredly not from bad times, but from the call of cheap land in Texas or the Canadian Northwest.

New Englanders and Middle State people settled freely from the Western Reserve to the Mississippi. But the men from this area settled Iowa, Kansas, and Nebraska, and thence overflowed into Oklahoma and Colorado. Ohio, Wisconsin, and Illinois provided the bulk of the American element in Minnesota, and she in turn pours most of her increase into the region beyond. East and Middle West are not far apart in numbers; but since 1860, Colorado has drawn from two to three times as many of her people from the Middle West as from the East. In North Dakota, in 1900, five times as many people hailed from west of Pittsburg as from east of it; in South Dakota, five times as many; in Washington, three times as many; in Oklahoma, eighteen times as many.

While the West is even now being tapped by "home-seekers' excursions," which annually carry nearly half a million west-bound through Minneapolis, Omaha, and Kansas City, the East is soaking up the new immigration like a dry sponge.

From thirty to forty years ago, great numbers of Germans, Scandinavians, Mennonites, Poles, Bohemians, and even Icelanders, landing at Castle Garden, journeyed straight through, with a railroad-ticket pinned to the shoulder, and within a year they were settled on government land. To-day the still virgin lands lie beyond the ken of the insweeping tides from southern Europe and the Orient, dreaming of jobs rather than of farms. Of these aliens, in their first crudeness, the East gets nearly three times as many as it should in comparison with the Middle West.

THE UNDERSTATURED IMMIGRANTS

A GENERATION ago the traveler from the valley of the Connecticut or the Mohawk was offended by the peasant look of many a settlement beyond Chicago. To-day this new immigration, which has Constantinople as its geographical center, is so alien, so ignorant, and so helpless, that it takes refuge in the first industrial harbors or bays it finds. The huge, pregnant, intimidating fact of our time is the progressive saturation of the Northeast with these understatured new-comers, who have no intention whatever of seeking the few remaining fragments of the frontier,—Idaho, the "short-grass" country, the Texas Panhandle, or the cut-over pine lands of the Northwest,—which remind us that Volume I of American history is not yet ended.

A recent leisurely drive through Connecticut prompts Mr. Poultney Bigelow to remark: "The overwhelming majority of those we saw by the roadside were Italians. . . . They cannot yet speak English nor can the hundreds of Slavonians, Hungarians, Bohemians, Poles, Rumanians, Syrians, and Bulgarians who seem to stand sentry at every cross-road where we yearned for some one of English speech from whom we might extract information. . . . To find the children of those whose homes represent the ruins of modern Connecticut, follow me into the slums of Boston, New York, or Chicago, or into the hundreds of equally unsavory factory towns that blot the landscape of this otherwise beautiful State."

Not scattered as in the flush days of free land, but marshaled in gangs of miners, shovelers, or concrete-mixers, or lodged in certain pockets,—a Ghetto, a Little Italy, or Little Hungary, or Little

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Armenia,—the later aliens form, as it were, insoluble clots. Few venture far inland in their raw state. Those who filter through the industrial mesentery to the remote farming regions are already half Americanized and are readily absorbed into the democratic society of the West. This is why its proportion of illiterate foreign-born men is less than half as great as that of the East.

As fresh coal in a furnace sends up the steam-gage, so the automatic stoker at Ellis Island charges the vicinity with a cheap labor that is filling southern New England and the Middle States with dumps, coal-breakers, canneries, mills, skyscrapers, wharves, subways, barge canals, and metalled roads. It is also clinching their hold on manufacturing industries and postponing that proximity of factory to farm which is the dream of every Western town. While insisting masterfully on its tariff protection, this region, which in the late eighties was gloomily listing its abandoned farms, now sees its export trade spring up like Jonah's gourd, smiles at the West's endeavor to get mills of its own, and does not mind sending sheaves of its "commercial paper" to be rediscounted by Western banks.

DIVERGENCES IN THE AMERICAN STOCK

THERE is another basis of divergence between the sections. The American stock in the Middle West is not altogether of the same type as the American stock in the East.

On the physical side the evidence is strong. Dr. Gould's tabulation of the measurements of soldiers by the Sanitary Commission during the Civil War shows that the men from New England weighed 139.4 lbs., those from the Middle States 141 lbs., those from Ohio and Indiana 145.4 lbs., and the men from Michigan, Missouri, and Illinois 141.8 lbs. The last figure may reflect the dyspepsia which troubled the native volunteers much more than the foreign-born and which raged with special virulence in the newer regions, where people had not yet ceased to live on "hog and hominy." From New England the proportion of tall men in a thousand was 295; from the Middle States, 237, from Ohio and Indiana, 486; and from Michigan, Illinois, and Missouri, 466. The chest expansion rose from 2.6 in New Englanders to 3.25 in the men from the West.

Even to-day the makers of ready-made clothing note a slight tendency toward larger sizes in the West, and observe that the Western man is generally broader that the Eastern man.

WHY MEN WENT WEST

A HUNDRED years ago the Rev. Timothy Dwight commented complacently on the benefit to Connecticut from the draining away to the frontier—then western New York—of the restless spirits who chafed under the rule of the old families and the Congregational clergy. It never occurred to him that these insurgent spirits were carrying with them to the wilderness a precious energy and initiative.

The unprosperous, the shiftless, and the migratory sought the frontier, to be sure; but the enterprising, too, were attracted by it. The timorous and cautious stayed and accepted the cramping conditions of an old society; but those who dared take chances, to "place a bet on themselves," were apt to catch the Western fever. Among the sons and grandsons of such risk-takers the venturesome temper cropped out much oftener than among the sons and grandsons of the stay-at-homes. Hence, the strange fact that it was the roomy West that settled the farther West. On each new frontier have swarmed men from what was itself frontier only a generation earlier.

During the hundred years required to settle the country from the Alleghanies to the Rockies, the venturing spirit became visibly intensified in the Americans of the interior. Less and less provocation was needed to make a man pull up stakes and head for the open country in a covered wagon. The stalwart youth spurned his natal spot as "too crowded" when, in fact, it was full of every opportunity save that of free land. In the last Western-most decanting of the pioneering breed, courage and love of independence reach their greatest intensity. To-day in the recesses of the Rocky Mountains you come upon steady-eyed, eagle-faced men with tawny mustaches, whose masterful, unswerving will and fierce impatience of restraint remind you of their spiritual kinsmen, the heroes of the Icelandic sagas.

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A COMPARISON FROM THE CIVIL WAR

THE fiber of the pioneering breed comes out in a remarkable way in the stubbornness and extraordinary willingness to take punishment shown by our soldiers in the Civil War. On comparing the average losses of troops in great modern wars we get this table:

For the twelve principal battles of the Seven Years' War, victors 14 per cent., defeated 19 per cent.

For the twenty-two principal battles of the Napoleonic epoch, victors 12 per cent., defeated 19 per cent.

For the four principal battles of the Crimean War, victors 10 per cent., defeated 17 per cent.

For the four principal battles of the Franco-Austrian War, victors 8 per cent., defeated 8.5 per cent.

For the six principal battles of the Austro-Prussian War, victors 7 per cent., defeated 9 per cent.

For the eight principal battles of the Franco-Prussian War, victors 10 per cent., defeated 9 per cent.

For the twelve principal battles of our Civil War, the losses of the Union Army amounted to 19.7 per cent., and those of the Confederate Army to 19.6 per cent.

The comparison suggests that two centuries of frontier selections may have gradually built up in the Americans a peculiar strength of will, a trait which presumably retains its greatest freshness and vigor in those who have followed farthest the migrating frontier.

WESTERN SELF-RESPECT AND INDEPENDENCE

IN the pioneer blood lurks, too, a secret horror of taking another man's orders or pay. The man borderers despise is not the wight who is poor or out-at-elbows, but the man who for a wage submits himself to another's will. They regard the negro menial as sent by Providence to render necessary services no *real man* will undertake, and they marvel that in older communities are to be found white men who will serve as waiter, porter, or bootblack. I have heard sturdy farm-lads wish they might once gaze upon a valet or footman, "just to see how that sort of fellow would look."

"Why," I asked the Master of the National Grange, "is the Grange so much stronger in the East than in the West?" "Because," came the reply, "the social advantages of the Grange appeal much more to the Eastern farmer than to the Western. The Western farmer is absorbed in making money."

His mind *has* run to crops and bullocks, and some take it as proof that he is sordid. But there is another way of looking at it. The Westerner's willingness to give up home, neighbors, and old associations for the sake of a "claim" on the prairie is not sordid. His stern preoccupation with "getting ahead" is a part of his inherited passion for personal independence. I have seen a gray hue steal over the face of the settler when speaking of some one who had "lost his farm" and "had to go out by the day." For the wage-earner's lot the true-born Westerner feels a dread quite incomprehensible to cities and to old communities. If he ruthlessly sacrifices comforts and culture, it is that he may win a footing of his own and so call no man master. Once he has cleared off the mortgage, improved his place, and gained a soothing sense of financial security, he will provide books, piano, music lessons, travel, and college education for his children, even if in the meantime his own capacity to enjoy has been atrophied.

The surest proof of the Westerner's hidden idealism is his response to the charm and appeal of girlhood. No people in the world offer so many of their daughters a college education or discriminate less against daughters in providing opportunities.

Not long ago I talked with one of our best artists in black-and-white returning from his first trip to the West. "Yesterday," he said, "I saw in St. Paul a wonderful and beautiful thing, which would be impossible in New York City or in Europe. It was Flag Day, and on the street corners and in the lobbies of hotels and office buildings were stationed couples of bright-eyed girls in their teens, soliciting contributions to charity. Here were these pretty, unchaperoned young creatures accosting every man who passed, and yet I doubt if one of them met yesterday with a word or look that could wound her innocence. It was Arcadian."

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SIGNS OF DETERIORATION IN NEW ENGLAND

FURTHER proof that the wanderers to the West differed from the home-stayers is gained by scrutinizing the descendants of those who for generations withstood the call of the frontier.

Of course the growing cities of the East have always vied with the frontier in luring the ambitious, and there is, therefore, no perceptible difference in fiber between the business and professional corps in the Eastern centers and the corresponding element in the cities of the Mississippi Valley.

Then, too, the already successful and established people in the older communities were quite too well off to be attracted by the West. Those with the right combination of ability and temperament to keep themselves at the top at home had no incentive to migrate. Hence "the Brahmin caste," as Dr. Holmes called it, the old, influential families of the seaboard States, which have given great leadership not only to their region, but often to the nation.

But looking past these conspicuous and well-recognized tendencies, one comes upon something very significant. In the rougher parts of New England to-day one finds old towns that touched their zenith eighty years ago. The élite of the young people have regularly migrated, formerly to the West, of late to the rising cities of their own region. Aside from the aliens that here and there have seeped in, the inhabitants are of the blood of those *who always stayed behind.* In such districts the children are, in general, so listless that they have to be incited to play. Left to themselves, they do nothing but loaf about and play mean tricks on one another. Not half the high-school lads will watch their ball-team play a match game. They shrink from a "hike" of a few miles on a Saturday afternoon, and find the "boy scout" work too strenuous. The elderly farmers are obviously less supple and active than men of fifty ought to be. Outsiders agree that the average farmer accomplishes no more in three days than "a good, bright man" can do in one day. A laziness worthy of the hook-worm belt will keep a man sitting on his door-step till his barn tumbles down before his eyes. Neverworks loaf all day about the grocery, the feed store, or the livery-stable. In villages still bearing traces of the famed New England neatness, loose clapboards, unpruned trees, cluttered-up door-yards, broken windows, unpainted houses, leaning fences, and crazy buggies testify to the sagging of the community below its former plane. Tidy places are to be seen, but the proportion of slovens has visibly grown.

In some of these fished-out communities the teachers complain that the school-children do not make the progress of children elsewhere. To hold the pupil's attention, it is necessary to keep him amused. The mentally incompetent are rapidly increasing, probably because the normal couple averages less than two children, while the dull has four or five. Intellectual craving is very rare, and in a town of fourteen hundred the preacher could not recall in his five years a youth who had gone to college.

The comment of the State Superintendent of Public Instruction upon the classical academies which once flourished in these towns is pertinent. "Out of these academies went a steady stream of sons and daughters who were, other things being equal, always the strongest of the generation, for otherwise they would not have gained this education. They became lawyers, or physicians, or clergymen, or schoolmasters, or business men in the cities, and the girls went with them prevailingly to be their wives. The unambitious, the dull, the unfortunate boys and girls of the old country-side, who could not get to the academy, as a class remained behind and became the dominant stock. And the old academy, having sorted out and sent away the ambitious stock, is now dormant."

Social workers doubt if the morals of these country boys and girls are as good as they are in the ordinary city tenements or on the Bowery. With the departure of the finer youths, vanish the higher interests that hold up the young. Gone are the singing-schools, spelling-matches, and debating-societies that once enlivened the long winter evenings. The rising generation seem utterly dead to higher things. Card-playing, smoking, dances, and motion pictures sum up their recreations, and those who try to interest them in religion, education, or even sport, agree that there is "nothing to build on."

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Solitary tippling is in great favor with adults, and marital transgressions are frequent. There is little public spirit, and men of ample means are not ashamed to refuse a contribution to a welfare undertaking on the ground that they "see nothing in it" for themselves. The prospering are very furtive about their investments, and each strives to hide from his neighbors how well off he is.

In the communities of which I speak, the churches are dead or languishing. In villages that once maintained three, two will be found boarded up. The habit of church attendance has almost died out. The clergymen are in despair, for their members are elderly people, mostly women. Young recruits are not in sight, and the church is dropping into the graveyard.

LACK OF COMMUNITY LIFE

ALTHOUGH this is an extreme case, the downward tendency is wide-spread. Says the head of the Church and Country Life Department of the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions:

> Allowing for some exceptions, not too numerous, it may be said that throughout the prosperous and productive farming regions of the United States, which have been settled for fifty years, community life has disappeared. There is no play for the children; there is no recreation for young people; there are no adequate opportunities for acquaintance and marriage for young men and women; there is not a sufficient educational system for the needs of country people, and there is not for the average man or woman born in the country an economic opportunity within reach of his birthplace, such as will satisfy even modest desires. There is not in a weak community that satisfaction of social instinct which makes it "a good place to live in." Time was in New England and New York and Pennsylvania when there was a community to which every farmer belonged with some pleasure and pride. The absence of community life throughout these country regions expresses to-day what one man calls "the intolerable condition of country life."

OTHER REGIONS THAT SHARE THIS RETROGRESSION

IF the moral sag is deepest in certain New England spots, it is only because nowhere else in the North has a rural population been so skimmed and reskimmed. But the thing has a wider range than people suspect. The disfranchisement of seventeen hundred citizens of Adams County, Ohio, for selling their votes lets in a pitiless ray on the dry rot of the lifeless communities that have missed the electrifying touch of railroad or city. The knots of gaping, tobacco-chewing loafers that haunt railway-stations in some parts of Indiana suggest that the natural pacemakers of the neighborhood have moved on to create prosperity elsewhere. In southern Michigan, in Illinois, and even on into Missouri, are communities which remind one of fished-out ponds populated chiefly by bullheads and suckers.

The investigations that led to the establishment of the "county work" of the Young Men's Christian Association show that rural decay is to be found, on the poorer soils at least, in purely farming regions as far west as the Mississippi River. "It is like a solar eclipse," said one investigator, "with its darkest shadow resting on the New England hills, and its penumbra reaching out even to regions only two generations from the pioneer stage."

THE "WE-FEELING" OF THE WEST

WHATEVER be its range, the cause of the phenomenon is not degeneration, but folk-depletion, which seems to have swept west with the same pace as the twin blight of soil-depletion. Over the leaner areas the more ambitious and stirring persons who, had they stayed, would have led in community coöperation and stamped upon their coarser neighbors their own ideals, sought the beckoning cities or the inviting soils farther West. The longer this drain has gone on, the worse the slump. In the younger States the signs of sag fade out, and you find in the country school-houses the same literary societies, debating-clubs, and lecture courses New England was priding herself on sixty years ago.

The preacher or teacher stationed in the decaying communities imagines that the heartbreaking spiritual deadness he sees about him reflects a general condition, and concludes that the whole country is on the down grade. It has never occurred to him that the choice spirits whose departure has so impoverished the neighborhood are

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—many of them—serving as moral dynamos to lift the tone, the refinement, and the ideals of communities in the West. Let those who despond at the spread of caries in the old "bone and sinew" of the nation watch the crowds—mostly farmers—at some agricultural fair in one of the States beyond the Mississippi. What he will see there in the way of stature and thew, of poise and carriage, of clearness of skin and eye, of sobriety and good temper, of good manners and natural politeness, will convince him that there is a morning freshness to balance the twilight that broods over some of the old homes of the American stock.

"Do you note any difference," I asked a Western man in the service of a New England State, "between your people and the people here?" "Yes," he replied, "my own people look at life in a big way. They are more willing to coöperate, more generous in supporting things for the general good, more ready to use the State government to serve their common needs. The folks here lack the *we*-feeling. An intense parochialism keeps them jealous of their State government, and a suspicious individualism hinders them from working together for their common benefit. In many directions I see their narrow-mindedness and mistrust of one another holding them back from prosperity."

THE QUESTION OF VIRILITY

In an Eastern county-seat town a resident of less than two years was able to count among his acquaintance forty-seven childless couples. Another informant could recall among fifteen couples, friends of his, only three who had any children. "They don't want the bother." School after school that used to boast twenty or thirty children is now lonesome with from five to ten. There is no way of separating in the records the native births from those among the foreign-born; but a State officer versed in statistics avers that the American blood is not averaging more than one child to the family, whereas the aliens exhibit from five to twelve children a couple.

But if the old branches on the tree are well-nigh sapless, the transplanted scions in the West do not fail to put forth young shoots. Children in proportion to women are half as numerous again in the Middle West as in New England and twice as numerous in the Dakotas. This despite the fact that a third of the children of New England were furnished by fecund immigrant mothers.

Not without justice is the West spoken of as "virile." Through the Northeast the women outnumber the men, to the point sometimes of being a drug in the matrimonial market. In New England the shortage of men is three per cent., in Massachusetts six per cent. But the Middle West shows eleven men for ten women, the trans-Mississippi country eight men to seven women, and in the Dakotas the excess of men is a third. Hence, as you leave salt water the status of women rises until, in the inter-mountain States, where there are at least two suitors for every woman, the sex becomes an upper caste to which nothing will be denied from street-car seats to ballots and public offices.

THE STATUS OF WOMEN IN THE WEST

That the divorce rate rises as you go West is partly due to the willingness of chivalrous legislators to put this weapon into the wife's hands, partly to the *divorcée's* much better chance of remarriage. It is a curious fact that the order of the forty-six States arranged according to divorce rates, beginning with the lowest, tallies in a remarkable way with the order of the States arranged according to proportion of women, beginning with the highest.

Any shortage of women that makes the men eager suitors alters the terms of the marriage partnership to the advantage of the wife and betters the lot of the married woman. Accordingly the codes of the Western States treat the wife with more liberality than did the codes of the older States, and fairness to women seems to be a Western practice that spreads East. Indeed, the enviable position of the American woman is largely the cumulative outcome of the scarcity value she has for a time enjoyed in the newer commonwealths.

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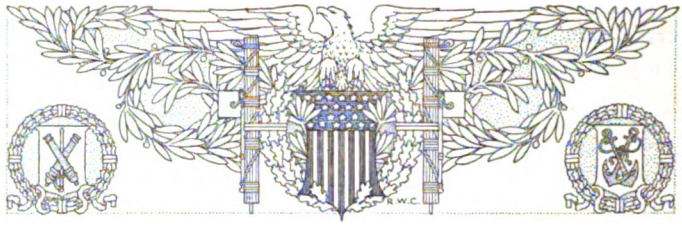

THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE ANTI-TRUST LAW

ITS MERITS, ITS OPERATION, AND THE MEANS TO SUPPLEMENT IT

BY GEORGE W. WICKERSHAM

The Attorney-General of the United States

DISCONTENT with the Sherman anti-trust law and its enforcement by this administration is not nearly so wide-spread as is popularly supposed. A few thoroughly discontented people are apt to make far more impression than do a host of people who are wholly satisfied with the same conditions which produce discontent on the part of the others. It is a reasonable assumption that the majority of the people who are discontented with the Sherman law and with its enforcement are the stockholders and others interested in those corporations and combinations charged with its violation. The people who will most benefit from the enforcement of the law are the great army of consumers who have been purchasing the products of these corporations. It is certainly obvious that the number of consumers so benefited must far exceed the number of stockholders who may, in some degree, be injured. But even in the case of the stockholders, the injury to them is greatly exaggerated. The purpose of the law is not to destroy industries. Because the courts have not sought to destroy property, some extremists have uttered loud complaint, but that fortunately will not lead the courts to change their course.

THE PURPOSE AND EFFECT OF THE SHERMAN LAW

THE real purpose of the Sherman law is to compel fair trade, to protect the average business man from injury due to unfair methods of competition. It is meant to keep the highways of commerce open to all, big and little, rich and poor, on the same terms. Therein lies its greatest ethical value. In the contemplation of our wonderful industrial development, the number of small producers who in the past have been forced to the wall by unfair methods has largely been lost sight of. The purpose of the Sherman act is to prevent undue combination and centralization of power, and therefore, in issuing their decrees, the courts have merely compelled the combinations against which they have been directed to resolve themselves into their integral parts. The property of the stockholders remains. It is as capable of production and of earning dividends as ever. It has been deprived not of its legitimate earning capacity, but only of such unfair advantage as it acquired by illegal combination and restraint of trade. In the course of time these facts will become obvious to what has been referred to as "the great army of stockholders," and as I believe that the majority of them are not looking for an unfair advantage, so I believe their dissatisfaction will be abated.

There is of course some genuine discontent with the Sherman law, but I suspect most of it arises not so much from any real uncertainty as to its meaning as from a *realization* of that meaning. There are two classes of people who are directly

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affected by the application of the law and who are deeply dissatisfied with it. First, those who are in control of the great combinations,—such as were the Standard Oil and the Tobacco trusts,—who see in the law the absolute prohibition of a continuance of that centralized control over great industries which they have hitherto enjoyed. Second, comparatively small dealers, manufacturers, or producers, who either (1) have been concerned in various trade combinations for the purpose of keeping prices uniform, or of preserving the market for their commodities in a condition satisfactory to them; or (2) who are desirous of consolidating or combining with one another, and who have been led to believe, by the complaints of the class first mentioned, that the law is so uncertain that they cannot take any step without involving themselves in possible prosecution.

THE NEED OF A CHECK TO MONOPOLY

I THINK every thoughtful person will agree that the Sherman act or some equally effective statute was absolutely necessary to check the growing centralization in a very few hands of the vast industries of the United States. It was the danger of that centralization which the leaders saw in 1890, when they framed and enacted the Sherman law. Senator Edmunds, in his recently published chapter on that subject in the "North American Review," points out exactly the danger those men foresaw—the menace to free institutions which they perceived in this growing power, and the curb they purposed to put upon it. Slowly, but irresistibly, the construction of the statute has been widened, until now it is demonstrated to be adequate to effect that great result. But, whether as a consequence of, or as incident to, that centralization, whether in great combinations or not, it is a fact that in almost every line of industry in this country there have been, and to a large extent there still are, trade organizations of various kinds embracing comparatively small producers and dealers. Take, for example, the Window-Glass combination, which was the subject of prosecution by the Department of Justice some months ago. There, all the manufacturers of certain kinds of window-glass in the Ohio and Pennsylvania district united in a sort of association the object of which was to prevent real competition between its members, in that case not only to keep prices up to the level which they had established, but to force them much higher. It was undoubtedly a beneficial thing for the members of that combination, but it enormously increased the price to the consumer, and did it on an artificial basis. Neither the members of that combination nor of similar ones have any doubt as to the meaning of the Sherman act when applied to them. Their objection is to the certainty of the law, not to its uncertainty.

So, too, there are other organizations which have come to our knowledge (some of which have been dissolved as a result of the work of the Department of Justice) where a great number of producers have entered into a combination for the purpose of preventing the retailer from buying except through a middleman. I am convinced there is not the slightest doubt in the minds of the members of those combinations that the prohibition of the Sherman law applies to such organizations. Their complaint is with its certainty.

COMBINATIONS WHICH BENEFIT THE MIDDLEMAN

IN a word, the great object of many of these combinations has been to prevent the consumer from getting the benefit of prices the wholesaler is willing to make, in order that a middleman may be supported. So the retailer, and ultimately, of course, the consumer, is saddled with the burden of a middleman, which is a purely artificial burden that would be eliminated by the force of the ordinary economic processes which would work in the community were not this artificial restraint interposed. One of the results which the Sherman law will accomplish, which must be beneficial to a large class, is to drive out the middleman where the conditions are such that the middleman is not the natural economic result of the operation of the laws of trade. Naturally, the middleman does not view this result with satisfaction, and his cry is added to those of members of the large combinations. He finds the law to be "so uncertain" as to make it difficult for him

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to carry on his business in conformity with the law, which, of course, he desires to do!

A DISTINCTION BETWEEN RESTRAINT AND EXPANSION OF TRADE

THERE is, however, a third class which, I admit, is probably confronted by genuine uncertainty. I doubt if this class is so great as is thought; but it exists, and its members are actual and honest. They are the owners of, say, two or more concerns engaged in the same or similar lines of business who desire to consolidate or combine their efforts, and the investors whom they invite to contribute to the combined enterprise. In making such a consolidation there is necessarily eliminated such competition as existed between them in the past. If the object of that combination is not the mere destruction of an existing competition, but the carrying on of the business under improved conditions, with economies of production and management, the combination cannot be said to be illegal. Nevertheless, there is an uncertainty in ascertaining the actual purpose. At the outset, this purpose is locked in the breast of the participants in the combinations. They may declare it truthfully or they may not; and, aside from what they say, it may be difficult for an outsider to decide truly and accurately whether or not the combination has for its object a restraint of trade or an expansion of trade. Subsequent acts, however, reveal the purpose, because men are presumed to intend to perform the acts which they do perform, and they are presumed also to intend the natural consequence of their acts; so that a combination which on its face might seem perfectly legal when made, might in its exercise develop a wholly unlawful purpose. Here is an uncertainty not so much in the law as in the effect, and the difficulty of applying the law obviously results more from uncertainty of fact than from a legal uncertainty. Those who are invited into such an enterprise, particularly at an early stage, feel the uncertainties attendant upon it, and with reason demand an authoritative method of determining at least whether the original organization is a lawful one, in order that they may know they are assuming no liability as to the past, and in order, too, that they may protect themselves in the future by watchfulness over the acts of their agents.

It must be remembered that in all this discussion nothing will really suit the men who have built up the great trusts, and whose interests have been in the monopolization of great lines of industry, but some method of continuing in the future, with greater or less immunity from interference, the same power and control which they have enjoyed in the past.

HOW UNCERTAINTY MAY BE ELIMINATED

IN my opinion, the only effective way to eliminate all genuine uncertainty is through a Federal incorporation act containing provisions adequate to meet the situation. Congress has recognized its *power* by asserting the right to interfere and control, and to that extent to regulate the conduct of interstate commerce by declaring what contracts, combinations, monopolies, etc., shall not be entered into. I believe it is time for it to recognize its *duty* to provide proper vehicles for the conduct of that commerce, so as to make unnecessary the combinations it has prohibited. In the past, Congress has left the whole law of association—the law of cooperation under corporate form—to the States. It has not only said that every State may create such corporations as it will; but that it may, on its own terms, exclude from the State corporations created by other States. This has necessarily led to the holding corporation, whereby the control over an industry, through comparatively small capital, can be exercised with ever-widening sweep and virtually without bounds. Congress should provide for the formation of corporations—which, after all, is nothing more than to regulate the rules whereby men may associate themselves in the conduct of interstate commerce—with limited liability, and with provision for the transfer of their interests in whole or in part without affecting the continued existence of the association.

Congress should provide for the creation of such bodies, should prescribe the rules under which they may transact their business, and should protect them in the transaction of that business in accordance with those rules. Then, and not until then, will the problem be effectively solved. Such a law would remove all the scandal

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of corporate organization, of inflated capitalization, of deceit of the public through lack of information or dissemination of misinformation, and would thus enable the business of the country to be conducted on a safe and sane basis. The Federal corporation, being a creature of the Federal law, would be entirely subject to Federal control; and from time to time, as tendencies developed which seemed to run counter to the public interests, they could be checked by appropriate legislation. In the meantime they could be checked by appropriate regulation.

THE REGULATION OF PRICES

THE suggestion as to the regulation of prices that I made at Duluth was predicated upon assumptions that I am not making here. It was, What would happen if the Government should recognize and attempt to regulate by law the great combinations of capital which become large enough of themselves to dominate the whole of an industry? The moment the Government suffers to exist a combination of producers so great that it fixes or has the power to fix prices at will, and the consumer has no share in fixing those prices, effective governmental control must necessarily provide a means of correcting that price-fixing by governmental interposition on the same lines that it has used in the case of the price of transportation, under the Interstate Commerce Act. Of course the practical difficulties in the way of such price-fixing are very great. The very idea is abhorrent to our theory of government; and yet, if we permit the existence of organizations or combinations of producers under such conditions that they can fix prices, there is no means of securing justice to the consumer except through the Government's asserting its right to step in and dictate prices, or at least to require that they shall not be raised above reasonable limits.

The fixing of prices by the Government is the logical and inevitable outcome of the policy of recognizing some trusts as good and of attempting to discriminate between good and bad trusts. The "good trust" is the combination which, having the power to crush out all opposition, does not exercise it fully, or does not exercise it so as to arouse a general popular dissatisfaction. Under the Sherman law alone, no such thing can exist. The argument made on behalf of the Northern Securities Company when its existence was challenged in the Supreme Court was that, while it did control two great, parallel transcontinental railway-lines, it had not exercised that control to interfere with competition between them; but the court said that the possession of the power was fatal to the organization, because it must be presumed that, whenever the holders of that power found it to their advantage to exercise it, they would do so, and that the existence of the power was a menace to the public. Therefore they struck it down.

In all this discussion I use the word "trust" to mean a combination so great as to amount to a potential monopoly. No absolute monopoly has grown up under the Sherman act. There always has been a small percentage of the business which was not acquired by a given combination. But a trust has within itself that power which will enable it either to become a monopoly or virtually to exercise all the control which would be inherent in a monopoly.

FEDERAL INCORPORATION SHOULD BE OPTIONAL

THERE are those who believe Federal incorporation should be made compulsory, a prerequisite to the transaction of interstate commerce. I do not believe that, because I think that the desired end can be achieved by making it optional. It is not easy to work a radical change in existing conditions. Under those conditions securities in large amounts are outstanding in the hands of the public. A system has grown up with the tacit permission of the general Government which cannot be changed in a short time without enormous economic depression. But the Federal incorporation act should be made so attractive to legitimate industry as gradually, and perhaps rapidly, to attract those engaged in interstate commerce in a large way. All those who wish to combine or consolidate existing businesses which are more or less competitive, thus giving rise to questions as to the applicability of the Sherman law, would realize that Federal incorporation would so greatly facilitate the legitimate conduct of that business that they would not be willing to forego its advantages.

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On the other hand, the faithful and rigid enforcement of the Sherman law will soon demonstrate the folly of trying to carry on a business which is not legitimate. New enterprises would be formed under a Federal incorporation law, and perhaps, after a time—five or ten years possibly—the conditions might become such that Congress could properly prescribe that after a given date no interstate commerce should be carried on by any corporation not organized under the Federal law. My view has always been, however, that the Federal incorporation law should not be applied to small concerns; that the great machinery of the Federal government which it would be necessary to establish for such purpose ought not to be directed to little concerns that can be more properly organized and carried on in their own localities, although they may engage to a certain extent in business between the States.

As a rule these small concerns do not appeal generally to the public for their capital. The English Companies' Act discriminates between two classes of corporations: those which are more properly incorporated partnerships, with a comparatively small number of stockholders, which do not appeal to the public for their capital; and those larger concerns which require large amounts of capital, and which appeal to the public for funds by the offer of their stocks, bonds, and other securities. A far more rigid supervision, and more exact requisites as to filing statements and making public information, are imposed on the latter class than on the former.

The first result of the provision for such Federal incorporation would be that those who are actuated by a desire to conform with the law, but who are sincerely in doubt as to its requirements, would promptly avail themselves of it. Others would rapidly follow, because the advantages of subjecting themselves to such Federal control, and of submitting to such supervision and publicity, would include not only a practical insurance against prosecution under the Sherman law, but a stability of their securities otherwise unattainable. It is possible there would be no need for further legislation. On the other hand, Congress might find it wise, later, to make such incorporation compulsory in the case of all corporations doing an interstate business and offering their stocks or bonds for public sale. A general compulsory statute would reach so large a number of small corporations whose interstate business was only incidental, or at any rate so inconsequential, that it might impose on them a wholly unnecessary supervision, and at the same time so clog the work of the Federal government as to militate against thoroughness in those cases where effective supervision by the National government is absolutely necessary to prevent recurrence of evil conditions.

COMPETITION A NATURAL TENDENCY OF COMMERCE

Objection has been made that the disintegration of the Standard Oil Company and of the American Tobacco Company ordered by the courts was insufficient; that it would prove ineffective; that there is nothing to prevent the disintegrated parts of these industries from working together, even in the absence of any tangible agreement. But I suspect that where that objection is sincerely advanced it emanates from those who lack practical experience. Of course where it is not sincere it is merely one of the forms in which objection to the law by those who oppose its policy finds expression.

Theoretically there is nothing to prevent any two men or bodies of men engaged in competitive business from pursuing a similar course in the conduct of their respective businesses. But experience shows that where corporations have different boards of directors, different officers, different agencies for purchase and sale, and different offices and plants, the natural tendency of men to compete with one another *will* operate, and the fact that there is a community of stockholding cannot prevent that natural tendency. The history of the efforts that have been made in the last forty years to prevent that natural tendency is a demonstration of its existence. First, the control over, and the suppression of, competition were brought about by depositing the stocks of various competing companies in the hands of a body of trustees who selected the boards of directors and the officers of the various companies; and then, when that method was held illegal, the holding company was substituted for the board of trustees, and the officers of the holding company became in

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effect the officers of all the corporations whose stocks were held by it, so that a single central intelligence directed and controlled the activities of all the parts. But without some such method it has invariably been found impossible for a general body of stockholders to control the policies and activities of different corporations. Moreover, while each of these companies may have to-day the same stockholders, in the same proportions, that identity begins to change the day after the distribution. Each of these stockholders receives certificates of fractional shares in different companies. He is certain to dispose of some shares in one company and to buy one or more in another, and the natural operation of the law of existence tends constantly to the disintegration of the original identity of stockholding.

Sincere inquirers should bear in mind that any specious pretext was sure to be seized upon by those persons who were opposed to any disintegration of the tobacco combination which would result in leaving a certain number of solvent, well-organized, well-equipped business concerns with which these objectors must come into competition, and from which they fear a real, not merely a simulated, competition.

It should also be remembered that such pretexts, advanced by those who are at heart hostile to the entire purpose and intent of the Sherman law, are too often seized upon by those who, lacking practical experience, are easily misled, and who, while sincerely in sympathy with the broad purpose of the law, are prone to indulge in theoretical and carping criticism of the effects of its application. In this way men who are perfectly sincere in their desire to see an effective anti-trust statute are often made the dupes of insincere and experienced men who profit by the general agitation thus promoted, and whose own purpose to undermine the law is greatly aided by the apparent harmony between their views and those of men of unquestioned sincerity. An example of this is found in the somewhat prevalent demand that the Sherman law be amended.

EFFECTIVENESS OF DECREES AGAINST THE TRUSTS

It is not at all likely that the average critic of the decrees in the Standard Oil, the Tobacco, and other trust-suits have any adequate appreciation of their restraining influence. Any attempt to violate those decrees would result not in protracted litigation, with the prospect of punishment—probably a fine—somewhere in the dim and far distant future, but in an immediate summons to the participants to appear in court and answer to a charge of contempt. And unless those so summoned could disprove the charge, the punishment would be summary; in the case of a grave violation undoubtedly taking the form of imprisonment.

Much fault has been found with the process of injunction, and even now an attempt is being made to take from the courts the power to punish for contempt, or the disregard of an injunction, without trial by jury unless such contempt shall have been committed in the presence of the court. Probably the spectacle of some reckless manager of a trust violating an injunction and summarily committed to prison without extended litigation, trial by jury, or other process susceptible of being used to procure delay, would bring home to the man in the street more convincingly than any other argument the usefulness of the power of injunction and the present system of imposing penalty for its violation. But it is not very likely that such an example will be afforded, for lawyers who have not hesitated to advise their clients to take the chance of prosecution for violation of the Sherman law will be extremely chary of advising them to run the risk of imprisonment for contempt by violating an injunction of the court. It may be that only time will demonstrate the effectiveness of the injunctions which have been procured as a result of the prosecutions under the Sherman law, but the discerning may gather some idea of their effectiveness from the bitterness of the men who fear the effect of such injunctions buttressing a decree disintegrating a combination in which they are concerned, and who clamor for a repeal or amendment of the statute whose "uncertainty" of language gives them so great concern!

There is, in my judgment, no occasion to amend the Sherman law. That law is effective as it stands. To amend it would merely necessitate further judicial interpretation before it would be as clear and

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as enforceable as it is to-day, and would go far to destroy the good results of twenty years of judicial interpretation. But there is a possible method of amplifying that law by addition or supplement, not by amendment. For example, it has been proposed—and the President has stated that he sees no objection to it—that the law might be supplemented by specifying some of the specific acts which have been adjudged by the courts to be embraced in the phrase "undue restraint of interstate trade," in order that merchants may have before them in codified form a clear enumeration of certain things they may not do, and be thus relieved of the so-called "glittering generality" of the statute. The difficulty of carrying out this suggestion will be found when the draftsman comes to write such a statute. I am inclined to think that formulating the various kinds of unfair trade and undue restraints of trade which would properly be included in such a statute will add little new to the popular understanding of the meaning of the Sherman act, although, as the President suggests in his message, it may result in shortening the task of the prosecuting officers of the government.

But there should certainly be nothing in any additions to the statute to enable a concern whose ingenuity had devised some new and unspecified method of destroying competition to plead immunity from punishment because that particular method of restraint of trade was not made the subject of express prohibition.

THE REMEDY SUGGESTED BY PRESIDENT TAFT

THE clarity with which, two years ago, President Taft foresaw the situation which confronts us to-day should command for the remedy he then proposed, and still urges, the respect of sincere and earnest men.

Substantially the views I have expressed here with regard to Federal incorporation were embodied in President Taft's message to Congress in January, 1910. He pointed out then precisely what he foresaw would be the decision of the Supreme Court in the pending trust-cases against the Standard Oil and Tobacco companies, and indicated what the duty of the Government would be in enforcing the law as it should be construed in those cases. Then he suggested, as the most effective remedy for the conditions of embarrassment which would probably result to those engaged in carrying on interstate commerce in a large way, the passage of a Federal incorporation act, and he very clearly indicated in his message the advantages of such an act and the impossibility of any satisfactory solution of the problem without such legislation. The decisions which were rendered by the Supreme Court justified the President's views; the situation which exists to-day is precisely what he predicted, and the remedy which he offered is to-day, in my opinion, the only practical, effective, and thorough solution that has been suggested by any one.

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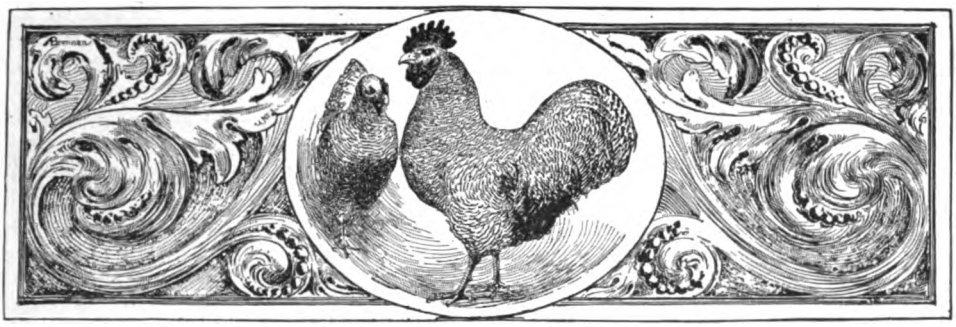

"BACK TO THE FARM!"

PRESENT DRAWBACKS AND FUTURE PROSPECTS

BY HARVEY W. WILEY

Chief Chemist of the United States Department of Agriculture; author of "Principles and Practice of Agricultural Analysis," "Foods and their Adulterations," etc.

THE DECREASING AGRICULTURAL POPULATION

MY father told me, and I often heard him tell other boys in the country where I was brought up, for the purpose of inducing them to stay at home and not go to the city, the following story: "A farmer with three sons was asked what he purposed to make of them. He replied: 'John is the brightest of my boys, the most industrious, anxious to work, and quick to learn. I am going to make a farmer of him. Sam would rather talk than work, and is fond of telling all he knows and much that he imagines. I am going to make a lawyer of him. Thomas is the laziest one of all my boys. In fact, he is so lazy that he never gets into any trouble of any kind. I am going to make a preacher of him.'"

This story may be a little hard on the other professions, but it illustrates the contention which will some day be acknowledged by the whole country, namely, that farming requires the greatest industry, the keenest intellect, and the best training of all of the professions.

One of the most striking features of the last census is the record of decreasing population in agricultural centers and increasing population in the great cities. The tide of settlement which for many years had been flowing toward the unoccupied lands of the country has now turned, and is flowing toward the large cities. The result is of course easily foreseen. The number of consumers of food products is constantly growing greater, the number of producers smaller. This is not necessarily a cause for alarm. Fortunately there have been established in this country a number of agricultural colleges and experiment-stations in which the principles of scientific agriculture are taught. Methods of checking the depletion of the soil and of recovering exhausted fields have now been well developed and are practically enforced. Moreover, improvements in farm machinery have rendered the labor of the farmer more productive. I believe it may be said with a fair degree of accuracy that a day's skilled labor on the farm at the present time produces twice as much food as it did fifty years ago, and although the country districts have been to a certain extent depopulated and the cities overpopulated, the supply of the products of the soil in the way of food and clothing has more than kept pace with the increase in population. Yet the curious condition has arisen that while the consumer in the city pays a great deal more for what he eats and

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wears than he did a few decades ago, the farmer in the country gets little, if any, more for his products.

THE COST OF LIVING HAS NOT HELPED THE FARM

THE result of this condition of affairs is that while in many respects the cost of living on the farm has been increased through the desire of the farmer to give a better education to his children and to be the possessor of more of the luxuries of life, he has not been securing a corresponding increase in his income. Moreover, the price of farm labor has greatly increased. In the old days a good hand would work on the farm by the year for twelve or thirteen dollars a month and his board. This, too, meant real work; for the farm-hand was expected to be up early in the morning, to help feed and care for the stock, and perhaps help with the milking; and with only short intermissions for meals, his work went on till dark, no matter how long the day. I am not an advocate for such long hours of labor; I am only stating conditions as they formerly existed. This was the condition of affairs that has led Abe Martin, the Hoosier philosopher, to say, "Twelve dollars a month an' no picture-shows makes Jack leave the farm." At the present time the laborer is not expected to begin work until seven o'clock, and he has an intermission of an hour at noon, and "knocks off" at six. At the same time he is not satisfied with seventy-five cents or a dollar a day, but must have a dollar and a quarter for ordinary labor, while at harvest and corn-gathering his wages rise to two dollars or more a day. Paying cash for labor is a burden to the farmer which is well-nigh intolerable; and yet if he does his own work, he must either have a very small farm or a very large family of boys and girls, who, moreover, are likely to leave him as they approach their majority. It is not strange, therefore, that the cry, "Back to the farm!" fails to appeal to the boy and the man in the city.

WHY DOES THE BOY LEAVE THE FARM?

WHY does the boy—not the lazy boy, but the boy of industrious habits—leave the farm in the first place? Because of his desire for a greater opportunity. He sees in the city a greater future for himself than he can possibly expect on the farm, and he will continue to go just as long as city life offers greater chances for success and a happier existence. Have we ever studied the psychology of the farmer's boy who has seriously considered his own future? These musings are doubtless very much alike. I remember my own mental attitude. I was born near the Ohio River, and could hear the whistle and see the smoke of the passing boats. When I lay under the wide-spreading beech-tree during my midday rest, I did not dream of a future on the farm. My thoughts followed the southward-moving steamboat down to the Mississippi, down past Memphis and Vicksburg, down to the cane-fields of Louisiana, to New Orleans and the gulf. My ambition was some day to get a passage on one of those boats and seek my career and my fortune in the South. Other boys on the farm have similar dreams.

What, then, are we to do to stop the flowing of the best blood of the farm to the city? The answer, it seems to me, is a simple one: make the farm a more productive place than the city, and its prospects for a career more certain. It is true that it is useless to hold up to the future farmer dreams of wealth such as that which is acquired on Wall Street, though it will be easy to show that Wall Street wealth is not the result of productive industry, but is the gleaning and reaping from the wealth of others. It is speculative wealth, a form of acquirement which will some day be forbidden by law. On the contrary, there can be held up to the intending farmer of the future a wealth of independence, of joy, and of productive industry which, joined with a fair monetary reward, should be, and probably will be, more alluring than the city life of to-day. It is useless to preach to the boy of the dangers of temptation. He is willing to take his chances, because his neighbor and playmate has gone to the city and is earning more money in some modest employment than he could ever dream of earning on the farm. A salary of even fifty dollars a month attracts him mightily, and when he thinks of the possibility of getting as much as

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a hundred dollars a month, it is a promise of opulence. In addition to this, he has the city lights, the city streets, the city amusements, and the stimulus of companions, all of which appeal to a boy, and all of which are natural desires.

THE LIFE OF THE COUNTRY IS THE NORMAL LIFE

THE simple fact remains, however, that life in the country is the normal life. The man who does not touch the fresh-turned sod, make his way through the forest, follow the plow in the field, or gather the cattle at night, it seems to me, is missing the charm of existence. The glories of country life have hitherto existed only in song and story; but at present there are movements in various parts of the world to make it attractive. There are numerous magazines and newspapers devoted to rural life, and not only papers which teach practical agriculture, the care of registered stock, the growing of fowls, etc., but newspapers and periodicals devoted to the pleasures of the country and the inspiration of country life. Communities are forming, with clubs and associations, which offer to the persons living in the country many of the advantages of life in the city. Country life is becoming less isolated and more communal. People are beginning to understand that it is not well to build the house and the barn in the middle of a large farm, but rather on the corner adjoining a neighbor's house and barn. In fact, every four farmers might form a little community of themselves by building their farm-houses in adjoining corners. In this way, even if the weather were stormy, there could be society in the evening, and the neighbors could come together and discuss affairs of common interest.

The church and the school-house are also becoming places of social enjoyment. In one or two places clubs have been formed and houses erected where the farmers can gather as they do in a city club, and these are equipped with a library, a gymnasium, billiard-tables, and a swimming-pool. One of the curses of country life is muddy and impassable roads. Good roads are now being built throughout the country, and these will do much toward making country life attractive, because they mean ease of access and more intimate association, as well as economic advantages.

THE TROLLEY AND THE COUNTRY FACTORY

THE electric trolley is carrying the city into the country, and making it possible for those who have business in the city to live in the country and have a little farm or garden of their own. The wise managers of great factories are now going into the country and building their factories in the midst of estates. About one of the largest factories in Massachusetts a community has grown up where every employee has an acre or more of land on which vegetables and other foods are grown. They have an agricultural fair every year which rivals the county fair in the wealth of its exhibits, all of which are grown by the employees. This is indeed bringing the city into the country. Another Massachusetts corporation with many thousand employees makes the following statement in its recent circular:

> Instead of setting the factory in the midst of a thickly populated community, the Company chose a spot near the seashore, in a beautiful rolling country, where in a tract of three hundred acres there would be ample opportunity for the development of advanced ideas. Among other things the officials felt that as far as possible the employees should own their homes and from the beginning they have stood ready to facilitate this object so far as they were able without going into the real estate business, or making heads of families feel that the retention of their homes may be affected in any way by their continuance in the Company's employ.

No one can doubt the stimulating effect of such a community upon all the farms and all the farmers in its vicinity.

Every such settlement of the country not only benefits the laborers and employees of the factory, but also stimulates and encourages the enterprising farmer. When man in his wisdom has spread over the surface of the land somewhat more evenly than at the present time, there will no longer be isolated spots, producing melancholia and even insanity in their lonely inhabitants. The city is not a place

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of production, but only of exchange, and the wise city of the future will not invite factories of a productive nature, but will exclude them. Unfortunately the great rivalry between cities to-day is not so much for the welfare of their individual citizen, the education of their people, wise and economic nutrition, or libraries and museums, but simply for population. The classification of cities for legal and other purposes is made solely on the basis of their total population. Thus by act of the legislature we have cities of the first class and cities of the second class in which the division is made on the basis of the number of inhabitants. The keen rivalry among cities to lead in the number of their population is well known. One may cite, for instance, the competition between Minneapolis and St. Paul, between Philadelphia and Chicago, and just now between St. Louis and Boston. Even New York aspires in the near future to rival London not in the kind and character of its people, but in numbers alone. So far as can be seen, this sort of rivalry is destined long to continue. Even in the capital of the country a movement is on foot to encourage the establishment of factories, hoping thus to attract a greater number of people. Washington at least should be the one city where the productive factory is unknown.

The house of the farmer is now being improved in such a way as to make him as comfortable as if he lived in the city. The conveniences of bath and lavatory are now being installed in many farm-houses, and the sewage therefrom is handled in a scientific manner, thus improving sanitary conditions and making life more comfortable and disease less imminent.

THE NARROW MARGIN BETWEEN COST AND PROFIT

ALL of this, however, is not sufficient to keep people in the country. The pursuit of agriculture must become more profitable if the country is to reach its full fruition. Scientific agriculture will help, but to bring the consumer and the farmer into more intimate contact is most important of all. This will surely be accomplished by establishing factories in rural districts, where farmers can sell direct to the employees of the works. At the present prices for commodities which the farmer must buy, he cannot expect to be financially successful with wheat at a dollar a bushel and fat beeves at five dollars a hundred pounds.

Let me give a bill of particulars. I am a fairly good farmer, born and bred on a farm, and I direct (unfortunately *in absentia* most of the time) a reasonably good farm. I sold wheat of the crop of last summer as low as eighty-four cents a bushel within one hundred miles of Baltimore, which is a great wheat market. The cost of transportation to Baltimore is a little over six cents a bushel, so that the price in Baltimore at the time was ninety cents. This wheat was grown on land fertilized with so-called commercial fertilizer, and a careful record of all the expenditures, with all reasonable charges against the land, interest on the investment, taxes, etc., left only a very small profit.

Again, I bought stock cattle the last of November, 1910, at $46.50 a head. I kept them for about a year, and sold them for $61.00 a head. If I allow only five cents a day for the feed and care of these animals, I come out of the transaction with a loss of more than three dollars a head. These fat cattle weighed almost exactly 1200 pounds, and were sold at the railway station three miles from the farm at the rate of $5.30 per hundredweight. If I, after long experience of practical farming and long study of scientific farming, am scarcely able, or not able, to make farming pay one hundred miles from Baltimore and only sixty miles from Washington, are others likely to succeed better? Yes, I may answer, if those others spend their days upon the farm, take part in its labors, and personally direct all of its affairs.

These are not theoretical conjectures, but figures from actual experience. A like bill of particulars could be given for every article grown on the farm, where labor is all paid for and a correct account kept of all just charges. The reason the farmer thinks he is making money when he is doing work like this is because he pays himself nothing, does not charge himself rent, takes no account of interest on the land or of the expenses of its maintenance. He thinks he is making twenty dollars on every steer that he fattens and sells, or fifty cents on every bushel of wheat he sells, when in point of fact he is probably running in debt on both counts.

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THE MIDDLEMAN

I AM not in sympathy with the theory that the middleman is unnecessary. I do not see how I, as a farmer in Loudoun County, Virginia, can take my products to New York and sell them direct to the consumer. I do not believe that the railways of the country are eating up the farmers' profits. Only the other day I sent a hundred pounds of Indian cornmeal from Loudoun County to Washington, D. C., for thirty-eight cents, and the man who delivered this from the station to the house charged me fifty cents. If there was any extortion in this case, it was not on the part of the railway. In this country, under the present method of distribution, the railway is the salvation of agriculture. Without the railway, the cost of bringing food commodities to the great cities would be immensely increased, and the price paid to the farmer would correspondingly diminish, while the price paid by the consumer would correspondingly increase. Moreover, trade in food products could not be carried on without the wholesaler and the retailer. They are, like the railway, necessary to distribution.

The true problem to be solved is the regulation of these avenues of transportation and methods of distribution, not their suppression. It might be well to ask, though, if there are not too many railways, too many brokers and wholesale and retail merchants. In other words, one of the principal problems relating to country life is undoubtedly that which is connected with the transportation and distribution of agricultural products. Extreme difficulty will attend the solution of this problem. The trades, as they are now established, are very jealous of any control or restrictive legislation. A mere suggestion that there might be some economic interest between producer and consumer is met with a chorus of protests from interested parties. Petitions have already been laid before the President of the United States, asking him to muzzle any public official who indicates that there may be a necessity of reform in this direction.

It is astonishing how short-sighted some people are in economic matters. Let me give an instance. In Washington the school authorities have authorized the establishment of a lunch-counter in one of the public high schools where wholesome and hot lunches may be served at a few cents each. This is intended specially for the poorer pupils who cannot bring good lunches from home, but is also intended for those who are well-to-do, on the theory that the hot lunch is better than the cold one. In the Washington papers of December 6, there is an account of a protest against this arrangement, which has been numerously signed by the business men of the neighborhood of the school, because it interferes with the profits of the grocers and restaurants in the vicinity!

It is this spirit of selfish commercialism which seems to me to stand in the way of a betterment of conditions. I do not claim that the farmer is not actuated by just as keen a selfishness. As a rule, the farmer, I think, would not hesitate to get a higher price, even if the ultimate consumer had to pay more. But the problem is not of this character; it is predicated on two indisputable facts: first, that the farmer is at present getting too little for what he produces, and, second, that the consumer is paying too much for what he consumes. Somebody or something in between must be eliminated; not the system, but some of its members or practices.

A practice has grown up in the army, and is probably legalized, whereby the families of officers are permitted to secure from the government stores their food, clothing, and coal. In talking recently with the wife of an army-officer I found that the prices paid by her for these necessities of life are very much lower than those paid by citizens to the merchants of the town. Naturally the trade objects to this distribution of the necessities of life to the families of officers, but it goes on. Objection may be made to this that it is not good business. It may be thought that the supplies furnished to officers' families at the cheap rate mentioned are really paid for by the taxpayers of the country. Of course it is true that the food of the army is thus paid for; but the supplies which are furnished to the officers' families are furnished at cost, and do not impose any burden of any kind on the taxpayers. The army is compelled to have its commissaries and its quartermasters with their clerks, storehouses, etc., and the distribution of supplies to the families

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of officers is thus made without additional cost to the Government.

Mayor Shank of Indianapolis, acting without authority of law and spending not a penny of the citizens' money, has sold some of the necessities of life in the open market of that city at a price considerably below that charged in the public markets. He made a specialty of potatoes and turkeys for Thanksgiving, and sold directly to the people of the city in this crude way at a greatly reduced cost. Of course no profit was made on this transaction, but the consumer was brought nearer to the producer. To this, objection may be made that Mayor Shank's action is not "good business." No, it is true it is not business in the ordinary sense of the word; that is, Mayor Shank did not go into this venture for the sake of making money. Might not this experiment, however, show what might well be accomplished by governmental control of socialistic activities? The recent report of the Postmaster-General shows that the calendar year has closed with profit, and that all the money which the Government expended in carrying the mail has been refunded by those who pay for stamps. This, perhaps, is not "business," but is there any one who wishes to take the post-office department out of the hands of the Government and to put it into competitive trade?

THE NATIONALIZATION OF TRANSPORTATION

MAY I suggest that although this is rank socialism, it may be the one solution of the problem. The state now carries our letters and newspapers, and I doubt if any combination of men who would desire to secure control of this transportation could influence the people of the country to take this away from the state and give it back to competitive business. Can any valid reason be presented in opposition to the state's taking charge of the telephone, the telegraph, and the express companies in the same manner? If this is considered to be a legitimate function of the state, has not Mayor Shank shown a way to cheapen existence?

I said that I did not see how any fair argument could be presented against such a scheme. On further reflection, I find that there is one. Control by the state naturally would occupy the services of only a portion of those who are now engaged in business of this kind. There would therefore be a considerable number of people, now engaged in the competitive distribution of food products, who would be left without employment and driven to seek other means of living. This might be hard on other overcrowded occupations. But there is one occupation which is not overcrowded, that of skilful labor for the fields. It is not so much the high price which the farmer has to pay for his labor as it is the difficulty of getting any at all. In wheat-harvest and corn-harvest it is almost impossible to get men to work on the farm, and those who are available are men who are not skilled and whose services, even at much more moderate prices, would be expensive.

But the question may be asked, How can you expect people to go back to the farm while farm wages are so low? A man would prefer to remain in the city in trade which does pay. The question is, Do these trades really pay? Is the man who works in the city for two dollars and a half a day as well off at the end of the year as the man who works on the farm for eighteen dollars a month and his board, or for even less with his board and lodging? In my opinion the man who works on the farm and has his board and lodging provided, as a great many farm-laborers do, even at the small wage of fifty or sixty cents a day, is better off at the end of the year, and his children have been better fed, than the man who works in the city for two dollars and a half a day. The difference lies in the social advantages and the educational facilities which the city man has, and not in the amount of money which he puts into the savings-bank. If we could provide the laborer in the country with the same social and educational life which we provide the laborer in the city, at the end of the year the country man would be distinctly ahead. If the movement to bring the city back to the country succeeds, an opening, it seems to me, would be made for the employment of those who might be left without an occupation if "nationalism," rather than "socialism," were extended to the distribution of the necessities of life.

There may be other and better ways of correcting the evils which undoubtedly exist. The above is only a suggestion of

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ways that have already been tried, and with success. When people come back from the city to the farm, as I picture the farm in the future, it will not be to lead a life of dreary labor, but rather to engage in an occupation which will command intelligence and the best business capacity. The problems of biology, for instance, which farm life presents are of undying interest.

When the city comes back to the country, it will come with culture, with intelligence, and with knowledge. The science and art of agriculture, drafting into its service, as it is doing at the present time, every other science, will so increase productivity that no Malthus nor Sir William Crookes will ever arise again and prophesy starvation for humanity. While the needs of the human stomach remain constant, the skill of human hands, and their ability to produce, are becoming greater and greater. As a rule there are two hands to each mouth, and these hands in the far future, as far as philosophy dares look, will be able to supply the wants of the mouth.

THE NEW DAWN OF LABOR

(LOS ANGELES: 1911)

BY JAMES W. FOLEY

LABOR, weep! These dead are thine,
Broken-limbed and torn and maimed.
What of creed that 's thine or mine?
Silenced now, we stand ashamed.
How now do these dead arise,
Mocking us! Are these but lies
Told of Labor's brotherhood?
How these ghosts of dead intrude
In our very solitude,
Crying shame! For they were one—
One with us from sun to sun;
One in dreams of labor done;
One in hope and one in need;
One in manhood, aye, and creed.
How these bodies bleed and bleed!
Stands aghast thy shuddering line.
Labor, weep! These dead are thine.

Labor, see what Hate hath done—
Hate, a follower of thy camp,
Skulking near thy lines! That one
Slew these toilers. See the damp
On these bloody brows, where sweat
Of their labor beaded yet.
Death done in the dark, and, lo!
Hate hath slain no single foe,
But, like Cain, hath wrought this woe
In his brother's house, and laid
On anhungered orphans made,
Burdens that strong fathers prayed
They might long be strong to bear
Ere the fatherless must share.
Now are helpless dead heaped there.
What foul victory death has won!
Labor, see what Hate hath done!

Labor, wake! Now shalt thou cleanse
These foul altars where they pray—
These that kill; and scourge them thence.
Labor, 't is the breaking day
Of the time to be when each
Shall be free, with hand and speech.
Labor, since thou art so strong,
One with Might and Power, not long
Wilt thou battle wrong with wrong.
Brotherhood need not be vain.
These be branded red, like Cain,
Who shall slay, as Hate hath slain.
Right shall be thy sword, bright-steeled;
Aye, and Justice be thy shield.
Thou shalt meet no foes but yield.
See, the night of Hate is gone.
Labor, wake! It is the dawn!

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TOPICS OF THE TIME

THE FIGHT TO PURIFY BIG BUSINESS

RECKONING UP THE GAINS

IT sometimes seems a mere turmoil of fruitless struggle in which this country has been engaged in the last few years, in its attempt to cure or curb the evils of great corporations. We have had laws and more laws. One popular agitation has followed another. Suits have been brought, trials pressed for many years in different courts, some final decisions reached; but many are still asking, What boots it all? Are we not, at the end, in the position of the woman of Scripture who had suffered many things at the hands of many physicians, but, so far from being better, was rather the worse? The question is often put, either despairingly or defiantly, whether any substantial benefit has resulted from the long contest. But any one who looks coolly before and after, disregarding clamor and recriminations on either side, will be able to reckon up important gains which have come directly or indirectly from the prolonged efforts to bring about better conditions.

A partial list of them would read something as follows:

(1) There has been a marked advance in public knowledge concerning all these matters. The large corporations have come more and more into the light of day. Publicity has been partly forced upon them, partly adopted by them as the wisest policy. What used to be kept secret is now given wide publication. The railroads began voluntarily to make public their financial accounts. Other great concerns have followed that lead. It is getting now to be the rule to throw the books open. Any important company that refused to do so would at once fall under suspicion which would be hurtful to its business. Even the American Sugar Refining Company—commonly known as the Sugar Trust—was at last forced to give up its old plan of withholding a full statement of its affairs from its own shareholders, to say nothing of the public. All this shows that the managers of our greatest stock companies have at last become penetrated with the true meaning of the phrase "affected with a public interest." Business organizations which get their charters and their protection from the community owe to the community entire frankness in disclosing what the business is and how it fares. The old-style management by small cliques behind closed doors is rapidly passing away. Big business has come out into the open. This by itself is an enormous gain.

(2) With publicity have come many of the good consequences of letting in the light. Practices that could not bear scrutiny are fleeing away. The lying prospectus, designed to tempt and then ruin the unwary investor, is not so common as it was. Excessive promoters' profits are not taken so often or so unblushingly as they used to be. The secret rebate is said by the best authorities to have almost completely vanished from railroad business, and to be everywhere else frowned upon and in the way of being abandoned. With the shutters down, so that all interested may see how great commercial and industrial affairs are transacted, a new premium has been put upon fair dealing and equal treatment. Business is like politics in being very much less frequently conducted under a blanket than was formerly the case. This is a good thing all round.

(3) The unholy alliance between corporate interests and unscrupulous politicians has been broken up. Money contributions by corporations direct to political campaigns are now made illegal. If this source of political corruption is indeed to be dried up at its fountain, the resulting public improvement would alone be worth all the energy that has been expended upon the agitation for reform. The old relation was confessedly bad for our public life, but it was also disastrous to the cor-

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porations. They were exposed to political blackmailers. They were led to count upon political favors which they believed they had bought and paid for, but which were not forthcoming at time of need. All this was too uncertain a business foundation, as well as too rotten a basis morally, for success to be built upon. To free the captain of industry from the political boss is like getting both him and his affairs out of the hands of bandits. Incidentally it is dust and ashes to the boss.

(4) As a result of all this pressure upon them, all the light streaming upon them, corporations have become not only more honest, but more humane. Their managers are displaying a wholly new sense of responsibility not merely to the public, but to their employees. Care for their health, provisions for their safety, and help for them in sickness and old age, are growing commoner every day. Systems of accident insurance are devised. Profits are shared. Pensions are given for retirement on account of either disability or the burden of years. All this may be only enlightened selfishness, merely the perception that it pays to have contented and efficient labor; but in its effect this new human attitude of huge industrial corporations seems almost like creating a soul under the ribs of death. If any one doubts how immense an advance this represents, let him question the men, and especially their wives and children, who know best what all this means in the way of a feeling of security in daily work and of comfort in the hour of calamity.

It is not necessary to extend the account of what has been gained. How much it is any one can determine who has in his possession a standard properly to measure the progress. Doubters may be fairly bidden in the words of Clough to

Say not the struggle naught availeth.

It has availed mightily. Purely on the basis of the doctrine of the conservation of energy, it must be so. All the thought, all the force, wreaked upon this great public question cannot have been as so much water spilled upon the ground. What the American people intensely and persistently demand they finally get; and in the great changes which they to-day see coming over the spirit of combined wealth, in the improved practices of corporations, they have ample proof that their prolonged labors first to find out the disease and then to apply the due remedy, have not been in vain.

A CURB FOR THE SENSATIONAL PRESS

OF late the French Senate has been occupying itself with a proposed revision of the law governing newspapers—a law which is a standing reminder to the rest of the civilized world of Sterne's saying, "They order this matter better in France."

In that country the law long in force not only recognizes in theory that the private rights of a citizen are as sacred as the commercial rights of a newspaper, but in practice it also makes provision for the assertion of those rights. French justice, like that of England, pursues downright libel with a directness and a speed which, as a rule, afford reparation during the lifetime of the victim. But, owing to the proverbial brilliancy and ingenuity of French journalists, the law of libel is not a shield against wit and ridicule. So, as a protection against innuendo, and against misrepresentation through carelessness or malicious cleverness, the law insures to every citizen a means of retorting in kind. If his actions, his opinions, and his personality are made the subject of comment in a newspaper, he has the right to submit an article embodying his own version of what happened, his views stated in his own terms, and his resentment of personal references; and he may command free publication of it to the extent of double the space of the offending article; and if that should not satisfy his defensive purpose, he may extend his contribution at a very low, fixed rate of payment; in addition, he is entitled to the same type for head-lines and text, and the same place in the newspaper in which the original article was displayed.

When a newspaper refuses to comply with the terms of the law, the French courts will at least enforce damages. As recently as the middle of last December, Captain Dreyfus, of unhappy memory, was awarded, on appeal, damages of 2500 francs against a Paris newspaper which refused to print his reply to offensive statements.

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It has happened that persons who have felt aggrieved over severe criticism of the fruits of their talent have strained prudence in defending themselves, as when the author of a drama which was written down by a prominent critic in the leading review of France compelled that periodical to offer the complete text of his play to the judgment of its readers. Doubtless with the purpose of preventing such excessive zeal, the French Senate has been considering a revision of the newspaper law limiting the right to free answer to fifty lines for an assault of greater brevity than that, and in longer cases granting a reply equal to the length of the original article.

Does not the French law, in the proposed revised form, offer a useful suggestion to the lawmakers of America? In these days, when the interests of the consumers of sugar, oil, beef, iron, and tobacco are being strenuously guarded by the Government, is it not worth while to do something for the protection of private character? Time was when character was regarded as a valuable part of a citizen's property; but to-day it would seem to be rather the property of such newspapers as choose to serve it up for the mercantile purpose of gaining or maintaining a circulation large enough to attract the advertisement of the honest merchant.

Owing partly to the breaking down of the old standards of self-respect and partly to the difficulty and expense of prosecuting for libel, the sensational newspapers have acquired virtually a free hand in the exploitation of degrading crime, alleged offenses against political and social usages, and the private affairs of persons who by reason of notoriety or prominence are objects of curiosity. As a consequence, the largest part of the space of the most "popular" newspapers is divided on one hand between the activities of such vigorous contributors to human history as criminals, gamblers, and prize-fighters, and on the other to the frailties and pastimes of the rich. Every multi-millionaire is fair game for daily exploitation. There is nothing pertaining to his horse, his ox, his man-servant, his maid-servant, or anything that is his which is so trifling as to be overlooked in the race for newspaper circulation. Persons in actual or prospective official life come next in the scale of raw material for "news," since they are treated as possessing neither personal rights nor private feelings. A smaller but more assiduously exploited class consists of refined and innocent families who happen to be suffering from some unusual or shocking form of bereavement. For them the sensational newspaper makes real all of the old and many new capabilities of a hell-on-earth for the sake of a circulation satisfying to the honest merchant.

A great deal might be said for such a law, and little against it except that it would conflict with the commercial plans and personal convenience of sensational journalists. Clearly, all the rest of the world would be benefited. That part of the reading public which has been trained to enjoy the news larded with human misery and spiced with degeneracy would grieve for a day over any diminution of fare, yet would eagerly devour the worst that could be afforded under the new conditions. And the honest merchant, true to the principle of getting the most for his money, would continue to advertise in the journals of greatest evasion and daring. But the newspaper-owners would thereafter always feel the presence of a third element to be reckoned with—the persons whose character and lives enter into these articles of daily manufacture.

With such a law the day of the brief and obscure "correction" to a column of misrepresentation would begin to wane. Every American is familiar with the method which is a part of newspaper license and infallibility. A perfect example of it was afforded recently by a widely published statement that the most famous actress in the world, though long a happy grandmother, was about to marry a very young actor in her company. As an indignant denial by the actress was cabled to New York on the day the story was uttered, the columns of worked-up gossip and scandal that were printed on the second day could be credited only to wanton "enterprise." On the third day the newspaper which had been foremost in keeping the scandal going stated in a few undisplayed and modest words that the actress had denied the report.

But the best effect of such a law would be its influence for a revival of old-time notions of self-respect. For many years the power of newspaper exploitation, evasion, and suppression has been wielded

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with such unflagging force that silence on the part of the "raw material" has come to be regarded as both prudent and respectable. Silence, or humble appeal, from the victims is a basic factor in the success of the sensational business. This is proved by the fact that in those parts of the country where such silence is not popular the New-York brand of yellow journalism could not exist, and is never seen except with the aid of "inter-state commerce."

With such a law, newspapers that are shaped to enlarge the personal and political importance of their owners would experience a vigorous recoil from the flinging of "scare head-lines" and big type at every character and ambition regarded as an obstacle to the owner's preferment. Inability to command the last word of "argument" in his own newspaper would exert a cautionary influence; and the necessity of printing a politician's favorite photograph, after the latter had been travestied in caricature, would diminish interest in art as an ally of political defamation.

Those who know how eager a State legislator always is to show his anxiety for the "liberty of the press," may wonder how any bill intended to curb the ravages of yellow journalism could ever be enacted into law. Are not the means at hand in the Inter-State Commerce Law? That useful handmaid of the reforms that are palsied in State capitols, but are of vital importance to the welfare of the nation, might be invoked by a Congress awake to the present business of working a string of yellow journals planted across the country, at the centers of express-train traffic, so that the same mess of crime and scandal may be served twice a day to the larger part of the reading population of the country. And as the most conspicuous sensational newspapers depend to a large extent on a country-wide circulation, if a national law were made applicable to them, they would soon be foremost in urging State legislatures to place strictly local journals under similar restrictions.

And the appealing fairness of such a law!—not like the "lex talionis" seeking retaliation, but forcing restitution, in the giving back of some of the aggrandized "liberty" of the press, to the despoiled private citizen.

OUR HEREDITARY TREASURES OF GOOD

WE hear a great deal, especially in the sociology and the criminology of the day, of the heredity of evil, and so dire is the portrayal that for the time being our sense of proportion is lost, and we are apt to fall into a pessimistic mood. At such times it is well to be reminded that the power and persistence that reside in good are at least not less, and probably are greater. When Robert G. Ingersoll, challenged to say how he would improve upon the plan of this world, replied that he "would make health catching instead of disease," he failed to grasp the subtler conservative influences that sustain the universe. There is a quite actual sense in which health *is* catching, and many a cure is effected by the sheer dominance of good germs over bad. Medical science, while making extraordinary advances otherwise, is occupying itself more and more with the positive influences of sane, wholesome, hopeful living upon the health of society. May there not be a physical counterpart of the moral influences which are exerted and relied upon to subdue evil?

However this may appear in a study of humanity laterally, so to speak, there can be no doubt that when it is studied downward from generation to generation the seminal forces of good are seen to be the reliance of the race. The good of the present—what is it but the accumulated good of the past, which in the main shall be the good of the future? Civilization is merely the continuity of good, conveyed in human impulses through family traditions, personal contact, and books.

This continuity often operates unconsciously. To cite an instance: it is not unusual for men to feel in advancing years the resurgent force of parental example which has lain dormant through youth and maturity. At forty experience may recognize the wisdom of ideas and principles which at twenty were flouted. The good of each generation is thus rediscovered, however tardily, by the next. This is only one obvious aspect of the unbroken and indestructible force we call goodness, and which is subject, like other forces, to the principle of conservation. If, as the scientists tell us, the motion of a hand once exerted never ceases, what shall be

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said of kindness and courage and self-sacrifice? Is there not in this analogy a presumption, if not a proof, of immortality?

> Though men may falter, it is Virtue's strength
> To be indelible. Our smallest good
> By our worst evil cannot be undone.

Moreover, the virtues are harmonies, while the vices are discords, and harmonies, we know, carry farther than discords.

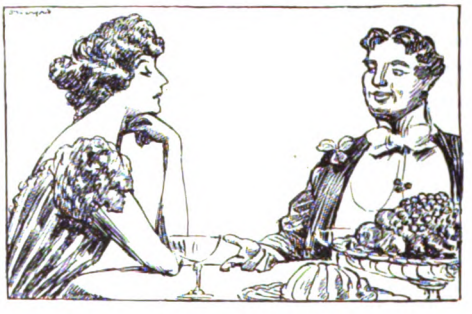
We are accustomed to say of some men that they have "bad blood." Less often we say the reverse. And yet, back of every moral victory, could we but trace it, lies the stanchness of some ancestor, or some hero of history or fiction, who at a critical moment, in contrast to our latter-day "realism's" exploitation of human weakness, did not "give in." There are times when the spirits of the good seem to be all about us, with the whisper of courage and the cup of strength. Put the bad influences of heredity at their worst, and you can overmatch them with the surviving instincts of our better human nature—the "soul of goodness in things evil." Otherwise society would revert to chaos.

As George Eliot says at the close of "Middlemarch," that masterpiece of spiritual discernment, "the growing good of the world is partly dependent on unhistoric acts; and that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been, is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life, and rest in unvisited tombs."

OPEN LETTERS

HOW TO TALK TO AN IRISH GENTLEMAN AT DINNER

From a Lady of Experience to her Cousin, a Young Matron in New York



My dear Gertie:

What a droll question! Yet I quite see your point. You wish to make your usual impression of the Perfect Hostess on this Mr. O'Dash whom Freddie is bringing home to dinner, and though, as you justly remark, the Irish are by no means foreigners, still, somehow one feels more bound to demonstrate the hands-across-the-sea feeling toward them than in the case of a stranger from London, Edinburgh, or even Fishguard. My dear, it is all on account of that turbulent strip of water kicking up its heels between larger and smaller isles. Race has far less to do with the traditional differentiation than this little matter of geography. Saxon and Norman and Dane are we, not to mention Jutes and Picts and Romans and lots of other hereditary things. And every worth-while Englishman has an O'Dash of Celt in him, and vice versa, so that if the ocean had not butted in, "Great Britain" would be a wholly inclusive term, without that addition which is in itself a badge of separation—"and Ireland." However, we must take things as they are, even when they aren't, above all, at dinner.

As you say, the Irish Question, whatever that may be, is bound to come up during the meal or after, and to avoid it would seem pointed on your part, like the fear of suggesting madness in the family,—the O'Dash family, naturally,—or having made one's money in some kind of trade, or not having any money, or any other of those harmless eccentricities that many persons are sensitive about. Yet while I would not counsel insincerity, if indeed you were capable of it, do contrive to agree with any views the man may entertain. Controversy only leaves things exactly where they were to start with, except wigs upon the green. Otherwise I believe in taking the bull by the horns, especially an Irish bull.

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Why not begin by complimenting your guest upon his nationality? The O'Dashes expect it, just as an American woman demands tribute on the score of being one, though I never could see why. Then lead him to reveal what manner of Irishman he is. For you 'll find there are just two kinds: for and ag'in'; the one who is talking to you, and who will describe himself as "the right kind," and all such as differ from him on any point whatever, whom he will dispose of as "no Irishman at all." This is where that dividing strip of water comes in with a vengeance. Two Englishmen, for instance, may hold opposite opinions about such a handsome bone of contention as Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, and yet concede their own compatriotic state. Not so the O'Dashes. The O'Dashes never agree to differ; they differ to annihilate. Mention George Moore. If your interlocuting O'Dash mislikes "The Untilled Field," to him its author is not mistaken; he is nonexistent, "no Irishman at all." (And, indeed, that would seem to be the poor man's chronic condition, except in non-lucid intervals when he is occupied in abjuring his own nationality by way of proving it!) Whisper the title "Playboy," and you 'll find O'Dash has crossed the seas (an Irishman never crosses just the sea) for the sole purpose either of applauding a production of "this flower of Celtic genius," or of hissing it for a travesty from a changeling hand. Gertie, I assure you, at a quiet little party in Sligo, among friends, with this obliterative phrase "no Irishman" have I heard wiped from the face of earth and Erin such representative national institutions as John Redmond, Bernard Shaw, Horace Plunkett, Maynooth College, the Dublin Constabulary, and the late Maria Edgeworth! On the Navy League Map Great Britain assumes the form of a maternal griffin yearning to cuddle the cub on her west coast, while with back turned stubbornly, Ireland holds the gathered ends of a score of steamship lines connecting her with the New World. Yet is Ireland depopulated rhetorically far more by her own than by all the steerage-laden boats that leave Derry and Queenstown for Ameriky.

Funny, is n't it, this reciprocal repudiation between Irishmen when to an outsider they may appear as alike as two T. P.'s!

How like your thoroughness to ask me to outline for you the history of Ireland! But really, my dear, that is not necessary, if your cook is at her best and Freddie's toddy up to its usual low-water mark. Simply post yourself as to present conditions in the green isle of so many loves. Recall the Gaelic League, that broadly concealed movement under Dr. Douglas Hyde to hearten a racial spirit, too long depressed, by the revival of language, games, music, and also poetry and other industries. Then there is the Irish Agricultural Association, formed to encourage the domestic hen to lay eggs as is eggs and labeled "strictly fresh." And do not forget Sinn Fein. (Yes, of course it is pronounced the way it is not spelled—Shin Fane!) This is the league of youth impatient of the Parliamentarians' delay. "The returned-from-London" some one has dubbed Sinn Feiners, reminding one of those out-of-curl ostrich-feathers which the French wittily term *Retour d'Auteuil* and economically have made the fashion. While walking within legal bounds, as constitutionally pledged to do, these lads dream glorious dreams of martyrdom for the sake of Kathleen-ni-Houlihan, my dark Rosaleen, as poetically the Sorrowful Ireland is known among her own. Hanging on Tyburn Hill being hopelessly out of fashion, an extreme Sinn Feiner's last forlorn hope is to invert the British postage-stamp as the quickest way of overturning the king, in the expectation that ultimately the offender may be condemned to spend exiled days, like John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston, Massachusetts. Well, as a saintly young priest once phrased it, "the vision may help our children to do better than ourselves."

Truly, Gertie, you 'll find that religion and politics enter far less into the difference between one kind and another of O'Dash than temperament and the local vagaries of an over-moist climate. One brother, the alert, lives in the present, moves with the times, helps move the times. The other dwells wholly in the past. Restringing his ancestral harp, the former revives the ancient bardic strain with the hopeful note of his own day and generation, while the other in fancy is wandering through banquet-halls deserted. To this one Elizabeth still is on the throne, or, at the latest, Cromwell storming at the gates of Drogheda. Is his neighbor prosperous where his own granaries stand empty? Ah, 't is on account of the devastations of the "butcher's minions," or the shameless partiality of the Tudor queen. He forgets that Rule Britannia herself has been an oft subjugated lady. He overlooks the English press-gang when he sentimentalizes over Erin's woes. He prefers not to remember that starving English lads were hanged for stealing bread in the same year of ungrace that Irish lads were hanged for the wearing of the green. Surely I told you of the policemen in the Dublin Museum with whom I entered into chat. His grievance (for being a policeman by accident, not

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inclination, of course he had a grievance) lay in the fact that the Royal Marine Band at the International Exhibition was luring a fickle public away from the contemplation of the Irish Invertebrates over which he was keeping watch. "Aisy known whose fault it is," he muttered, with a headshake that bespoke unutterable things against "the Sassenach" as he called the Saxon. If such a type as the pure-blooded Saxon survives, he will do well to take up permanent residence in Ireland. No man's life would be safer or more surrounded with caressing comfort. As a concrete object of immemorial traditional hatred he would simply be adored.

Of course, dear, you won't show this letter to O'Dash, since whichever kind of Irishman he is, he probably would quarrel with my views, if for no better reason than that they are his own! You see, 't is a nation of lovable paradoxes. The remains of Parnell, the Protestant patriot, and those of the Catholic patriot O'Connell both rest in Glasnevin. And the spirit of Parnell is doubtless haunting Westminster, while O'Connell bequeathed his heart to Rome. And St. Patrick's dying supplication was that in the last day he might have the judging of his beloved people; and greatest of all Irishmen, St. Patrick really was no Irishman at all!

So you see, dear Gertie, how expedient it is for you to ascertain what manner of Irish gentleman is your Irish gentleman before you talk to him. And then, if you really want him to enjoy himself, you 'll treat him as you would any other man: *you 'll let him do the talking!*

Your affectionate cousin,

Grace Durham.

ON A MUCH-NEEDED REVOLT IN THE HOUSEHOLD

From an Unmarried Englishwoman to her Sister, the Mother of Kitty

Dear Alice:

A guest in the house often sees more than those who live there day by day, and during my visit to you last Christmas I was by no means the unobservant person you may have thought me. Even before I read your letter this morning I took one look at the close-written sheets and said to myself unhesitatingly, "Kitty."

Your problem, it may comfort you to know, is not unique. I see it about me on every side, a world peopled largely with Kitties and the mothers of Kitties, all troubled, all well-intentioned, all pulling vainly in opposite directions, and all wondering why the tangle will not resolve itself.

Thank goodness, you at least don't begin by saying that you "don't understand Kitty!" For an intelligent woman to make such a statement nowadays is to brand herself a hopeless idiot. No, the modern complaint, it seems to me, is exactly opposite. The misunderstood daughter no longer exists, but *the misunderstood mother does,* and I rather suspect you are one of them.

Has it ever occurred to you, my dear Alice, that you are quite on the wrong tack in dealing with Kitty? You say you have always done your best to understand her, to realize her individuality, to see things from her point of view. That is just it. You have been so intent all these years upon fostering her individuality, in studying it, in allowing it fair scope and deference and growing space, that you have entirely lost sight of your own. You have been so conscientiously busy over this great task of understanding your daughter that you have given her no opportunity of understanding you. And here, it seems to me, is your real and only unfairness toward her.

Mrs. Wye, an acquaintance I made at the Beacon Club, came in the other day. She was troubled about her small son, aged seven. She had studied, she told me, volumes on child psychology—really, seriously studied them—with a view to a better understanding of the mental processes of this small, high-spirited mite recently promoted to trousers. None of them helped her. There was a hitch somewhere. She failed, in her own phrase, to "get near him." "I don't seem able to reach his *soul,*" she said. It might have been some plant that she wanted to pull up by the roots to see how it was growing.

I was sorry for her, of course. The situation was tragic, though one smiled, and it was tragic just because of her ultra-eagerness, her over-anxiety, which defeated its own object.

Have n't you, in a way, done this with

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Kitty? I don't for one instant mean that you have n't been a comrade to her. This woman, one felt, never would, never could, be a comrade to her child in the true sense. She was too occupied over his possible developments to be able to see, in simple human focus, the real child himself. But even in your comradeship there has been too much conscious preoccupation. If a question arose of two interests, yours or Kitty's, it was usually Kitty's that won. You gave too much and demanded too little.

Kitty is n't naturally selfish. She is simply at an age when everything matters to her rather intensely. She is in the experimental stage, and, with all your sympathy, you can't help her in her experimenting. She has to do it for herself; and meantime it is Kitty's family-circle that suffers.

Now, what Kitty really wants is letting alone. Do, for goodness' sake, stop worrying about her! Let her see that her enthusiasms, her dislikes, her intolerances, are n't really so important as she thinks them. Don't let her feel that the entire family, yourself most of all, are waiting breathless and uneasy to know what form her next outbreak is going to take. So long as she gets her audience every time, so long will she continue thinking up new surprises to spring upon them. As a matter of fact, you yourself, at Kitty's age, were a most intolerable little prig. Only your family had the good sense not to take any notice of you.

They say that a spinster's children are always the best brought up. But I think if I had a daughter, I should begin very early in life to let her realize that I was something more than an audience. I should n't want her to think of me as "just perfect" from her own point of view, a comfortable sort of person whose admiration was to be relied on and whose protests could be ignored. Above all, I should n't fear to let her know my faults. There is such a thing as being too perfect.

There must be give-and-take in every human relationship. The relationship between mother and daughter is apt to be one-sided. One of the first lessons in life should be a regard for the individual liberty of other people. Let Kitty learn it now. It is n't too late to begin. If there must be friction, let it be on your side as well as on hers. Teach her that she has n't a monopoly of criticism, or even of discontent, if it comes to that. Let it dawn upon her that she is not the only important person.

Do you remember Evelyn Wace? She has a daughter just about Kitty's age. Evelyn could n't accept an invitation without consulting Margaret's engagement-book, and she did n't even dare to do her own hair the way she liked. Margaret was one of those serious-minded girls, and Evelyn used to be dragged all over town to lectures she hated and recitals that bored her because it would be such a shame to discourage Margaret's views. Her moments of relaxation were spent sitting in drafty corners holding wraps while Margaret danced. When it came to being told how the younger children ought to be brought up, Evelyn took a stand. She looked in the glass and saw herself a worried-looking woman with a matronly coiffure and the sort of dress that Margaret always thought suitable. The next day she told her husband that he must take her for a fortnight to Paris. They went, and with the channel safely between her and Margaret, she began for the first time in years really to enjoy herself. She bought different frocks, consulted the oracles of beauty, and returned a new woman. She began to accept invitations on her own account, went to dances again as a guest and not a mere chaperon, and filled the house with clever people of her own age who had n't the slightest idea of providing a background for Margaret's brilliancy. As a result, she looks to-day ten years younger, and, best of all, Margaret has realized that her mother is an attractive and interesting woman whose companionship is to be sought for and not just taken for granted; and being a wise girl, she is learning to appreciate her more every day.

I should like to see a few more Evelyns. It is time for a Revolt of the Mothers—those docile, admiring, apprehensive mothers that one meets at every turn. I should like them to cast off the rôle of unselfishness and stand up for their own rights. Of course they never will. Their splendid, progressive daughters have them too well trained for that. But it 's a movement that is needed, a dream to be pondered over in every home where a Kitty or Nan or Margaret holds her present arbitrary sway. The Gild of Emancipated Mothers! Does n't the idea of it tempt you?

Of course you will say that I am unsympathetic, and that, not being myself the mother of a superb young person, I cannot judge the situation fairly. Yet somewhere in your harassed, Kitty-ridden mind I think I can detect the glimmer of a possibility. Act upon it the very next chance you get. Remember that you, too, are a person, and that you owe it to Kitty no less than yourself not to let your personality be swamped. And remember that the victory, however small (for it is bound to be a victory), will be hailed with congratulation as the dawn of a new era by your sympathetic, though

Spinster Sister.

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SONG OF THE MANUSCRIPT

(With apologies to the Shade of Whitman)

BY CORINNE ROCKWELL SWAIN

I CELEBRATE myself and sing myself!
I, habitan of the attic, now twenty-five hundred words long, structurally correct, neatly typewritten on eight and a half by eleven bond paper, with ample margins, fastened with a new clip, inclosing two perfectly good postage-stamps:
(I dote on myself, there is that lot of me and all so precious!)
Going in for my chances and spending for vast returns,
Aiming to land in some first-class periodical, and hoping to cease not until I ring the bell.

After all, not to create only,
But to deliver the goods, to win out, at all events to get by!
This I harbinge to you, Camerado, and to other creators of romanzas.
I sing of the open road, of the post-office, of the nine hundred and ninety-nine places to sell manuscripts;
I sing of editors, of office boys, of janitors, of the first reader and of the second reader (of the general reader and of the gentle reader I sing also, though I have never been introduced to them).
I sing of the old man who signs the checks (I love him, though I do not know him); of the typist, of her style as she passes through the office, tight-gowned, Dutch-necked, with puffed hair, large-eyed, hankering for confectionery:
I sing of all these, for I am up against them all;
Each has his or her part in the proposition,
And all tend inward to me, and I tend outward to them.

The office boy, turning his gum as he totes the mail to the desk and opens envelops with smutty fingers, stamping with red ink and a rubber stamp: me also he opens and stamps.
Urged onward, I pass to the literary editor. He removes his pipe and unfolds me. I see the orbic flex of his mouth; he is yawning
(Oh, something pernicious and dread, something cloudlike, escaped from his pipe, and pouring copious though frail leaves of me!)
His pencil is large and blue; he writes upon my criticism slip; he says: "It is middling well as far as it goes; but it does not grip, it lacks red blood, it is not vital, it is not hot stuff."
(Me imperturbed, awaiting my finalé, do not trouble my spirit to indicate itself or be understood.)
Allons, I must not stop here. I pass to other wise guys, to the male sub-editor and to the female sub-editor (for the female is just as literary as the male, maybe more).
I offer my style to them all; my thoughts play subtly upon their spectacles.
Onward I pass to the big chief behind the frosted doors. (Oh, I have a hunch: I am going to be frosted, too!)
He is the main thing, he dictates orthography, punctuation, quotation, paragraphing, italicization, politics, so that the rest never change them afterward nor assume to answer back; he is the answerer: what can be answered he answers, and what cannot be answered, he shows how it cannot be answered; he dispenses judgments inexorable without the least remorse.
Me he unfolds and peerlingly views.
Pleased with the style of my clip, he adds it to his collection, and begins to read, at random glancing.

LOVE-LYRIC OF A LINOTYPER

BY DEEMS TAYLOR

THE moon's d+ ter gilds the trees,
And, blown from §§ in the north,
The su%ed evening breeze
With 1oder coaxing lures ¼.

A love 6 wain, I wander here,
And $ ound, the mighty pines
Their wide em{ing branches rear—
Deep ✓ed as the Apen 9s.

On thi 7tful night I 've ¢
My .ic billet-doux;
∞s of sentiment
I 've vowed, 2 1 th@ I love true.

I 've put the ? so profound;
I wonder if 5 said it, ½;
Ah, would I could my love x£
In one short, —ing ¶!

Her father's [illegible]y †s were
Of small %, my love beside;
I 'll all dis* 4 her,
Until I × the gr8 ÷.

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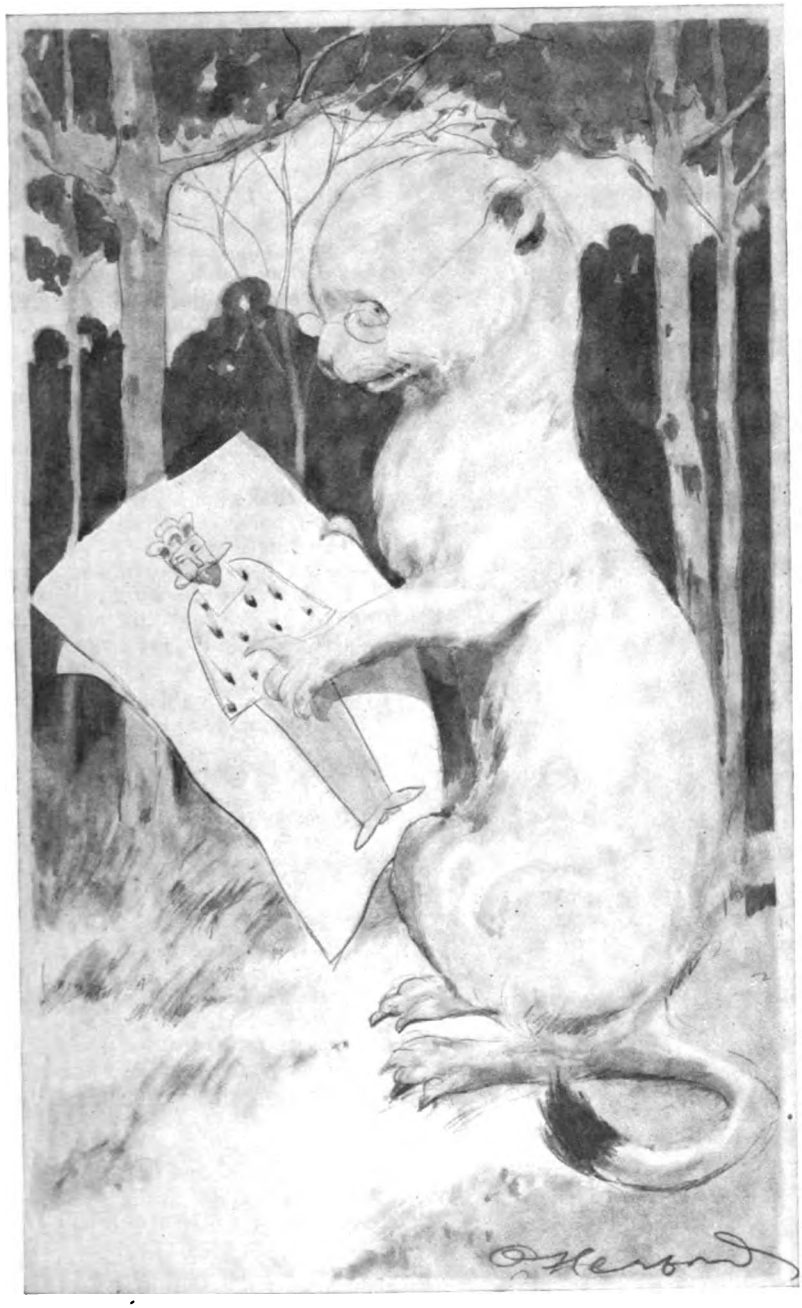
TEXT AND PICTURES BY OLIVER HERFORD



IV—THE ERUDITE ERMINE

SAID an envious, erudite ermine:
"There 's *one* thing I cannot determine:
When a *man* wears my coat,
He 's a person of note,
While *I 'm* but a species of vermin!"

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Drawn by Hy Mayer

ENTERPRISE

NEWSBOY TO FALLING AVIATOR: Extra! Extra! All about your accident!

THE RIPER YEARS

BY TITUS MUNSON COAN

I HEARD them say the riper years are best.
I find it true;
But, ah, they have one fault must be confessed—
They are so few!

FALSE PRETENSES

BY EDWIN L. SABIN

I KNOW a man—as knowledge goes—
With long and fierce mustachios;
With bushy brows and mighty chest,
And voice that rumbles in his vest;
Well fitted for a pirate king,
For desperate adventuring;
Well fitted—though I must aver
His trade is that of milliner.

I know a man, the mildest man
Whom in my catalogue I scan;
Of boyish face and soft blue eye,
Of ready blush and manner shy,
Of figure slight and debonair,
Whose post should be a barber's chair:
But fame affirms, 'twixt you and me,
The bravest of explorers he.

I know a man exceeding fat,—
Much lies between his feet and hat,—
A hearty, portly, waddling "cuss";
A ruddy hippopotamus.
I loved to think him wading in,
A napkin tucked beneath his chin;
But late I 've learned his fare complete
Is mostly skim-milk and cracked wheat.

I know a man, the thinnest wight
Whose substance could obstruct the sight,
Who looks as though the verb "to dine"
Was something he could not divine,
And on his meager quick-lunch way
He 'd gotten to a straw a day;
And yet report wide-spread assures
He is the prince of epicures.

I know a man who rarely smiles,
Nor with a joking word beguiles;
So solemn he, so taciturn,
All overtures he seems to spurn.
For long I pitied that man's wife,
Condemned to lead a cheerless life,
Until 't was proved he is as kind
And generous as you will find.

I know a man of open mien,
Of friendly word and smile serene,
Who claps a fellow on the back,
And never for a joke does lack.
I fancied what a merry place
Must be that home where beamed his face;
But people say, within his door
He 's brute and tyrant, o'er and o'er.

Humph! it is no poet's dream
That things *are not* what they seem!

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THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

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THE TRAINING OF CHINESE CHILDREN

BY HARRIET MONROE

WITH PICTURES BY THORNTON OAKLEY

WHEN the new-born Chinese child first furls up his Oriental eyelids under the unwrinkling flesh, his little black eyes, through their narrow slits, look up into smiling faces. All the compound is aware, and the whole family is astir. His mother, at last relieved of pain, is seized at the heart by an overmastering thrill of joy and triumph. Little bride of a year, younger son's wife, who has humbly served her husband's mother, her sisters-in-law, and perhaps the wrinkled old grandmother of all, she now feels established and important. She is the mother of a son; she has given an heir to her lord, one who will burn incense to his spirit when he is gone, and add a link to the family chain which must never be broken.

With a sigh of divine relief—for this child of her hopes might have been a girl—she lies down to rest for a while on the square stone bed at the edge of which she has been sitting throughout her ordeal. It is winter in Peking; a thin, dry snow-dust is trying to veil the persistent sunshine out of doors, and through the paper panes of the windows cold air sifts into the tiny bedroom. But a fire is glowing softly under the bed, and the heavy stone slab keeps mother and baby warm.

This little first-born son is scarcely hers; she has only given him to her husband's house, and from this moment many claims upon him will be stronger than hers. Now his grandmother or one of his aunts washes his little body, except the scalp, and wraps him with cloths. Then all the relatives come in to see him—all the members of his patriarchal family whose home is under a series of separate roofs within the compound wall. The young father conceals his emotion under a pervasive stare. The uncles are less indifferent, and the grandfather smiles with joy and utters poetic phrases. The women, old and young, the elder sons' wives, the grandmother, perhaps the great-grand-

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mother and grand-aunts,—all the women from various clans who, having married into this one, must dwell together in this large household, and work and eat and play together, in peace or war,—these chatter around the little one, and offer him gifts, and congratulate the mother and one another that the family to which they have been given is enriched with another son. And the children, his cousins by our code, his elder sisters and brothers by the code of his race, peer into the baby's eyes as solemnly as children always do in every land. And the neighbors come in with poetic phrases of congratulation, with offerings of fowl, pigs' feet, and other delicacies for the mother, and charms for the child.

For the scarcely fledged little soul needs protection from the countless envious spirits who may snatch him away. Red candles have been lighted in the birth-chamber to ward them off, and only happy words may be uttered in his presence, lest he be frightened away. The little clothes which he first wears on his festal twenty-eighth day must be fashioned like priests' garments to insure the protection of the gods. On this day also his unwashed head is shaved, save for a strange pattern of pigtail spaces; his little cap is hung with lucky characters, and an image of the mythical old man who protects children, and bits of sacred writing, are tied about his neck and waist. A little later, if he is an only son, he may be given girls' clothes and earrings to wear, so that the gods will think him a girl and pass him over as of no consequence. If he falls ill, he must have lost one of the three souls which he brought with him or acquired on earth; and his mother—for "a mother's voice reaches thousands and thousands of leagues"—must go forth with a lantern in one hand and one of his garments in the other and call the poor, wandering soul home again. And so the baby boy is nursed and tended until he is old enough to walk, and with his brothers and sisters, on the street or under the compound wall, play the quiet plays of Chinese children.

We are presupposing that the baby's parents are of the middle class. If they are very poor, there are fewer gifts and less general rejoicing, but essentially the story is the same. If, however, they are of the upper class, all the old symbolism, while perhaps observed in part, is weakened. For among princes and mandarins, whether Manchu or Chinese, foreign ideas have been gradually drifting in during the last half-century. It may be that the little heir of a new age is born of an educated mother, who has perhaps studied in a Virginia boarding-school or even been graduated from Bryn Mawr, while his father may have gone through Cornell and traveled around the world. Even if his parents have not joined the westward procession, they have seen something of foreign life, have traveled on railroads, and felt the strong current of new ideas. Under such influences the old religious observances have become negligible superstitions or poetic symbols. The boy baby is not the prey of contending spirits, and the girl baby gets a happier welcome.

For in the average family there is bitter disappointment when the baby is a girl. How should it be otherwise, since a girl cannot keep up the family tradition and burn incense on the altar of her ancestors, but must depart into another clan at marriage and be lost to her own people forever? Instead of joy and triumph, the mother suffers a pang more bitter than the physical pain she has endured; and the father, his hopes shattered, feels that he is under the special displeasure of the gods. Few smiles or felicitations greet the little one; she may even be cast carelessly aside by her disappointed grandmother or relatives, to survive only in case her mother's heart cries out for her. For new-born infants are not yet human souls, and their death is not recorded in the family archives or the books of the gods. So many babies are born in China! Families of from seven to ten are common among these ancestor-worshipers, who must have sons by blood or adoption to do honor to their shades.

The little girl must win her way, and both boy and girl must gradually develop the soul, or the three souls, which will make human spirits of them, fit to contend with all the demons who wage eternal war on our earthly race. The Chinese adore their children; family life is very close, and all the numerous members assist in bringing up the little ones. The babies are always in the arms or on the back of mother, sister, father, or brother;

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Drawn by Thornton Oakley. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

A CHINESE MOTHER AND HER BABY IN A SECLUDED GARDEN

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and as soon as they can walk, they toddle about with their elders, their little bodies trussed up in wadded clothes, and their yellow heads a varied pattern of small, erect pigtails and shaven surfaces. Until they are five or six years old, boys and girls are treated much alike. They are always underfoot, swarming on the streets and in the cramped houses of the poor, playing softly together in the many-roomed sectional mansions and garden courtyards of the rich. Their elders seem to enjoy having them about, perhaps partly because they are by instinct quieter than Western children, having been trained for centuries to a code of reverence.

When the American business men from the Pacific coast, recently invited to China, were in Peking, a pretty scene occurred which illustrates the Chinese love of children. The Westerners were entertained one afternoon at the house of a great mandarin,—an ex-viceroy, a famous collector,—and complimentary speeches were exchanged. While an interpreter was translating one of the speeches, we heard a quiet bustle in an anteroom, and the next moment a smiling woman appeared with a gorgeous year-old baby in her arms. The solemn viceroy laughed with pride and joy, forgot the droning interpreter, lifted the child to his shoulder, and introduced her to his guests as his youngest granddaughter. The baby played well her part, smiling on the strange, outlandish crowd, lifting her tiny hand to her cheek in a military salute, while the red balls of her Manchu cap shook over the red embroidered silk of her princely robe. All compliments were forgotten but this supreme compliment of nature, and the interpreter's voice was drowned in a murmur of felicitations as the pretty, dark-eyed baby made a triumphal tour of the room.

It is difficult for the Occidental mind to picture the wall-within-wall life of a Chinese home. Down a narrow lane one passes between two walls behind which may be hovels or palaces, there is no telling which, since the one-story roofs beyond are invisible. One pulls a string at a gateway, the address of some family of high degree. A servant appears, leads through another gateway, a flowery courtyard, a passageway, perhaps another courtyard, a little room or two, and finally into a reception-room, with its carved wood wainscotings and furniture, its porcelains and jades and brasses, its blue-and-green-and-gold ceiling, and its window pattern of paper panes. Here the hostess appears, offers her Occidental guest tea or champagne, or both, with cakes and candied fruit or lotus-buds. Then she may lead one through other courtyards, all with the usual one-story rooms around them, and into her secluded garden of rocks and pools, of pretty paths and bridges, of clustering trees and flowers. In such a palace as this each courtyard, with its surrounding rooms, may be the special home of one of the sons and his wife and children; but somewhere in the maze of walls, under one of the low, tiled roofs, is the common dining-room, with the kitchen beyond. Here the men of the family eat together twice a day, and afterward the women and children. And somewhere also there is a central family hall, with the ancestral tablets, which must have their tribute of incense at proper seasons. These are held in such reverence that no foot may pass above them, and therefore two-story dwellings are unknown in regions uncontaminated by foreign influence.

In most of these patriarchal families the small children play their games freely enough together, but with little noise and romping. They are usually numerous, for if a marriage is childless, sons must be adopted in order that ancestral souls may be cared for. On the subject of family discipline testimony differs widely. In 1900, the year of the siege of Peking, refugee missionaries from the interior held a conference in Shanghai to discuss the home life of Chinese women. Mrs. Sheffield of Tung-chau, near Peking, a well-known worker of thirty years' experience, attributed the high rate of infant mortality and other evils to the fact that "child life in China is in the hands of an ignorant and superstitious womanhood, . . . only about one Chinese woman in ten thousand being able to read." And Miss Mary Lattimore of Soochow said: "Nowhere is a mother more the slave of her child than in China. A small boy early learns the importance of his position and rules his family absolutely. Indulged in every possible way, left to scream and cry when indulgence is denied, without training in self-control, he fights his way to

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A WELL-BORN CHINESE BOY OF ABOUT FIVE YEARS

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manhood." Probably Chinese mothers, like those of other nations, vary as disciplinarians. As a Chinese teacher in Peking expressed it, "Different families much different: good families children trained, children obey; foolish families"—with a gesture of disgust—*"mei yo, mei yo."*

The father's authority is much more important than the mother's. "I believe a child would cut off his finger if his father ordered him to," said a medical missionary of long experience. The father may sell his child or otherwise dispose of it, and there is no appeal from his decision, or from that of the "elder statesmen" of a family, in matters of importance.

Whatever may be the usual average of family discipline, the fact remains that filial piety and respect for elders are ideals in the heart of the race far beyond the feeling of Western nations—ideals which the little one receives, at least theoretically, with his chop-sticks, and gradually learns to obey, and disobeys at grave peril to his fortunes in this life and the subsequent lives of his wandering spirit. Boys and girls must not speak in the presence of their elders, they must not sit while older people are standing, nor must they use chairs as high. They are supposed to fulfil every Olympian command dutifully and promptly, to work for their parents or parents-in-law, if need be, almost from the time they can walk, and support them in age or helplessness or even viciousness.

Among well-born boys education begins early. At four or five they begin to play with blocks on which, as in every land, letters, or, rather, characters, are printed. In the higher classes, where tutors are employed, they learn a few of these characters every day. At seven or eight more serious work begins either at home or at school. From time immemorial until 1905 the system of education was unchanged in this largest and most ancient of empires. It was strictly literary, and during the first few years consisted in committing the classics—volumes of them—to memory by mere sound and sight; later, in learning the meaning of words, characters, and ideas; and finally, in personal interpretations through the writing of essays, verses, etc. In 1905 a memorable edict was issued by the throne that was more revolutionary than the overthrow of a dynasty. By this edict the whole ancient system of classical education, with its formidable final examinations awarding government offices to the successful, was swept into the dust-heap of the ages, and young China was suddenly awakened to new ideas.

Until 1905, Chinese boys must have found education a monotonous process. On first going to school, at six or seven, they sat in rows, with their backs to the teacher, and from early morn till twilight recited aloud at the top of their voices that ancient versified homily, the San Tzu Ching, or "three-word classic." The only variation was an exercise in penmanship, characters printed in red ink being passed about for the boys to retrace in black with pointed brushes. The three-word classic is in 356 lines of three words or syllables each, rhyming alternately. The first eight lines follow in the usual romanized spelling, with a translation by Hubert A. Giles:

Jen chih ch'u
Hsing pen shan
Hsing hsiang chin
Hsi hsiang yuan
Kou pu chiao
Hsing nai ch'ien
Chiao chih tao
Kuei i chuan

Men at their birth
Are naturally good.
Their natures are much the same;
Their habits become widely different.
If foolishly there is no teaching,
The nature will deteriorate.
The right way in teaching
Is to attach the utmost importance
to thoroughness.

The poem then touches upon famous examples of scholar heroes—the mother of Mencius snapping the thread in her shuttle to show him the ruin wrought by idleness, Tou of the Swallow Hills teaching his five sons, etc. We are told:

To feed without teaching
Is grievous error in a father.
To teach without sternness
Is laziness in a teacher.
If a child will not learn,
What will he be when old?
If jade is not polished,
It can never be useful.

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TWO CHINESE BOYS PLAYING WITH AN ABACUS DURING RECESS AT A MODERN PEKING SCHOOL

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There follow examples of precocious and virtuous children. The child is then advised to be filial, respectful, and loving, and to learn to count and read. Then follows an abstract of all human science:

The three forces
Are heaven, earth, and man.
The three luminaries
Are sun, moon, and stars.
The three bonds
Are the obligations between sovereign and subject,
The love between father and child,
The harmony between husband and wife.

The four seasons and the four points of the compass are mentioned; the five elements, water, fire, wood, metal, and earth; the five virtues, charity of heart, duty toward one's neighbor, propriety, wisdom, and truth; the six grains which men eat, rice, spiked millet, pulse, wheat, glutinous millet, and common millet; the six animals which he keeps, the horse, the ox, the sheep, fowl, the dog, and the pig; the seven passions which move him, joy, anger, pity, fear, love, hate, desire; the eight materials which yield music, the gourd, earthenware, skin, wood, stone, metal, silk, and bamboo; and lastly the nine generations, from great-great-grandfather to great-great-grandson, which constitute the kinship of man. Then the poem instils solemnly the necessity of virtue and scholarship; lists great works of the fathers,—Confucius, Mencius, and other philosophers,—and of the writers on manners, music, and poetry; reviews briefly the history of China through all her seventeen dynasties to the poet's time; and finally draws from all this, and from many examples of famous scholars, a fervent moral for the young souls who have shouted this verse-sermon over and over until they can never forget it to their dying day. In a word, the moral is—learn.

If a man does not learn,
He is not equal to the brutes.
Learn while young,
And when grown apply your knowledge,
Moving the sovereign above,
Aiding the people below.
Make names for yourselves;
Thus glorify your parents,
Shed luster on your ancestors,
Enrich your posterity.
Diligence has its reward;
Play is useless;
So be on your guard,
And put forth your strength.

This medieval homily of the thirteenth century was for six hundred years "the foundation-stone of a Chinese education"; indeed, it is still the first lesson. After the boys had spent two or three months in committing it to memory, their immature minds were set to learn in the same way the works of Confucius and other learned philosophers; for "without Confucius impossible to do anything," said a Chinese scholar whose study of English has not weakened his faith in the old ideals. Meanwhile practice in penmanship went on.

But since 1905 this time-honored course in ancient literature, though still the basis of a Chinese education, is not the only thing offered to students. By imperial decree, modern sciences, mathematics, military drill, calisthenics, English or some other secondary language began to sweep away much of the ancient lumber of classic learning. At first it was extremely difficult for the government to get fit teachers. A medical missionary tells of traveling through an interior province in 1906 and of visiting a boys' school where the pupils were dressed in white duck foreign suits, with cheap caps "made in Germany." There were cases of modern books and instruments, and modern maps hung on the walls. Yet the only teacher was an ancient scholar of the old régime, who led his visitor up to a map of the world and, bowing, said, "I beseech you, honorable teacher, explain to me what this is, that I may instruct my pupils." And even more recently a traveler met a scholar of high distinction in his province who did not know that the earth is round.

Though seriously hampered by lack of teachers and funds, and by the very loose-jointed connection between the provinces of the vast empire, yet the Chinese government is making a serious effort to impose a more modern system of education upon the people, and to introduce arithmetic, geography, history, and the rudiments of science into the elementary schools. In Peking and other capitals these schools are as up-to-date as could reasonably be expected at the present

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stage; in remoter districts the process of modernization is of course extremely slow.

For centuries most Chinese boys have had three or four years of schooling before going to work at the business of their ancestors; but all that the common people got was memory-work by sight and sound. They did not reach the higher grade in which, according to immemorial custom, the teacher began to explain the meaning of words, characters, and references. Thus most coolies, whose vocabulary is very limited, can read characters a little, but with imperfect comprehension of their meaning.

The bright boy is encouraged to go further. Indeed, the ideals of the race have always been for scholarship rather than for war, for mental rather than for physical accomplishment, and the hero-tales told to children show ambitious youth arriving at prodigious learning, and consequently high office in the state, after many years of incredible labor and self-denial. Society is still divided into the four ancient classes: scholars, from whom all officials are chosen; farmers; artisans and laborers; merchants. Yet it is possible for a clever boy of any class to become a scholar and enter the government service, and there are many instances of poor parents scrimping and starving to keep a gifted son at his long and severe studies until he can pass the final examinations, become a mandarin, or office-holder, and begin to reward his family.

The childhood of a girl is quite another story. Before the present century there were no schools for girls, and very few little maids were taught anything but household work and needlework. By the edict of 1905 the nation changed its attitude, and girls of the upper class must now be educated; indeed, many of them are sent to American schools and colleges. But although this new idea of an enlightened womanhood is becoming the fashion, it will make its way very slowly through those intricate compound walls and into the conservative homes of China, where two hundred million women and girls have followed for centuries the customs of their ancestors.

In most of these homes, except among the poorest classes, little girls of five or six, whose brothers are learning characters from blocks, must begin to suffer the long torture of foot-binding. The mother, despite her own memories of pain, subjects her child to the ancient custom because she feels that otherwise the little one will be ranked with slave women and will never get a husband. "My mother would have done it to me," said a girl of rank who has studied three years in America, "but my father would not let her." The four smaller toes are turned back upon the sole, and the foot is kept tightly bound for life, with sad consequences of broken, rotten bone and pinched flesh. At first the little one cries out and weeps much of the time night and day, and throughout childhood the pain, with intervals of numbness, is too intense to admit of much mental training, even if this were offered. The child is more comfortable seated, so, learning to endure in silence, she works at quiet household tasks and embroidery, almost never leaving the family compound. After a few years she even begins to stump about a little, and seems almost as cheerful as her brothers.

In northern China many women have natural feet, as the Manchu conquerors have never followed the custom. Indeed, nearly three centuries ago, when the first Manchu emperor imposed the queue on his male subjects, he also decreed that the female head-dress should be altered and that girls' feet should no longer be bound. "But the Chinese women never surrendered," says one of them, not without pride. They retained their old coiffure, and the strange, sad foot-torture went on. Recently there was talk of another imperial decree abolishing foot-binding and the queue together, even as Peter the Great unfrocked and unbearded his boyars to make a modern nation of Russia. In the upper classes, according to the sister of a high Chinese official, foot-binding has already ceased to be the fashion; "now, at any ladies' party, it is the bound foot which is hidden under skirts from shame, whereas it used to be the unbound." We may hope that the cruel custom of two thousand years is doomed, though generations may pass before it disappears altogether.

The imperial decree of 1905 prescribed education for girls as well as for boys, and although the government, owing to lack of money and of time for preparation, has not yet established girls' free schools, many private schools have been started in the larger cities. In two schools for girls of rank

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which I visited in Peking the curriculum was not unlike that of elementary and academic schools at home, except that Latin and Greek were replaced by Chinese classics, and history was viewed from the Chinese point of view. The course began with a kindergarten, led by a smiling and spirited Chinese girl, and continued through the usual grades, giving the student at least a slight knowledge of modern geography and history, drawing, mathematics, and the sciences, as well as the older-fashioned literary education of their own race. And calisthenics: all the modern schools in China are suddenly inspired with zeal for physical exercises. The boys have military drill, while the girls use dumbbells, clubs, and other harmless implements.

The girl, Chinese or Manchu, maimed or free, is usually betrothed at an early age, another custom which is going out of fashion in the upper classes. Infant betrothals occur only among the poor and ignorant, the motive being usually economy; for such betrothals cost the parents only a few dollars for a go-between, whereas later many presents would have to be exchanged. Betrothals, whatever the age, have legal sanction, and are almost never annulled. Even if the intended bridegroom dies before marriage, the girl, who has never seen him, may be married to his spirit with the usual ceremonies, thereupon going to the house of his parents to live as a widow for life, and adopting a son or two to burn incense to his tablet.

The girl is hardly more than a guest in the home of her parents. From the time of betrothal she is regarded as a member of her future husband's family, and may not even wear mourning for her own people or offer incense at their shrine. Among the poorer classes she is often taken to her fiancé's home at the time of her child-betrothal, and brought up by his mother. In China, as with us, the mother-in-law has an evil reputation, but it is not the husband's, but the wife's, mother-in-law who must bear it. The son-in-law sees little of his wife's relatives, but the little daughter-in-law, newly betrothed or newly wedded, and carried to the home of a bridegroom she has never seen, becomes a kind of bond-servant to his mother and to any grandmothers or wives of elder sons who may be installed within the family compounds. Her happiness or misery in this rather complicated family life depends, then, upon the character of these women even more than upon that of her husband, since her whole life must be spent in their company, and she may rarely set her poor feet outside the compound wall.

Neither boys nor girls have to trouble their heads or hearts over the vexed question which consumes years of time and travail of soul in most Occidental countries—marriage. When the proper time comes, or even before, the parents arrange all that for the young people, usually with the aid of professional go-betweens, who are paid for the service. On the betrothal morning, in an average middle-class family, the two go-betweens proceed in state to the home of the girl's parents, followed by two bearers with the betrothal jewelry —a ring, ear-rings, bracelets, and a hair ornament, together with the silver dollars which had been agreed upon to be used presumably for the bridal outfit, all rubbed very bright, and inscribed in ink with the character for happiness. Then follow other bearers with trays containing fifty or sixty pretty little boxes of tea and nuts, in addition to which the girl's parents have prepared similar boxes of cakes, all to be sent to friends as an announcement of the betrothal. A feast is then given to the go-betweens, after which they are escorted to the home of the boy's parents for another feast.

On the wedding-day, which may be a few weeks or a number of years thereafter, the bride is arrayed in red, with a red coronal head-dress from which pompons stand out and beads or jewels dangle like a veil over the face. She is then carried in a red sedan chair, preceded by music, and followed by bearers with her trousseau and outfit, to the home of the groom's parents. Then bride and groom see each other for the first time, and together prostrate themselves before the ancestral tablet, before heaven and earth, and before the groom's parents. Next they drink wine from the same cup and feast at the same table, after which they sit in red chairs and receive the congratulations of relatives and friends. The bride's parents are usually absent from this ceremony, which definitely alienates their daughter and makes her a member of another clan.

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AT·A·CHINESE·TEMPLE·

PICTURES BY THORNTON OAKLEY

Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

A DRAGON DANCE BEFORE A NATIVE CHINESE TEMPLE IN SHANGHAI

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Drawn by Thornton Oakley. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

A TEMPLE SQUARE IN SHANGHAI, WITH A SOOTHSAYER AND HIS FORTUNE-ROLLS, AND STRINGS OF PAPER MONEY FOR SALE TO BE BURNED BEFORE THE IDOLS

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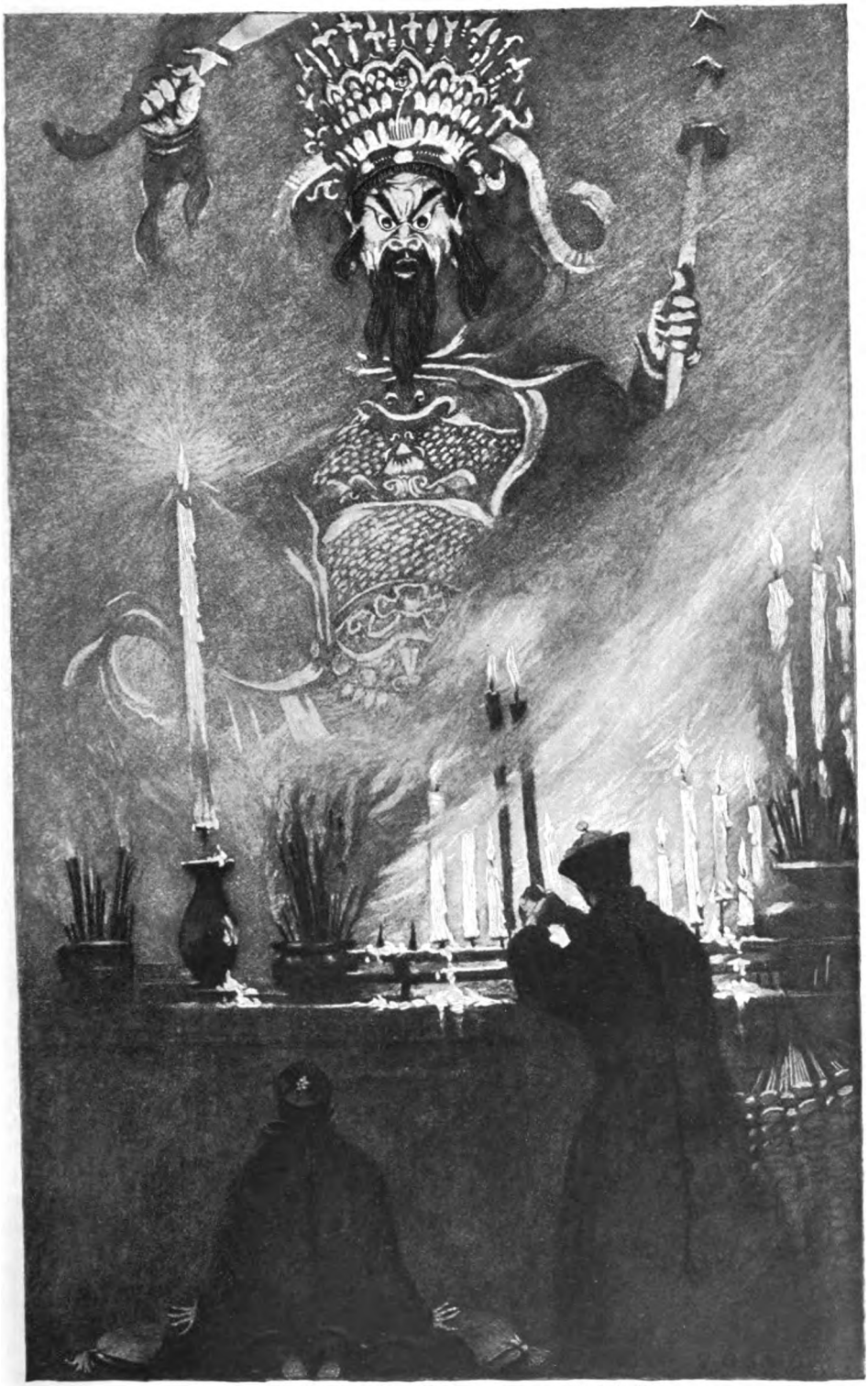

Drawn by Thornton Oakley. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

INTERIOR OF A TEMPLE IN SHANGHAI, WITH MANDARINS KOTOWING TO AN IDOL, AND OFFERING CANDLES AND INCENSE

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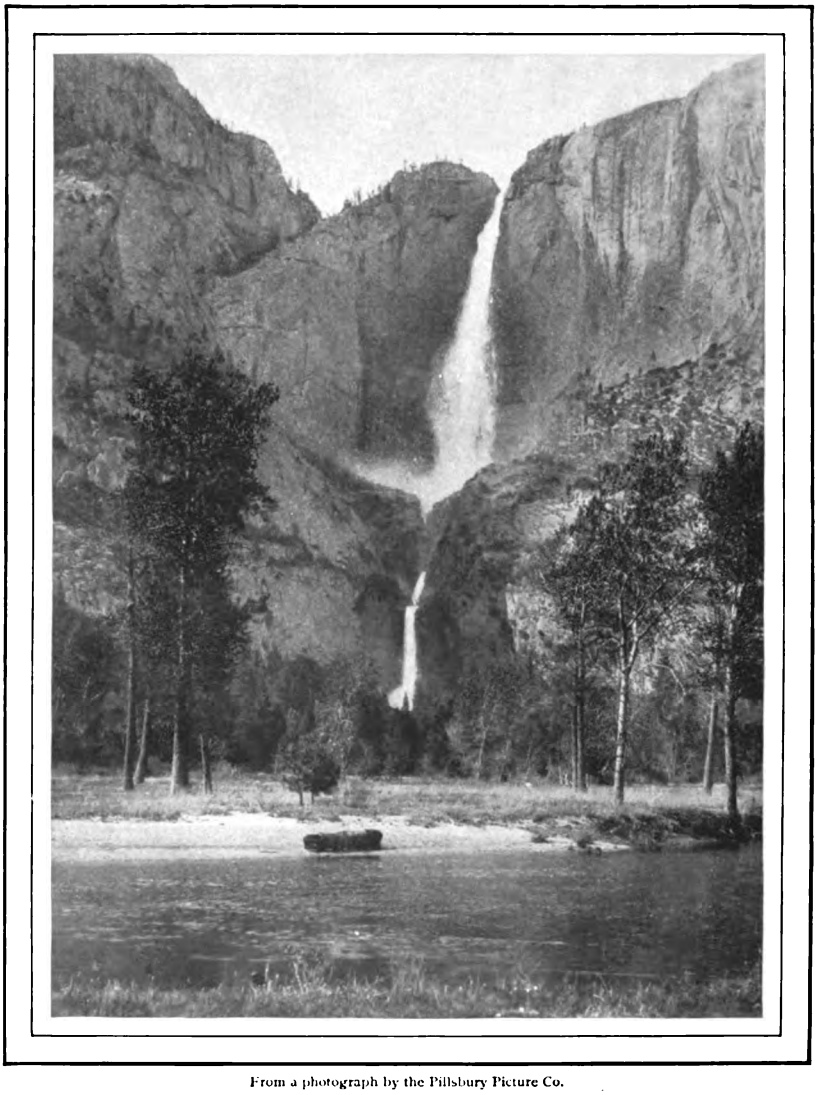
THREE ADVENTURES IN THE YOSEMITE

BY JOHN MUIR

Author of "The Mountains of California," etc.



From a photograph by the Pillsbury Picture Co.

THE YOSEMITE FALL

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I. A PERILOUS EXPLORATION OF THE YOSEMITE FALL

A WILD scene, but not a safe one, is made by the moon as it appears through the edge of the Yosemite Fall when one is behind it. Once, after enjoying the night-song of the waters and watching the formation of the colored bow as the moon came round the domes and sent her beams into the wild uproar, I ventured out on the narrow bench that extends back of the fall from Fern Ledge and began to admire the dim-veiled grandeur of the view. I could see the fine, gauzy threads of the fall's filmy border by having the light in front; and wishing to look at the moon through the meshes of some of the denser portions of the fall, I ventured to creep farther behind it while it was gently wind-swayed, without taking sufficient thought about the consequences of its swaying back to its natural position after the wind-pressure should be removed. The effect was enchanting: fine, savage music sounding above, beneath, around me; while the moon, apparently in the very midst of the rushing waters, seemed to be struggling to keep her place, on account of the ever-varying form and density of the water masses through which she was seen; now veiled or eclipsed by thick-headed comets, now flashing through openings between their tails. I was in fairy-land, between the dark wall and the wild illumined waters, but suffered disenchantment; for, like the witch-scene in Alloway Kirk,

In an instant a' was dark.

Down came a dash of spent comets, thin and harmless-looking in the distance, but desperately solid and stony when they struck my shoulders, like a mixture of choking spray and gravel and big hailstones. Instinctively dropping on my knees, I gripped an angle of the rock, curled up like a young fern frond, with my face pressed against my breast, and in this attitude submitted as best I could to my thundering bath. The heavier masses seemed to strike like cobblestones, and there was a confused noise of many waters about my ears, hissing, gurgling, clashing sounds that were not heard as music. The situation was quickly realized. How fast one's thoughts burn in such times of stress! I was weighing chances of escape. Would the column be swayed a few inches away from the wall, or would it come yet closer? The fall was in flood and not lightly would its ponderous mass be swayed. My fate seemed to depend on a breath of the "idle wind." Then the fall was moved gently forward, the pounding ceased, and I was once more visited by glimpses of the moon. But fearing I might be caught at a disadvantage in making too hasty a retreat, I moved only a few feet along the bench to where lay a block of ice. I wedged myself between the ice and the wall, and lay face downward, until the steadiness of the light gave encouragement to rise and get away. Somewhat nerve-shaken, drenched, and benumbed, I made out to build a fire, warmed myself, ran home, reached my cabin before daylight, got an hour or two of sleep, and awoke sound and comfortable, better, not worse, for my hard midnight bath.

II. A RIDE ON AN AVALANCHE

FEW Yosemite visitors ever see snow avalanches, and fewer still know the exhilaration of riding on them. In all my mountaineering I have enjoyed only one avalanche-ride, and the start was so sudden and the end came so soon I had but little time to think of the danger that attends this sort of travel. One fine Yosemite morning, after a heavy snowfall, being eager to see as many avalanches as possible and to get wide views of the forest and summit peaks in their new, white robes before the sunshine had time to change them, I set out early to climb by a side cañon to the top of a commanding ridge a little over three thousand feet above the valley. On account of the looseness of the snow that blocked the cañon, I knew the climb would require a long time, some three or four hours, as I estimated; but it proved far more difficult than I had anticipated. Most of the way I sank waist-deep, in some places almost out of sight. After spending the whole day to within half an hour or so of sundown, I was still several hundred feet below the summit. Then my hopes were reduced to getting up in time to see the sunset. But I was not to get summit views of any sort that day, for deep trampling near the cañon head, where the snow was strained, started an avalanche, and I was swished down to

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the foot of the cañon as if by enchantment! The wallowing ascent had taken nearly all day, the descent only about a minute. When the avalanche started, I threw myself on my back and spread my arms to try to keep from sinking. Fortunately, though the grade of the cañon is very steep, it is not interrupted by precipices large enough to cause outbounding or free plunging. On no part of the rush was I buried. I was only moderately imbedded on the surface or at times a little below it, and covered with a veil of back-streaming dust particles; and as the whole mass beneath and about me joined in the flight, there was no friction, though I was tossed here and there and lurched from side to side. When the avalanche came to a rest, I found myself on top of the crumpled pile without a bruise or scar.

This was a fine experience. Hawthorne says somewhere that steam has spiritualized travel, though unspiritual smells, smoke, etc., still attend it. This flight in what might be called a milky way of snow stars was the most spiritual and exhilarating of all the modes of motion I have ever experienced. Elijah's flight in a chariot of fire could hardly have been more gloriously exciting.

III. EARTHQUAKE STORMS

THE avalanche taluses leaning against the walls at intervals of a mile or two are among the most striking and interesting of the secondary features of the Yosemite Valley. They are from about 300 to 500 feet high, made up of huge, angular, well-preserved, unshifting boulders, and instead of being slowly weathered from the cliffs, like ordinary taluses, were formed suddenly and simultaneously by a great earthquake that occurred at least three centuries ago. And though thus hurled into existence in a few seconds or minutes, they are the least changeable of all the Sierra soil-beds. Excepting those which were launched directly into the channels of swift rivers, scarcely one of their wedged and interlacing boulders has moved since the day of their creation; and though mostly made up of huge blocks of granite, many of them weighing thousands of tons, with only a few small chips, trees and shrubs make out to live and thrive on them, and even delicate herbaceous plants —Draperia, collomia, Zauschneria, etc.— soothe and color their wild, rugged slopes with gardens and groves.

I was long in doubt on some points concerning the origin of these taluses. Plainly enough, they were derived from the cliffs above them, because they are of the size of scars on the wall, the rough, angular surface of which contrasts with the rounded, glaciated, unfractured parts. It was plain, too, that instead of being made up of material slowly and gradually weathered from the cliffs, like ordinary taluses, almost every one of them had been formed suddenly in a single avalanche, and had not been increased in size during the last three or four centuries; for trees three or four hundred years old are growing on them, some standing close to the wall at the top without a bruise or a broken branch, showing that scarcely a single boulder had ever fallen among them. Furthermore, all these taluses throughout the range seemed by the trees and lichens growing on them to be of the same age. All the phenomena thus pointed straight to a grand, ancient earthquake. Yet for years I left the question open, and went on from cañon to cañon, observing again and again; measuring the heights of taluses throughout the range on both flanks, and the variations in the angles of their surface slopes; studying the way their boulders had been assorted and related and brought to rest, and their correspondence in size with the cleavage joints of the cliffs whence they were derived, cautious about making up my mind. But at last all doubt as to their formation vanished.

At half-past two o'clock of a moonlit morning in March, I was awakened by a tremendous earthquake, and though I had never before enjoyed a storm of this sort, the strange, thrilling motion could not be mistaken, and I ran out of my cabin, both glad and frightened, shouting: "A noble earthquake! A noble earthquake!" feeling sure I was going to learn something. The shocks were so violent and varied, and succeeded one another so closely, that I had to balance myself carefully in walking, as if on the deck of a ship among waves, and it seemed impossible that the high cliffs of the valley could escape being shattered. In particular I feared that the sheer-fronted Sentinel Rock towering

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above my cabin would be shaken down, and I took shelter back of a large yellow pine, hoping that it might protect me from at least the smaller outbounding boulders. For a minute or two the shocks became more and more violent, flashing horizontal thrusts mixed with a few twists and battering explosive, upheaving jolts, as if Nature were wrecking her Yosemite temple, and getting ready to build a still better one.

Before a single boulder had fallen I was convinced that earthquakes were the talus-makers, and positive proof soon came. It was a calm, moonlight night, and no sound was heard for the first minute or so save low, muffled, bubbling, underground rumblings, and the whispering and rustling of the agitated trees, as if Nature were holding her breath. Then suddenly out of the strange silence and strange motion there came a tremendous roar. The Eagle Rock, on the south wall, about half a mile up the valley, gave way, and I saw it falling in thousands of the great boulders I had so long been studying, pouring to the valley floor in a free curve luminous from friction, making a terribly sublime spectacle—an arc of glowing, passionate fire, fifteen hundred feet span, as true in form and as serene in beauty as a rainbow in the midst of the stupendous, roaring rock-storm. The sound was so tremendously deep and broad and earnest that the whole earth, like a living creature, seemed at last to have found a voice and to be calling to her sister-planets. In trying to tell something of the size of this awful sound, it seems to me that if all the thunder of all the storms I had ever heard were condensed into one roar, it would not equal this rock-roar at the birth of a mountain talus. Think, then, of the roar that arose to heaven at the simultaneous birth of all the thousands of ancient cañon taluses throughout the length and breadth of the range!

The first severe shocks were soon over, and eager to examine the new-born talus, I ran up the valley in the moonlight and climbed upon it before the huge blocks, after their fiery flight, had come to complete rest. They were slowly settling into their places, chafing, grating against one another, groaning, and whispering; but no motion was visible except in a stream of small fragments pattering down the face of the cliff. A cloud of dust particles, lighted by the moon, floated out across the whole breadth of the valley, forming a ceiling that lasted until after sunrise, and the air was filled with the odor of crushed Douglas spruces from a grove that had been mowed down and mashed like weeds.

After the ground began to calm, I ran across the meadow to the river to see in what direction it was flowing, and was glad to find that *down* the valley was still down. Its waters were muddy from portions of its banks having given away, but it was flowing round its curves and over its ripples and shallows with ordinary tones and gestures. The mud would soon be cleared away, and the raw slips on the banks would be the only visible record of the shaking it suffered.

The Upper Yosemite Fall, glowing white in the moonlight, seemed to know nothing of the earthquake, manifesting no change in form or voice so far as I could see or hear.

After a second startling shock, about half-past three o'clock, the ground continued to tremble gently, and smooth, hollow, rumbling sounds, not always distinguishable from the rounded, bumping, explosive tones of the falls, came from deep in the mountains in a northern direction.

The few Indians fled from their huts to the middle of the valley, fearing that angry spirits were trying to kill them; and, as I afterward learned, most of the Yosemite tribe, who were spending the winter at their village on Bull Creek, forty miles away, were so terrified that they ran into the river and washed themselves—getting themselves clean enough to say their prayers, I suppose, or to die. I asked Dick, one of the Indians with whom I was acquainted, "What made the ground shake and jump so much?" He only shook his head and said: "No good. No good," and looked appealingly to me to give him hope that his life was to be spared.

In the morning I found the few white settlers assembled in front of the old Hutchings Hotel comparing notes and meditating flight to the lowlands, seemingly as sorely frightened as the Indians. Shortly after sunrise a low, blunt, muffled rumbling, like distant thunder, was followed by another series of shocks, which,

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though not nearly so severe as the first, made the cliffs and domes tremble like jelly, and the big pines and oaks thrill and swish and wave their branches with startling effect. Then the talkers were suddenly hushed, and the solemnity on their faces was sublime. One of these winter neighbors in particular, a somewhat speculative thinker with whom I had often conversed, was a firm believer in the cataclysmic origin of the valley; and I now jokingly remarked that his wild tumbledown-and-engulfment hypothesis might soon be proved, since these underground rumblings and shakings might be the forerunners of another Yosemite-making cataclysm, which would perhaps double the depth of the valley by swallowing the floor, leaving the ends of the roads and trails dangling three or four thousand feet in the air. Just then came the third series of shocks, and it was fine to see how awfully silent and solemn he became. His belief in the existence of a mysterious abyss into which the suspended floor of the valley and all the domes and battlements of the walls might at any moment go roaring down mightily troubled him. To diminish his fears and laugh him into something like reasonable faith, I said, "Come, cheer up; smile a little, and clap your hands, now that kind Mother Earth is trotting us on her knee to amuse us and make us good." But the well-meant joke seemed irreverent and utterly failed, as if only prayerful terror could rightly belong to the wild beauty-making business. Even after all the heavier shocks were over, I could do nothing to reassure him. On the contrary, he handed me the keys of his little store to keep, saying that with a companion of like mind he was going to the lowlands to stay until the fate of poor, trembling Yosemite was settled. In vain I rallied them on their fears, calling attention to the strength of the granite walls of our valley home, the very best and most solid masonry in the world, and less likely to collapse and sink than the sedimentary lowlands to which they were looking for safety, and saying that in any case they sometime would have to die, and so grand a burial was not to be slighted. But they were too seriously panic-stricken to get comfort from anything I could say.

During the third severe shock, the trees were so violently shaken that the birds flew out with frightened cries. In particular I noticed two robins flying in terror from a leafless oak, the branches of which were swished and set quivering as if struck by a heavy battering-ram. Exceedingly interesting were the flashing and quivering of the elastic needles of the pines in the sunlight, and the waving up and down of the branches while the trunks stood rigid. There was no swaying, waving, or swiveling, as in wind-storms, but quick, quivering jerks, and at times the heavy-tasseled branches moved as if they had all been pressed down against the trunk and suddenly let go, to spring up and vibrate until they came to rest again. Only the owls seemed to be undisturbed. Before the rumbling echoes had died away, a hollow-voiced owl began to hoot in philosophical tranquillity from near the edge of the new talus, as if nothing extraordinary had occurred, although perhaps he was curious to know what all the noise was about. His "hoot-too-hoot-too-hoo" might have meant, "What 's a' the steer, kimmer?"

It was long before the valley found perfect rest. The rocks trembled more or less every day for over two months, and I kept a bucket of water on my table to learn what I could of the movements. The blunt thunder in the depths of the mountains was usually followed by sudden jarring, horizontal thrusts from the northward, often succeeded by twisting, jolting movements. More than a month after the first great shock, while I was standing on a fallen tree up the valley, near Lamon's winter cabin, I heard a distinct bubbling thunder from the direction of Tenaya Cañon, and Carlo, a large, intelligent St. Bernard dog standing beside me seemed greatly astonished, and looked intently in that direction, with mouth open, and uttered a low *wouf!* as if saying, "What 's that?" He must have known that it was not thunder, though like it. The air was perfectly still, not the faintest breath of wind perceptible, and a fine, mellow, sunny hush pervaded everything; then suddenly there came that subterranean thunder. Then, while we gazed and listened, came the corresponding shocks, as distinct as if some mighty hand had shaken the ground. After the sharp horizontal jars died away, they were followed by a gentle rocking and undu-

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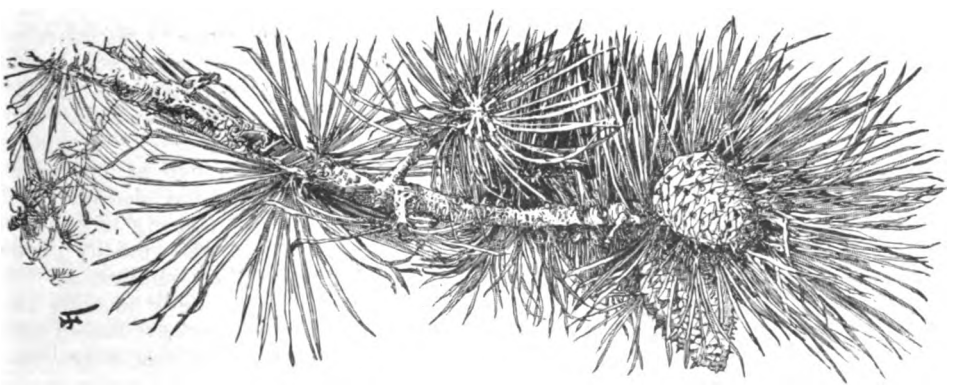
lating of the ground so distinct that Carlo looked at the log on which he was standing to see who was shaking it. It was the season of flooded meadows, and the pools about me, as calm as sheets of glass, were suddenly thrown into low, ruffling waves.

Judging by its effects, this Yosemite, or Inyo earthquake, as it is sometimes called, was gentle as compared with the one that gave rise to the grand talus system of the range and did so much for the cañon scenery. Nature, usually deliberate in her operations, then created, as we have seen, a new set of features simply by giving the mountains a shake, changing not only the high peaks and cliffs, but the streams. As soon as these rock avalanches fell, the streams began to sing new songs; for in many places thousands of boulders were hurled into their channels, roughening and half damming them, compelling the waters to surge and roar in rapids where before they glided smoothly. Some of the streams were completely dammed, driftwood, leaves, etc., gradually filling the interstices between the boulders, thus giving rise to lakes and level reaches; and these again, after being gradually filled in, were changed to meadows, through which the streams are now silently meandering; while at the same time some of the taluses took the places of old meadows and groves. Thus rough places were made smooth, and smooth places rough. But, on the whole, by what at first sight seemed pure confounded confusion and ruin, the landscapes were enriched; for gradually every talus was covered with groves and gardens, and made a finely proportioned and ornamental base for the cliffs. In this work of beauty every boulder is prepared and measured and put in its place more thoughtfully than are the stones of temples. If for a moment you are inclined to regard these taluses as mere draggled, chaotic dumps, climb to the top of one of them, and run down without any haggling, puttering hesitation, boldly jumping from boulder to boulder with even speed. You will then find your feet playing a tune, and quickly discover the music and poetry of these magnificent rock piles—a fine lesson. And all Nature's wildness tells the same story: the shocks and outbursts of earthquakes, volcanoes, geysers, roaring, thundering waves and floods, the silent uprush of sap in plants, storms of every sort, each and all, are the orderly, beauty-making love-beats of Nature's heart.



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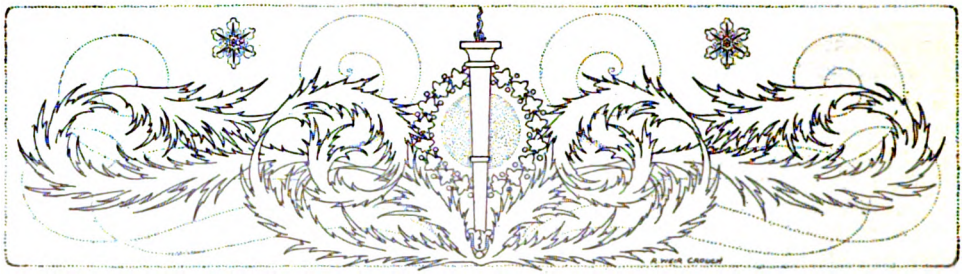

STELLA MARIS

BY WILLIAM J. LOCKE

Author of "The Beloved Vagabond," "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne," "Septimus," "The Glory of Clementina," etc.

CHAPTER V

THUS it came to pass that, for the sake of Stellamaris, Risca remained in London and fought with beasts in Vincent Square. Sometimes he got the better of the beasts, and sometimes the beasts got the better of him. On the former occasions he celebrated the victory by doing an extra turn of work; on the latter he sat idly growling at defeat.

At this period of his career he was assistant-editor of a weekly review, in charge of the book-column of an evening newspaper, the contributor of a signed weekly article on general subjects to the "Daily Herald," and of a weekly London letter to an American syndicate. From this it will be seen that for a man not yet thirty he had achieved a position in journalism envied by many who had grown gray-headed in the game. But as Risca had written three or four novels which had all been rejected by all the publishers in London, he chose to regard himself as a man foiled in his ambitions. He saw himself doomed to failure. For him was the eternal toil of plowing the sand; the Garden of Delight cultivated by the happy Blest—such as Fawcus of the club, who boasted of making over a thousand pounds for every novel he wrote, and of being able to take as much holiday as he chose—had its gilded gates closed against him forever. That the man of nine and twenty should grow embittered because he was not accepted by the world as a brilliant novelist is a matter for the derision of the middle-aged and for the pitying smile of the hoary; but it is a matter of woeful concern to twenty-nine, especially if twenty-nine be a young man of a saturnine temperament whom fate has driven to take himself seriously. In Risca's life there were misfortunes the reality of the pain of which was independent of age; others which were relative, as inseparable from youth as the tears for a bumped head are inseparable from childhood. Yet to the man they were all equally absolute. It is only in after years, when one looks back down the vista, that one can differentiate.

For all that he ought to have given himself another decade before crying himself a failure, yet a brilliant young journalist who has not found a publisher for one out of four novels has reasonable excuse for serious cogitation. There are scores of brilliant young journalists who have published masterpieces of fiction before they are thirty, and at forty have gone on their knees and thanked kind, gentle Time for his effacing fingers; yet the novels have had some quality of the novel warranting their publication. At any rate, the brilliant young novelists have believed in them. They have looked upon their Creation and found that it was good. But Risca, looking on his Creation, found that it was wood. His people were as wooden as Mr. and Mrs. Ham in a Noah's Ark; his scenery was as wooden as the trees and mountain in a toy Swiss village; his dialogue as wooden as the conversation-blocks used by the philoso-

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phers of Laputa. He had said, in an outburst of wrathful resentment, that he found his one artistic outlet in aiding to create Stella's Land of Illusion; and he was right. He was despairingly aware of the lack of the quick fancy; the power of visualization; the sublimated faculty of the child's make-believe, creating out of trumpery bits and pieces a glowing world of romance; the keen, instructive knowledge of the general motives of human action; the uncanny insight into the hearts and feelings of beings of a sex, class, or type different from his own; the gift of evolving from a tiny broken bone of fact a perfect creature indisputably real, coloring it with the hues of actuality and breathing into it the breath of life—the lack, indeed, of all the essential qualities, artistic and therefore usually instinctive, that go to the making of a novelist. Yet Risca was doggedly determined to be a novelist and a poet. It was pathetic. How can a man who cannot distinguish between "God Save the King" and "Yankee Doodle" hope to write a world-shaking sonata? Risca knew that he was crying for the moon, and it is only because he cried so hard for it that he deserved any serious commiseration.

When he did come to death-grapple with the absolute, the beasts above mentioned, he stood out a tragic young figure, fiercely alone in the arena, save for Herold. His name, uncommon and arresting, had one connotation in London —the Case, the appalling and abominable Case. Even Ferguson of the "Daily Herald," who had evinced such sympathy for him at first, shrank from the name at the head of the weekly column and suggested the temporary use of a pseudonym. Had it not been for Herold's intervention, Risca would have told Ferguson to go to the devil and would have refused to work for his Philistine paper. He swallowed the insult, which did him no good. He refused to carry the accursed name into the haunts of men.

"Come to the club, at any rate," Herold urged. "Every man there is loyal to you."

"And every man as he looks at me will have on his retina not a picture of me, but a picture of what went on in that house in Smith Street."

"Oh, go and buy a serviceable epidermis!" cried Herold. Argument was useless.

So Risca worked like a mole at anonymous journalism in his shabby lodgings where Lilias and Niphetos were suggested only by a mangy tabby who occasionally prowled into his sitting-room, and Arachne presided, indeed, but in the cobwebs about the ceiling in the guise which she had been compelled to take by the angry god when the world was young. Only when his attendance at the office of the weekly review was necessary, such as on the day when it went to press, did he mingle with the busy world.

"If you go on in this way," said Herold, "you 'll soon have as much idea of what 's going on in London as a lonely dog tied up in a kennel."

"What does it matter," growled John, "to any of the besotted fools who read newspapers, provided I bark loud enough?"

There was one thing going on in London, however, in which he took a grim interest, and that was the convalescence of the little maid-of-all-work who had been taken back, a maimed lamb, to the cheerless fold where she had been reared. Thither he went to make inquiries as soon as he returned from Southcliff-on-Sea. He found the Orphanage of St. Martha at Willesden a poverty-stricken building, a hopeless parallelogram of dingy, yellow brick, standing within a walled inclosure. There were no trees or flowers, for the yard was paved. His ring at the front door was answered by an orphan in a light print dress, her meager hair clutched up tight in a knob at the back. He asked for the superintendent and handed his card. The orphan conducted him to a depressing parlor, and vanished. Presently appeared a thin, weary woman, dressed in the black robes of a Sister of Mercy, who, holding the card tight in nervous fingers, regarded him with an air of mingled fright and defiance.

"Your business?" she asked.

Despite the torture of it all, John could not help smiling. If he had been armed with a knout, his reception could not have been more hostile.

"I must beg of you to believe," said he, "that I come as a friend and not as an enemy."

She pointed to a straight-backed chair.

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"Will you be seated?"

"It is only human," said he, "to call and see you, and ask after that unhappy child."

"She is getting on," said the Sister superintendent, frostily, "as well as can be expected."

"Which means? Please tell me. I am here to know."

"She will take some time to recover from her injuries, and of course her nerve is broken."

"I 'm afraid," said John, "your institution can't afford many invalid's luxuries."

"None at all," replied the weary-faced woman. "She gets proper care and attention, however."

John drew out a five-pound note. "Can you buy her any little things with this? When you have spent it, if you will tell me, I 'll send you another."

"It 's against our rules," said the Sister, eying the money. "If you like to give it as a subscription to the general funds, I will accept it."

"Are you badly off?" asked John.

"We are very slenderly endowed."

John pushed the note across the small table near which they were sitting.

"In return," said he, "I hope you will allow me to send in some jellies and fruits, or appliances, or whatever may be of pleasure or comfort to the child."

"Whatever you send that is practical shall be applied to her use," said the Sister superintendent.

She was cold, unemotional; no smile, no ghost even of departed smiles, seemed ever to visit the tired, gray eyes or the corners of the rigid mouth; coif and face and thin hands were spotless. She did not even thank him for his forced gift to the orphanage.

"I should like to know," said John, regarding her beneath frowning brows, "whether any one here loves the unhappy little wretch."

"These children," replied the Sister superintendent, "have naturally a hard battle to fight when they go from here into the world. They come mostly from vicious classes. Their training is uniformly kind, but it has to be austere."

John rose. "I will bring what things I can think of to-morrow."

The Sister superintendent rose, too, and bowed icily. "You are at liberty to do so, Mr. Risca; but I assure you there is no reason for your putting yourself to the trouble. In the circumstances I can readily understand your solicitude; but again I say you have no cause for it."

"Madam," said he, "I see that I have more cause than ever."

The next day he drove to the orphanage in a cab, with a hamper of delicacies and a down pillow. The latter the Sister superintendent rejected. Generally, it was against the regulations and, particularly, it was injudicious. Down pillows would not be a factor in Unity Blake's after-life.

"Besides," she remarked, "she is not the only orphan in the infirmary."

"Why not call it a sick-room or sick-ward instead of that prison term?" asked John.

"It 's the name given to it by the governing body," she replied.

After this John became a regular visitor. Every time he kicked his heels for ten minutes in the shabby and depressing parlor, and every time he was received with glacial politeness by the Sister superintendent. By blunt questioning he learned the history of the institution. The Sisterhood of Saint Martha was an Anglican body with headquarters in Kent, which existed for meditation and not for philanthropic purposes. The creation and conduct of the orphanage had been thrust upon the sisterhood by the will of a member long since deceased. It was unpopular with the sisterhood, who resented it as an excrescence, but bore it as an affliction decreed by divine Providence. Among the cloistered inmates of the Kentish manor-house there was no fanatical impulse toward Willesden. They were good, religious women; but they craved retirement, and not action, for the satisfying of their spiritual needs. Otherwise they would have joined some other sisterhood in which noble lives are spent in deeds of charity and love. But there are angels of wrath, angels of mercy, and mere angels. These were mere angels. The possibility of being chosen by the Mother Superior to go out into the world again and take charge of the education, health, and morals of twenty sturdy and squalid little female orphans lived an abiding terror in their gentle breasts. A shipwrecked crew

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casting lots for the next occupant of the kettle could suffer no greater pangs of apprehension than did the Sisters of Saint Martha on the imminence of an appointment to the orphanage. They had taken vows of obedience. The Mother Superior's selection was final. The unfortunate nominee had to pack up her slender belongings and go to Willesden. Being a faulty human being (and none but a faulty, unpractical, unsympathetic human being can want, in these days of enlightenment, to shut herself up in a nunnery for the rest of her life, with the avowed intention of never doing a hand's turn for any one of God's creatures until the day of her death), she invariably regarded herself as a holy martyr and ruled the poor little devils of orphans for the greater glory of God (magnified entirely, be it understood, by her own martyrdom) than for the greater happiness of the poor little devils.

Sister Theophila—in entering into religion the Protestant Sisters changed the names by which they were known in the world, according to the time-honored tradition of an alien church—Sister Theophila, with the temperament of the recluse, had been thrust into this position of responsibility against her will. She performed her duties with scrupulous exactitude and pious resignation. Her ideal of life was the ascetic, and to this ideal the twenty orphans had to conform. She did not love the orphans.

Her staff consisted of one matron, a married woman of a much humbler class than her own. Possibly she might have loved the orphans had she not seen such a succession of them, and her own work been less harassing. Twenty female London orphans from disreputable homes are a tough handful. When you insist on their conformity with the ascetic ideal, they become tougher. They will not allow themselves to be loved.

"And ungrateful!" exclaimed the matron one day when she was taking Risca round the institution. He had expressed to Sister Theophila his desire to visit it, and she, finding him entirely unsympathetic, had handed him over to her subordinate. "None of them know what gratitude is. As soon as they get out of here, they forget everything that has been done for them; and as for coming back to pay their respects, or writing a letter even, they never think of it."

Kitchen, utensils, floors, walls, dormitory, orphans—all were spotlessly clean, the orphans sluiced and scrubbed from morning to night; but of things that might give a little hint of the joy of life there was no sign.

"This is the infirmary," said the matron, with her hand on the door-knob.

"I should like to see it," said John.

They entered. An almost full-grown orphan, doing duty as nurse, rose from her task of plain sewing and bobbed a courtesy. The room was clean, comfortless, dark, and cold. Two pictures, prints of the Crucifixion and the Martyrdom of St. Stephen, hung on the walls. There were three narrow, hard beds, two of which were occupied. Some grapes on a chair beside one of them marked the patient in whom he was interested. John noticed angrily that some flowers which he had sent the day before had been confiscated.

"This is the gentleman who has been so kind to you," said the matron.

Unity Blake looked wonderingly into the dark, rugged face of the man who stood over her and regarded her with mingled pain and pity. They had not told her his name. This, then, was the unknown benefactor whose image, like that of some elusive Apollo, Giver of Things Beautiful, had haunted her poor dreams.

"Can't you say 'Thank you'?" said the matron.

"Thank you, sir," said Unity Blake.

Even in those three words her accent was unmistakably cockney—as unmistakably cockney as the coarse-featured, snub-nosed, common little face. In happier, freer conditions she would have done her skimpy hair up in patent curlers and worn a hat with a purple feather, and joined heartily in the raucous merriment of her comrades at the pickle-factory. Here, however, she was lying, poor little devil, thought Risca, warped from childhood by the ascetic ideal, and wrecked body and spirit by unutterable cruelty. In her eyes flickered the patient apprehension of the ill-treated dog.

"I hope you will soon get better," he said, with sickening knowledge of that which lay hidden beneath the rough bedclothes.

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"Yes, sir," said Unity.

"It 's chiefly her nerves now," said the matron. "She hollers out of nights, so she can't be put into the dormitory."

"Do you like the things I send you?" asked John.

"Yes, sir."

"Is there anything special you 'd like to have?"

"No, sir."

But he caught a certain wistfulness in her glance.

"She does n't want anything at all," said the matron, and the girl's eyelids fluttered. "She 's being spoiled too much as it is already."

John bent his heavy brows on the woman. She spoke not shrewishly, not unkindly, merely with lack of love and understanding. He repressed the bitter retort that rose to his lips. But at the same time a picture rose before him of another sick-room, a dainty sea-chamber open to sun and sky, where pillows of down were not forbidden, where flowers and exquisite colors and shapes gladdened the eye, where Love, great and warm and fulfilling, hovered over the bed. No gulls with round, yellow eyes came to the windows of this whitewashed prison with messages from the world of air and sea; no Exquisite Auntship, no Great High Favorite, no Lord High Constable, executed their high appointed functions; no clock with chimes like a bell swung in a sea-cave told the hours to this orphan child of misery. He realized in an odd way that Stellamaris, too, was an orphan. And he remembered, from the awful evidence, that this child was just over fifteen—Stella's age. Again rose the picture of the cherished one in her daintily ribboned dressing-jacket, as filmy and unsubstantial as if made of sea-foam, with her pure, happy face, her mysterious, brown pools of eyes, her hair lovingly brushed to caressing softness; and he looked down on Unity Blake. Man though he was, the bit of clean sail-cloth that did duty as a nightgown moved his compassion.

He did his best to talk with her awhile; but it was a one-sided conversation, as the child could reply only in monosyllables. The matron fidgeted impatiently, and he said good-by. Her wistful glance followed him to the door. Outside he turned.

"There 's just one thing I want to say to her."

He left the matron and darted back into the room.

"I 'm sure there must be something you would like me to bring you," he whispered. "Don't be afraid. Any mortal thing."

The child's lips twitched and she looked nervously from side to side.

"What is it? Tell me."

"Oh, sir," she pleaded breathlessly, "might I have some peppermint bull's-eyes?"

WHEN Herold returned to his dressing-room after the first act,—the piece for which he had been rehearsing had started a successful career,—he found Risca sitting in a straight-backed chair and smoking a pipe.

"Hallo, John! I did n't know you were in front. Why did n't you tell me? It 's going splendidly, is n't it?"

He glowed with the actor's excited delight in an audience's enthusiastic reception of a new play. His glow sat rather oddly upon him, for he was made up as a decrepit old man, with bald wig, and heavy, blue patches beneath his eyes.

"No, I 'm not in front," said John.

"I see now," smiled Herold, glancing at his friend's loose tweed suit. No clothes, morning or evening, ever fitted Risca. Herold called him "The Tailors' Terror."

"I want to talk to you, Wallie," said he.

"Have a drink? No? I sha'n't want anything, Perkins," said he to the waiting dresser. "Call me when I 'm on in the second act. I don't change," he explained.

"I know," said John. "That 's why I 've come now."

"What 's the matter?" Herold asked, sitting in the chair before the dressing-table, bright with mirrors and electric lights and sticks of grease paint and silver-topped pots and other paraphernalia.

"Nothing particular. Only hell, just as usual. I saw that child to-day."

Herold lit a cigarette.

"Have you ever speculated on what becomes of the victims in cases of this kind?" asked John.

"Not particularly," said Herold, seeing that John wanted to talk.

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"What do you think can become of a human creature in the circumstances of this poor little wretch? Her childhood is one vista of bleak ugliness. Never a toy, never a kiss, not even the freedom of the gutter. Unless you 've been there, you can't conceive the soul-crushing despair of that infernal orphanage. She leaves it and goes into the world. She goes out of a kind of dreary Greek Hades into a Christian hell. It lasted for months. She was too ignorant and spiritless to complain, and to whom was she to complain? Now she 's sent back again, just like a sick animal, to Hades. Fancy, they would n't let her have a few flowers in the room! It makes me mad to think of it. And when she gets well again, she 'll have to earn her living as a little slave in some squalid household. But what 's going to become of that human creature morally and spiritually? That 's what I want to know."

"It 's an interesting problem," said Herold. "She may be either a benumbed half-idiot or a vicious, vindictive she-brute."

"Just so," said John. "That is, if she goes to slave in some squalid household. But suppose she were transferred to different surroundings altogether? Suppose she had ease of life, loving care, and all the rest of it?"

The senile travesty of Herold laughed.

"You want me to say that she may develop into some sort of flower of womanhood."

"Do you think she might?" John asked seriously.

"My dear fellow," said Herold, "there are Heaven knows how many hundred million human beings on the face of the earth, and every one of them is different from the others. How can one tell what any particular young woman whom one does n't know might or might not do in given circumstances? But if you want me to say whether I think it right for you to step in and look after the poor little devil's future, then I do say it 's right. It 's stunning of you. It 's the very best thing you can do. It will give the poor little wretch a chance, at any rate, and will give you something outside yourself to think of."

"I was going to do it whether you thought it right or not," said Risca.

Herold laughed again. "For a great, hulking bull of a man you 're sometimes very feminine, John."

"I wanted to tell you about it, that 's all," said Risca. "I made up my mind this afternoon. The only thing is what the deuce am I to do with a child of fifteen in Vincent Square?"

"Is she pretty?"

"Lord, no. Coarse, under-sized little cockney, ugly as sin."

"Anyhow," said Herold, extinguishing his cigarette in the ash-tray, "it 's out of the question." He rose from his chair. "Look here," he cried with an air of inspiration, "why not send her down to the Channel House?"

"I 'm not going to shift responsibilities to other people's shoulders," John growled in his obstinate way. "This child 's my responsibility. I 'm going to see her through somehow. As to Southcliff, you must be crazy to suggest it. What 's to prevent her, one fine day, from getting into Stella's room and talking? My God! it would be appalling!"

Herold agreed. He had spoken thoughtlessly.

"I should just think so," said Risca. "The idea of such a tale of horror being told in that room—"

The dresser entered. "Miss Mercier has just gone on, sir."

"Well, think out something else till I come back," said Herold. "At any rate, Vincent Square won't do."

He left John to smoke and meditate among the clothes hanging up on pegs and the framed photographs on the walls and the array of grease paints on the dressing-table. John walked up and down the narrow space in great perplexity of mind. Herold was right. He could not introduce Unity Blake into lodgings, saying that he had adopted her. Landladies would not stand it. Even if they would, what in the world could he do with her? Could he move into a house or a flat and persuade a registry-office to provide him with a paragon of a housekeeper? That would be more practicable. But, even then, what did he know of the training, moral and spiritual, necessary for a girl of fifteen? He was not going to employ her as a servant. On that he was decided. What sort of position she should have he did not know; but her floor-scrubbing, dish-scraping days were over. She should

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have ease of life and loving care—his own phrase stuck in his head—especially loving care; and he was the only person in the world who could see that she got it. She must live under his roof. That was indisputable. But how? In lodgings or a flat? He went angrily round and round the vicious circle.

When Herold returned, he dragged him round and round, too, until Perkins appeared to help him to change for the third act. Then John had to stop. He clapped on his hat. He must go and work.

"And you have n't a single suggestion to make?" he asked.

"I have one," said Herold, fastening his shirt-studs while Perkins was buttoning his boots. "But it 's so commonplace and unromantic that you 'd wreck the dressing-room if I made it."

"Well, what is it?" He stood, his hand on the door-knob.

"You 've got a maiden aunt somewhere, have n't you?"

"Oh, don't talk rot!" said John. "I 'm dead serious."

And he went out and banged the door behind him. He walked the streets furiously angry with Herold. He had gone to consult him on a baffling problem. Herold had suggested a maiden aunt as a solution. He had but one, his mother's sister. Her name was Gladys. What was a woman of over fifty doing with such an idiot name? His Aunt Gladys lived at Croydon and spent her time solving puzzles and following the newspaper-accounts of the doings of the royal family. She knew nothing. He remembered when he was a boy at school coming home for the holidays cock-a-whoop at having won the high jump in the school athletic sports. His Aunt Gladys, while professing great interest, had said, "But what I don't understand, dear, is—what do you get on to jump down from?" He had smiled and explained, but he had felt cold in the pit of his stomach. A futile lady. His opinion of her had not changed. In these days John was rather an intolerant fellow.

Chance willed it, however, that when he reached Vincent Square he found a letter which began "My dearest John" and ended "Your loving Aunt Gladys." And it was the letter of a very sweet-natured gentlewoman.

John sat down at his desk to work, but ideas would not come. At last he lit his pipe, threw himself into a chair in front of the fire, and smoked till past midnight, with his heavy brows knitted in a tremendous frown.

CHAPTER VI

THE same frown darkened Risca's brow the next day as he waited for admittance at his Aunt Gladys's door. It was such a futile little door to such a futile little house; he could have smashed in the former with a blow of his fist, and he could have jumped into the latter through the first-floor windows. With his great bulk he felt himself absurdly out of scale. The tragedy looming huge in his mind was also absurdly out of scale with his errand. The house was one of a row of twenty perky, gabled, two-storied little villas, each coyly shrinking to the farthermost limit of its tiny front garden, and each guarding the privacy of its interior by means of muslin curtains at the windows, tied back with ribbons, the resultant triangle of transparency being obscured by a fat-leafed plant. The terrace bore the name of "Tregarthion Villas," and the one inhabited by Miss Lindon was called "The Oaks." It was a sham little terrace full of sham little gentilities. John hated it. What could have induced his mother's sister to inhabit such a sphere of flimsiness?

Flimsiness, also, met him inside, when he was shown through a bamboo-furnished passage into a gimcrack little drawing-room. He tried several chairs dubiously with his hand, shook his head, and seated himself on a couch. Everything in the room seemed flimsy and futile. He had the impression that everything save a sham spinning-wheel and a half-solved jig-saw puzzle on a little table was draped in muslin and tied up with pink ribbons. A decrepit black-and-tan terrier, disturbed in his slumbers in front of the fire, barked violently. A canary in a cage by the window sang in discordant emulation. John poised his hat and stick on the curved and slippery satin-covered couch, and they fell with a clatter to the floor. The frown deepened on his brow. Why had he come to this distracting abode of mindlessness? He wished he had brought Herold gyved and manacled. What with the dog and the canary and the doll's-house furniture, the sensitive and fastidious one would have

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gone mad. He would have gloated over his ravings. It would have served him right.

The door opened suddenly, the draft blowing down a fan and a photograph-frame, and Miss Lindon entered.

"My dear John, how good of you to come and see me!"

She was a fat, dumpy woman of fifty, lymphatic and, at first sight, characterless. She lacked color. Her eyes were light, but neither blue nor green nor hazel; her straight hair was of the nondescript hue of light-brown hair turning gray. Her face was fleshy and sallow, marked by singularly few lines. She had lived a contented life, unscarred by care and unruffled by desire. Her dreams of the possibilities of existence did not pierce beyond the gimcrackeries of Tregarthion Villas. As for the doings of the great world,—wars, politics, art, social upheavals,—she bestowed on them, when they were obtruded on her notice, the same polite and unintelligent interest that she had bestowed on her nephew's athletic feats in the days gone by.

However, she smiled very amiably at John, and reached up to kiss him on both cheeks, her flabby, white hands lightly resting on each coat-sleeve. Having done this, she caught up the barking dog, which continued to growl from the soft shelter of arm and bosom with the vindictiveness of pampered old age.

"Naughty Dandy! I hope you were n't frightened at him, John. He never really does bite."

"What does he do then? Sting?" John asked with gruff sarcasm.

"Oh, no," said Miss Lindon, round-eyed; "he 's quite harmless, I assure you. Don't you remember Dandy? But it 's a long time since you 've been to see me, John. It must be three or four years. What have you been doing all this time?"

Her complacency irritated him. The canary never ceased his ear-splitting noise. The canary is a beautiful, gentle bird—stuffed; alive, he is pestilence made vocal. Risca lost his temper.

"Surely you must know, Aunt Gladys. I 've been wandering through hell with a pack of little devils at my heels."

Startled, she lifted up her arms and dropped Dandy, who slithered down her dress and sought a morose shelter under the table.

"My dear John!" she exclaimed.

"I 'm very sorry; I did n't mean to use strong language," said he, putting his hands to his ears. "It 's all that infernal canary."

"Oh, poor Dickie! Don't you like to hear Dickie sing? He sings so beautifully. The gas-man was here the other day and said that, if I liked, he would enter him for a competition, and he was sure he would get first prize. But if you don't like to hear him, dear,—though I really can't understand why,—I can easily make him stop." She drew a white napkin from the drawer of the table on which the cage was placed and threw it over the top. The feathered steam-whistle swallowed his din in an angry gurgle or two and became silent. "Poor Dickie, he thinks it 's a snow-storm! What were we talking about, John? Do sit down."

John resumed his seat on the slippery couch, and Miss Lindon, having snatched Dandy from his lair, sat by his side, depositing the dog between them.

"You asked me what I had been doing for the last few years," said he.

"Ah, yes. That 's why I wrote to you yesterday, dear."

She had written to him, in fact, every month for many years, long, foolish letters in which everything was futile save the genuine affection underlying them, and more often than not John had taken them as read and pitched them into the waste-paper basket. His few perfunctory replies, however, had been treasured and neatly docketed and pigeon-holed in the bureau in her bedroom, together with the rest of her family archives and other precious documents. Among them was a famous recipe for taking mulberry stains out of satin. That she prized inordinately.

"I should n't like to drift apart from dear Ellen's boy," she said with a smile.

"And I should n't like to lose touch with you, my dear aunt," said John, with more graciousness. "And that is why I 've come to see you to-day. I 've had rather a bad time lately."

"I know—that awful case in the papers." She shivered. "Don't let us talk of it. You must try to forget it. I wrote to you how shocked I was. I asked you to come and stay with me, and said I would do what I could to comfort you.

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I believe in the ties of kinship, my dear, and I did n't like to think of you bearing your trouble alone."

"That was very kind indeed of you," said John, who had missed the invitation hidden away in the wilderness of the hastily scanned sixteen-page letter. He flushed beneath his dark skin, aware of rudeness. After all, when a lady invites you to her house, it is boorish to ignore the offered hospitality. It is a slight for which one can scarcely apologize. But she evidently bore him no malice.

"It was only natural on my part," she said amiably. "I shall never forget when poor Flossie died. You remember Flossie, don't you? She used to look so pretty, with her blue bow in her hair, and no one will ever persuade me that she was n't poisoned by the people next door; they were dreadful people. I wish I could remember their name; it was something like Blunks. Anyhow, I was inconsolable, and Mrs. Rawley asked me to stay with her to get it over. I shall never forget how grateful I was. I 'm sure you 're looking quite poorly, John," she added in her inconsequent way. "Let me get you a cup of tea. It will do you good."

John declined. He wanted to accomplish his errand, but the longer he remained in the company of this lady devoid of the sense of values, the more absurd did that errand seem. A less obstinate man than he would have abandoned it, but John had made up his mind to act on Herold's suggestion, although he mentally bespattered the suggester with varied malediction. He rose and, making his way between the flimsy chairs and tables, stood on the hearth-rug, his hands in his pockets. Unconsciously he scowled at his placid and smiling aunt, who remained seated on the couch, her helpless hands loosely folded on her lap.

"Did you ever hear of a child called Unity Blake?"

"Was that the girl—"

"Yes."

"What an outlandish name! I often wonder how people come to give such names to children."

"Never mind her name, my dear aunt," said John, gruffly. "I want to tell you about her."

He told her—he told her all he knew. She listened, horror-stricken, regarding him with open mouth and streaming eyes.

"And what do you think is my duty?" asked John, abruptly.

Miss Lindon shook her head. "I 'm sure I don't know what to advise you, dear. I 'll try to find out some kind Christian people who want a servant."

"I don't want any kind Christian people at all," said John. "I 'm going to make up in ease and happiness for all the wrongs that humanity has inflicted on her. I am going to adopt her, educate her, fill her up with the good things of life."

"That 's very fine of you, John," said Miss Lindon. "Some people are as fond of their adopted children as of their own. I remember Miss Engleshaw adopted a little child. She was four, if I remember right, and she used to dress her so prettily. I used to go and help her choose frocks. Really they were quite expensive. Now I come to think of it, John, I could help you that way with little Unity. I don't think gentlemen have much experience in choosing little girls' frocks. How old is she?"

"Nearly sixteen," said John.

"That 's rather old," said Miss Lindon, from whose mind this new interest seemed to have driven the tragic side of the question. "It 's a pity you could n't have begun when she was four."

"It is," said John.

"Only if you had begun with her at four, you would n't be wanting to adopt her now," said Miss Lindon, with an illuminating flash of logic.

"Quite so," replied John.

There was a span of silence. John mechanically drew his pipe from his pocket, eyed it with longing, and replaced it. Miss Lindon took the aged black-and-tan terrier in her arms and whispered to it in baby language. She was a million leagues from divining the object of her nephew's visit. John looked at her despairingly. Had she not a single grain of common sense? At last he strode across the room, a Gulliver in a new Lilliput, and sat down again by her side.

"Look here, Aunt Gladys," he said desperately, "if I adopt a young woman of sixteen, I must have another woman in the house—a lady, one of my own family. I could n't have people saying horrid things about her and me."

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Miss Lindon assented to the proposition. John was far too young and good-looking ("Oh, Lord!" cried John)—yes, he was—to pose as the father of a pretty, grown-up young woman.

"The poor child 's as ugly as sin," said he.

"It does n't matter," replied Miss Lindon. "Beauty is only skin deep, and I 've known plain people who are quite fascinating. There was Captain Brownlow's wife—do you remember the Brownlows? Your poor mother was so fond of them—"

"Yes, yes," said John, impatiently. "He had wet hands, and used to mess my face about when I was a kid. I hated it. The question is, however, whom am I going to get to help me with Unity Blake?"

"Ah, yes, to be sure. Poor little Unity! You must bring her to see me sometimes. Give me notice, and I 'll make her some of my cream-puffs. Children are always so fond of them. *You* ought to remember my cream-puffs."

"Good heavens!" he cried, with a gesture that set the dog barking. "There 's no question of cream-puffs. Can't you see what I 'm driving at? I want you to come and keep house for me and help me to look after the child."

He rose, and his great form towered so threateningly over her that Dandy barked at him with a toy terrier's furious and impotent rage.

"I come and live with you?" gasped Miss Lindon.

"Yes," said John, turning away and lumbering back to the fireplace. The dog, perceiving that he had struck terror into the heart of his enemy, dismissed him with a scornful snarl, and curled himself up by the side of his stupefied mistress.

It was done; the proposal had been made, according to the demands of his pig-headedness. Now that he had made it, he realized its insanity. He contrasted this home of flimflammeries and its lap-dogs and canaries and old-maidish futilities with his own tobacco-saturated and paper-littered den; this life of trivialities with his own fighting career; this incapacity to grasp essentials with his own realization of the conflict of world-forces. The ludicrous incongruity of a partnership between the two of them in so fateful a business as the healing of a human soul appealed to his somewhat dull sense of humor. The whole idea was preposterous. In his saturnine way he laughed.

"It 's rather a mad notion, is n't it?"

"I don't think so at all," replied Miss Lindon in a most disconcertingly matter-of-fact tone. "The only thing is that since poor papa died I 've had so little to do with gentlemen, and have forgotten their ways. You see, dear, you have put me quite in a flutter. How do I know, for instance, what you would like to have for breakfast? Your dear grandpapa used to have only one egg boiled for two minutes—he was most particular—and a piece of dry toast; whereas I well remember Mrs. Brownlow telling me that her husband used to eat a hearty meal of porridge and eggs and bacon, with an underdone beefsteak to follow. So you see, dear, I have no rule which I could follow; you would have to tell me."

"That 's quite a detail," said John, rather touched by her unselfish, if tangential, dealing with the proposal. "The main point is," said he, moving a step or two forward, "would you care to come and play propriety for me and this daughter of misery?"

"Do you really want me to?"

"Naturally, since I 've asked you."

She rose and came up to him. "My dear boy," she said, with wet eyes, "I know I 'm not a clever woman, and often when clever people like you talk, I don't in the least understand what they 're talking about; but I did love your dear mother with all my heart, and I would do anything in the wide world for her son."

John took her hand and looked down into her foolish, kind face, which wore for the moment the dignity of love. "I 'm afraid it will mean an uprooting of all your habits," said he, in a softened voice.

She smiled. "I can bring them with me," she said cheerfully. "You won't mind Dandy, will you? He 'll soon get used to you. And as for Dickie," she added, with a touch of wistfulness, "I 'm sure I can find a nice home for him."

John put his arm round her shoulder and gave her the kiss of a shy bear.

"My good soul," he cried, "bring fifty million Dickies if you like." He laughed. "There 's nothing like the song of birds for the humanizing of the cockney child."

He looked around and beheld the little, gimcrack room with a new vision. After

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all, it was as much an expression of her individuality, and as genuine in the eyes of the high gods, as Herold's exquisitely furnished abode was of Herold's, or the untidy jumble of the room in Vincent Square was of his own. And all she had to live upon was a hundred and fifty pounds a year, and no artistic instincts or antecedents whatsoever.

"I feel a brute in asking you to give up this little place now that you 've made it so pretty," he said.

Her face brightened at the praise. "It is pretty, is n't it?" Then she sighed as her eyes rested fondly on her possessions. "I suppose it would be too tiny for us all to live here."

"I 'm afraid it would," said John. "Besides, we must live in London, on account of my work."

"In London?"

Miss Lindon's heart sank. She had lived in suburbs all her life, and found Croydon—the Lord knows why—the most delectable of them all. She had sat under Mr. Moneyfeather of St. Michael's for many years—such a dear, good man who preached such eloquent sermons! You could always understand him, too, which was a great comfort. And the church was just round the corner. In London folks had to go to church by omnibus, a most unpleasant and possibly irreverent prelude to divine worship. Besides, when you did get to the sacred edifice, you found yourself in a confusing land where all the clergy, even to the humblest deacon, were austere and remote strangers, who looked at members of their congregation with glassy and unsympathetic eyes when they passed them in the street. Here, in Croydon, on the contrary, when she met Mr. Moneyfeather in public places, he held her hand and patted it and inquired affectionately after Dandy's health. With a London vicar she could not conceive the possibility of such privileged terms of intimacy—London, where you did not know your next-door neighbor, and where you took no interest in the births of babies over the way; where no one ran in for a gossip in the mornings; where every street was a clashing, dashing High Street.

But though her face pictured her dismay, she was too generous to translate it into words. John never guessed her sacrifice.

"We 'll go somewhere quiet," said he, after a while.

"We 'll go wherever you like, dear," replied Miss Lindon, meekly, and she rang the bell for tea.

The main point decided, they proceeded to discuss the details of the scheme, the minds of each suffused in a misty wonder. If John had told the simple lady that she could serve him by taking command of a cavalry regiment, she would have agreed in her unselfish fashion, but she would have been not a whit more perplexed at the prospect. As for John, he had the sensation of living in a fantastic dream. A child of six would have been a more practical ally. In the course of befogged conversation, however, it was arranged that Miss Lindon should transfer to the new house all her worldly belongings, of which she was to give him an inventory, including Dandy and Dickie and her maid Phœbe, a most respectable girl of Baptist upbringing, who had been cruelly jilted by a prosperous undertaker in the neighborhood, whom, if you had seen him conducting a funeral, you would have thought as serious and God-fearing a man as the clergyman himself; which showed how hypocritical men could be, and how you ought never to trust to appearances. It was also settled that, as soon as Unity could be rescued from the guardianship of the orphanage authorities and comfortably installed in a convalescent home by the seaside, Miss Lindon would journey thither in order to make her ward's acquaintance. In the meanwhile John would go house-hunting.

"Walter Herold will help me," said John.

"That 's your friend who acts, is n't it?" said Miss Lindon. "I have n't any objection to theaters myself. In fact, I often used to go to see Irving when I was young. You met quite a nice class of people in the dress-circle. But I don't think ladies ought to go on the stage. I hope Mr. Herold won't put such an idea into Unity's head."

"I don't think he will," said John.

"Young girls are sometimes so flighty. My old friend Mrs. Willcox had a daughter who went on the stage, and she married an actor, and now has twelve children, and lives in Cheshire. I was hearing about her only the other day. I sup-

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Drawn by Frank Wiles. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'I COME AND LIVE WITH YOU?' GASPED MISS LINDON" (SEE PAGE 671)

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pose Unity will have to be taught music and drawing and French like any other young lady."

"We might begin," replied John, "with more elementary accomplishments."

"I could teach her botany," said Miss Lindon, pensively. "I got first prize for it at school. I still have the book in a cupboard, and I could read it up. And I 'm so glad I have kept my two volumes of pressed flowers. It 's quite easy to learn, I assure you."

"I 'm afraid, my dear," said John, "you 'll first have to teach her to eat and drink like a Christian, and blow her nose, and keep her face clean."

"Ah, that reminds me. My head 's in a maze, and I can't think of everything at once, like some clever people. What kind of soap do gentlemen use? I 'll have to know, so as to supply you with what you like."

"Any old stuff that will make a lather," said John, rising.

"But some soaps are so bad for the skin," she objected anxiously.

"Vitriol would n't hurt my rhinoceros hide." He laughed, and held out his hand. Further discussion was useless.

Miss Lindon accompanied him to the front gate and watched him stride down the perky terrace until he disappeared round the corner. Then she went slowly into the house and uncovered the canary, who blinked at her in oblique sullenness, and did not respond to her friendly "cheep" and the scratching of her finger against the rails of his cage. She turned to Dandy, who, snoring loud, was equally unresponsive. Feeling lonely and upset, she rang the bell.

"Phœbe," she said, when the angular and jilted maid appeared, "we are going to keep house for my nephew, Mr. Risca, and a young lady whom he has adopted. Will you tell me one thing? Is the lady of the house supposed to clean the gentlemen's pipes?"

"My father is a non-smoker, as well as a teetotaler, miss," replied Phœbe.

"Dear me!" murmured Miss Lindon. "It 's going to be a great puzzle."

(To be continued)

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From the collection of A. W. Drake

NEEDLEWORK COPY OF CHARLES LANDSEER'S PICTURE OF CROMWELL'S SOLDIERS PLUNDERING BASING HOUSE, THE SEAT OF THE MARQUIS OF WINCHESTER

From the collection of A. W. Drake

SAMPLER OF MARY EMAN, DATED 1833

From the collection of A. W. Drake

SAMPLER OF ABIGAIL RIDGWAY, DATED 1795

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Thimbles from the collection of A. W. Drake

Drawn by Alfred Brennan

SAMPLERS

BY ALICE MORSE EARLE

THERE is a tradition that a Dutch silversmith pondered over a certain notion which he had cherished long and silently in the slow-working senses which he deemed his brain—a notion for a trinket, a fallal, for a dignified lady of Holland. It must be a useful trinket, albeit a costly one, meet for so good a sempstress as Dame Alixe Van Rensselaer. When the notion took definite shape, the thing was quickly wrought in precious metal by fingers as deft as the brain was slow; and the industrious housewife proudly wore not only her first thimble, but the first thimble possessed by any Dutch frau.

These Dutch women had not held idle hands till this year 1595 even for lack of thimbles. Everywhere could be seen their deft fingers flying swiftly, though the needle had to be forced through heavy stuffs by the pressure of a heavy "palm," such as sailors use to this very day. Through their new opening of trade with the Orient, the great shops of the Dutch merchants brought to their low-lying wharves strange, embroidered stuffs from Persia and Turkey, which were copied eagerly and well by Dutch sempstresses; and the work still exists to prove their perfection of execution.

Whether Dame Van Rensselaer's world-renowned thimble came across-seas to the New World to her sons' wives or daughters when son and son's son came to be patroons and lords of the manor in New Netherland and to found a family of the best citizens, I know not; but skill in needlecraft certainly came, and abided with the Dutch women. A like power and deftness came with the French Huguenot women, and an even greater skill and more incessantly active needle and thimble came with English dames and goodwives. Thus arose a nation of sewing-women whose work can never be regarded lightly, since it helped much to give a nation liberty. All profound students of the War of the Revolution know that the staying power of the colonists, the persistence in defense, the important elements of success were not found in the courage, integrity, and wisdom of American officers, or in the confidence, the valor, the endurance of the Continental soldiers, or in the wonderful generosity of the American people; but the solid anchor of success was in the stability of the family. Every family was independent of England, of the king; it had within the limits of its own farm not only food and shelter, but medicine, fuel, lights, and clothing. The women of the household could not only raise wool and spin and weave cloth for themselves, but they could make up that cloth for their own wear and for the Continental soldiers. The clothing of the Army of the Revolution was supplied by American women.

But the thousands of successors of Dame Van Rensselaer's thimble were never applied wholly to utilitarian purposes. American housewives found in the needle a tool which could be used as the artist used his brush, or the sculptor his chisel, to express their longings and love for the beautiful. Wherever needlework was dignified to the art of embroidery there existed from medieval days a form for its display which after the seventeenth century could be found in every house-

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hold of thrift or dignity—a needlework sampler. Not only among the rich did the young women and children of the family work samplers; but they were also the products of humble homes and of those of varying ranks, even up to the royal households. Happily for us, many interesting examples have been preserved.

It is impossible to comprehend to-day what the art of needlework meant to womankind from the fifteenth to the beginning of the nineteenth century. It was indeed a "God-given art," and not only the general expression of decoration, but an opportunity of recreation, amusement, and diversion, perhaps the only solace in those monotonous and meager lives. All articles of dress of both men and women, from underclothing to caps, hats, shoes, gloves, purses, and even household furnishings, were rich with needlework. Wall-hangings, bed-draperies, and coverlets; the covers of couches, chairs, forms, stools, cushions, cupboard heads, caskets, and chests; table and bed-linen—all these bore embroidery. Good housewives took great pride in an ample store of linen, and in carefully marking linen for table, bed, or person with the names of the maker and the owner, and with numbers. From this lettering and numbering, and in the preservation of choice decorative designs for ornamentation, we plainly see the evolution of the sampler. It soon took a distinct form, which it held till our own day—a rectangular strip of canvas, linen, or loose-meshed silk, worked with designs for borders, etc., with varied alphabets and numerals, and usually embroidered proudly with the worker's name.

From a photograph, copyright by Ellis and Walery, London

DROP-CURTAIN FOR J. M. BARRIE'S PLAY "PETER PAN" AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATER, LONDON

Painted by Walter Hawes in imitation of an old sampler.

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From the collection of A. W. Drake

SAMPLER BEGUN BY MARY BALDWIN (BORN IN 1824) AND FINISHED, AFTER HER DEATH (IN 1836), AS A MEMORIAL TO HER

Before the general introduction of books and up to their latter-day cheapness, our ancestors dealt out information and advice on varied backgrounds and with many materials. Pictures, house-hangings, trenchers, metal utensils, knives, wearing-apparel—any article that was capable of carrying a motto, a verse, a moral teaching, an aphorism, a name, a date, or a description, or explanation—was turned to account as a lesson-bearer, and duly inscribed. The sampler received an addition to its interest and quaintness in the shape of embroidered mottos, texts, verses, or commemorative inscriptions.

In time the sampler became also an embroidery picture, and there was little limit to the subjects chosen by the needlewoman. An old English poet wrote:

Flowers, plants, and fishes, beasts, birds,
flyes, and bees,
Hills, dales, plaines, pastures, skies, seas,
and trees,
There 's nothing new at hand or farthest
sought
But with the needle may be shap'd and
wrought.

I have seen embroidered on samplers such various scenes as a wedding-party, a romantic courtship, a wreck at sea, a capture by Indians, and an earthquake, each evidently in commemoration of some event of historic or personal interest. The vast majority of samplers were done by young girls and children, boys as well as girls, to display and preserve evidence of their attainment and skill in the "queenly art."

Tho age may show
Youths fond pursuits are vain
And few the pleasures
Here to be enjoy'd,
Yet may this work
Of pleasing proof remain
Of youths gay period
Usefully employ'd.

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From the collection of A. W. Drake

SAMPLER OF ELIZABETH EASTON, DATED 1785

A century ago two little girls, Mary Lamborn and Sarah Ann Kirk, with "painfull needles" and homespun and home-dyed crewels, worked these verses, the closing lines of which might well stand at the head of this paper as a definition of the sampler—"a pleasing proof . . . of youth's gay period usefully employ'd."

Certainly samplers are pleasing, with their colors like old tapestry, grotesque or decorative designs, and quaint verses, and often the interest of personality.

Emily Dickinson writes thus of these hand-wrought memorials of dead-and-gone sempstresses:

Death sets a thing significant
The eye had hurried by,
Except a perished creature
Entreat us tenderly
To ponder little workmanships
In crewel or in wool,
With "This was last her fingers did,"
Industrious until
The thimble weighed too heavy;
The stitches stopped themselves;
And then—'t was put among the dust
Upon the closet shelves.

Sometimes a partly worked sampler would be finished by a second person, usually when death had claimed the first. A beautiful sampler is encircled by a finely wrought wreath, and inscribed in memory of Mary E. Baldwin, born in 1824, died in 1836:

By Mary's hands this wreath was wrought
Then very distant was the thought
Its center would so soon disclose
Her Epitaph: Her Parents woes
She 's gone her Mortal race is run
Great God, Thy Will not ours be done

At a public "vandue" in a country town in New England I saw a sampler sold which bore this indorsement on the back of the frame: "Mary Ellen is to have my Sampler after I die, to keep forever." It was in a feeble, old, faded writing, and was signed by the sampler-maker. She was dead, and Mary Ellen, too, had found her "forever" but a short span, and no one was left who ever knew them or loved them. Men will sometimes sell old family samplers, but women rarely will listen to any offer of purchase. And even if the farm-wife may be willing to part with the samplers worked by her husband's forebears, she is likely to guard jealously the work of her own kinsfolk.

Old samplers, if unglazed, are kept choicely in a drawer of secretary or "highboy," and I have several times found

SAMPLER SHOWING THE COAT OF ARMS OF THE SEWALL FAMILY

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Owned by Miss Frances Cluny Morse

A FRAGMENT OF A SAMPLER SHOWING THE WORD "EXEMPLAR"

them wrapped about old silver coffin-plates. The preservation of these coffin-plates in New England homes has been much jeered at, but it is also done in England, and what are the centuries-old wooden tablets preserved in Egypt and carved with the name of the dead, their mummy-tags, but the counterpart of our coffin-plates?

Samplers were generally worked on a loosely woven, but even and firm, canvas, homespun, woven narrow on a small hand-loom, not cut from a large spread of material. The colors of old samplers are soft and pleasing. Doubtless they are somewhat faded, but even in the beginning they were of quiet tones. The varied tints of vegetable dyes, many of them home-made, were all more satisfactory, more decorative, than the crudities and harshness of our brilliant, modern aniline dyes. I suppose American women spun their own crewels. I know they dyed their crewel skeins, for I have found skeins of white or light-tinted crewels in old crewel-bags, tied up with the tally-rags, and sample colors ready for dyeing; sometimes, too, with written directions accompanying them. The crewels were kept in skeins or cut in needleful lengths. The silks were wound on carefully cut stars of cardboard or on the beautiful ivory or mother-of-pearl silk-winders of Oriental workmanship which our grandmothers owned.

Though I have read statements that the word "exemplar" was often worked on samplers, I know of no samplers in English or American collections bearing that word save one owned by Miss Morse. Unfortunately, this one is not dated, but is apparently about one hundred years old. It bears the device of a heart, which is seldom seen on very old samplers; Mr. Huish gives the earliest dated sampler he has seen, also bearing a heart, as 1751.

Sampler-mottos, like the inscriptions on sun-dials, seem to form a literature of their own. Following what Dr. Prince termed "the Gust of the Age," these verses, mottos, etc., have almost universally a moral or religious tone. Often they were verses from the Bible. I have for several years amused myself by copying mottos, until I have several hundred. Often they are worded like the inscriptions scribbled in old school-books and Bibles.

Let Honor and Virtue be thy Guide
And they will Keep thee free from Pride.
Ellen Mathews, 1760.

God give me Grace hereon to look
Not only to Look but to Understand
That Learning is Better Than House or Land.

The following motto (or its variants) I have seen on a score of samplers, and I have never found it correct in spelling:

When I was Young and in My Prime
You see how well I spent My Time
When Youth is Gone and Money Spent
Then Learning is Most Exalent.

On a sampler so fresh in color as to suggest scarce more than half a century of age is Burns's "Grace before Meat":

Some men have meat who cannot eat
And some have none who need it
But we have meat, and we can eat
And so the Lord be thanked.

Older lines run:

The sick man fasts because he cannot eat
The poor man fasts because he hath no meat
The miser fasts to increase his store
The glutton fasts because he can eat no more
Praise God from whom all Blessings flow
We have meat enow.

Pious little Cicely Morse thus embroiders:

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Better by Far for Me
Than All the Sempstress Art
That God's Commandments be
Embroidered on
My Heart.

Quarles's melancholy lines from his "Emblems" appear on several samplers:

Our life is nothing but a
winter's day
Some only break their
fast and so away
Others stay dinner and
depart full fed
The deepest age but sups
and goes to bed
He 's most in debt who
lingers out the day
Who dies betimes has less
and less to pay.

Lines from Watts's hymns are common, but I never saw a line from Shakspere embroidered on a sampler, and I should not expect it when quotations from Shakspere seldom appear in the general literature of those years.

Often samplers were worked by children in memory of dead relatives. These made a highly honored wall decoration, as Lowell said:

Two samplers you
might see
Each with its urn and
stiffly-weeping tree,
Devoted to some memory
long ago
More faded than their
lines of worsted woe.

SAMPLER OF LORA STANDISH, DAUGHTER OF THE PILGRIM MILES STANDISH, NOW IN PILGRIM HALL, PLYMOUTH

An ambitious one, worked at Mrs. Susannah Rowson's famous school, depicts a stormy sea, with a ship cast upon the rocky shore, and inky clouds and vivid lightning; this was worked in honored memory of the child's father, lost thus at sea. Children in olden times had much familiarity with death; and, indeed, to all persons, as Cotton Mather said, "thoughts of death were sadly pleasing."

An elegant piece of embroidery which sometimes was combined with the sampler was the family coat of arms. One of the Sewall family of New England—the family of Judge Sewall, famed as a witchcraft judge and diary-writer—is shown. It will be noted that the Latin motto is "Englished." I have seen advertisements of the years from 1735 to 1750 of embroidery teachers who would draw coats of arms on canvas and teach young sampler-workers how to embroider them. This was no commonplace or easy task, as there were heraldic rules to be observed.

We have in America two very fine examples of English samplers dating to the earliest colonies. One now in the Essex Institute in Salem, Massachusetts, is that of Ann Gower, the first wife of Governor Endicott. It was of course worked in England in her childhood, probably previous to 1610. It is a beautiful specimen of what we now term drawn-work, with very fine lace designs, and some lettering which includes her name. It is of the same color as the linen, and I doubt if it ever bore any design in colors. Photographic illustration of it would give no idea of its delicacy. A sampler in colors by Lora Standish, the daughter of Miles Standish, read:

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From the collection of A. W. Drake

NEEDLEWORK PICTURE CONTAINING THE LORD'S PRAYER AND THE APOSTLE'S CREED, DATED 1715

From the collection of A. W. Drake

SAMPLER OF MARY HARVEY LAMBORN, GIVING A RECORD OF THE LAMBORN FAMILY

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Lora Standish is My Name
Lord Guide my Heart that I may do Thy Will
And fill my hands with such convenient Skill
As will conduce to Virtue void of Shame
And I will give the Glory to Thy Name.

This sampler is in Pilgrim Hall at Plymouth, and as little Lora was born after 1623, and her death preceded that of her father in October, 1656, it can be seen that this sampler probably antedates Mr. Huish's date of 1648, given as the oldest of a sampler with a name.

Mrs. Swan of Cambridge, Massachusetts, owns the interesting sampler known as the Fleetwood-Quincy Sampler. It bears the names Miles and Abigail Fleetwood and the date 1654. It has been owned by the descendants of Mrs. Henry Quincy since 1750. This piece of needlework is so exquisite in execution that it is exactly alike on both sides. The reverses of Miles Fleetwood and his relationship to Cromwell are hinted at in the verses on it:

In prosperity friends will be plenty
But in adversity not one in twenty.

My friend, and correspondent of many years, Mr. Andrew W. Tuer of London, owned what was said to be the finest collection of samplers in existence. He had the intent to write at length of them in a companion-book to his splendid "History of the Hornbook," but he died before his plan was carried out.

It would have been comparatively easy in past years to gather a collection of samplers in this country; but it will be easy no longer; for, like all other "antiques," they are now sought for by dealers, and cherished with exceptional jealousy by rustic owners. The finest collection of samplers that I know in America is that of Mr. A. W. Drake. I wonder there are not more, for romance, history, tradition, may be allied to samplers as well as sentiment, to make the collection interesting. There is something very pleasing in a wall hung with framed and glazed samplers. Many of Mr. Drake's are shown on a soft-green background at the Aldine Club, in New York, and with their delicacy of tint and quality of design, they are suggestive of a bed of old-fashioned flowers, and are similarly reposeful to eye and mind.

Drawn by Alfred Brennan

THE POORHOUSE

BY SARA TEASDALE

HOPE went by, and Peace went by,
And would not enter in;
Youth went by, and Health went by,
And Love that is their kin.

Those within the house shed tears
On their bitter bread;
Some were old, and some were mad,
And some were sick abed.

Gray Death saw the wretched house,
And even he passed by.
"They have never lived," he said;
"They can wait to die."

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THE MIDDLE WEST

BEING STUDIES OF ITS PEOPLE IN COMPARISON WITH THOSE OF THE EAST

SECOND PAPER: THE REASSERTION OF DEMOCRACY

BY EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS

Professor of Sociology, University of Wisconsin, author of "The Changing Chinese," etc.

IT has been only a hundred and ten years since the first Yankee church spire rose in the Ohio Valley. A century ago Indiana was the rawest of frontiers. It is only a rounded lifetime since the real beginning of the settlement of Wisconsin. Forty years ago log houses were still common in Iowa. The settling of the first tier of States beyond the Missouri River was but yesterday. To-day in North Dakota traction-engines, breaking the prairie sod with a battery of plows, are making quick fortunes for up-to-date settlers. Through the Middle West, then, survives much of that comparative equality of condition brought about by the original access of all to free land.

What is more, there survives much of the self-confident individualism of the pioneers. Even after a generation or two of fulfilment and prosperity, the people still think of the West as the poor man's chance, the land dedicated to equal opportunity, and they kindle into fierce resentment when confronted by aggregations of wealth and power which seem to lift the high higher and keep the under man down. "They 're a bull-headed lot," laments the adroit wire-puller, fresh from the easy political management of the non-resistants of the Keystone State. Moreover, the Old-World bonds of social caste are dreaded by the sons of men who, half a century ago, endured log hut or sod house that they might escape these bonds. The Middle West has four millions out of the seven million persons of German parentage in this country, and the high tide of this immigration coincided with bad political and social conditions in Germany. It has also over a million from a people that has never bowed the neck under the yoke of feudalism, the Scandinavians.

And not a few threads of social idealism have been woven into the soul of this Middle West. Zoar in Ohio, New Harmony in Indiana, Amana and Icaria in Iowa—what generous aspirations these recall! Separatists, Rappites, Owenites, Fourierites, Inspirationists, Icarians, sought the uncrowded West to make their dreams come true. They failed often, and yet they leavened great numbers with their vision of a society that should be free from ancient dwarfing oppressions and inequalities. Into the ground-pattern of the East, to be sure, were woven more threads of idealism than into that of the Middle West, but they lie a century or two farther back, and the idealism was *moral* rather than *social*.

INVESTMENT EAST AND WEST

THE East has had time to accumulate, and for two generations it has been exporting capital to the less-developed parts,

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where there are farms to improve, mines to open, railways to build, and mills to run. In any sightly New England town you are pointed out the pleasant homes of cultivated persons who "inherited money" or "married money," and often derive their income from sources beyond their ken—Western railroads, Southern traction, or Montana copper. Of course the Middle West has a very respectable quota of rich men, but it is easier for them to find use for their capital in their business. The great armies of security-holders live on the Atlantic slope, and their ranks are continually reinforced by coupon-clippers "sugared off" from the rest of the country.

The mutual savings-banks of the East, with their millions of depositors, have about two thousand millions of money in public and corporate bonds. The great insurance companies are nearly all in New England, New York, New Jersey, and eastern Pennsylvania, and are as heavy bond-buyers as the savings-banks. In New York there are 391 firms dealing in securities, in Boston 129, in Philadelphia 122, in Baltimore 44, in Pittsburg 39, in Cincinnati 42, in Chicago 101, and in St. Louis 35. Plainly, the East has a long lead as security-buyer, although a quarter of a billion bonds have been marketed in Chicago in a year, and the Chicago Stock Exchange is growing like a mushroom.

The East, therefore, differs profoundly from the Middle West in that it has a vastly larger proportion of investors. It is the home not only of most of the owners of its own enterprises, but also of the owners of railways, public utilities, mines, mills, and industrial plants in all parts of the country. In the northern Mississippi Valley "Eastern money" is a term to conjure with, like "Yankee capital" in the South; and the promoter of an interurban or a water-power development who has "got Eastern men interested" is looked upon as having taken Crœsus himself into partnership. New York and Boston, for example, are the headquarters of huge organizations, capitalized for hundreds of millions, which control electric-lighting, power, and traction companies in all parts of the United States. No doubt, too, the stream of dividends from the nine hundred millions of American capital in Mexico mostly irrigates the pleasure resorts between Palm Beach and Bar Harbor. There are little old States where the shareholders are so numerous that "Strike for your dividends!" is nearly as good a vote-winning cry as "Higher wages!" or "Down with the cost of living!"

INVESTORS' IDEALISM

BUOYED up by his life-preserver of assured income, or afloat on his raft of stocks and bonds, the investor is able to look about and see more than the panting swimmer. From investors, therefore, has come much of the support for reforms that clash with the crude instinctive prejudices of the common man. They insisted that government must be economical and efficient at a time when the masses were content if only it were popular. They struck at the spoils system while yet the plain people naïvely thought the offices "ought to be passed around." The leisured have led in calling for the reform of our consular service and the purging of the pension-roll. The "silk-stockings" have stood up for the negro or the Indian when the hustling majority were too busy to notice his plight. The "white-collared" supported conservation when the average American regarded the public domain as a grab-bag. To-day the "kid-gloved" champion international peace, while the "shirt-sleeves" multitude are still finding a childish pleasure in ironclads and submarines.

INVESTORS AND THE RULE OF THE PEOPLE

BUT the man on the raft is likely to turn a critical eye upon the struggling swimmers. Investors believe in philanthropy rather than in community self-help, approve "social service," but shrink from anything that smacks of readjustment, are readier to promote "social welfare" than to concede legal rights. Mingling too exclusively with their own kind, these excellent shareholding gentlemen—sons, perhaps, of the Puritans or the Quakers—settle into mistrust of the unpropertied, and come to regard questions too much from the dividend point of view. Gradually two contrasted political creeds develop, the one professed, the other believed. There is the time-hallowed official creed for the Fourth of July, Washing-

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ton's birthday, and other public occasions; and there is the creed, taken for granted in the parlor-car, the billiard-room, the library, the lobby, and the fashionable club, that the people are the "mob," and that, in the words of old Roger Sherman, "The people immediately should have as little to do as may be about government."

It is easy thence to drift on into the board-room view that the skilful party managers, who keep the people amused with the semblance of power while they pull the wires in the primaries, conventions, and caucuses where government is actually shaped, are necessary to the rule of property, and every "reform" that weakens party hold or makes the chosen official obedient to the public instead of to the party boss is revolutionary and subversive.

The hundreds of thousands of security-holders in the East constitute, therefore, a powerful conservative element which continually retards that region in its democratic development. The Middle West is no more fecund in constructive ideas, but it ripens them sooner. The same resentment against chicane and boss rule may smolder in the hearts of the plain people on both sides of the Alleghanies; but it is far harder for popular discontent in the East to find able leaders, break on the surface, and enact itself. Where investors are many, their sentiments pervade the air, and affect the organs that guide and voice public opinion. Unconsciously the chair, the pulpit, the rostrum, the sanctum, and the salon are tinctured by the political creed of this element, which is close-knit, positive, and influential. No wonder, then, that the East continually hovers between opposite tendencies—to become like Europe, because it is the Mecca of America's rich and the world's poor, and to become democratic and national, in sympathy with the impulses that reach it from the vast interior.

In the East, many men of high ideals and independent means have enlisted in politics on the side of the public welfare, and have served as a kind of counterpoise to the selfish machines; but, as you leave the investor belt and enter the younger America, the number of sturdy idealists whose income goes on whether they win or lose to-day's fight is very few. The political Hessians know they can tire out the leaders of the people because these sooner or later must return to their neglected callings, leaving the party machines masters of the field. It is not surprising, then, that the people of the West do not rely on the aid of chivalrous Lafayettes, Steubens, and Pulaskis from the propertied class, but purpose to safeguard their dearest interests by bringing government more immediately under their own control.

THE WEAK PARTIZANSHIP OF THE WEST

In struggling to gain this control, the people of the West have an advantage in that they have not been wont to identify the foundations of their prosperity with the continuance of one party in power. The Republicanism of the West has not been of the hidebound sort one finds in certain old manufacturing States like Pennsylvania or Rhode Island, whose outraged citizens can be brought into line at the eleventh hour by the dread of losing their tariff protection. Their Democracy has not been of the fanatical temper one finds in the lower South, where good men can be rallied in support of anything held necessary to keep in power the party claiming to stand between them and the "horrors of negro domination." Thanks to this comparative independence, the Westerners have had both parties courting their favor by good works.

MIDDLE WESTERN PROSPERITY

Less than twenty years ago the people of the upper Mississippi Valley were heavily indebted to the East, but since the middle nineties a dramatic change has taken place in their condition. The swift shrinkage of the frontier, the abrupt slowing up in the creation of new farms competing with old ones, and the growing plentifulness of gold, have conspired to bring about a great rise in the price of farm products. That python, the "higher cost of living," which is tightening its coils on the families of laborers, clerks, and professional men, is to the farmer an angel showering him with the good things of life. In a decade the acre value of Middle Western farm-land has doubled, and the value of the buildings very nearly so. The mortgages to the East have been cleared away, and a surplus has been accumulated which reveals itself in the piling up of bank-deposits and the overflow of capital. A

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Kansas City banker outbid the Eastern bankers for the Philippine bond issue of 1906. Since, thanks to the alien inpouring, the East maintains its big lead in manufacturing, some expect to see a rapid expansion of the investment market in the Middle West in the coming decade.

Western farmers are converting much of their prosperity into attractive homes, macadam roads, asphalt streets, cement walks, spacious parks, and handsome public buildings. Telephones, bath-tubs, hot and cold water, acetylene gas, pianos, gramophones, books, and magazines are going into the houses. In January you may find half a thousand Northern farmers basking in certain of the Gulf resorts. For three years the West has been the largest market for the moderate-priced automobiles. Pennsylvania has issued one automobile license for every 178 of her people; Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota have outstanding one license to about every 100 inhabitants. But Iowa has licensed one machine for every eighty-one persons, Nebraska one for every fifty-three, and South Dakota one for every thirty-five!

The point of this is that the present political ferment in this region, unlike the radicalism of the early nineties, is no frothing up from economic distress. It comes not from the disappointments of men, but from their settled convictions, and no cry that "hogs is up," no "full dinner-pail" symbol, can exorcise it. Until lately, these men, secure in the belief that the fabric of their government was perfect, were giving themselves to their private concerns. But that Capuan epoch is past. The government investigations, the "literature of exposure," and the endless rumors of deals and mergers, have clouded the beaming optimism of the Westerner. Since he caught the sound of softly closing doors, since he glimpsed ahead felt-shod financiers slipping in front of the main social advance and stealthily impounding forests, water-powers, ore-beds, oil-fields, coal-veins, water-rights, smelters, elevators, packing-houses, patents, and franchises, weaving, as it were, a barb-wire shearing-pen in which to corral the ovine public, the flint in him shows, and it takes little to strike fire from him. It is this affrighting vision of monopoly that explains the iron determination of the people to get a firmer grip on their government. It is true, as witness Oregon, that when they get direct legislation they do nothing radical with it; but they are thinking of the future, like a prudent traveler who looks to his shooting-irons before setting out through a country infested by brigands.

Putting aside the South, let us consider the parts played by the Far West, the Middle West, and the East in the various extensions of popular rule in the course of the last decade.

DIRECT PRIMARIES

BEGINNING in Minnesota's experiments in 1899 and 1901, the system of direct nominations was well worked out in the Wisconsin and Oregon laws of 1904. By the end of 1908 two of the three Pacific States and more than half of the fourteen Middle Western States had adopted mandatory laws covering virtually all state offices. Minnesota, Ohio, and Pennsylvania had mandatory laws covering all but state offices. Since then California, Michigan, and New Jersey have fallen in line. Other Eastern States have come part way. It is evident that the movement for the curtailment of the power of the party bosses has become nation-wide, and within five years it will be the established American practice.

COMMISSION GOVERNMENT FOR CITIES

EIGHT Western States have constitutional provisions authorizing municipalities under certain restrictions to construct their own charters. Nine out of fourteen States in the Middle West have granted permission to cities of various sizes to adopt the commission form of government. In the East, Massachusetts has by special acts allowed certain cities to adopt the commission form, and New Jersey allows cities to throw aside the old cumbrous type of municipal government, which offered such opportunities for the corrupt sway of special interests. West of Denver, we find twenty-five cities under commission government; between Pittsburg and Denver seventy-one; east of Pittsburg, ten.

POPULAR CHOICE OF UNITED STATES SENATORS

WHEN a "special interest" is brought to a diamond-point in a staff of highly paid

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officers, or acquires a razor-edge in the shape of a corps of expert lobbyists, it is able to cut its way through the more massive, but less concentrated, "general interest" that opposes it. As an increasing number of special interests became sharply apexed, and therefore quietly effective at strategic places and moments, the failures of legislatures to choose United States Senators that represent the people became ever more frequent and scandalous. Accordingly, the policy of letting the voters register their preference for Senator has been adopted in some form in all the Western States and in New Jersey.

PRESIDENTIAL PRIMARY

In 1910, Oregon, the experiment-station of democracy, provided for a special primary in which the people might voice their preference for Presidential candidates. Since then North Dakota, Wisconsin, Nebraska, and New Jersey have adopted this innovation, and California is on the point of introducing the plan.

INITIATIVE AND REFERENDUM

Oregon, South Dakota, Oklahoma, Missouri, and California have the state-wide initiative and referendum. In 1910 the people of Illinois, by a vote of seven to two, indicated their desire to have this check submitted as a constitutional amendment, but their desire was ignored by the legislature. In Idaho, Nebraska, Nevada, North Dakota, Washington, Wisconsin, and Wyoming the legislature of 1911 voted to submit the initiative and referendum as an amendment to the State constitution. In North Dakota and Wisconsin the proposal must be approved by the next legislature before going to the people. In several of the formulated amendments the foes of direct legislation have tricked the people by framing a system cumbrous and unworkable. The constitutional convention now sitting in Ohio is favorable to direct legislation. Arising in the Far West, where, owing to economic conditions, the undermining of representative government by greedy special interests had gone further than in the agricultural States, the popular control of lawmaking is advancing with great rapidity in the Middle West, and will soon be mooted on the Atlantic slope.

In view of the copious and exact knowledge of industry that underlies the making of a good working-men's compensation act, a court-proof public-utilities law, or a scientific insurance code, it is not to be expected that the bulk of future legislation in the West will come by rough-and-ready town-meeting methods. Organized into committees and equipped with a legislative reference bureau, the legislature will remain the chief smithy for hammering out statutes. The reserved rights of the people will serve chiefly as a check on unfaithful lawmakers, and make it unprofitable for special interests to corrupt or own a legislature that "cannot deliver the goods."

THE RECALL

Provision for the recall of any elective officer who has lost the confidence of the people exists in Oregon and California and is proposed for Arizona. The amendment before the people in Washington and proposed in Idaho and Wisconsin excludes judges from the operation of the recall. The sentiment among progressives of the Middle West makes it certain that the recall will be up for consideration very soon. Its salutariness in city government under the commission plan is widely accepted. Its merit in application to State officers is questioned, especially in its application to judges. It is felt that, unlike other elective State officers, the judge is an expert, one "learned in the law"; and it is unreasonable that an expert should at every moment submit his actions to the judgment of the inexpert. Furthermore, the judge administers justice not solely as he will, but as the law has been laid down; and it is not certain that the righteous judge, thus hampered, can avoid gusts of unpopularity. It is possible, then, that democracy will take a fresh tack. The strong feeling against judges arises from their frequent overturning of hard-won remedial statutes on the ground of alleged unconstitutionality. Some progressives propose that when one organ of government declares to be unconstitutional the act of a coördinate organ, the issue thus made up shall go to the people, whose will the constitution purports to embody. In a word, they would leave the court only the power to force any act of the legislature deemed unconstitutional to a referendum.

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Whatever the devices that may finally be worked out, it is certain that the people are assuming more control over government. This does not mean, however, that the conditions under which the insurance business or the railroad business is to be carried on are to be settled by the lone farmer at the plow's tail, by the working-man at his noon lunch, and by the street-corner crowd in the light of soap-box oratory.

THE GROWING INTELLIGENCE OF THE PEOPLE

It has been computed that in 1800 the average adult American had had 82 days of schooling. Hamilton had such in mind when he smote the dinner-table with his fist and shouted, "The people, sir—the people is a great beast!" In 1900 the average American had had 1046 days of schooling,—twelve times as much as his great-grandfather,—yet Hamilton's sneer is still flung, and popular control is decried as "government by the mob." And fit guides of public opinion are growing in number. In thirty years the secondary schools of the nation have grown from 1400 to 12,000. During the last eighteen years the proportion of youth receiving high-school instruction has doubled, while the enrolment in the public high schools has more than quadrupled. As for the colleges, their attendance increased 400 per cent. while the population was gaining 100 per cent.

THE POLITICAL EDUCATION OF THE VOTER

In Oregon arguments for and against every measure submitted to the electors are condensed into a booklet and mailed from the office of the Secretary of State to every voter at least fifty-five days before the election. Oklahoma makes similar provision. Several cities publish a gazette to keep the voters informed on municipal affairs, and in Oregon the reformers have proposed a state gazette to help the people audit their government.

In the Mississippi Valley the national movement for the wider use of the school plant is extending the opportunity which school-houses offer for the gathering of citizens to consider questions of common welfare. A recent Wisconsin law orders that "where the citizens of any community are organized into a non-partizan, non-sectarian, non-exclusive association for the presentation and discussion of public questions," the school board *shall* accommodate them in some school building and provide, free of charge, light, heat, and janitor service. Such neighborhood citizenship organization buttresses the foundations of democracy, and in the Middle West the movement is spreading like wild-fire. Of late no fewer than ten state universities and colleges have adopted "social center development" as a part of their extension work.

THE PRACTICAL OUTCOME

The reassertion of democracy has been prompted not by seditious intent, popular self-conceit, or the seduction of strange doctrines, but by prudence. Bitter experience has taught the people that the secret rule of certain kinds of property or certain kinds of business through the party machines means things abominable—predatory vice, private monopoly, the wasting of natural wealth, overworked children and women, industrial oppression. On the other hand, with government made more responsive to the prevailingly humane and righteous wishes of the people, we may look the sooner for the legal protection of the weak in industry, workingmen's compensation, legal standards of housing, the regulation of public utilities, the supervision of insurance, perhaps the guaranty of bank deposits, and the taxation of site values.

No doubt certain forms of acquisitive enterprise will suffer. The peddling of extra-hazardous securities, counterfeiting in the form of stock-watering, the use of unfair methods against smaller business competitors, the impounding of stock in holding companies, the enchaining of banks so as to monopolize credit—all such exploits are likely to be outlawed. Promoters, developers, security-manufacturers, speculators, and monopolizers will find themselves hampered, and will, no doubt, complain that the stakes are smaller and the game is less interesting.

The swaying ideas in this democratic movement are not parts of an imported philosophy of overturn. In Oregon or Kansas or Wisconsin probably not one man in twenty has ever heard family,

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property, or State seriously called in question. Nowhere in the nation is the institution of property more respected by the plain people than in the farming Middle West, where ownership is easy and a proletariat has hardly begun to form.

Recently a Chicago woman who knows labor campaigned rural Illinois in behalf of woman suffrage; and this is what she noted:

> The eyes of the farmer are cold, clear, and steady, as if he had never been torn or confused by any great grief or fearful crisis. The burning look in the eyes of the city workman who knows that he is exploited and who has no redress, no home, no security, no fruit of his toil—this look I never once saw in the eyes of the men down State.

From such people nothing more alarming is to be expected than sober efforts to safeguard the public welfare where it is menaced by private enterprise, and to broaden individual opportunity where it is abridged by massed capital.

WILL THE WEST CONVERT THE EAST?

It is an old, old thing, the reaction of the frontier upon the seaboard. "In nearly every colony prior to the Revolution," says Turner, "struggles had been in progress between the party of privilege, chiefly the Eastern men of property allied with the English authorities, and the democratic classes strongest in the West and the cities." All through American history democracy has been like a trade-wind, blowing ever from the sunset. The young States of the Ohio Valley led in multiplying the number of elective offices, in introducing rapid rotation in office, in submitting State constitutions to popular ratification. Class bulwarks of colonial date were thus pounded to pieces by the surf of democratic sentiment from the West. Jeffersonian and Jacksonian Democracy, Lincoln Republicanism, Grangerism, Populism, Bryan Democracy, Roosevelt Republicanism—wave after wave has rolled seaward, loosing the East from its Old-World or "first-family" or "best-people" moorings. Some of these impulses were wrong-headed and died away, others prevailed, and the sum of these successful Western initiatives is what we offer to the world as the American political system.

There are, to be sure, very good reasons why the East might reject the new democracy. With its legion of intelligent investors and its multitude of ignorant aliens, it might well plead: "Leave me alone. Your case is not my case." But the nationalizing forces are hard to withstand. The tendency toward unity of institutions all over the nation is stronger now than ever before. Twenty years ago who expected there would ever be so much populistic opinion along the Hudson or so much capitalistic sentiment along the Missouri as there is to-day? If, then, the past is a safe guide, we may look for the East to be shaken presently with the same democratic revolution that is accomplishing itself in the States of the Far West and the Middle West.

(To be continued)

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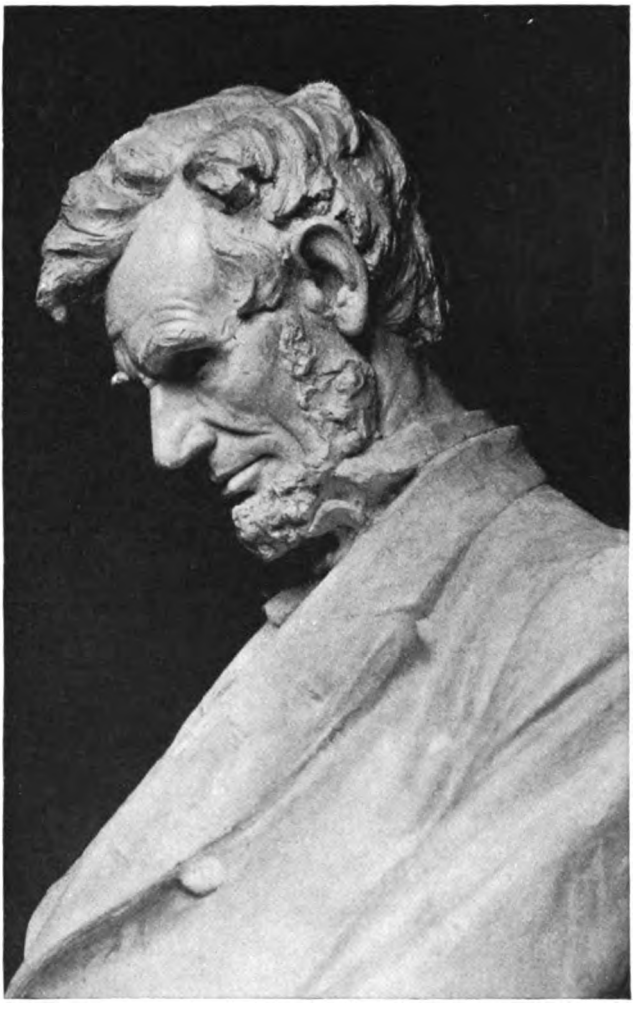
FRENCH'S LINCOLN



DETAIL OF THE STATUE OF LINCOLN BY DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH MADE FOR THE CITY OF LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, AND TO BE UNVEILED DURING THE PRESENT YEAR

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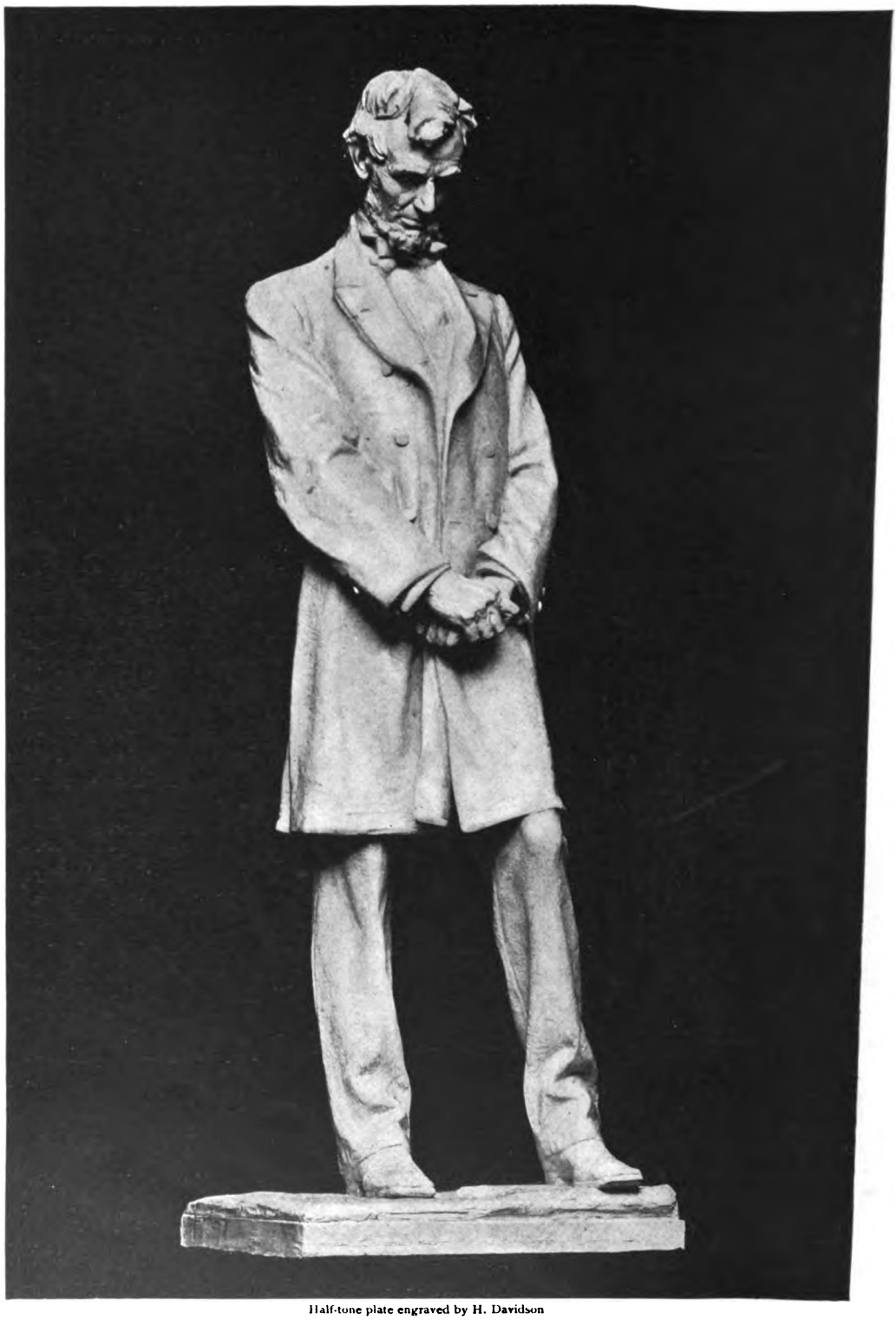

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

FRENCH'S LINCOLN: THE COMPLETE STATUE, FROM THE PLASTER

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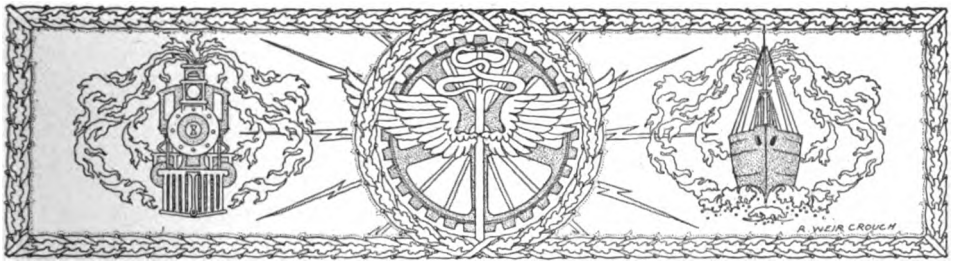

THE DOT-AND-DASH ALPHABET

NEWLY DISCOVERED EVIDENCE THAT IT WAS INVENTED BY MORSE

BY EDWARD L. MORSE

Son of the Inventor

IT is to be regretted that the exact date and paternity of valuable discoveries, inventions, or other events which prove afterward to be of historical interest, are not noted down and certified to at the time. Unfortunately the exact date of the actual conception of the telegraphic alphabet of dots and dashes was not so recorded. Morse had not yet awakened to a realization of the fact that he would have to fight, and fight hard, for the credit of every detail and essential of his great invention.

In THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for April, 1888, there appeared an article by the late Franklin Leonard Pope entitled, "The American Inventors of the Telegraph, with special references to the services of Alfred Vail." It is a charmingly written article, profusely illustrated, and undoubtedly expresses the sincere conviction of its talented author. While giving credit to my father, Samuel F. B. Morse, for much in connection with the invention and introduction of the telegraph, it yet seemed to prove that many of the essential elements of the invention, which he had always claimed for himself, had really been invented by others, and that he had been guilty of appropriating their ideas without giving them due credit.

When this article appeared I was in Europe. I did not return to this country until the spring of 1893, and the article was not brought to my attention until some little time after that. I had never gone deeply into the history of the telegraph. I knew in a vague way that, like other inventors, my father had been assailed and hounded on all sides as soon as his invention was proved to be a success; I knew that he had been involved in litigation almost up to the day of his death; but he had always emerged triumphant from these lawsuits, and I felt that his character and fame were by that time firmly established.

I knew that somewhere in our old home in Poughkeepsie there was a great chest filled with letters, newspaper-clippings, sketch-books, and manuscripts of all descriptions, which had been carefully kept by my father from his earliest youth, some of them by his parents before him. I immediately sent for this chest, and began the task of searching for evidence bearing upon Mr. Pope's assertions.

When I opened the chest and began the examination of the papers, I found that my task was to be no easy one. My father had apparently kept everything that had ever been written to him, and copies or rough drafts of almost everything written by him. Even receipted bills and canceled checks were carefully preserved, and all the letters and fugitive notes had been docketed, according to years or subjects, from 1791 to 1872.

I say "had been," for, alas! his biographer, Mr. S. I. Prime, was not equally

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methodical, and I found the mass of material in a state of almost hopeless confusion, and I am only now completing the arduous task of bringing order out of chaos.

Even a cursory examination of the papers showed me that it would not be difficult to disprove the assertions made, no doubt, in perfectly good faith, by Mr. Pope, and soon after an opportunity was given to me to contribute to a series of articles on "The Invention of the Electro-magnetic Telegraph," published by "The Electrical World" in 1895. In this series the claims of all persons and nations were exhaustively discussed by different experts, and it forms a most valuable addition to the extremely complex history of the invention.

To this series Mr. Pope contributed a paper much along the lines of THE CENTURY article of 1888, upholding the claims of the family and friends of Alfred Vail that a much larger share in the invention of the telegraph should be accorded to him than had been allowed by Morse, and specifically claiming for him the invention of the telegraphic alphabet of dots and dashes.

It is this claim alone which I intend absolutely to disprove in the present article, for to enter into a discussion of all the disputed points concerning the invention would require a volume.

In my paper of 1895, I was able to bring forward enough documentary evidence to prove to all but the most biased partizans that Morse, and not Vail, was the inventor of the dot-and-dash alphabet. The editor of "The Electrical World" so signified in his summing up. Since then, however, I have from time to time, and even quite recently, discovered further corroborative testimony, so that the matter can now be settled for all time. I am desirous of doing this not only to rescue my father's good name from a slur cast upon it, but in the interest of historical truth; for Mr. Pope's article unfortunately had such weight that even in some encyclopedias the invention of the telegraphic alphabet is given to Vail, and not to Morse.

Mr. Pope says in the first part of his article:

> And it ought to be said in the outset, and this without disparagement of some of the others who have been named, that few men have lived whose characters compel a higher meed of admiration and praise, for integrity of purpose, considerate regard for the feelings and rights of others, and high ambition to serve the interests of their fellowmen rather than themselves, than Samuel F. B. Morse and Alfred Vail.

This may seem a strange statement to make in view of some of the circumstances of the case, but it is nevertheless made without qualification or reservation, in the full belief that the few occurrences which at first sight seem inconsistent with such a verdict are susceptible of satisfactory explanation.

It has always been a source of the deepest regret to me that I could not have had the privilege of meeting Mr. Pope and proving to him that, in the matter of the telegraphic alphabet, he was unintentionally doing my father an injustice.

Shortly after he had written his article for "The Electrical World" in 1895, Mr. Pope was accidentally killed in his own house in Great Barrington, Massachusetts, by an electric shock received from a powerful transformer.

I must also disclaim any intention of casting discredit on the character of Alfred Vail. It is not with what he has claimed for himself, but with what is claimed for him, that I take issue, as will appear in the course of this article.

Now let us see what are the facts in the case. Most of the incidents connected with the early history of the telegraph are too well known to need repetition here. Suffice it to say that the first idea of his great invention was conceived by Morse while he was returning from Europe in 1832 on the packet-ship *Sully*, and that he jotted down in his sketch-book, a certified copy of which is now in the National Museum in Washington, his first ideas, which are the basic principle of the telegraph of to-day.

Among other things, the dots and dashes appear, but only to represent numerals, not letters. The alphabet does not come on the scene until some years later, but there can be no disputing the point that the dot and the dash of the 1832 sketch-book were the embryo from which the alphabet was afterward developed.

It is not necessary to linger over the years of privation and struggle from 1832

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SAMUEL F. B. MORSE
From an unpublished photograph taken about 1850.

to 1837, when Morse, while striving to keep the wolf from the door by the exercise of his great, but scantily rewarded, talents as a painter, was at the same time endeavoring to perfect his invention. All this is now history, and I shall hasten to narrow the matter down to the question of the alphabet.

It was on Saturday, September 2, 1837, that Alfred Vail of Morristown, New Jersey, first saw the crude instrument which Morse, through lack of means, had been compelled to construct (most ingeniously, by the way) from an old canvas-stretcher and a wooden clock.

Vail was impressed with the possibilities of the invention, and from this time, or, rather from September 23, 1837, was associated with Morse in the perfection of the mechanical parts of the invention, the latter paying him in the only way possible at that time, by making him a partner in the enterprise.

Morse's first idea for the sending and

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recording of intelligence, as we shall see, was to use only numerals, corresponding with words in a specially prepared dictionary, and it was not until after his association with Vail that this plan was abandoned and the alphabet appeared, *although conceived and written down before he met Vail.* It is from this circumstance that the confusion has arisen.

But in order to bring the matter into the clear light of day, I shall state first all the evidence that the advocates of Vail have been able to bring forward, and then the evidence on the side of Morse.

In his CENTURY article, Pope quotes as follows from a statement made by William Baxter, a "skillful mechanic and inventor . . . who died in 1885," who at the time of the Morristown experiments was a boy of fifteen in the employ of the Vails!

Alfred's brain was at this time working at high pressure, and evolving new ideas every day. He saw in these new characters the elements of an alphabetical code by which language could be telegraphically transmitted in actual words and sentences, and he instantly set himself at work to construct such a code. After going through a computation, in order to ascertain the relative frequency of the occurrence of different letters in the English alphabet, Alfred was seized with a sudden inspiration, and visited the office of the Morristown local newspaper, where he found the whole problem worked out for him in the type-cases of the compositors.

In this statement I have given the true origin of the misnamed "Morse" alphabet, the very foundation and corner-stone of a new system, which has since become the universal telegraphic language of the world.

In his article written for "The Electrical World," Pope gives this evidence:

The late Moses S. Beach, then editor of the New York "Sun," in the issue of that journal of Sept. 25th, 1858, under the title of "Honor to Whom Honor is Due," says:—

"Alfred Vail entered into these experiments with his whole soul, and to him is Prof. Morse indebted, quite as much as to his own wit, for his ultimate triumph. *He it was who invented the far famed alphabet;* and he too was the inventor of the instrument which bears Morse's name. But whatever he did or contrived went cheerfully to the great end."

In a private letter subsequently written by Mr. Beach and quoted in W. B. Taylor's *Henry and the Telegraph* (1879) page 85 (note) he said:—

"I was then personally acquainted with the Vails and a not infrequent visitor at the homestead in Morristown, besides, of course, having a personal acquaintance with Prof. Morse and with the telegraph managers generally. My impression is that the article was at the time approved for its exact statement—*Never controverted.*"

Mr. Beach's article, it will be observed was published in the lifetime of Alfred Vail as well as that of Prof. Morse, and, if the statements made therein were without foundation, it is at least singular that they were not at the time called in question either by Prof. Morse or his friends.

There is probably now no living witness who can testify as to the actual facts in the case.

I do not hesitate to express my conviction from the evidence which I have been able to collect and present, that the *alphabetical* as distinguished from the *numerical* telegraphic code was originated and applied to the telegraph in the latter part of January, 1838 by Alfred Vail.

I do not wonder that Pope was convinced. I myself must confess to having been staggered at this array of evidence.

But there was still further evidence brought forward in "The Electrical World" series by Mr. Stephen Vail, a son of Alfred Vail. He quotes from an article written by Dr. W. P. Vail, an uncle of Alfred Vail, and published in "Hours at Home," September, 1869, as follows:

The birth-place and the birth-time of the telegraph, as a recording instrument of intelligence, . . . the parties who wrought the rude original plan into working order and gave it efficiency, *the man who invented the Morse alphabet* (so-called) . . . all this is well understood, and, for the most part, is written down, and the record some day in the near future must find its place in history upon the true principle of *suum cuique.*

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Mr. Stephen Vail also says:

Dr. W. P. Vail in response to an enquiry as to Alfred Vail's invention of the dot-and-dash alphabet, wrote:—

"It was so understood by all who were admitted to his intimacy. In conversation with him shortly before his death in 1859 he so assured me. I am not aware that Mr. Morse ever set up an adverse claim."

I have here given everything that I have been able to find bearing directly on the claim of Vail's advocates that he was the inventor of the code. Nowhere, to my knowledge, in any of Vail's letters or diaries, and these were voluminous, does there appear a written claim, or even a hint, on his part, that he had anything to do with the code. On the other hand, he vigorously claims the invention of the dry-point to emboss the characters, an ingenious, but now discarded, part of the instrument. In letters to Morse, moreover, he many times speaks of "your system of marking, lines and dots."

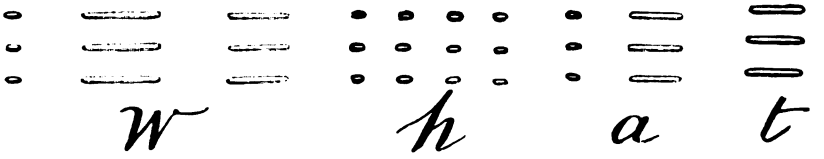
Now let us see what we can find among the papers and letters and published writings of Morse to substantiate his claim. I say his claim, for he never refers to it except as "my conventional alphabet," and to those who knew Morse's scrupulous regard for the truth, this would be enough; but I have found among his papers many scraps of evidence to prove conclusively that he was claiming only what was his just due, and I shall here give some of the most important.

The following is written in pencil on a scrap of paper, a method often employed by Morse in making the first rough draft of letters or articles:

It is quite common to misapprehend the nature and extent of an improvement without a thorough knowledge of an original invention. A casual observer is apt to confound the new and the old, and, in noting a new arrangement, is often led to consider the whole as new. It is therefore necessary to exercise a proper discrimination lest injustice be done to the various laborers in the same field of invention.

I trust it will not be deemed egotistical on my part if, while conscious of the unfeigned desire to concede to all who are attempting improvements in the art of telegraphy that which belongs to them, I should now and then recognize the familiar features of my own offspring and claim their paternity.

While this has no date, and evidently refers to some later attempts at improvement, I have introduced it as showing



FACSIMILE DOTS AND DASHES OF THE FIRST WORD OF THE FIRST TELEGRAPH MESSAGE "WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT," WHICH WAS SENT FROM WASHINGTON TO BALTIMORE, MAY 24, 1844

A facsimile of the full message was given in this magazine for March, 1873, in an article entitled "Professor Morse and the Telegraph." The honor of choosing what should be sent was accorded by Professor Morse to his friend Miss Annie G. Ellsworth (afterward Mrs. Roswell Smith).

Morse's desire to do justice, and also as a very plausible explanation of Baxter's mistake in looking upon Vail's mechanical improvements as new inventions.

The next note (here shown) is also in pencil, with a few words added or interlined in ink, but all in Morse's handwriting:

Mr. Vail in his work on the Telegraph at p. 32 intimates that the saw teeth type for letters as he has described them in the diagram (9) were devised by me as early as the year 1832. Two of the elements of these letters indeed, were then devised the dot and space, and used in constructing the type for numerals, but so far as my recollection now serves me it was not until I had experimented with the first instrument in 1835 that I added the — dash, which supplied me with the three elements for combination for letters. It was on noticing the fact that when the circuit was closed a longer time than was necessary to make a dot, there was produced a line or dash that, if I rightly remember, the broken parts of

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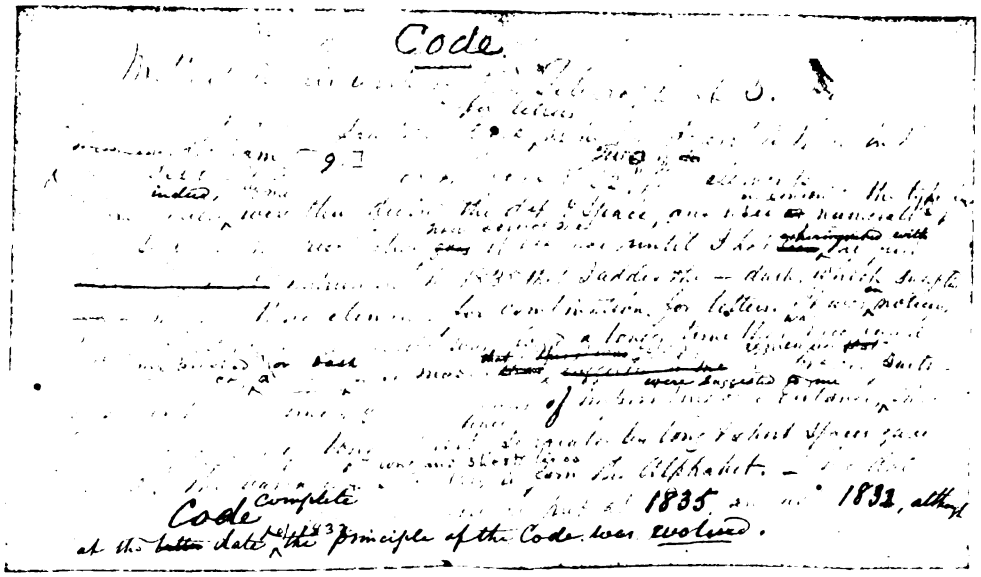

A NOTE BY SAMUEL F. B. MORSE CLAIMING THE INVENTION OF THE CODE IN 1835, TWO YEARS BEFORE HE MET ALFRED VAIL

a continuous line as the means of imprinting at a distance, were suggested to me; since the inequalities of long and short lines, separated by long and short spaces gave me all the variations or combinations of long and short lines necessary to form the alphabet. The date of the code complete must therefore be put at 1835, and not 1832, although at the date of 1832 the principle of the code was *evolved.*

Here we have a definite claim in writing by Morse that his alphabet was devised in its first form two years before Vail came on the scene, and the opinion that Vail knew this, but had placed its invention at an earlier date than was historically correct, a proof of Morse's earnest desire to claim only what was his.

Another pencil memorandum (also shown here) is even more illuminating:

It was believed for some time (even after the telegraphic alphabet had been composed and practically tested,) that reducing the despatch to numbers, (the numbers being those of the words in a specially prepared Dictionary) would be found most convenient in practice; this numerical mode being in point of rapidity of transmission far beyond any previous mode of communicating intelligence at a distance. But it was soon perceived to be indispensible that alphabetic characters and not numbers, especially for proper names, should be adopted, and experience has proved the superiority of the alphabetic code for all purposes of communication. Consequently when experience had demonstrated the eligibility in practice of the alphabetic mode, the Morse code was ready and completely prepared for use in anticipation, it required no modification but the 4 or 5 combinations of the dot and dash which have been substituted for the *"space letters"* and the addition of new and special combinations for the additional letters in other languages than the English (the German and Russian for example).

This is certainly very clear and conclusive; but lest some skeptic may urge that this note, without date, but evidently written some time after the alphabet had come into general use, was a disingenuous attempt on the part of Morse to claim more than was his due, let us see if we cannot find evidence of a much earlier date.

On January 25, 1838, a certain Mr. Joseph Tracy wrote to Morse, suggesting a telegraphic alphabet of dots and, in two letters, a dash. It was not practical, but in the course of his letter he says:

"I guess, from a few expressions of your

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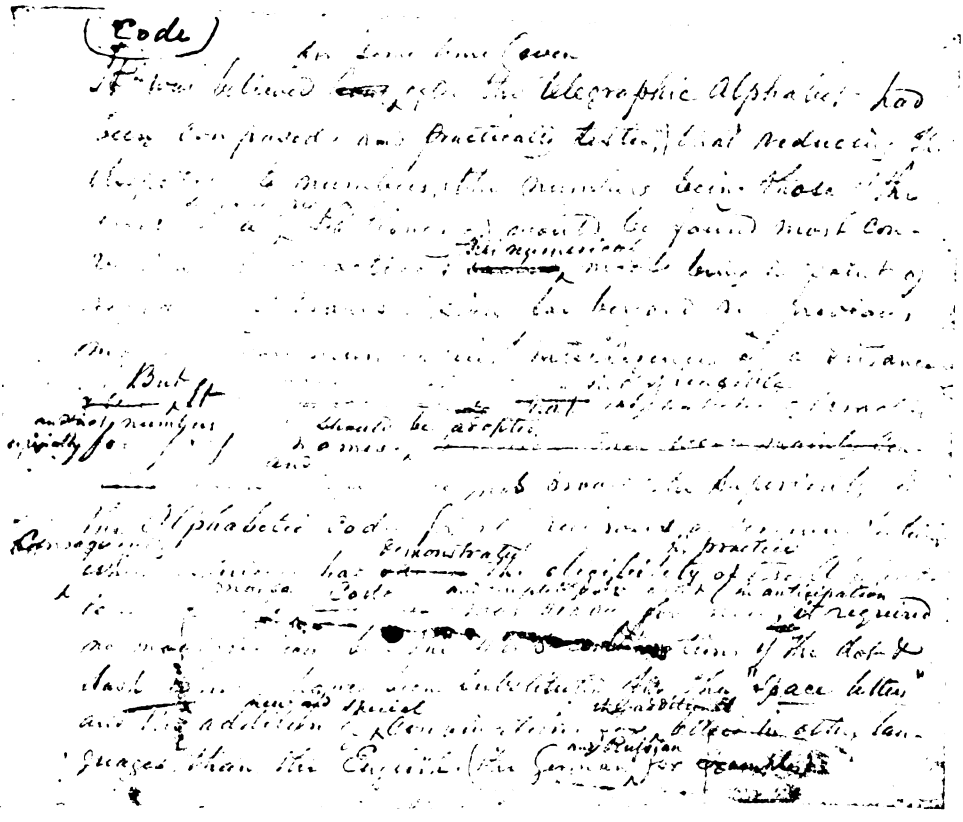

A NOTE BY SAMUEL F. B. MORSE EXPLAINING WHY THE ALPHABETIC CODE WAS NOT USED AT FIRST, ALTHOUGH IT WAS READY TO USE

brother, that my plan is nothing new, that you have thought of the same."

Another fugitive note by Morse which, from its context, must have been written at this early date, says:

Mr. Tracy is mistaken in this being the *first* public exhibition. Other parties witness to previous exhibitions. He asks the question, "Why did not your [Sidney's] brother think of that alphabet sooner?"

I answer that, although Mr. Tracy may have thought that the alphabet was conceived at that time, it was in fact conceived and written down in all its essential characteristics long previously.

Is anything more necessary? This was evidently written only a month or two after the first public appearance of the alphabet, and when the paternity of this wonderful invention had not been called in question.

But I have still more evidence. Here is an extract from the draft of a letter written by Morse to Professor Leonard Gale referring to reading by sound as well as by sight:

Exactly at what time I recognized the adaptation of the difference in the intervals in reading the *letters* as well as the numerals, I have now no means of fixing except in a general manner. It was, however, almost immediately on the construction of the letters by dots and lines, and this was some little time previous to your seeing the instrument [1836]. Soon after the first operation of the instrument in 1835 in which the type for writing numbers were used, I not only conceived the letter type but made them from some leads used in the printing-office. I have still quite a quantity of these type. They were used in Washington as well as the type for numerals in the winter of 1837–1838.

In the earliest period of the invention it was a matter which experience alone could

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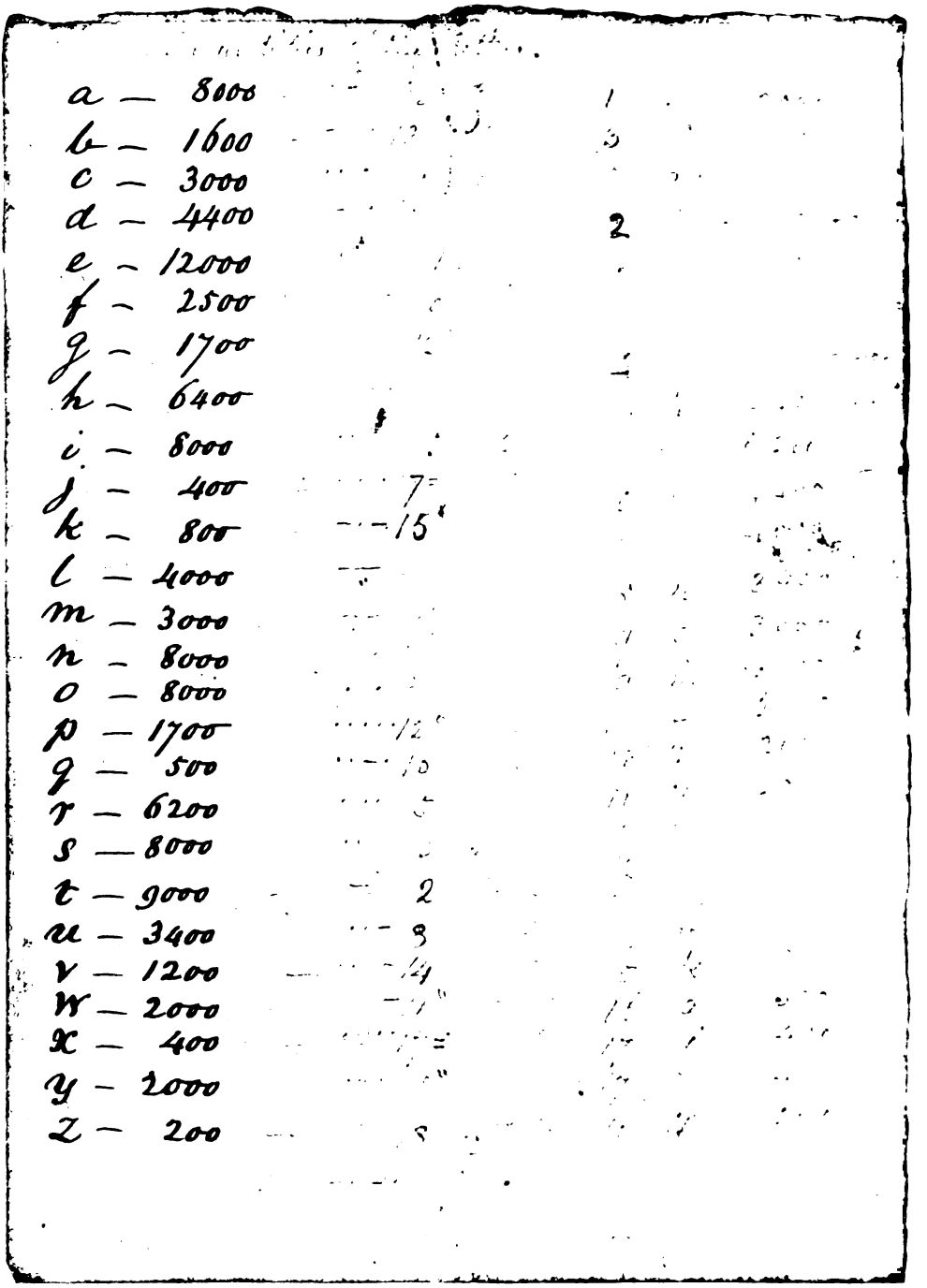

THE FIRST ROUGH DRAFT OF THE SIMPLIFICATION OF THE TELEGRAPH CODE MADE ABOUT 1837 BY SAMUEL F. B. MORSE

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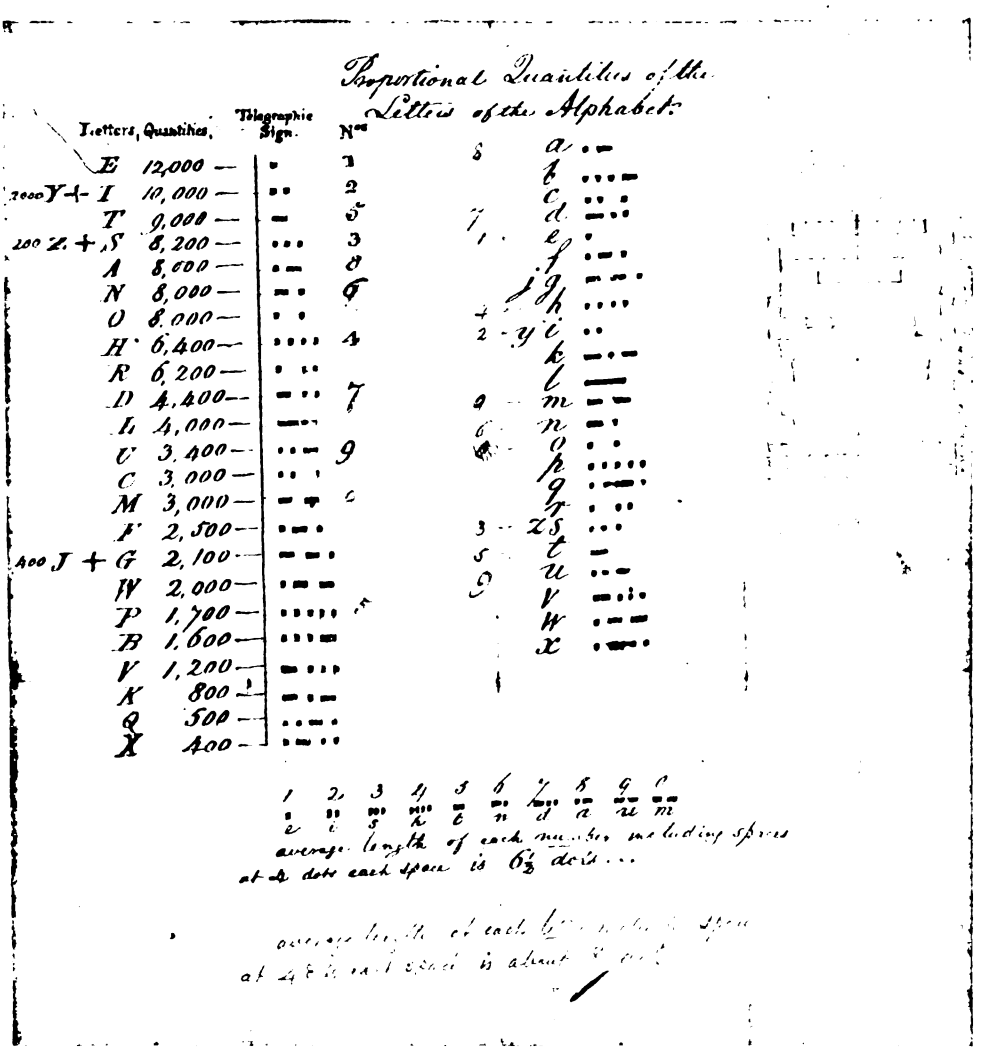

A FURTHER SIMPLIFICATION OF THE TELEGRAPH CODE, ELABORATED FROM THE PRECEDING SKETCH

determine whether the *numerical* system, by means of a numbered dictionary, or the alphabetic mode by spelling of the words was the better. While I perceived some advantages in the alphabetic system, especially in the writing of proper names, I at that time leaned rather towards the *numerical* mode under the impression that it would, on the whole, be the more rapid.

A very short experience, however, showed the superiority of the alphabetic mode, and the big leaves of the numbered dictionary, which cost me a world of labor (and which you perhaps remember) were discarded and the alphabetic installed in its stead.

As I have previously said in this article, there is apparently no written evidence by Vail himself that he ever had anything to do with the alphabet, even with its modification, and he wrote many letters which have been preserved, and he kept a diary. If any such evidence were in existence, it would surely have been produced by his advocates, who have contested his claims most bitterly.

I, however, have in my possession a number of calculations made by Morse, showing how he worked over the alphabet in order to bring it to perfection. Two of these are here reproduced.

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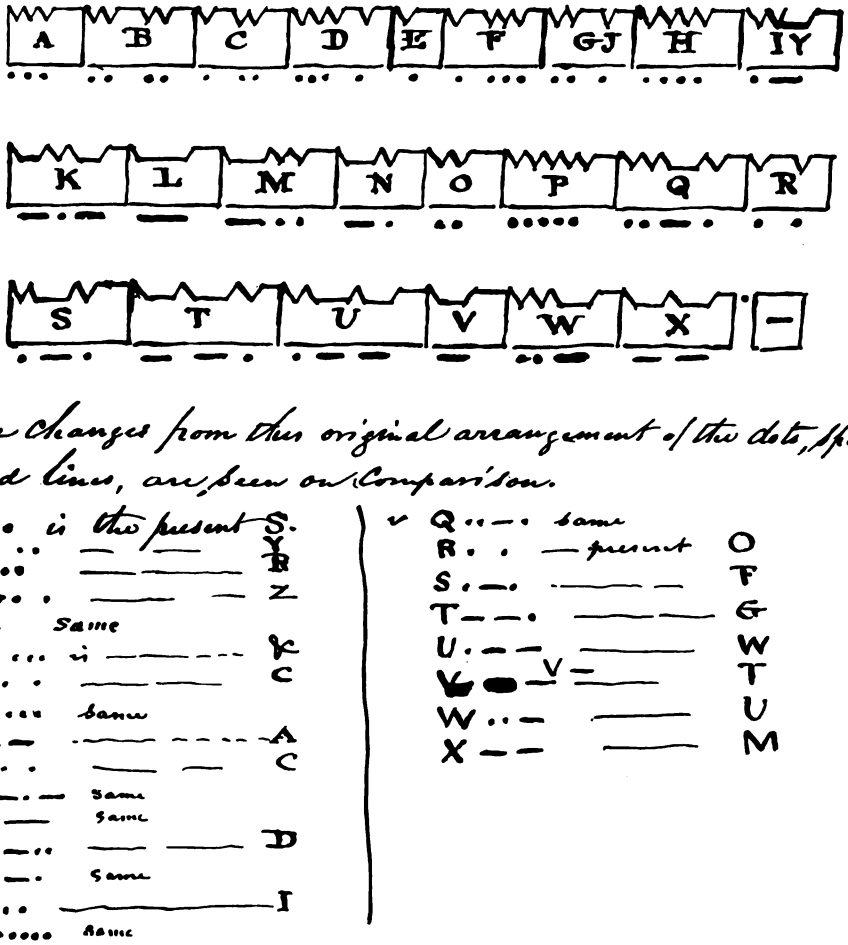

A ROUGH DRAWING MADE BY MORSE IN 1870 TO SHOW THE FIRST FORM OF THE ALPHABET AND THE CHANGES TO THE PRESENT FORM

It will be noticed that in the one on page 702 there are separate signs for *Y* and *I*, *Z* and *S*, *J* and *G*, but in the other, on page 703, these have been combined for the purpose of simplification. We notice also that in the latter the signs for *B* and *V* were interchanged, but, by comparing with the finally adopted alphabet, we see that they were changed back again. The large numbers no doubt refer to the number of type found in the type-cases of the printing-office.

There was, however, a still earlier alphabet, which appeared either in the caveat of 1837 or soon after.

This was soon changed, most of the combinations remaining, but being differently apportioned.

I have now given incontrovertible evidence that Morse puzzled over this problem to find out the simplest terms to which such a conventional alphabet could be reduced. There is no such evidence for Vail except the recollection of a boy of fifteen nearly fifty years afterward.

I have shown that Morse specifically claims that he devised the alphabet before he ever met Vail, and any one familiar with his upright, truth-loving character must realize that it was morally impossible for him to have made such a positive claim unless it was true. Vail has nowhere left a record of such a claim.

It seems strange that Mr. Prime, in his biography of Morse, should not have produced this evidence of the paternity of the dot-and-dash alphabet.

I can only surmise that at the time of the publication of this work in 1875 the invention by Morse of the Morse code

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had not been seriously disputed, or that Mr. Prime failed to grasp the full significance of these notes, letters, etc.

How the error arose I do not know. Vail did invent a most ingenious apparatus for printing the Roman letters at a distance by electricity. Perhaps we have here the germ which grew in the minds of his friends and of Morse's enemies to a belief in his having invented the dot-and-dash alphabet. It is also possible that Vail, who was a much younger man than Morse, was sent by the latter to the printing-office to find out the quantities of the different letters in a font. They may indeed have worked over the simplification of the code together, but we have no hint of this anywhere except in Baxter's statement. That Vail deliberately intended to deceive, I do not for a moment believe, but think, to use "our interests," referring to the financial interest which he, in common with Amos Kendall, Leonard Gale, and F. O. J. Smith, possessed in the telegraph.

Why Morse appears never to have publicly and specifically combated the claims of Vail's advocates can probably be explained by the fact that they were not widely circulated until after his death. At the time of Mr. Beach's article in the "Sun," Morse was in Europe or in Porto Rico, and he did not return to this country until some years afterward, and it is quite possible, therefore, that he may never have heard of it.

Another fugitive note in my possession says: "See page 30 [Vail's book] for a complete refutation of the hint in 'Hours at Home' that Mr. Vail invented the Morse alphabet so called."

Washington April 20th 1848

Friend Morse

THE BEGINNING OF ALFRED VAIL'S LETTER TO MORSE, DATED APRIL 20, 1848

To all this I have to say that he uses your system of marking, lines & dots, which you have patented

AN EXTRACT FROM ALFRED VAIL'S LETTER TO MORSE, DATED APRIL 20, 1848, REFERRING TO MORSE AS THE INVENTOR OF THE CODE

the words of Pope, that this is an "occurrence" which is "susceptible of satisfactory explanation."

Vail, also, in letters to Morse, refers to the code as Morse's; as, for instance, in the following extract from a letter of April 20, 1848, when, after speaking of the inventions of Bain, which he feared might prove to be superior in some respects to Morse's, he says:

"To all this I have to say that he uses your system of marking, *lines* & *dots*, which you have patented."

Vail's fears were groundless, but we see from these words that he himself acknowledged the dot-and-dash code to be Morse's, whereas in his letters he often speaks of

The sentence to which reference is here made is: "This conventional alphabet originated with Prof. Morse on board the packet-ship *Sully*."

We can infer that Morse considered his paternity of this part of the invention so well established that the feeble attack by Beach was not worth noticing publicly.

From all that I can find, this is the only specific claim or hint that Vail invented the dot-and-dash alphabet that was brought

Yours ever

Alfred Vail

THE SIGNATURE OF ALFRED VAIL'S LETTER TO MORSE, DATED APRIL 20, 1848

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to Morse's attention, unless we except a virulent attack issued in pamphlet form in Hartford early in 1872.

In this pamphlet occur the words, "All the improvements and subsequent new inventions were Vail's." By this the writer evidently intended to include the alphabet.

This was sent to Morse during his last illness, and he wrote "false" on the margins opposite this sentence and others attacking his integrity and achievements; and we learn from some of the last letters that he ever wrote that, had he recovered, he would have repelled these attacks, as he had so many others. But he did not recover. He died April 2, 1872. After his death his enemies grew bolder in their attacks on his fame, and it has been left for others to defend him.

I may perhaps be pardoned if in closing I quote the last sentence of the summing up by the editor of "The Electrical World" of the conclusions to be drawn from the series before referred to:

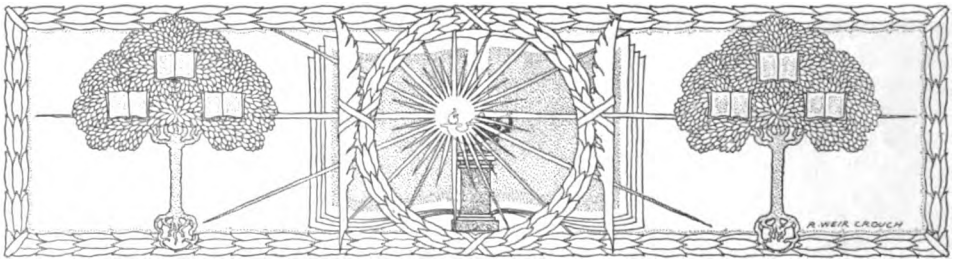
> Even if the credit due to Morse for the invention of the system of telegraphy with which his name is associated were reduced to the minimum fixed by those who oppose the claims made for him, he would yet stand out the greatest figure in the pages of telegraphic history, and it may be added, though, perhaps, foreign to the present subject, always remain one of the most inspiring examples of indomitable perseverance in the championship of an idea that America has yet produced.

To sum up in a few words the evidence on both sides: Vail has nowhere left a written claim, or even a hint, that he had anything to do with devising or modifying this telegraphic code, whereas he did leave a written claim to the invention of the dry-point for embossing the characters on the tape, and in his book on the telegraph he makes several claims. (See page 24 near the bottom, page 43, page 59, and note on page 45.) In view of these claims on Vail's part, the contention of his advocates that he remained silent with regard to the alphabet because of his contract with Morse falls to the ground.

Morse, on the other hand, as we have seen, has specifically claimed in writing that he devised the code in its first form two years before Vail had heard of the telegraph, and Mr. Tracy's letter is corroborative evidence. He has left written proof of having occupied himself with the simplification of the code, and he never fails to refer to it as "my conventional alphabet," while Vail, in the letter of April 20, 1848, and in other letters, refers to it as "your system of marking."

Baxter's statement, the only direct evidence on behalf of Vail, can be dismissed as untrustworthy, being the impression of a boy of fifteen after a lapse of fifty years.

All the rest is hearsay evidence, and while believing that Vail's family and friends were sincere in thinking that he made the statements attributed to him, we must conclude, in the light of the documentary evidence which I have produced, that they were mistaken.



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CHRISTINA OF DENMARK, DUCHESS OF MILAN[1]

BY JULIA CARTWRIGHT

Author of "Beatrice d'Este, Duchess of Milan," "Isabella d'Este, a Study of the Renaissance," etc.

CHRISTINA of Denmark is known to the world by Holbein's famous portrait in the National Gallery. The great court-painter, whom Henry VIII sent to Brussels in 1538 to take the likeness of Charles V's beautiful niece, performed his task with unerring hand. It is the very image of the youthful duchess that lives upon his canvas. There she stands, a widow of sixteen, "very high in stature for that age," as the English ambassador remarked, "clad in flowing mourning robes and fur-trimmed mantle, after the manner of Italy." We see "the singular good countenance," the clear, brown eyes, with their frank, steadfast gaze; the smile that hovers about the "faire red lips," bringing two dimples in her cheeks and one in her chin, which, the same witness reports, "becometh her right excellently well"; the slender, white fingers of the clasped hands—those hands which Brantôme and his royal mistress, Catharine de' Medici, called "the prettiest in the whole world." It is all perfectly easy and natural, entirely free from pose or affectation, and yet in some wonderful way the great master has caught the subtle charm of the winning personality which fascinated brave captains like René of Orange and daredevils like Albert of Brandenburg, and touched even the cold heart of Philip II.

No wonder that Henry VIII, when he saw the portrait which Holbein brought back with him to Whitehall, fell in love on the spot and swore that he would have the duchess "if she came to him without a farthing." But for all these bold words, the masterful king's wooing failed. The ghost of his wronged wife, Christina's great-aunt, Catharine of Aragon, the blood of murdered friars, and the smoke of plundered shrines and abbeys, came between him and his desired bride. Christina escaped the fate which at one time seemed to threaten her, and never went to swell the number of King Henry's wives. This splendid, if hazardous, adventure was denied her. But many other strange experiences marked the checkered course of her life, and neither beauty nor virtue could save her from the shafts of envious Fortune.

Her troubles began from the cradle. Before she was a year old her father was driven out of Denmark by his rebellious subjects and forced to seek shelter in the Low Countries. With all his faults and follies, Christian II was a remarkable man, and in many ways an able and enlightened ruler. Albert Dürer painted his portrait, Erasmus consulted him on ecclesiastical questions, Luther and Melanchthon praised his zeal in the cause of religion. But his attempts at reform, even more than his crimes, served to alienate the Danish nobles and hastened the ruin in which his innocent wife and children were involved. Christina's mother, the gentle Isabella of Austria, left home and kindred at fifteen for the wild Norseland, where she suffered many things, but, despite neglect and ill treatment, clung to her strange lord with pathetic devotion. She followed the exiled king from court to court, pleaded his cause before the Diet of Nuremberg with an eloquence that moved the

[1] This article is based on original researches in the archives of Milan, Brussels, and the English Record Office, and contains much material new to history.

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From a carbon print by Braun & Co.

PRINCESS CHRISTINA OF SWEDEN

FROM THE PAINTING BY HOLBEIN THE YOUNGER, IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

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assembled princes to tears, and with her own hands made clothes for her children out of their father's robes. Such were the straits to which the members of this royal family were reduced that not only the queen's jewels, but the toys of the little prince were pawned to raise money for their daily needs. When, in 1526, Isabella died at the early age of twenty-five, worn out with toil and trouble, her three young children became the charge of the aunt of Emperor Charles V, Margaret of Austria, the Governess of the Netherlands. This spirited lady herself rode to the Danish king's house at Lierre, and after a long wrangle carried off Prince John and his little sisters to her own palace at Mechlin.

Here, in the picturesque old home which still goes by the name of "La Cour de l'Empereur," the children of Denmark grew up, as their uncle and mother had done, under the watchful eye of the great Archduchess. A hundred entries in her household-accounts show how carefully she chose their nurses and teachers, their velvet suits with gold buttons and fringes, the "exquisitely fine linen" for their frocks, the little pony with rich trappings for Prince John to ride, or the dwarf page to be his playfellow. There is a charming picture of the three children at Hampton Court, painted by Mabuse soon after their mother's death. Unfortunately, Prince John, whose quick intelligence and charming ways won all hearts, never lived to grow up. When Charles V came to Brussels, after Margaret of Austria's death, to install his sister, the widowed Queen of Hungary as regent in her stead, he took the young prince back to Germany with him. Here the boy, who was the pet and plaything of the whole court, fell a victim to a fever epidemic at Regensburg, and died in August, 1532, before he was fourteen.

That summer King Christian made a last desperate attempt to recover his kingdom, and for a while he met with unexpected success. But before long he was betrayed to his enemies, and condemned to imprisonment for life. The same week that Prince John died, the gates of the fortress of Sonderburg closed upon his unhappy father, who spent the remaining twenty-seven years of his life in captivity. "I am writing to my little nieces to comfort them, and am sure you will do the same. There is no other remedy than to find them two husbands," were the concluding words of a letter from Charles V to his sister.

Marriage was one of the recognized methods by which the house of Hapsburg enlarged its dominions and strengthened its position. *"Tu felix Austria nubes"* had passed into a proverbial saying. The Regent Margaret had boasted that all her nieces had found royal husbands, even if some of these marriages could hardly have been called successful.

Matrimonial proposals for the little princesses of Denmark had already reached Brussels, and according to the latest plans, Dorothea, the elder of the two, was to wed James V, the young King of Scotland. Now Francesco Sforza, the newly restored Duke of Milan, asked the emperor for Christina's hand. Charles had a sincere liking for this prince, who had suffered hard things of Fortune, and he realized the political advantages which would accrue from this marriage and the prospect which it afforded of an heir to the ducal crown. Francesco was brave, loyal, and greatly beloved by his subjects. But the hardships which he had undergone in war and exile had left their mark upon his frame, and at thirty-eight he was a prematurely old man, threatened with paralysis and often unable to use his limbs. The idea of sacrificing the youthful princess to a crippled invalid drew forth an indignant protest from Mary of Hungary, who had taken her motherless nieces to her heart, and cherished a special affection for Christina, the handsomer and cleverer of the two. She boldly told the emperor that the child was too young to be married, and insisted that the wedding must be put off at least until the following spring, by which time Christina would have completed her twelfth year. Charles replied curtly that the contract was already signed. But the excellent lady had her own way in the end. Count Massimiliano Stampa came to Brussels to represent his master, and the marriage was celebrated with great pomp at Lille on the twenty-sixth of September, 1533. The bright eyes and high spirits of the young princess, the grace with which she danced and rode, her frank enjoyment of life, and her innocent delight in the jewels which the duke had sent her, charmed the Mi-

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lanese courtiers. "Your Excellency," reported Count Massimiliano, "may well rejoice, and can rest assured that you will have the fairest and most gallant wife that you could possibly desire."

But if the splendor of the wedding fêtes and the cordiality of the queen's welcome left nothing to be desired, Stampa soon found that the duke's bride was not to be allowed to return with him to Milan. The regent herself told him that it was impossible for so young a lady to cross the Alps in winter, and it was not until the following April that the duchess, escorted by the imperial chamberlain, De Praet, and a stately train of cavaliers, traveled to Italy by way of Burgundy and Mont Cenis.

Here a royal welcome awaited her. The Milanese, forgetting their past sufferings and present need, gave joyful expression to their passionate loyalty to the house of Sforza in triumphal arches and floral decorations of unwonted beauty, and hailed the coming of their duke's bride with acclamations. On the fourth of May, 1534, Christina entered Milan, mounted on a superb white horse and attended by the flower of the Milanese nobles, who surrounded her with a forest of waving ostrich-plumes. She herself, clad in glittering brocade, and wearing a white veil over her flowing locks, seemed, in the impassioned language of the chronicler, "a creature more divine than human." Trumpets clashed from the top of the castle towers, the fountains ran with milk and wine and scented waters, the walls of the cathedral were hung with gorgeous tapestries, and its altars were decked with gold. Old men wept as they recalled the wedding of Duke Francesco's mother, Beatrice d'Este, and the glories of the Moro's court, and thanked God they had lived to see this day.

But their joy was of brief duration. Eighteen months after that glad May day, on the night of All Saints, 1535, Francesco Sforza died in the castle, the duchess was left a widow at thirteen, and all Milan was plunged into mourning. Despite her husband's failing health, Christina had loved him dearly and wept bitter tears by his death-bed. The duke's chivalrous love and thoughtful kindness had won the heart of his child-wife, and the bright, happy letters which she wrote to him during their short married life breathe genuine affection. Now her quiet courage and presence of mind aroused general admiration, and her dead lord's subjects prayed with one voice that the duchess might remain to rule over them.

This could not be. As the duke left no children, he had bequeathed his dominions to the emperor, according to a previous agreement, leaving only the city of Tortona to his widow, and the imperial standard was hoisted on the castle in place of the Sforza arms. Already Francis I had asserted his old claim to the Milanese, and was crossing the Alps at the head of his armies. The castle was no longer a fit place for Christina, and after spending a few months at Pavia, she was sent by the emperor back to the Netherlands under the charge of his trusted servant, Jean de Montmorency, Sieur de Courrières and Captain of the Archers' Guard.

After the first shock of her husband's death, her spirits recovered with youthful elasticity. Even in the ruined halls of the castle of Pavia, where the wind whistled through the empty galleries, and Montmorency had to insist on a wooden ceiling being provided for the bedroom of the duchess, her merry talk and joyous laughter had cheered all about her. In the Sforza archives there is a delightful letter, written in a large, round hand by the duchess to Cardinal Caracciolo, the Governor of Milan, in which his good daughter Chrétienne begs his Eminence to allow her to buy a very handsome white palfrey which she has seen at the hostelry of the Fountain in Pavia, and which will exactly suit her. But since her regular allowance will not suffice to pay for the horse, she begs her kind father to provide the money, and to send her an answer *"cito cito"*—as quickly as possible—by the lackey who bears the letter.

Now that she had started on her homeward journey, her spirits rose at every step. The cardinal had entreated De Montmorency not to allow the duchess to travel too far at a time, lest she should overtax her strength. Christina herself had no such fear, and thoroughly enjoyed every stage of the long and fatiguing journey. Wherever the duchess and her suite stayed, at the country houses of the Milanese nobles, or in the cities of Cremona and Verona, they were entertained "in the most honorable manner, at little cost to

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their purses. "Indeed," wrote Benedetto da Corte, the master of the duchess's household, "Count Gaspare Trivulzio could not have given us a more splendid reception if we had been guests at his wedding. As for the weather, we are so much accustomed to these perpetual torrents that tempests and floods have ceased to have any terrors for us." From Mantua, where the duchess received the most cordial welcome from her Gonzaga cousins, the party traveled by Verona and the Lake of Garda to Trent, to be once more magnificently lodged and feasted by Cardinal Bernardo de Clés, a devoted Imperialist and a wealthy prince of the Church. Here mules were harnessed to the duchess's chariot, and after crossing the Brenner, Christina traveled by way of Spires to Heidelberg, where her sister Dorothea was impatiently awaiting her. Two years before, this princess had married the Count Palatine Frederick, that loyal friend of the emperor's youth, who, despite his gray hairs, had lost none of his old love of travel and shared his young wife's lively tastes. The next few weeks were spent in joyous revelry in the famous castle on the heights above the Neckar, and so happy were the sisters in each other's company that the elector prayed Christina to prolong her visit over Christmas. But Montmorency received peremptory orders from the lady regent to bring the duchess home without delay, and the travelers, taking boat down the Rhine, hurried on, and reached Brussels on the eighth of December.

Not only was Mary of Hungary anxious to embrace her long-absent niece, but the marriage schemes that were already on foot rendered Christina's presence imperative. Hardly had the last Sforza duke been laid to rest in the cathedral of Milan than the disposal of his widow in marriage was eagerly discussed. The King of Scotland, Duke Alessandro of Florence, and a son of the reigning King of Denmark, were all suggested as suitable husbands, while Stampa and the loyal Milanese begged that the duchess might wed the Duke of Savoy's son, Emanuel Filiberto. But the most serious offer was that which came from the French Queen Eleanor—Charles V's sister—on behalf of King Francis's third son, the Duke of Angoulême. This proposal reached the emperor at Naples on his return from his victorious African campaign, and was strongly supported by the pope and the Venetians in the hope of averting war. But by the time the emperor reached Rome, the French armies had invaded Savoy, and all prospect of peace was at an end. This being the case, Queen Mary was anxious to give her niece to the young Duke of Cleves, and thus secure a powerful ally and neighbor in northern Germany. But toward the close of the year a coolness sprang up between the regent and this prince, and all idea of the Cleves marriage was abandoned. On the thirteenth of February, 1538, Melanchthon wrote:

> The widow of Milan, daughter of Christian, the captive King of Denmark, was brought to Brussels to wed the young Duke of Cleves. This plan has been changed, as Cleves becomes heir to Guelders, against the emperor's will. Now the girl is offered to the Englishman, with whom the Spaniards, aiming at universal rule, desire to ally themselves against the Frenchmen and us.

The German reformer's information was accurate, and the new suitor who had come forward was none other than the redoubtable King of England.

Henry VIII's matrimonial proceedings were naturally watched with keen interest at the imperial court. The death of Queen Catharine, and the execution of her successor, Anne Boleyn, led to a *rapprochement* between the two monarchs, and even before Henry's marriage to Jane Seymour, in May, 1536, Charles told Chapuys, his ambassador at St. James's, that since the king, "being of so amorous a disposition, was sure to take another wife," he might suggest the widow of Milan as a suitable match. But it was not till after Queen Jane's death, more than a year later, that the proposal was seriously brought forward. Then Cromwell, the reigning favorite, told Hutton, the English ambassador at Brussels, to supply him with a list of eligible young ladies at the regent's court. In reply, Hutton sent him several names, including that of Anne of Cleves, Duke William's sister, "of whose person and beauty," however, the ambassador confesses, "he hears no great praise." "The Duchess of Milan," he added, "a beautiful young lady, very well brought up, and who has a rich dowry, is daily expected."

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The sight of Christina, when, a few days later, she arrived at the court, justified all that had been said in her praise. Honest John Hutton was fairly carried off his feet. "There is none in these parts of personage, beauty, and birth, like unto the Duchess of Milan," he wrote to his friend Thomas Wriothesley:

> She is higher than the regent, a goodly personage of body, soft of speech, very gentle in countenance, . . . not so pure white as the late Queen [Jane Seymour], whom God pardon, but of a singular good countenance, and when she chanceth to smile, there appeareth two pits in her cheeks and one in her chin, the which becometh her right excellently well.

During the next few weeks Hutton watched the duchess closely, noticing her gestures and words, which, in his judgment, combined a great majesty with much soberness, and came to the conclusion that she was very wise and no less gentle.

At length one stormy winter's day, after mass in the palace chapel, he had an opportunity of speaking to her as she stood at a window in the queen's rooms overlooking the gardens. So violent was the wind that the duchess had to retire into the middle of the room to avoid the driving rain. "This weather liketh not the queen," she remarked, speaking in French, the language commonly used at the regent's court, although Hutton heard that she could talk both Italian and High German, "for she is thereby penned up and cannot ride abroad to hunt." Upon this the ambassador ventured to ask if Her Grace did not love hunting. "Nothing better," replied the duchess. Then two "ancient gentlemen" of her household appeared, and the duchess bowed and returned to her own rooms on the other side of the palace.

Hutton's favorable report appears to have been duly communicated to King Henry, who now became eager to conclude the marriage. He told Chapuys frankly that he would far rather wed the widow of Milan than the Infanta of Portugal (Queen Eleanor's daughter, and, like Christina, the emperor's niece), and was convinced that she would resemble him more in complexion and temperament, owing to her birth and bringing up in Northern climes. At the same time, the prudent king, who had already experienced the humors of three successive wives, expressed great anxiety to see the duchess, and begged that the lady regent might bring her to meet him at Calais, "thinking it most necessary, both for himself and the party with whom it shall please God to join him in marriage, that the one might see the other before they should be publicly affianced, since marriage is a bargain of such nature as may endure for the whole life of man, and a thing whereon the pleasure and quiet, or the displeasure and torment, of the man's mind doth much depend." Henry's proposal however met with little favor at the imperial court, and Charles replied coldly that ladies of his family were not to be hawked about in this fashion.

Meanwhile Cromwell sent a confidential messenger, Philip Hoby, with the king's painter, Mr. Hans Holbein, to Brussels, with orders to take the duchess's portrait and bring it back with all possible despatch. When they arrived on the tenth of March, Hutton had just sent off a bearer to London with a picture of the duchess painted by a Flemish artist, which he had obtained from the Lord of Berghen's wife, and which is probably the half-length now at Windsor. Since this portrait, however, was not so perfect as the case required, nor as "Mr. Haunce" could make it, the ambassador hastened to the palace and begged leave for the king's servant, "a man very excellent in making of physiognomies," to approach the duchess. The regent was graciously pleased to assent, and at two o'clock the Lord Benedick (Benedetto da Corte) came to fetch Hoby, and, after having some conversation in Italian, took him to see his mistress.

Cromwell had given Hoby minute instructions as to his behavior, and had composed the speech in which he was to ask the duchess to be pleased to sit to the king's painter, adding, as if it were out of his own head, how earnestly he could wish to see her Queen of England. And he was at the same time carefully to note her words, gestures, and expression of countenance.

The interview proved satisfactory, and "the next day at one of the clock in the afternoon, the said Lord Benedick came for Mr. Haunce, who, having but three hours space, hath shown himself to be master of that science, for it is very perfect.

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The other," wrote Hutton, "is but slobered in comparison to it, as by the sight of both, Your Lordship shall well perceive."

That evening Hoby took leave of the duchess, and left with Holbein for London, where the portrait, probably a sketch for the great picture, was safely delivered at Whitehall on the eighteenth of March. The king expressed himself singularly pleased, and was in high good humor for the next few days. He went to Hampton Court, made his musicians play all day to him, and after giving orders for the erection of "certain new and sumptuous buildings" in the riverside palace, came back by water, surrounded by all his minstrels, and went about masked, paying visits to his friends, "a sure sign," remarked Chapuys, "that he is going to marry again." More than this, he cracked jokes with the imperial ambassadors and, slapping Chapuys on the back, asked if it would not be good sport for them to see him fall in love at his age.

Negotiations for the marriage were now carried on in good earnest. Chapuys and his colleague, Don Diego Mendoza—"Mosso Dindigo," as the English called him—met in conference with Archbishop Cranmer and other commissioners at Cromwell's house; messengers went to and fro between London and Madrid, and the emperor and his royal brother and "bel oncle" exchanged frequent letters. But little progress was effected. Fresh difficulties arose at every stage; the payment of Christina's dowry, the provision to be made for her children, her claims to the triple crown of the Northern kingdoms, were the subject of prolonged and acrid discussions. Henry complained bitterly of the coldness with which his overtures had been received by the emperor and of the perpetual delays and endless pretexts alleged by the regent for deferring the conclusion of the treaty. At one moment he declared that he was tired of waiting, and would seek a bride in France. "If you wish to amuse the king," wrote Châtillon, the French ambassador, "talk to him of marriages, and let him have particulars of several fair ladies. If it pleases the king and emperor to see him thus *'virolin virolant,'* I can easily get it up for their pastime." But Henry took offense when King Francis refused to send over a batch of court beauties to be interviewed by him at Calais and told him that ladies were not "to be trotted out like cattle at his pleasure." "Did the knights of the Round Table," asked the ambassador, "treat ladies of old in this fashion?" Upon which His Majesty turned very red and laughed, rubbing his nose a little. The next week he talked gravely to Chapuys of his great affection for the Duchess of Milan and begged him to press on the matter, as he was too old to put off his marriage any longer. "Truly a marvelous Sire!" as the French ambassador wrote in his letters home.

Meanwhile, Hutton, in obedience to instructions from St. James's, sent constant reports to his royal master. He watched the duchess closely in society, heard her discuss matters of weight with grave councilors, and saw her playing cards and dancing at court festivities. And always he noted her great modesty and kindness and found in her no want of wit, holding her rather "one to be esteemed as the wisest of the wise." He followed her out hunting, and saw the light in her eyes and the flush on her cheek as she rode at Queen Mary's side, enjoying the excitement of the chase, "the exercise they both most desire and have greatest delight in." When by way of ingratiating himself with the lady regent, he presented her with four couples of young hounds and an ambling gelding, the duchess told him that she had never seen the queen so well horsed for hunting, and graciously accepted the ambassador's offer of as good a steed for her own use.

In September poor John Hutton died, "as good a servant and honest a soul as ever lived," wrote Don Diego, "although better fitted for social intercourse than for political affairs." He was succeeded by Cromwell's favorite secretary, Thomas Wriothesley, who, after assisting in the demolition of Becket's shrine at Canterbury and King Alfred's tomb at Winchester, brought the regent word that King Henry was anxious to conclude the marriage, and purposed to deal honorably and liberally with the duchess. By this time, however, Mary was firmly determined that no sister's child of hers should be joined in wedlock to the blasphemous monarch whose hands were so deeply dyed with the blood of holy men and women. All through that summer the destruction of abbeys and monasteries had gone on apace, and a thrill of horror ran through Christendom when men heard how the

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king's emissaries, not satisfied with burning the bones of Becket and scattering his ashes to the wind, had cited him to appear before the royal tribunal, and condemned him as a contumacious traitor.

What wonder if Wriothesley and his colleague Vaughan met with a chilling reception, and both at Brussels and Madrid the English envoys complained that "all things had waxen from colder to coldest" and that "after so hot a summer and so many professions of love and amity, in the end we see but an icy cold frost"?

During the next six months the English ambassadors waited Mary's pleasure, following her from place to place, on her hunting parties or state progresses, and constantly put off by some fresh excuse, or "one delay knitted to the tail of another." The letters from Spain which were to settle the matter never came, and it soon became plain both to Cromwell and Wriothesley that the queen's councilors were only keeping them amused by fair words, and had no intention of bringing the matter to any conclusion. Queen Mary herself grew weary of perpetual dissimulation, and wrote to the emperor in January, 1539, begging him to tell her, for very shame, what answer she was to give these importunate Englishmen. Is she to grant the king's request or refuse it altogether? Or is she to enter on the question of the papal dispensation, without which the emperor cannot possibly consent to the marriage, while the king will never condescend to apply for it to Rome or to receive it from the pope? This, as Benedetto da Corte had hinted to Hutton from the beginning, was the true difficulty, the one insuperable barrier which rendered the marriage impossible. "You know," said the old courtier in a confidential mood one day, "that the king your master married the Lady Catharine, to whom the duchess my mistress is near kinswoman, so that albeit all other matters were arranged, yet cannot the marriage be solemnized unless the pope dispenses, which term he thought would be hard for the king's majesty to accept." My Lord Benedick, as the English called him, was right. Henry flatly refused to apply to the pope, and declared that his own archbishop's dispensation was amply sufficient. This, Mary pointed out, could not satisfy either the duchess or her kinsfolk. On the fifteenth of February, Charles V, having just concluded the Treaty of Toledo with King Francis, and feeling himself secure on this side, wrote to the queen, saying that unless this difficulty could be removed, it was impossible to proceed with the negotiations. This finally settled the matter.

Henry's patience was at an end, and he desired Wriothesley to take leave of the regent and assure the duchess of the great affection which he bore her and of his earnest wish to honor her by marriage, but to explain that since his advances had met with such scanty response, she must not marvel if he took another wife. After prolonged delays, the ambassador at length obtained a farewell audience of the regent, and before he left her presence made bold to ask if he might pay his respects to the duchess, and to hear from her own lips if she were as averse to the marriage as was reported. In her most dignified manner Mary replied that her niece would ever be at the emperor's command, but gave the desired permission, and the ambassador was duly conducted by the grand master, Monsieur Benedick, to the duchess's lodgings. Wriothesley has left us a graphic account of this last interview with Christina. He found her sitting with her ladies in a chamber hung with black velvet and damask, under a canopy of state, while a dozen gentlemen and attendants stood about in groups at the lower end of the room. When he was ushered in, she rose and bowed smilingly, bade him heartily welcome, and thanked him for his kind consideration. She listened attentively to the long tirade in which the ambassador asked her if she had really spoken certain words that had been attributed to her, and said "that it was lost labor for him and his fellows to travail to bring about this marriage, since she would never fix her heart that way." When he had done speaking, the duchess bade him put on his cap, saying she was sorry he had remained so long uncovered; to which Wriothesley replied that this was only his duty, and that he trusted he should often talk bareheaded with her in future. She took no notice of this remark, but said very gravely that she thanked God she was not of so light a sort as some men seemed to hold her, and that such words had never passed her lips. Upon this the ambassador, growing bolder, begged her as a last favor to tell him if

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she felt any good inclination toward the marriage. At this Christina was taken aback, and, blushing deeply, exclaimed:

"As for my inclinations, what shall I say? You know I am the emperor's poor servant, and must follow his pleasure."

"Marry!" cried Wriothesley, "then I may hope to be one of the first Englishmen to be acquainted with my new mistress!" And he launched forth into a glowing panegyric of his master's virtues, and of the duchess's good fortune in being the chosen bride of so truly noble a gentleman.

This was too much for Christina's gravity. A smile broke over her face, and, as Wriothesley noticed, she had great difficulty in restraining her laughter. But recovering herself quickly, she replied that she knew His Majesty was a noble prince, and was much obliged for his good opinion. So the ambassador left the room and wrote glowing accounts of Her Grace's beauty and wit to his royal master:

A blind man should judge no colour, but surely, Sir, she is a marvellous wise, very gentle, and as shamefaced as ever I saw so witty a woman. I am deceived if she prove not a good wife, if God send her a wise husband. Very pure white she is not, but a marvellous brownish face she hath, with fair, red lippes and ruddy cheeks, and unless I be deceived in my judgment, she was never yet so well painted but her lively visage doth much excel her portraiture.

But, as Wriothesley himself was forced to own a month later, all hope of the duchess was now lost, and, by March, Cromwell was setting negotiations on foot for the king's marriage with Anne of Cleves. The Antwerp merchants murmured at a breach which affected their interests seriously, and said that the king had treated the duchess very badly. But the regent courteously sent the new queen a safe-conduct to Calais, and privately congratulated Christina on her fortunate escape.

As Mary well knew, there was no lack of suitors for her niece's hand. King Henry and Cromwell had constantly complained of the rumors which reached their ears that the duchess was about to be given to Cleves or Lorraine. Duke William, indeed, returned to the charge repeatedly, and frequent overtures were made by the Duke of Lorraine, while Queen Eleanor was never tired of urging the claims of her stepson. And when, in the following autumn, Queen Mary and her niece paid a flying visit to the French court at Compiègne, the Duke of Vendôme fell desperately in love with Christina, and insisted on escorting her back to Valenciennes, although, as Wriothesley remarked, he met with small comfort.

Among all these wooers the only one who made any impression on the lady's heart, was René of Nassau, Prince of Orange. This brave young soldier was the only son of Henri of Nassau, the proudest and wealthiest count in Flanders, and had also inherited the principality of Orange from his uncle Philibert de Châlons, the imperial leader who fell in the siege of Florence. As a child René had been the favorite playmate of the young Prince of Denmark, and he was the first old friend to welcome Christina when she returned to Brussels in 1538. This spring he rode in the carnival jousts, a gallant figure at the head of his troop, clad all in orange-color, and bore off the prize before his lady's eyes. In the following autumn the duchess and her aunt the regent were magnificently entertained at his father's house at Breda. A mutual attachment sprang up between the two young people, and was soon the theme of common talk both at home and abroad. In March, 1540, the English ambassador, Sir Thomas Wyatt, thinking to ingratiate himself with the king, informed him that there was thought to be a long-standing affection between the Prince of Orange and the duchess, who had certainly given the gallant suitor tokens of her regard, even though this might be only a way of chivalrous service to which her Italian education had accustomed her. This being so, he congratulated his royal master on his escape, although, he hastened to add, he would not say a word against the lady's honor. The regent was supposed to look approvingly on the match, and it was generally expected that the marriage would take place when the emperor came to Brussels.

But these hopes were doomed to speedy disappointment. The prince was, after all, only a subject, and Charles had other designs for his niece. Besides this, many years before, a marriage had been formally arranged between René and Anne, the

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daughter of the Duke of Lorraine, whom Charles was at this moment specially anxious to conciliate. Now Anne was a plain but most estimable lady. As her aunt, the witty Duchess of Guise observed, *"Elle est très honnête, mais je la voudrai plus belle,"* and René had hitherto shown himself a reluctant suitor. But now the emperor took the matter into his own hands and himself drew up the marriage-contract. The prince could not gainsay the imperial orders, and the old Duke Antoine was delighted. In August, 1540, René of Orange was married to Anne of Lorraine at the castle of Bar, and a month later the prince brought his bride to court. Splendid fêtes were held at Brussels in honor of the princely pair, and the lady's good nature and rich apparel, it was generally allowed, atoned to a great extent for her lack of personal charm. Christina was present at these rejoicings, and may have wept in secret, but she was a loyal daughter of the house of Hapsburg and bowed in public to the emperor's command.

The next winter, when the queen and her niece accompanied Charles to Luxemburg, on his return to Germany, the old Duke of Lorraine rode out to meet them and kept the Feast of the Three Kings at court. With him came his son Francis, a handsome and refined prince, not a brave soldier, like René of Orange, but a man of cultivated tastes, passionately fond of music, art, and letters and very popular in his own country. Christina found his company pleasant, while he, on his part, soon became deeply enamoured of the brilliant princess. The terms of the marriage were easily arranged, and the wedding took place at Brussels in the following July.

There was rejoicing throughout the realm, and all the princes and princesses of the house of Lorraine assembled at Bar, and escorted the august bride in triumph to Nancy. But the English ambassadors at Brussels were forbidden to attend the wedding banquet, a fact which excited considerable attention. King Henry himself changed color, we are told, when he heard of the duchess's marriage, and told Chapuys that he wondered how the emperor could allow his niece to wed a prince who had plighted his troth to another lady. There had indeed, fifteen years before, been a marriage-contract between Anne of Cleves and Francis of Lorraine, who were both children at the time, and it was on this flimsy pretext that Henry had divorced the German wife, who had from the first inspired him with unconquerable aversion. Eighteen months afterward, when Christina was rejoicing over her first-born son, and the head of another of Henry's wives had fallen from the block, one of the duchess's ladies asked her how it came to pass that she had not married the King of England. Then Christina gave the memorable answer "that unfortunately she had only one head, but that if she had possessed two, one might have been at His Majesty's service." It was a characteristic speech and has passed into history.

Unfortunately, Christina's wedded happiness was once more destined to be of short duration. Hardly had her husband succeeded his father on the ducal throne before he fell dangerously ill, and died in July, 1545, leaving her at the age of twenty-three, a widow for the second time. She had already two children by her second marriage, a boy named Charles, after the emperor, and a girl called Renée. After her husband's death she gave birth to another daughter, who received her aunt's name of Dorothea.

The widowed duchess now found herself in a very difficult position. There was a strong French party in Lorraine, which regarded her with distrust as the emperor's relative, and her right to the regency, during her son's minority, was disputed by his uncle, Count Nicholas de Vaudemont. In these trying circumstances, Christina behaved with admirable courage and prudence. She made an agreement with Nicholas by which he shared the title and honors of regent with her, while the real power remained in her hands. During the next seven years she governed her son's realm wisely and well, and won the love of all his subjects. But the situation of Lorraine, on the frontiers of France and Germany, rendered it inevitable that the duchy should sooner or later be exposed to the perils of war.

In April, 1552, Henry II, the son and successor of Charles V's old rival Francis I, invaded Lorraine without warning, and despite Christina's tears, carried off her son, the young Duke Charles, to Paris. Nicholas de Vaudemont was appointed sole regent, and the poor duchess, deprived

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at one blow of child and state, retired to Brussels with her little daughters. There she lived with her aunt, Mary of Hungary, until the emperor's abdication in 1556, when the regent laid down her office and followed Charles V to Spain. Christina remained at court three years longer, and did the honors for Philip II, who was much attached to his fair cousin, and sought the help of her advice and influence on more than one occasion. Twice over she accompanied him to England, where the attentions which he paid her provoked the jealousy of his unhappy wife Queen Mary to such an extent that she is said to have cut her husband's portrait to pieces in a fit of rage. Again, it was the duchess who opened the negotiations with Henry II, which ended in the conclusion of the Peace of Cateau-Cambrésis, in April, 1559. The conferences that were held between the French ambassadors and Philip's powerful ministers, Grauvelle and Alva, all took place in Christina's presence, and she received the thanks of both monarchs for her services in the cause of peace. Her long-lost son, the handsome and chivalrous Duke Charles, was now restored to her arms, and brought his newly wedded wife, the Princess Claude of France, to make his mother's acquaintance. On the accession of his brother-in-law, Francis II, three months afterward, the young duke returned to Nancy, and invited his mother to join him there.

Despite his protestations of affection, Philip II, as Brantôme remarks, treated Christina scurvily. He refused to give her the regency of the Netherlands, a post to which she seemed entitled by her birth and devotion to the imperial house, partly because he was jealous of her popularity in these provinces, and partly, no doubt, from fear of her son's connection with France. This was a great disappointment, and soon after Philip had sailed for Spain, leaving his stepsister Margaret of Parma to govern the Netherlands in his stead, Christina left Brussels for good, and returned to Lorraine.

Here she lived happily at her son's court, helping him with her counsel and once more acting as regent during his prolonged visits to France. Unlike most of her contemporaries, Christina preserved her charms in middle age, and the beauty of her person excited general admiration when Charles IX was crowned at Rheims in 1561. Even the queen-mother, Catharine de' Medici, whom Brantôme calls "the proudest woman on earth," looked with admiring eyes at the tall and stately duchess, in her black velvet robes and flowing white veil, and exclaimed, "There is a fine woman, if you like!" But she refused all offers of marriage, and took for her device a solitary tower surrounded by a flight of birds, with the motto, *"Accipio nullas sordida turris aves"*—"A ruined tower, I give shelter to no birds"—as a symbol of perpetual widowhood.

After the death of her father King Christian II, whose long captivity ended in 1559, and that of her sister Dorothea, three years later, Christina assumed the title and arms of Queen of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, although she never succeeded in establishing her claim to these Northern kingdoms. Both her daughters married German princes. Renée became the wife of Duke William of Bavaria in 1568, and Dorothea, in 1575, wedded the restless and ambitious soldier, Eric of Brunswick. After her younger daughter's marriage, Christina, whose health had long been failing, was induced to seek a warmer climate, and in 1578 she settled permanently in her own dower-city of Tortona. Here she received an affectionate welcome from the subjects, in whose welfare she had always been keenly interested, and spent the last years of her life in the beautiful land over which she had reigned in her youth. Under her rule, the citizens of Tortona enjoyed a rare spell of peace and prosperity and were safe alike from the terrors of foreign invasion and of Spanish tyranny. When, on the tenth of September, 1590, Christina died suddenly at Alessandria, there was lamentation throughout Lombardy. Her ashes were borne across the Alps to Nancy, and buried with those of her second husband in the Church of the Cordeliers, close to the ducal palace where her happiest days had been spent. But the memory of her noble and generous acts lingered long in the old Lombard city, among the people who looked back with regret to the times of the Sforza dukes, and loved their last duchess to the end.

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THE WHITE FEET OF ATTHIS

BY HENRY ANDERSON LAFLER

WITH DECORATIONS BY OLIVER HERFORD

THEN Atthis to her lover-poet said:
"Why dost thou never murmur of my feet
A little song and sweet?
For surely they are worth a fragile rhyme
To cast in the teeth of Time."

From that imperious countenance, behold!
He looked along the dais stained with gold
Where bright her silken garments gleamed, and, lo!
A little drift of snow
Was newly fallen there,
Nor fled in the dim air.

Gazing, a mist about his eyelids fell;
As strokes of a loud bell
His heart beat: loveliness
Surged in his brain and did his soul possess,
And earth's white shapes, a cavalcade of dreams,
Hurried their phantom streams;
Yet came no vision out of lands or seas
So perfect fair as these—
So white, so slight, so pale, so frail, so sweet
Were her unsandaled feet.

Ah, grievèd was his heart
That ever in mead or mart
Aught carved so fragilely and slender round
Should tread the dark, cold ground.

"Such white hath not the curds
Drawn of the dreamy herds,
Nor white breasts of white birds,
Nor marble women folded in their stone,
Still, sunless, and unknown.

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"White of a moonlit garden of pale roses,
And blossomy orchard-closes,
Or shroud that wreathes a girl's virginity,
Her cold inviolacy,
Or viewless foam of far, enchanted seas—
Nay, not any of these
Is whiter."
Suddenly,
With petulant, bright mouth a-question, she
Shattered to air that weaving reverie.

"Tak'st thou so long to see that they are fair,
So mute thou standest there?
A song I 'd have to quell the singing birds,
Of soft and colored words,
All woven together in a gleaming rhyme—
Seven silver bells a-chime
To ring and murmur in all maidens' ears
Through the unceasing years:
Her feet were smallest, fairest. They must be
Forever hating me."

Then he from all his dreams awakenèd,
His grave eyes lifted, said:
"O Beautiful, mine all-allegiance
Bowed to the emerald shadows of thy glance,
And thine unconquered mouth
(A scarlet poppy out of the warm South),
And till thou bad'st them see,
Mine eyes knew not so far a falsity
Unto thy face, O Sweet,
As one small, fleeting glance unto thy feet!"

Thereat she laughed, in her high, queenly mood,
And said: "Thy words are of thy poethood.
And wilt thou bring some slight immortal rhyme
In morrow's morning-time?"

He leaned, and Atthis yielded to his lips
Her cold, sweet finger-tips.

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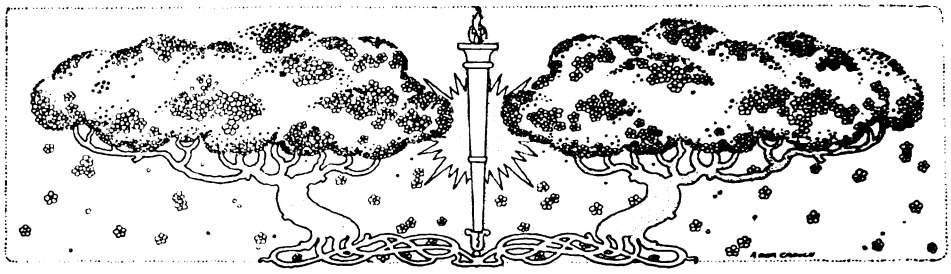

THE AMERICAN UNDERGRADUATE

BY CLAYTON SEDGWICK COOPER

THIRD PAPER: THE COLLEGE CAMPUS

RUDYARD KIPLING speaks of four street corners of four great cities where a man may stand and see pass everybody of note in the world. There are likewise vantage-points in our American colleges from which one may discover not only the influential undergraduate types, but also the real life of their environment. One of these places is the college campus.

Undergraduate life falls into two broad divisions: college work, pertaining to the study and the classroom; and college relaxation, centering upon the campus. The latter includes social life, amusements, athletics, and the other voluntary exercises in which students meet for fellowship and competition. The close tie between college work and college play is often shown. A change in student sentiment has instant effect on student work, while no rules of the faculty can nullify those deeply rooted principles of student life which make all college men akin.

A WEST POINT INCIDENT

THIS relation of student feeling to college authority was shown not long ago at West Point. The cadet corps was under arrest for having given the "silence" to an officer in the mess-hall during supper, for reasons deemed by the cadets to be vital to corps honor and dignity. The first silence occurred at supper. The whole corps of cadets, 450 men, were marched back to barracks supperless, and were placed under arrest in their rooms. Again at breakfast the cadets repeated the silence, for which they were returned to barracks, but not until they had been made to "double time" up and down the road for about twenty minutes. That morning the cadets had virtually no breakfast. At the next formation for midday dinner an incident occurred which struck a chord even deeper than discipline and authority, and broke the insubordination of the students. In the autumn one of the cadets had brought from home a graphophone, and among the comic-song cylinders was one which pictured a non-domestic husband about to slip quietly away from home for an evening at the club, when his wife confronted him with the command,

Put on your slippers; you 're in for the night.

This song was very popular with the cadets. They were drawn up in front of the barracks, every man indignant, obstinate, and determined to repeat the silence, and to continue it even at the risk of starvation and confinement. At this critical moment the graphophone, which had been set to begin its work five minutes after its humorous owner had left his room, began to sing in a high-pitched voice through the open window directly above the lines of cadets,

Put on your slippers; you 're in for the night.

The effect was irresistible. It was like the changing of a current in an electric battery. The eyes of the cadets, despite

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the fact that they were at attention, sought the eyes of their fellows; their faces relaxed, then broke into a smile. By the time they reached the mess-hall the whole corps was laughing, and their sense of humor had swept away the sense of anger and pride. This was the beginning of the restoration of the traditional West Point discipline. The campus had spoken to the classroom.

"GROWN-UP" COLLEGIANS

IT is through an understanding of this spirit of the campus that the work of American undergraduates can be adjusted to modern demands. The work of the classroom and examination-hall makes for democracy, while the social life of the college makes for conservatism and aristocracy. Campus life is increasingly difficult to understand because of its growing complexity. The material needs of our time have created a class of undergraduates bent on becoming specialists, and these men have increasingly less time for either college work or college life; for them the undergraduate course is something to be hurried through as a short cut to professional efficiency. Even athletics and college affairs have only a slender hold upon these utilitarian specialists. They have a "grown-up" look on their faces as, eager for scientific research, they rush to and fro between their rooms and their laboratories.

Undergraduate life is now likewise influenced by the influx of students who are not the sons of college men, but who come from homes the chief ideals of which have been derived from counting-rooms and laboratories, from brokers' and railroad offices. These students, scions of a property-getting class, in conjunction with the social set and the scientific students in college, help to change the classical traditions. They emphasize the campus side of college life more than that of the lecture-room. Their eyes are upon the stadium rather than upon the library; the delights of scholarship influence them less than ambition for leadership and the importance of "making good" in student affairs. They are in college for "popular" reasons, and too often fail to learn how to think. But they are eager, versatile, adaptable, with a ready capacity for social adjustment and modern expression.

COSMOPOLITAN LIFE AT COLLEGE

THE student who has been brought up always to dine in a dinner-coat will have for his table-companions men who have never owned a dress-coat and who see no immediate prospect of needing one. Furthermore, the student world has been subdivided until it is a wholly different thing from what it was fifty or even twenty years ago. While in the seventies the college student knew every man in his class, in the large institution to-day an undergraduate will meet in the college yard scores of classmates who are perfect strangers, and to whom he has no more idea of speaking than to persons whom he has never seen before.

The influx of foreign students has added to the cosmopolitan life of American institutions. So far as they are Orientals, the English departments are specially modified both in the character of the attendance and the instruction by their presence. The professor's task of adjusting instruction to a mixed assembly of American, Indian, Mohammedan, Porto Rican, Chinese, and Japanese students may be inferred from the answer of a young East Indian student who was asked to describe in English his daily routine:

> At the break of day I rises from my own bed, then I employ myself till 8 o'clock, after which I employ myself to bathe, then take for my body some sweetmeat, and just at 9½ I came to school to attend my class duty, then, at 2½ P.M. I return from school and engage myself to do my necessary duty, then I engage for a quarter to take my tiffin, then I study till 5 P.M., after which I began to play anything which comes in my head. After 8½ half pass to eight we are began to sleep, before sleeping I told a constable just 11 o' he came and rose us from half pass elevan we began to read still morning.

The familiar din of dishes at the commons of Columbia, as well as at the University of California, serves to raise the pitch of a polyglot table-talk that often represents a dozen nationalities. Last year there were hundreds of undergraduates in American colleges who had come with alien speech, customs, ideals, temperaments, and religion. Among these were a specially

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From an etching by Thomas Wood Stevens

THE CHAPEL AT WEST POINT, AS SEEN FROM AN ENTRANCE TO THE AREA OF THE CADET BARRACKS

important delegation of three hundred Chinese young men who were beneficiaries of the Boxer indemnity fund. These students from foreign nations still further subdivide undergraduate life through their race clubs, societies for learning English, special religious conferences, and new studies.

COLLEGE TRADITIONS

COLLEGE tradition adds its distinctive factor to the campus life of the undergraduate, particularly in the older seats of learning. A good tradition makes it easy to accomplish things worth while without the spasmodic campaigns that characterize

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many younger institutions. Students are often more zealous to uphold the ancient customs of their college than anything else connected with it. The annual conflicts between freshmen and sophomores have grown to be an institution. Certain traditional habits, often humorous, sometimes doubtful, in character, have grown up in nearly every North American college. An old account of life at Cambridge tells of the manner in which both occupant and furniture of a freshman's room were menaced by a missile as big as a cantaloup that was thrown into it. It was described as a *transmittendam* (it went with the room), and was handed down in some such forcible manner from one generation of freshmen to another. The desire to link the past with the present at Harvard is also shown in the custom of registering the name of each occupant on the doors of certain old frame buildings long used as lodging-houses by students. The old college pump has been a traditional means of grace to many freshmen, and the customary restriction to upper classmen of caps, canes, and pipes has added pugilistic zest to undergraduate life.

College tradition is not an unmixed blessing when it results in provincialism and the loss of that breadth of mind and appreciative sympathy which should characterize educated men. When any undergraduate body becomes blindly a law unto itself, refusing to learn from other institutions; when faculty and students take the position that because certain ideas have never prevailed at their college, therefore they never should and never will, they show their unfitness for leadership in an age of vast and varied opportunity.

The students of the Middle West and the Far West are more sensible of their freedom from the past than are our Eastern undergraduates. They realize that they are at least a hundred years behind Eastern colleges in the dignity of their traditions, and they therefore seek to crystallize college spirit about college customs; but their customs do not interfere with progress, as sometimes happens in the East, and a question is decided on its merits quite regardless of precedent or policies. If a proposition seems sensible and right, it is adopted, despite its novelty or its conflict with tradition. Keeping close to modern needs, those colleges have gone ahead and accomplished things while more conservative institutions have been leisurely thinking about them. It is this audacity of spirit, this dash and action, which endear to the undergraduates of the West all men of achievement. When among them one thinks of the old verse:

> Oh, prudence is a right good thing
> And those are useful friends,
> Who never make beginnings
> Until they see the ends,
> But now and then give me a man
> And I will make him king,
> Just to take the consequences,
> Just to *do* the thing.

THE GAIETY OF UNDERGRADUATES

TRADITIONS are closely connected with college gaiety, and gaiety forms a real part of the comprehensive life of the American student. "Cheerfulness," says Arnold Bennett, "is a most precious attainment." The undergraduate cultivates it as an art, puts worry behind him, and faces the world with a laugh.

About his gaiety there is a kind of humorous bravado. He likes to defy the lightning. An old graduate of Princeton relates how, in 1857, when the paper called "The Rake," because of its daring criticisms, had placed its editors under the ban of suspension by the faculty, the editors injected fun into the dismal situation by printing the statement, "We have authority for supposing that even the faculty do not coöperate as heartily with our undertaking as they could and should."

At the University of Michigan a professor, lecturing on electricity, wished to show that the fur of a cat is raised by an electrical current. He asked one day, "Will some student bring a cat to-morrow, in order that we may show this experiment?" The next day every one of the forty students entered the lecture-room with a cat under his arm!

Mechanical laws seem never to baffle the collegian in search of gaiety. Indeed, when one studies some of the mysterious happenings on and about the college campus, one ceases to wonder at the mechanical triumphs of the Egyptians. At one college which I visited, the stilly night was disturbed by half a hundred students who, with riotous yells, ran a two-horse wagon

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Drawn by Henry Raleigh. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

AMATEUR COLLEGE THEATRICALS

The scene is from a Swiss farce, as acted by a company of undergraduates in an Eastern university.

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back and forth on an upper story of a college dormitory, to which place they had succeeded in hoisting it. This occurred at midnight, for the delectation of three hundred students and members of the faculty who were sleeping below. Next day the college paper declared that the president of the institution had been seen at his bedside supplicating against earthquakes and thunderbolts.

I once visited a small college where the chapel exercises were abruptly ended because six or eight barn-yard fowl had been placed inside the pipe-organ. As several hundred students marched into the chapel, the old German professor, who was deaf, began to play the organ. The commingled sounds that issued from that instrument when the levers began to work were described as extraordinary.

Much of the enduring loyalty of college men clings about the memories of such events. A college president once said to me that some of the most important gifts to his institution came from men who remembered college fun and "idlesse" long after time had blotted out the serious impressions of the classroom. As one apostle of the easy-going side of student days has said:

"There is some chill and arid knowledge to be found upon the summits of formal and laborious science; but it is all around about you, and for the trouble of looking, that you will acquire the warm and palpitating facts of life."

Still, there is the duty of drawing a distinct line between college fun and fundamental decency and good order. When this line is crossed, all the authority of the faculty and, if necessary, the laws of the land should be brought to bear upon the offenders. There should be no dallying with undergraduate lawbreakers, no special exemptions for students. Reprehensible and even criminal acts have been committed by college men in the last few years which called for more punishment than seemingly they received. It is no kindness to the undergraduate to overlook acts of dishonesty, ruthless destruction of property, or dissipated license. Respect for property and decency should be impressed upon a boy before he reaches college age. It is because lawlessness has been tolerated by parents in the home, as well as by over-lenient masters at boarding-school, that we read continually in the press of offenses against common sense and respectability, committed by persons of supposed cultivation. Nothing is more needed in American life to-day than strengthening the respect for discipline and lawful authority.

COLLEGE MEN'S HONOR

SUCH abuses of liberty, as well as nearly all other college delinquencies, can be largely prevented by a consistent appeal to the undergraduate's sense of honor. Recently I asked the president of a North Carolina college what he regarded as the chief characteristic of American students. He replied promptly, "College honor." At Princeton, at the University of Virginia, at Amherst, and at many other institutions, the honor system in examinations, arranged and managed by students, represents the deliberate intention of the undergraduates to do the square thing. These laws, which the students voluntarily impose upon themselves, are enforced more vigorously than the rules of the faculty.

A few years ago I visited a university at a time when the entire undergraduate body was deeply stirred over a matter that involved college honor. A senior of high standing socially and intellectually, the son of a prominent family, high in popular favor, was overheard to use disrespectful language to his landlady. The senior was summoned before the student committee having charge of undergraduate affairs, was confronted with the charges, allowed to make answer, and, being found guilty, was asked to leave the institution. His family and friends, incensed by this demand, which seemed to them both harsh and unjust, appealed to the faculty for redress. The chairman of the faculty replied that the matter was entirely in the hands of the students. Application was then made to the student committee to present the young man's side of the question to the whole college. The student council readily acceded to this request, saying that they were perfectly willing to consider the charges more at length, as their only desire was to be absolutely just. When he went up for a new trial the young man's family engaged a lawyer. The student body also engaged counsel. The trial was held in one of the largest

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halls in the university town, and virtually the whole student body sat through the evening and far into the morning listening to the presentations of both sides. A judge who told me of the incident said that during those hours, looking into those student faces, he did not remember seeing any man change his expression, but that every one sat in the attitude of seeking only the truth. The jury, which was chosen from the faculty and from impartial men in the town, found that the young man had actually used the words attributed to him, and therefore pronounced him guilty of the charge.

A few months ago an incident occurred at a Southern college that impressed me deeply. At one of a series of meetings which I was holding, a student rose and said that he wished to make confession to the student body. He had recently won the sophomore-junior debate, but wished to confess that he had gained it unfairly. He had overheard his opponent rehearsing his debate in an adjoining room, and although he stopped his ears and refused to listen, his room-mate took down the points. Afterward, the debater said, the temptation was so subtle that he took the notes, arranged his own debate accordingly, and won. "But," he said with deep feeling, "I stole it, and I have come to plead the forgiveness of the student body."

Very early the next morning a young man called at the house where I was being entertained, to tell me that he was the room-mate who had taken the notes mentioned in the confession. He, too, wished an opportunity to speak to the students. At the public meeting that evening, before three hundred college men, he rose and told of his all-night fight for character on the college campus. He described the humiliation which he saw confronting him if he should tell of his part in the dishonorable proceeding, and said:

"I was helped by a power beyond myself to make a clean breast of it. I am here to tell the students that I, rather than the man who spoke last night, should take the blame for stealing that debate."

I do not remember ever having witnessed such deep feeling, or heard such applause in any assembly, as greeted that sturdy confession. It was a triumph of college honor and integrity, rooted in manhood, conscience, and religion.

SOCIETY LIFE AMONG UNDERGRADUATES

BUT the supreme opportunity for the inculcation and employment of honesty is not reserved for examinations and public presentations; it also belongs to the complex social life of the colleges, which has become important. The club-book of an Eastern university, for example, records the existence at that institution of ninety different social organizations, the object of most of them being to bring men together sociably. Such intermingling is vital for college friendship. It is true, as former Dean Henry P. Wright of Yale has said, that, to a student, a friend is a "fellow whom you know all about, and still like," and for that reason the social organizations which bring men together in an intimacy closer than is found anywhere else are indispensable aids in the formation of lasting friendships.

The social groupings of college life are also important because they give an opportunity for concrete and tangible success through student leadership. College society, in fact, has brought into being a restricted, but very real, world, with special laws and a kind of public opinion founded on student initiative and sentiment. Responsibility and leadership in college affairs have given many an undergraduate the initial stir to the qualities which make him successful in after life. These fraternal bodies, democratic, discriminatingly alert for the best men, and usually emphasizing worth rather than birth, are vital not only in the discovery of individuality, but also in their unique contribution to the corporate strength and unity of college life.

COLLEGE FRATERNITY LIFE

THE Greek-letter society is found at the heart of these undergraduate social activities. Indeed, fraternities have become in many institutions as much the center of the college itself as of college society. So far as social and moral influences go, the character of the fraternity which a young man joins is quite as important as the college or university he selects. The fraternity students represent the "system" in college: they choose athletic managers, they exert the "pull" which controls editorship upon the college papers, they de-

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termine largely the presidents of classes, and in some cases the elections to senior societies.

The membership of the thirty-five national Greek-letter fraternities (not to mention a hundred or more local fraternities or the fifty fraternities of the professional schools) now comprises 200,000 undergraduates and graduates. These figures do not include the twenty intercollegiate sororities that claim 250 chapters and 25,000 members. Three hundred and seventy colleges and universities at present contain chapters of national Greek-letter fraternities, and millions are invested in the buildings of these societies. An almanac for 1911 ascribes 1013 fraternity-houses to American colleges. Half a million dollars is invested in chapter-houses at the University of Michigan alone. The property of the eleven fraternities at Amherst has twenty times greater money value than Yale's available funds in 1830; and the property of the fraternities at Columbia, valued at a million dollars, are as great as the total productive funds of all the colleges at the beginning of the last century.

The college fraternity or the college club becomes responsible for a large and representative part of the undergraduate life in America. It is usually responsible for the histrionics in university life, and there is perhaps no literary tendency more pronounced in our colleges to-day than that toward the making of the drama. Several important plays of recent years may be traced to graduates who were members of such clubs as "The Hasty Pudding" of Harvard and "The Mask and Wig" of Pennsylvania. At a time when confessedly there is a crying demand for good, strong plays at the theater, it is agreeable to hear that the classes of professors of dramatic literature are crowded.

Furthermore, the fraternity is no longer simply a debating society; it is also a student-home. There is an increasing tendency, especially on the part of state institutions, to make it possible for college fraternities to erect their buildings on the campus. Every fraternity-house is the product of much thought, liberal support, and often sacrifice, on the part of influential alumni. College authorities are seriously considering the many problems connected with these organizations, for thousands of undergraduates find their homes in them for four very impressionable years. The general attitude of the faculties is wisely not one of repression or of drastic regulation by rules, but, as President Faunce of Brown has expressed it, of "sympathetic understanding, constant consultation, and the endeavor to enlist fraternities in the best movements in college life."

There is, moreover, a plain tendency on the part of members of college fraternities to face the dangers as well as to enjoy the advantages connected with such societies. They realize that these organizations can be effectively influenced only by a leavening process within the fraternity itself, for external pressure and rules have never yet succeeded in forming or changing student sentiment. The fraternity can establish manliness and decency, or sportiness and laziness, as its ideals, and these ideals are clearly reflected in the membership. The inclination of these bodies to assume definite responsibility for the moral welfare of their members is indicated by the action of some of the old national fraternities, which have chosen national field-secretaries to travel among the chapters in order to study conditions and to assist in the direction, control, and general betterment of fraternity activities. The type of men selected for membership is being more carefully scrutinized. In a considerable and growing number of institutions, students are not chosen for membership until the end of the freshman year; thus there is needful opportunity on both sides for more intelligent choice.

More and more the coöperation of fraternity alumni is being sought by the authorities. These graduates who are often largely responsible for the fine houses of the fraternities, are justly called upon by the college to assist in maintaining proper regulations within them. Moreover, assurance is given that the fraternity itself wishes to coöperate with the faculty in securing a higher grade of scholarship, which fraternity life too frequently menaces, and in demanding the reform of conditions leading to delinquency of all kinds. There is no police force really effective for a college community but a student police force, and this operates not by external pressure, but by internal persuasion.

A real danger of the modern college

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fraternity lies in its distraction from the real work of the college—study and the intellectual life—through habits of indifference, laziness, or immorality. The chapter-house tends to suggest that college work is optional, not imperative. "Thou shalt not loaf!" as an eleventh commandment, written across the doorposts of a fraternity club-house in the Middle West, is no inappropriate injunction. The undue and distressing waste of time in inconsequent and foolish play, the inevitable interruptions, the dissipations of social events, the inane profligacy, the autocracy of athletics, the feeble conversations that "skim like a swallow over the surface of reality"—all these are too often the doubtful compensations received by the college man as fraternity privileges.

"The modern world is an exacting one," says ex-President Woodrow Wilson, "and the things that it exacts are mostly intellectual." One often wonders, in visiting the fraternities of America, how large a place this intellectual work holds in college life. Was that Eastern college professor justified in saying that some fraternity men are not unlike the old farmer down East who was usually to be found in a comfortable arm-chair in the post-office, and when asked what he did, replied, "I just set and think, and set and think, and sometimes I just *set.*" The fraternity-house that becomes a place to "set" rather than a place to work is hardly a credit to a college campus. As President Northrop said to some society men at the University of Minnesota, "If your fraternity is not a place for intellectual and moral incitements, it is a failure, and it must go the way of all failures."

Among other gifts, the American college fraternity may justly be expected to bestow upon its members devoted friendship, the ability to live successfully with other men, and such habits of application, industry, and sobriety as develop ideas and character.

THE UNDERGRADUATE'S PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

BUT this hint at the somewhat free-and-easy life of the fraternity chapter-house should not leave the impression that the American undergraduate is, as a rule, a thoughtless creature or that he fails to formulate a philosophy of life. Gilbert K. Chesterton remarks, "There are some people, and I am one of them, who think that the most practical and important thing about a man is still his view of the universe." Certain beholders of collegiate conditions have evidently become acquainted with only those students who have thoughtlessly taken their serious views, in second-hand fashion, from their ancestors or from current opinion. These spectators have perhaps justly concluded that the undergraduate has no view of life—no view, at least, which is complimentary to him.

Such an impression is not general among those who are familiar with the inner working of the undergraduate mind and have watched the result of his philosophy in practical works. Many of the vital movements of the time have originated among these seemingly thoughtless college men. It was in a small room at Princeton, in the year 1876, that Cleveland H. Dodge, W. Earl Dodge, and Luther D. Wishard, after earnest conversation regarding the moral and religious life of the institution, decided to send delegates to the next year's Convention of the International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations, held in Louisville, Kentucky. This delegation presented to the International Committee plans for a Student Young Men's Christian Association at Princeton. Other groups of undergraduates took similar action both in America and in other countries, until at present the World's Student Christian Federation includes 148,300 students and professors in its membership. These federated movements represent twenty-one nations. In connection with these societies during the last college season 66,000 students met regularly for Bible study.

These associations at the colleges have given rise to many other organizations which have stimulated the educated life of the world. The Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, which originated in connection with a student conference at Mount Hermon, Massachusetts, in the year 1886, has been responsible for enlisting 4784 collegians who have been sent by churches and Christian organizations to serve in foreign lands.

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This student missionary organization is also accomplishing an educational work in familiarizing undergraduates with the social, political, and religious conditions of foreign nations. The college Christian associations now have 163 graduates among their employed officers in the institutions of higher learning in North America. Last year the annual budget of this work, the object of which is the social and religious betterment of students *by students,* was nearly two hundred thousand dollars.

Undergraduate philosophy of life is an evolution. It consists of three stages: the first is characterized by a sense of calamity or fear as the student leaves behind the observances and conventional creeds of childhood, held with unquestioning and often unthinking assent. He begins to think for himself. He enters an atmosphere of questioning and scientific discovery, an environment in which facts come before opinions. His first alarm is because he thinks he is losing his religion. He says, like the prophet Micah, when the hostile Danites took away his images, "Ye have taken away my gods . . . what have I more?"

His next step is often toward over-liberality. His god is breadth of mind. He revels in his impartial view of men and the universe. By turns he calls himself a pantheist, a pragmatist, or an agnostic. His religious position is at times summed up in the description of a young college curate by a bishop who said the young man arose in his pulpit with a self-confidence begotten of fancied wisdom, saying to his expectant hearers: "Dearly beloved, you must repent—as it were; and be converted—in a measure; or be damned —to a certain extent!"

The third stage of the undergraduate is usually in line with constructive action. He begins to be interested in doing something, and practice for him, as for men generally, helps to solve the riddle of the universe. The best test of college theology or college philosophy is its serviceableness, its power to attach the student to something which needs to be done, and which he can do. Many an undergraduate whose college course has seemed an intellectually unsettling period has found himself upon solid ground as soon as he has begun seriously to engage in the world's work.

Indeed, a strikingly aggressive social propaganda is now in operation in the North American colleges. The college student, like the modern American, is a practical being and is interested in securing practical results. His first question regarding any movement usually is, "What is it doing that is really worth while?" Recently a graduate of an Eastern university was secured to give his entire time to the study and promotion of social service in the colleges of the United States and Canada.

An example of such service is demonstrated by the social work that the University of Pennsylvania is doing in connection with its settlement house in Philadelphia, which is owned and conducted by the Christian Association of the university. The settlement, erected in the river-front district, immediately opposite the university, at Lombard and Twenty-sixth streets, consists of a group of buildings built at a total cost of $60,000; a children's playground adjoining the house; an athletic field across the river; and, forty miles from Philadelphia, a beautifully situated farm of sixty-four acres, used for a camp for boys and girls, for mothers and children, in the summer months. Every year one hundred students and members of the faculty take part in the active service and support of the settlement. Among the activities are the following: Boys' and girls' and adults' clubs; industrial classes, athletics; dispensary; modified milk station; visiting physician; resident nurse; public lectures; entertainments; religious meetings; social investigation; political work; and the usual activities of a playground, athletic field, and summer camp. Former residents and volunteer workers of the settlement are scattered throughout the world engaging in social and religious work. Four are medical missionaries in China, one is a missionary in Persia, another in Honolulu, another in South America, while three are holding prominent positions in social work in this country.

PHILOSOPHY OF SERVICEABLENESS

SUCH works, with numerous other tendencies which might be mentioned in the line of unpaid and voluntary service for college publications, musical organiza-

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tions, debating organizations, and athletics, lead one to define the American undergraduate's philosophy of life as one of service. Unlike the German or Indian, his seriousness is not associated with metaphysical or theological discussion or expression. He asks not so much *What?* as *What for?* His aims belong to "a kingdom of ends." Student theory operates in a real world—a world where contact is not so marked with creeds and laws as with virile movements and living men. The undergraduate is enamoured of a gospel of action. To him "deeds are mightier things than words" are. His spirit slumbers under sermons and lectures upon dogma and description, but rises with an heroic call to give money, time, and life for vital college or world enterprises. Difficulties stir him as they always stir true men. He admires the power that is "caught in the cylinder and does not escape in the whistle." More and more plainly in all his undergraduate and graduate work the American student is revealing his love and ability for that serviceableness to the state, to the church, and to industrial life which, though often unpaid and unappreciated, brings to the servant a satisfying reward in the doing.

A few years ago a Harvard athlete played in a hard and exciting foot-ball game against Yale. Toward the end of the game, when it was nearly dark, this man was fairly hurled through the Yale line in a play that shortly afterward resulted in giving the game to the Cambridge men. It seemed a strange irony of circumstance that just before time was called the heroic player was disqualified. When the game was over and the crimson men were marching wildly about the field, yelling for Harvard and carrying the foot-ball players on their shoulders, the man whose playing was largely contributory to this triumph was down in the training-quarters, almost alone, but with the satisfaction that, although forgotten by the crowd, he had "played the game." Certain alumni, who had seen this man's plucky but unpraised fight for his Alma Mater, sent to him these words of Kipling:

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame,
But *each for the joy of the working.* . . .

We must admit that the undergraduate's philosophy of life may be obscure at times, even to himself; that it is as subtle and evasive as the moods of youth; and that its expression is as cosmopolitan as nationality, and as varied as human nature. For some students, too, we must conclude that trivialities and immoralities bury far out of sight the true meaning of college training and life-work; but in other students, and these are the majority, underneath his curriculum and his customs, his light-heartedness, his loves, and his seeming listlessness, one may discern the real American undergraduate, energetic, earnest, expectant, and strenuously eager for those great campaigns of his day and generation in which the priceless guerdon is the "joy of the working."

(To be continued)

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Drawn by René Vincent

RIP AT THE TAVERN

THE STAGE WISDOM OF JOSEPH JEFFERSON

BY MARY SHAW

WHEN I received a letter from Mr. Jefferson asking me to become a member of his company, I had never seen him, I had never seen even *Rip van Winkle*. I was to him a great curiosity; but he wrote pleasantly that as he had had at some time or other for *Gretchen* every actress who had attained to any prominence, he felt it was not quite just not to give me also an opportunity.

Perhaps if I had known the quality and character of the part then, when I held myself in much greater esteem than I do now, I might have hesitated. But I had only one thought: all that Mr. Jefferson meant to me in reputation and the joy and benefit of association with him. I had a very pleasant interview with him, and, as happened with every one who had dealings with him, I loved him personally from the first. He was the most lovable person I had ever met either in or out of my profession. With great gentleness he combined tremendous strength, which one felt all the time.

When it was time for the season to begin, I was amazed to find that I was to have but few rehearsals with Mr. Jefferson. At that time he had played the part of *Rip van Winkle* for thirty-seven years, and he did not rehearse with the company until within one or two performances of the opening. His sons, who had been associated with him for several years, rehearsed the play; and as they were rather easy-going young men, and were tired of the play, anyway, these were the funniest rehearsals I ever saw. It was wonderful

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to me, who had been used to very exact training, to hear the young Jeffersons talking down in front on all sorts of matters foreign to the play, and permitting the actors to go on in "any old way they pleased."

It was a sort of *Vincent Crummles's* company, largely made up of the Jefferson family. There were the sons, Tom, Joe, and Willie, and Joe's wife, and Mr. Jefferson's sister Connie—Mrs. Jackson. What parts were left over, so to speak, were distributed among a few actors who, excepting myself, had been long associated with Jefferson. They knew all about the play, while I, who had been so carefully trained, found myself in the ridiculous position of being unable to get any information at all about anything.

I was in a state of much trepidation the morning Mr. Jefferson appeared for rehearsal, and simply shaking, I went to him and told him that I did not really know anything about it. He laid his hand on my shoulder in that gentle way that stilled all tumult in one and made everything easy and possible, saying, "It will be all right." Then he gave me a few general directions that were a little more exact than those I had received, but went into no details.

On the opening night, at the Garden Theater in New York, I had one of the few awful moments of my life. But also I had a wonderful experience despite my nervousness, which was largely due to a keen appreciation of what the quality of my work that night would mean to my future. For the second time in my career all personal excitement and interest were overcome by the charm of the person with whom I was acting. I found not only a great peace and a great strength in forming part of the picture with Mr. Jefferson, but I was compelled to make a distinct effort to keep up my impersonation independently of the effect produced on me by him. He was so absolutely master of every detail of action, yet put it forth with such exquisite ease and precision, that the effect upon the actors was almost the same as upon the audience. One became aware of one's own shortcomings, artificiality, or inability to get into the picture, so to speak.

Naturally, having been obliged to work on the part independently of any suggestions, I had gone along the lines of the simple humanity of the rôle. As far as I was able, I put into my voice all the emotions of sorrow, anger, and sense of outrage that I found in the manuscript in reference to *Gretchen*. At the end of *Gretchen's* first scene, where *Derrick* prophesies to her that if she continues to live with *Rip*, the hopeless drunkard, she will lose everything and become a pauper, she shoulders her wash-board, which she has been using, and as she leaves the stage says, "Well, not while *Rip* lives, bad as he is." The audience responded with a round of applause. I was too much excited at the time to notice the surprise of the actors, but it appears that it was an unprecedented effect.

In the third act *Rip* is attempting to excuse himself for being drunk, and makes a promise to *Gretchen* that he will never drink again as long as he lives. In her joy at his hundredth reformation or more, the wife goes from the scene to bring on the children. Returning, she finds *Rip* drinking out of the bottle, and chuckling to himself at his success in being able still to fool her. Berating him, she snatches the bottle away, and thrusts it into a pocket which she wears on the outside of her dress. This bottle was a very important factor. When, a short time after, he is describing to *Gretchen* how he did not shoot the jackass rabbit, and is cajoling her, *Rip* has much funny business in feeling about for the bottle and taking it out of its hiding-place without her knowledge. To my horror, as I held the bottle on this momentous evening I found I had forgotten to put on the pocket. What in the name of heaven should I do with the flask! As I had been washing, the costume I wore had the outer skirt turned up and pinned behind; but as it was not pinned in front, to put the bottle in there meant to run the risk of its slipping out before the important moment arrived when *Rip* was to find it, one of the most laughable and amusing bits of business in the play.

My blood absolutely ran cold; but I dropped the bottle into the turned-up skirt and depended upon being able to warn Mr. Jefferson that it was there. But, alas! he was deaf, and very much occupied with his part. I think I never suffered in my life so much nervous terror

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as during those five minutes while I waited for *Rip* to begin his scene. Mr. Jefferson started the recital of how he spotted the jackass rabbit, and what he did. Every one recalls that long and funny scene. All the time *Rip*, while holding *Gretchen's* attention with his story, is feeling about with his hand for the bottle, and *Gretchen* is getting angrier and angrier at his not coming to the point. That evening it was *real* business. The pocket was not there. As Mr. Jefferson hunted for it, there was a touch of realism that I am sure was never in his performance afterward. Meanwhile I was reiterating as loudly as I dared: "It is in my dress. It is in my dress." After a time, not finding the pocket, Mr. Jefferson began to take a little notice, yet, with his rare skill, carrying the scene on far beyond its usual length.

"Where in your dress?" he asked presently, comprehending my whispered directions.

"In the turned-up part," I answered. He dived into the turned-up part, produced the bottle, and the scene went on.

Why I did not faint after that strain upon my feelings I have never been able to guess. Having had large experience with mistakes of that kind, I waited with much dread for the little heart-to-heart talk after the curtain should fall. At last the scene was over, and I stood there prepared for anything. Mr. Jefferson looked at me a moment and said: "What a splendid idea! You know, I have always had a feeling that it was a mistake to have that pocket hanging on there. A woman washing would n't have it, you know. Yet there did n't seem to be anything to do with the bottle but that. You have accidentally hit upon a ripping scheme. That would be the natural thing to do with a bottle, would n't it? Just sew up your dress so that the bottle can't fall out. You have added a piece of splendid business to the scene. I am very much obliged to you."

He really meant it was a good idea, of course, but many men in his place would have treated the accident on my part very differently.

Though none was so harrowing as this, I had so many experiences afterward of Jefferson's great sympathy with the common human failings of the actors with him, that it seems quite absurd now that I could have suffered as I did during that scene; but of course he was an utter stranger to me then.

The play went on, and it came to the place where *Gretchen* turns *Rip* out of the house, one of the great situations of the piece. I launched into this scene with all the accumulated feeling in my heart of what that outraged woman would feel and do in those circumstances. I was wholly in sympathy with *Gretchen*. When I cried: "Out, you drunkard! Out, you sot! You are a disgrace to your wife and child. Out! I hope I shall never see your face again as long as I live," there was long and continued applause. It appears that it was the first time this had ever happened in the play. As I went to my dressing-room, one of Mr. Jefferson's sons tiptoed up to me and said: "The governor won't do a thing to you. There is to be no sympathy for *Gretchen* in this play. You are all off."

"Well," I retorted, "if I am all off, it is the fault of you boys, for I did not know how he wanted it played."

Mr. Jefferson said nothing to me that evening, but the next day he sent for me, and we had a long talk about the part. "You know, my dear," he said almost confidentially, "*Rip van Winkle* is a figure made immortal by a great man. He is a type of humanity. Long before I impersonated him in the drama, he had been enshrined in the hearts of Americans. That was the idea and thought of the dramatist. The little details of *Gretchen's* sufferings, and all the things which grow out of *Rip's* wrong relationship with society, are unimportant compared with the great human study of a lovable ne'er-do-well who has become a living personality to the majority of American readers. If you play *Gretchen* from the point of view of presenting her side of the case, as you would do in an ordinarily constructed drama, if the drama were just a simple presentation of the subject as a story, your treatment would be all right. But this drama must be treated in such a way as to tell the story and yet never to interfere with the original drawing of the central figure, *Rip van Winkle*. Therefore, in playing *Gretchen* you must keep this in mind: make her from the very beginning a shrew. What lines have been put in her

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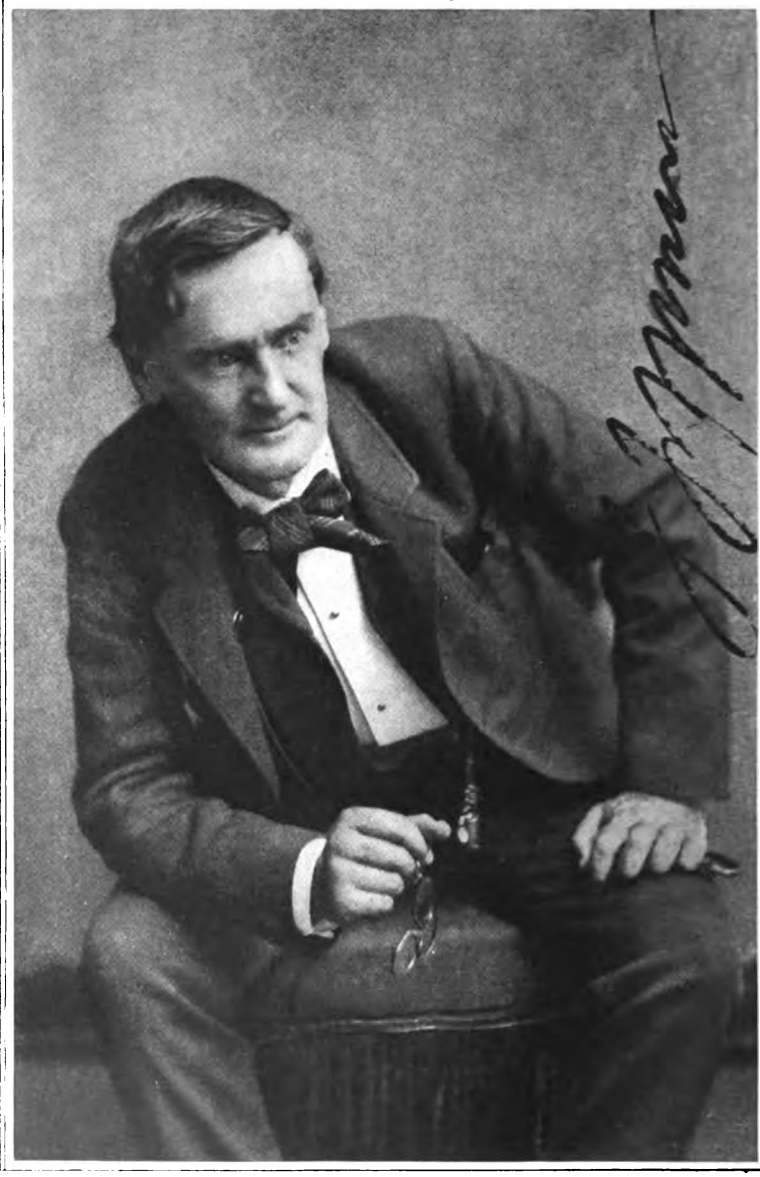

JOSEPH JEFFERSON

From a photograph, copyright by Merritt and Van Wagner. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

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mouth that would indicate a very deep feeling or ability to suffer you must toss over lightly. Take my word for it, two thirds of the power and charm of this as a play would be destroyed by individual characterization for mere truthfulness. You must not once during the play, except in the last act, call the attention of the audience to any ordinary rule of conduct or mode of feeling. You must play everything with the idea of putting forth this central figure, *Rip van Winkle,* as more and more lovable, the more and more he outrages the sensibilities, that being the ethical meaning of the play. Let each auditor for himself draw any moral he chooses out of this, but do not spoil the artistic picture."

It was the first time in my life that I had ever come up against a problem of this kind. I did not understand it then. I resented it. But my respect for Mr. Jefferson as an artist was so great that I went against every feeling of my heart and every particle of training that I had had, and was so successful in adapting myself to his idea, that he paid me the great compliment of saying that he was entirely satisfied with my performance.

There is a very funny moment in "Rip van Winkle," when *Rip* puts his head in at the window, after being out all night. He sees the two children, *Meenie* and *Hendrick,* there. Peering anxiously about, he asks, "Is the old wildcat there?" *Gretchen* is behind the blind of the window, watching for him, and motions to the children not to tell. As they do not warn him, as he always expects them to do, they being, like the audience, conspirators with *Rip* against poor *Gretchen,* he steps in. Upon this, *Gretchen* seizes him by the hair. Everybody recalls the funny scene, where, as she vigorously pulls, he cajoles and makes love to her. This, while apparently simple, was one of the most difficult things I had ever done. Mr. Jefferson was a delicate man, with nervous sensibilities, and as he wore a wig in the play, it was impossible really to catch him by the hair. The actress had to make a vicious lunge, as if she were grabbing his hair, and, when she had done so, rest her hand lightly on his head while he wriggled about in the window, never pressing too hard, yet giving the impression of pulling his hair furiously. That also I accomplished in time to his entire satisfaction.

The two seasons that I played with Mr. Jefferson were short,—six weeks in the autumn and five in the spring,—but they were delightful. Mr. Jefferson, being unquestionably the most popular star of the day, could choose his own routes. On these tours the Jefferson family had a private car, and three other members of the company were invited to live in it with them. This gave me an opportunity for much closer daily communion with Mr. Jefferson than I ever could have enjoyed in meeting him only at the theater at night. The car was usually put on a siding in the yards, a little way out of the town in which we were playing, and he used to take me with him in the cab to and from the theater. So I was in his society virtually all of the time.

Mr. Jefferson's one hobby was painting. In the early morning—at half-past six or so—he would be heard calling for his coffee and for his palette and brushes. It was very hard to get any conversation out of him during the day that did not in some way lead up to painting. He would talk by the hour about the different painters and their works. He was gifted with a peculiar ability to make clear to other persons all he himself had learned. This was all very interesting, but at that time I should have preferred to have had him talk about acting. This, however, was a subject he rarely discussed. Once in a while, by asking him a question about something relating to the stage, one would find him a perfect well of the finest, most wonderful deduction and knowledge of the art of acting. Mr. Jefferson was the one in this profession who taught me the most I know of the truths of acting. Observing him and his acting was the greatest inspiration, the greatest help, that ever came to me in the way of instruction. And he did it all so simply, so easily, with no theories, but just the plain statement of facts which years and years of *doing* had taught him.

Mr. Jefferson was the most natural—to use that much-abused term—actor I ever knew. Yet he would not have subscribed for a moment to two thirds of what is written and taught to-day about "natural acting." He contended that the stage was a convention, that persons were not really natural there in the general

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sense. He argued that, since the actor was compelled to appear in a small space, keeping pretty well to the front most of the time, so that his action might be seen, and speaking in a loud voice, in order that his words would carry a much longer distance than to the other actor whom he was addressing, neither pose, gesture, nor tone could in any sense be natural.

Mr. Jefferson's philosophy of acting was opposed to what is ordinarily called the realistic school, which prompts the actor to ignore the audience. He claimed that the actor never should forget his audience for a moment; that everything he does must be done in reference to its effect upon the audience. He would not for a moment have indorsed the theory frequently advanced to-day that an actor is within the four walls of a room, that there is no audience, and he is acting a thing precisely as persons would live it. He would have been greatly distressed, for instance, at that scene in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" where a grate and a fireplace and chairs are placed in the center of the front of the stage, supposedly against the fourth wall of the room—the curtain side. Such a thing would have been opposed to all Mr. Jefferson's theories, which were idealistic and imaginative, not literal.

Mr. Jefferson opened my eyes to another bit of wisdom. "You know," he said, "the actor is familiar with the substance of all the speeches that are going to be made in answer to the speeches in the play. He unconsciously hurries because his mind, knowing these answers, works quickly. The audience does not know the speeches in advance, as the actor does, and it takes an appreciable time, however short, for them to hear and comprehend. The actor must wait for the time that the audience takes to digest the speech."

This is a great truth. Much of the vagueness with regard to the story of the play that persons in the audience complain of is due to the hurrying by the actor, who knows the lines and judges the time for answering by his own apprehension, without waiting for the audience to grasp the thought.

Mr. Jefferson was frequently charged with possessing thrift in a high degree. But here is a touch which shows that his "carefulness" was not only a matter of keen business foresight, but that it was prompted by a sense of justice. He said to me: "My dear, you are like all young actresses and actors—you play to the orchestra. Sometimes you include the first balcony. But there is something you must never forget: there is a second balcony. It is true they have paid only a quarter to get in, but the boys and girls up there will in ten years be the men and women in the first balcony—many of them in the orchestra. Apart from that, you want to remember that they are just as much entitled to hear and see and enjoy as are the persons in the private boxes."

Another great truth to which Mr. Jefferson called my attention has been a great inspiration to me. He claimed that what he gave the audience in nervous force, in artistic effort, in inspiration, he received back in full measure, pressed down and running over. I had never heard that before. I had heard only of the great *giving* of the actor, and how little he received in return. And how well I saw this great truth demonstrated by Mr. Jefferson! Every night this delicate old man, after having been virtually on the stage every moment for hours in a play he had acted for thirty-seven years, and which therefore of itself afforded him little or no inspiration, would come off absolutely refreshed instead of exhausted. He received it back because he was one of those analytical persons instantly aware of the personal response.

One might wonder whether this giving back from the audience was not confined to sympathetic rôles, or what the effect would be in interpreting an antagonistic character. It is, however, just like two persons in a conversation in a room. One may be relating some horror. If the other listens, is thrilled, horrified by the narration, there is immediately a communion of spirit between the two. They are as one in the interest of the story. The narrator is not identified with the story, but he is making it true and alive to his hearer, and he has established a personal communion with him. For this reason he seemed always to be not exhausted, but uplifted, and it was not the uplifting of a moment, but a real refreshment. If a week passed in which he did not act, he distinctly felt some vital, personal lack in his life. Every actor will admit Mr. Jefferson's

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philosophy: that what one gives forth in truth and love and sympathy he receives back.

Mr. Jefferson used to talk much about the differences between the so-called old-fashioned and the modern style of acting. He directed my attention first to the fact that the older actors, who were still upon the stage, and who in their earlier days were considered little more than mediocre, seemed to have a distinct reputation for excellence among modern actors, even though their methods were obsolete. He emphasized one of the first conditions as this: that these actors had been trained in the idea that people came to a theater to *see* and to *hear*. Consequently, the actor who slurred either of those requisites, whose tones did not go over the footlights, who mumbled his words, or was indistinct or too rapid, or whose poses or gestures were not evident, was defeating the very purpose of his performance. "You must," he said, "in pose and gesture work for an average sight. You need not yell all the time, but you must approximate the average hearing: remember an ordinary theater is, perhaps, eighty feet long and a hundred high. This means more than the first four rows in the orchestra. Also, one must, in the time of delivery, approximate the average apprehension." These were the three salient laws he laid down for acting, and every one knows how wonderfully he exemplified the wisdom of them in his own work.

Mr. Jefferson pointed out that these "old-fashioned" people seemed to modern young actors to have a beautiful diction, though it would have been considered only ordinary in his youth and middle age. He complained much, though he realized that he was hard of hearing, of the slovenliness of modern speech on the stage, and even more of the ineffectiveness of pose and gesture. As he depended largely, even when sitting in a box, on what he could see rather than on what he could hear, he used often to turn to me when a round of applause occurred and say: "I suppose it is all very fine, but I really don't catch anything, and don't quite know what it is all about. I see these young gentlemen's cuffs, and they are walking about, it seems to me, in a very pleasant and orderly manner; but what are they doing?" But when he came to some piece of work like that of Marie Bates in "Chimmie Fadden," his joy and appreciation was something beautiful to witness.

"A TIME FOR LAUGHTER AFTER TEARS"

BY CLARE GIFFIN

A TIME for laughter after tears!
O Love, laugh softly, be most wise!
So long the barren years, our laughter dies
If we but think of them, but turn our eyes
Back to the hopeless years!

Laugh softly, then a little sigh,
To keep blind Fate from jealousy;
The good days that have come to you and me,
We dared not look for, never hoped to see,
So sad the days went by.

Nay, never slight those hopeless years,
Dear Love, unhoped-for gift of Fate!
Those weary days, wherein all desolate,
Our hearts, o'er-tired with longing, could but wait
A time for laughter after tears.

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Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

PORTRAIT OF MISS F. B.

FROM THE PAINTING BY JOHN C. JOHANSEN

(EXAMPLES OF AMERICAN PORTRAITURE)

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"HARD-HEARTED BARBARY ALLEN"

A KENTUCKY MOUNTAIN SKETCH

BY LUCY FURMAN

Author of "Stories of a Sanctified Town," "Mothering on Perilous," etc.

ONE Friday morning when Miss Loring was setting forth to take the corn to mill, the heads of the settlement school asked her to extend her trip, make a day of it, and bring back some coverlets and homespun from Aunt Polly Ann Wyant's, over on the head of Wace. "Just follow Right Fork of Perilous until you come to Devon Mountain, then cross over, and follow Wace for two or three miles," were the directions. How she was to know Devon from any other mountain or Wace from any other creek, was not explained.

Two miles up Perilous Creek the miller lifted the poke of corn from her saddle, and soon afterward she turned up Right Fork. There was no road except the rocky creek-bed, and on both sides mountains rose steeply, covered mostly with virgin forest, though here and there a corn-field stretched half-way up, and a small log house nestled at the base. Once she stopped to ask a woman spinning in a porch how much farther on Devon Mountain was; another time she made the inquiry of a gentle-faced young mother, surrounded by her brood of five, "battling" clothes on a stump beside the creek; still later she called up to a group of men "snaking" logs down a mountain-side with teams of oxen, and one of them left his work and walked some distance to set her on the way up Devon. The trail was wild and lonely and beautiful, and from the summit green mountains billowed away endlessly. In going down the other side, a small, dashing stream crossed the bridle-path many times. Following this until it became a large branch, she drew rein at last before a comfortable log house.

A tall, fine-looking, elderly woman rose from a loom in the hooded porch and came out to the fence. Yes, she was Polly Ann Wyant, and the coverlets were ready and waiting; but the visitor must alight and stay to dinner, and a week if she could.

In the porch a young woman with a sickly baby in her arms was introduced as Jane, Reuben's wife. Aunt Polly Ann resumed her seat on the loom-bench, beneath bright strings of red peppers, and conversed while she threw the swift shuttle. The visitor had already heard that she was the finest weaver in four counties, and was interested to see in her that dignity of bearing and authority of manner which usually accompany marked success. Having first politely inquired Miss Loring's age, she stated her own, which was sixty-seven. She told of her labors and struggles after she was left a widow at thirty-two, with thirteen living children and nothing but the farm and her talent for "pretty weaving." People, she said, would journey from thirty miles around to buy her work; and now, since "the women" had come in with their school, and had told folks out in the "level country" about her, she had more orders than she could fill. She said that her children were long since married and gone, and that she had raised a "whole passel" of grandchildren, and, with a gesture toward the baby, was now starting in on the greats. From the looks of the "great," it did not seem probable that she would raise him.

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Drawn by F. R. Gruger

Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"THE MUSIC WAS WEIRD, BUT ATTRACTIVE; THE TUNE SHE PLAYED, MINOR, LONG-DRAWN, AND HAUNTING"

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Hearing a movement within the house at this time, Miss Loring glanced in, and saw on the hearth a young girl dropping alternate pieces of chicken and dough into a pot that swung over the open fire. "Come out and see the woman, Beldory," commanded her grandmother; and holding the floury, wooden bowl on one arm, Beldora came, greeting with quiet graciousness the visitor, who sat stricken almost dumb by the shock of her beauty. The splendid lines of her brow and head and shoulders would have delighted a sculptor; the bronze of her hair, the blue of her wide eyes, and the rich tints of her skin would have been a painter's joy. Bearing her vigorous young body with the freedom of a goddess, she was a picture of Aurora herself, with something of the conquering glance of Venus added.

After Beldora returned to her domestic duties, Miss Loring could not forbear expressing her admiration.

"Yes, Beldory 's right smart of a good-looker," agreed Aunt Polly Ann. Then she sighed long and deeply. "The women," she continued, "have wanted her in their school these four year', and I am keen for her to go. Having been raised sixty mile' from a school-house or church-house, I hain't got learning myself, though if there 'd 'a' been any flitting around, I 'd 'a' had it or died, such is my ambition. But Beldory is different; she sets a sight more store by the outside of her head-piece than the inside, and won't go nary step. And since she won't, I 'd feel might'ly eased in my mind about her if she was married to a masterly man." Again she sighed.

"Married? Why, how old is she?" inquired the guest.

"Fifteen come November."

"But is n't that entirely too young to think of marriage?"

"Young?" repeated Aunt Polly Ann. "Fifteen hain't young. I married at thirteen, and my maw at twelve, and none of my daughters was n't sixteen. I 'd 'a' been right smart worried about 'em if they had been. I 've heared them other school-women argue again' it same as you. Now, you women have got book-learning, and a heap of it,—I grant you that,—but air you competent to speak on marrying? No, because hain't nary one of you ever had a husband!"

She dropped the shuttle, sighed heavily again, and leaned forward with anxious eyes and troubled brow. "Woman," she said, "I am minded to unburden my heart to you. God knows it is heavy-laden, and about that very same Beldory. Now and again into this world of trials and tribulations a female is born, commonly with pretty looks and fetching ways, purely and solely for to make trouble. Her looks and her ways goes to men's heads like liquor, and sets them plumb beside theirselves; she foments hatred and revenge, and war follows in her trail. Woman, Beldory is one of them females, and a more vain-minded and mischievious-hearted never trod sole-leather. From a child she has knowed her power, and has laid awake of nights planning to use it. Boys from far and near has come a-courting her, and nary single grain does she care for one or all; but she gives 'em false encouragement, and aggs 'em on, and sets t' other again' which, till they fall out and quarrel and maybe fight, and it 's a God's mercy some hain't been killed before now. And as sure as me and you set here, the day is a-coming when life is aiming to be poured out on her account. Right now she has the two Towles boys, Robert and Adriance, own cousins, keen as death about her, and keeps a-aggravating and whetting them again' each other, till it 's more than human nature, or, anyhow, *man* nature, can stand. I see the drift; but all in vain I lift up my voice and warn and denounce. And every night now I go to bed fearful of what the morrow may bring forth."

Miss Loring endeavored to cheer Aunt Polly Ann and to dissipate these fears, and during dinner she looked with increased interest and speculation at the lovely creature in faded blue cotton who handed around chicken and dumplings, beans and corn, with the air of a Hebe. Thoughts of Beldora were side-tracked, however, by the spectacle of the sickly baby being fed from its mother's plate.

"Don't you think a milk diet might be safer for your baby?" she inquired of Jane.

"It don't want milk all the time; it craves meat and beans and roasting-years."

"But it does n't have to get what it craves," was the suggestion.

"Oh," replied the young mother, "I

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could n't be mean enough to eat victuals myself and not give it none. I don't see why it don't pick up faster."

"The babe is puny because you air, Jane," declared Aunt Polly Ann, with a contemptuous shake of her fine, strong head. "Women nowadays is a sorry lot. T' hain't a grandchild of mine can do what I call a day's weaving."

After dinner, Aunt Polly Ann took the guest into "t' other house" (the other main room) to show off her "pretty work," beautiful coverlets in elaborate patterns the very names of which were fascinating. "Dogwood Blossom and Trailing Vine" was one, "Queen Anne's Flower-Pot" was another, "June Posies and Winter Wreath" was a third. There were piles of bright-colored blankets, and hanging from the joists, dozens of gaily striped linsey petticoats. For the last she said there was always a steady sale, and specially of late, when more and more women were getting too trifling to do their own weaving.

"But all the world 's getting trifling," she complained, "both women and men. Now, maybe you won't believe it when I tell you there 's a sight of men nowadays would rather buy a bedstead than make one. Look at them two 'steads there. My man made 'em fifty-three year' gone, and they good as they ever were. T' hain't nary thing in my house that hain't handmade." She displayed other substantial articles of furniture, and also pointed with pride to an old flint-lock musket which had accompanied her great-grandfather through the Revolution.

Beneath the musket, on the "fireboard," lay a spindle-shaped, wooden object, black with age. "A dulcimer," Aunt Polly Ann explained. "My man made it, too, always-ago. Dulcimers used to be all the music there was in this country, but banjos is coming in now."

Miss Loring knew that the dulcimer was an ancient musical instrument very popular in England three centuries ago. She gazed upon the interesting survival with reverence, and expressed a wish to hear it played.

"Beldory she 'll pick and sing for you gladly when she gets the dishes done," promised Aunt Polly Ann. "Picking and singing is her strong p'ints, and she knows any amount of song-ballads."

At last Beldora came out on the porch and seated herself on a low stool near the loom. Laying the dulcimer across her knees, she began striking the strings with two quills, using both shapely hands. The music was weird, but attractive; the tune she played, minor, long-drawn, and haunting. Miss Loring received the second shock of the day when she caught the opening words of the song:

All in the merry month of May,
When the green buds they were swelling,
Young Jemmy Grove on his death-bed lay,
For the love of Barbary Allen.

Often had she read and heard of the old English ballad "Barbara Allen"; never had she thought to encounter it in the flesh. As she listened to the old song, long since forgotten by the rest of the world, but here a warm household possession; as she gazed at Beldora, so young, so fair against the background of ancient loom and gray log wall, she felt as one may to whom the curtain of the past is for an instant lifted, and a vision of dead-and-gone generations vouchsafed.

When the long recital of the cruelty of Barbara and the sufferings and death of Jemmy was ended, the wailing of the baby claimed everybody's attention, and by the time his little stomach had been quieted with generous doses of corn-liquor, it was necessary for Miss Loring to depart. She could not forbear another reference to an exclusive milk diet.

"Yes," replied Aunt Polly Ann, with elaborate patience, "them other schoolwomen has said the same; but I naturely could n't have the heart to treat a poor, dumb creetur' like that. I always give mine what they craved, and most of 'em lived through it. And, anyway, I ax myself what authority has them school-women to speak on babies when nary one of 'em hain't never had no baby."

Beldora went off to fetch the nag, and Aunt Polly Ann accompanied the guest to the horse-block, laying an anxious hand on her arm.

"You heared the song-ballad Beldory sung to you. She knows dozens, but that 's always her first pick. It 's her favor*rite,* and why? Because it 's similar to her own manœuvers. Light and cruel and leading poor boys on to destruction is

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her joy and pastime, same as Barbary's. Did you mind her eyes when she sung them words about

As she were walking through the streets,
She heared them death-bells knelling,
And every stroke it seemed to say,
"Hard-hearted Barbary Allen!"

like it was something to take pride in, instead of sorrow for? Yes, woman, them words, 'Hard-hearted Barbary Allen,' is her living description, and will be to the end of time."

TEN days later the shocking news reached the school that Robert and Adriance Towles had fought on the summit of Devon Mountain for Beldora Wyant's sake, and Robert had fallen dead, with five bullets in him, Adriance being wounded, though not fatally. It was said that Beldora, pressed to choose between the two, had told them she would marry the best man; that thereupon, with their bosom friends, they had ridden to the top of Devon, measured off paces, and fired. Adriance had fled, but word came the next day that, weak from loss of blood, he had been captured and was on the way to jail in the county-seat near the school.

In the weeks until court sat and the trial came off there was much excitement. Sympathy for Adriance and blame for Beldora were everywhere felt. Most of the county and all of the school-women attended the trial, and interest was divided between the haggard, harassed young face of Adriance and the calm, opulent loveliness of Beldora. When she took the stand, people scarcely breathed. Yes, she had told the Towles boys she would marry the best man of them. She had had to tell them something,—they were pestering her to death,—and the law did n't allow her to marry both. She had had no notion they would be such fools as to try to kill each other. Miss Loring and the other women watched anxiously for some sign of pity or remorse in her, but there was not so much as a quiver of the lips or a tremor in her voice. As she sat there in the lone splendor of her beauty, somewhat scornfully enjoying the gaze of every eye in the court-room, one phrase of her "favor*rite*" song ran ceaselessly through Miss Loring's head—"Hard-hearted Barbary Allen." Her lack of feeling intensified the sympathy for Adriance, and, to everybody's joy, the light verdict of only one year in the penitentiary was brought in.

Half an hour later, Aunt Polly Ann, tragic in face and air, and with Beldora on the nag behind her, drew rein before the settlement school.

"Women," she said with sad solemnity on entering, "for four year' you have been bidding Beldory come and set down and partake at your feast of learning and knowledge; for four year' she has spurned your invite. At last she is minded to come. Here she is. Take her, and see what you can accomplish on her. My raising of her has requited me naught but tenfold tribulation. In vain have I watched and warned and denounced and prophesied; her inordinate light-mindedness and perfidity has now brung one pore boy to a' ontimely grave and another to Frankfort. Take her, women, and see if you can learn her some little demeanor and civility. Keep her under your beneficient and God-fearing roof, and direct her mind off of her outward and on to her inward disabilities! Women, I now wash my hands."

Receiving Beldora into the school was felt to be a somewhat hazardous undertaking, but affection and sympathy for Aunt Polly Ann moved the heads to do it. To the general surprise, Beldora settled down very adaptably to the new life, being capable enough about the industries, and passably so about books. But it was in music that she excelled. Miss Loring gave her piano lessons, and rarely had teacher a more gifted pupil.

Needless to say, when Beldora picked the dulcimer and sang song-ballads at the Friday night parties, all the children and grown-ups sat entranced. For three or four weeks, on these occasions, she had the grace to choose other ballads than "Barbara Allen"; but one night in early November, after singing "Turkish Lady" and "The Brown Girl," she suddenly struck into the haunting melody and tragic words of "Barbara Allen." A thrill and a shock went through all her hearers. Miss Loring saw Howard Cleves start forward in his chair with a look of horror, almost repulsion, on his fine, intelligent face.

Howard was the most remarkable boy in the school. Five years before, when not

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quite fifteen, he had walked over, barefoot, from his home on Millstone, forty miles distant, and presented himself to "the women" with this plea: "I hear you women run a school where boys and girls can work their way through. I am the workingest boy on Millstone, and have hoed corn, cleared new-ground, and snaked logs sence I turned my fifth year. I have heared tell, over yander on Millstone, that there is a sizable world outside these mountains, full of strange, foreign folk and wonderly things. I crave to know about it. I can't set in darkness any longer. My hunger for learning ha'nts me day and night, and burns me like a fever. I 'll pine to death if I don't get it. Women, give me a chance. Hunt up the hardest job on your place, and watch me toss it off."

They gave him the chance; and never had they done anything that more richly rewarded them. Not only were his powers of work prodigious, but his eager and brilliant mind opened amazingly day by day, progressing by leaps and bounds. The women set their chief hopes upon Howard, believing that in him they would give a great man to the nation. Promise of a scholarship in the law school of a well-known university had already been obtained for him, and in one more year, such was his astonishing progress, he would be able to enter it, if all went well. Miss Loring had observed that, in common with every other boy, big or little, in the school, Howard had been at first much taken with Beldora's looks, and it was with relief that she beheld his expression of repulsion at Beldora's complacent singing of "Barbara Allen."

The first real warning came at the Thanksgiving party. During a game of forfeits, Beldora was ordered to "claim the one you like the best." Miss Loring saw her first approach Howard with a dazzling and tender look in her splendid eyes, and even put out a hand to him; then suddenly, with a wicked little smile, she turned and gave both hands to Spalding Drake, a young man from the village. A deep flush sprang to Howard's face, his jaws clenched, his eyes blazed tigerishly. It might have been only chagrin at the public slight; still, it made Miss Loring anxious enough to have a long talk with Beldora next day and explain to her the hopes and plans for Howard's future and the tragedy and cruelty of interfering with them in any way.

One morning, three days before Christmas, Beldora's bed had not been slept in at all, and under the front door was a note in Howard's handwriting, as follows:

Dear Friends:

Beldora told me last week she aimed to marry Spalding Drake Christmas. Though he is a nice boy and I like him, I knew, if she did, I would kill him on the spot. Rather than do this, it is better for me to marry her myself beforehand. I have hired a nag, and we will ride to Tazewell by moonlight for a license and preacher.

I know a man is a fool that throws away his future for a woman, that Beldora is not worth it, and that I am doing what I will never cease to regret. It is like death to me to know I will never accomplish the things you set before me, and be the man you wanted me to be. I wish I had never laid eyes on Beldora. I have agonized and battled and tried to give her up; but she is too strong for me. I can fight no longer with fate. It would be better if women like Beldora never was created. She has cost the life of one boy, the liberty of another, and now my future. But it had to be.

Respectfully yours,

Howard.

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RUSSIAN "MOUSE-TRAPS"

BY GEORGE KENNAN

Author of "Siberia and the Exile System"

ALTHOUGH the peculiar form of police ambuscade known as a "mouse-trap" has had its highest development and its widest application in Russia, it did not originate in that country, nor did it receive there its strikingly appropriate appellation. It was imported from France a century or more ago, and the name that it bears was given to it by Alexandre Dumas in 1829. The distinguished French story-teller described it in "Les trois mousquetaires" as follows:

The invention of the mouse-trap does not date from our days. As soon as societies, in process of formation, created police, the police, in their turn, invented mouse-traps. As our readers may not be familiar with the slang of the Rue de Jérusalem, and as it is fifteen years since we applied this term, for the first time, to the thing, we may be allowed, perhaps, to explain to them what a mouse-trap is. When, in a house of any kind, a person suspected of crime is arrested, the arrest is kept secret; four or five men are placed in ambuscade in the first apartment, the door is opened to all who knock, it is then closed after them, and they are arrested; so that, at the end of two or three days, the police have in their power all the persons who are accustomed to visit the place. And that is a mouse-trap.

Dumas does not explain that the trap is set and the first arrest made at a late hour of the night,—generally between one and three o'clock A.M.,—so that the mice will not become aware of it and avoid the dangerous locality. You may call upon a "politically untrustworthy" friend in the evening, drink tea with him, discuss the state of the country, and go home at midnight, without having seen or heard anything to excite suspicion or suggest peril; but if you return to the same house or apartment early the next morning, you are liable to fall into a mouse-trap. The trap, moreover, catches and holds every person who enters it, regardless of nationality, dress, social position, or official rank. Russian revolutionists are accustomed to assume all sorts of disguises, from the blue frock-coat and wrinkled top-boots of the gendarmerie to the sword, epaulets, and golden cords of the general staff; and if the Czar himself, in the uniform of the Preobrazhenski Guards, should visit incognito a house in which a trap had been set, he would be arrested promptly and sent to the nearest precinct station-house for identification. No discretionary power of any kind is given to the police officers in charge. The mice caught may not look at all like the mice for which the trap was set; but even if they appear to be ermine or lizards or small, blind kittens, they must go to the station-house for examination and judgment.

One hot July night some years ago, Mr. Baddeley, the enterprising and well-informed St. Petersburg correspondent of the London "Standard," happened to hear that at a late hour on the previous night the police had made an attempt to arrest

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a number of nihilists who were holding a meeting in an apartment-house situated near the intersection of the Gorokhovaya Street and the Kazanskaya. Resistance had been offered by the conspirators, a number of pistol-shots had been exchanged, and one of the police officers, it was said, had been killed. Thinking that this revolutionary incident would afford interesting material for a letter to the "Standard," Mr. Baddeley determined to visit the apartment in which the fighting had occurred, pick up such details as could be had, and get accurate local color for his story.

Everybody in the neighborhood seemed to be afraid to give him information with regard to so dangerous a subject as the arrest of nihilists, and as he could not ascertain the number of the house in which the seditious meeting had been held, he had some difficulty in finding his way to the place. A street policeman finally showed him the house, and told him that the nihilist apartment was in the third story. Ascending two flights of rather dark stairs, he knocked at the first door that presented itself, with the intention of asking for further directions. Somewhat to his surprise, the door was opened promptly by a police officer.

"I 'm looking for the apartment where the nihilists were arrested last night," said the correspondent. "Is this it?"

"Yes," replied the police officer.

"May I come in?"

"It is not forbidden," said the officer, with much courtesy. "Pazholuitia." ("Enter, please.")

"Thank you," said Baddeley, and removing his hat, he stepped into a rather large, simply furnished room. On the hard-wood floor there were a number of inexpensive rugs, and against the walls hung a portrait of Hertzen and a few engravings of scenery in the Caucasus. This reception-room opened into two or three smaller chambers, in one of which there was a bed that did not seem to have been recently occupied, and in another a circular, chair-surrounded table, with a polished brass samovar, half a dozen tea-glasses in filigree holders of plated silver, and two or three ash-receivers filled with cigarette stumps. The furniture everywhere was comparatively cheap and plain, and with the exception of the portrait of Hertzen in the front room, there was nothing in the whole apartment to distinguish it from a hundred similar suites in that part of the city. The police officer went into all the rooms with the correspondent, and watched his movements; but he refused to be drawn into conversation, and in reply to every question with regard to the events of the previous night he replied briefly and formally, "Ne magoo znat." ("I have no means of knowing.")

After inspecting the apartment, and taking mental note of all the facts and details that he thought he could work into his description, Baddeley thanked the police officer for his courtesy, and started for the door. The officer, however, interposed an arm, and said firmly: "Excuse me, please; you must remain here. You were at liberty to come in, but you cannot go out."

"But I 'm the St. Petersburg correspondent of the London 'Standard,'" explained Baddeley. "I merely came in to look at the place for the purpose of describing it in a letter to my paper."

"I have no means of knowing who you are," replied the officer; "that does n't concern me. My orders are to arrest and detain every person who comes here."

"But that 's absurd!" said Baddeley. "I 'm not a nihilist, nor even a Russian. I 'm an Englishman, and I came here merely to look about."

"I see that you are not a Russian," said the officer, imperturbably, "and I presume you can convince the proper authorities that you are all right; but I must detain you here until I can send you to the station-house under guard. They 'll find out there who you are. An officer has just taken another prisoner, and as soon as he returns he can take you."

Baddeley tried to argue the question and to show the officer how preposterous it was to arrest a newspaper man and a foreigner who merely wished to get local color for a descriptive letter; but the officer was inexorable, and finding that he had fallen into a mouse-trap, Baddeley lighted a cigarette, seated himself on the low sill of one of the open windows, and amused himself by watching the passing droshkies, and listening to the hoarse cries of the fruit peddlers in the street below. Presently, he saw his friend Dobson, the

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St. Petersburg correspondent of the London "Times," walking along the Gorokhovaya and looking up at the houses.

"Hello, Dobson!" he hailed.

"Hello!" replied Dobson.

"Where are you going this hot day?"

"I 'm looking for that beastly nihilist apartment," replied Dobson. "Have you found it?"

"Yes," shouted Baddeley, cheerfully; "it 's up here."

"Can I come up?"

"Certainly. Climb two flights of stairs and knock at the first door. It 's a mighty interesting place. I 'll show you the blood on the wall. I 'm going to make two columns out of it."

Congratulating himself on his good luck in coming across Baddeley, Dobson hastened up-stairs, knocked at the door, and was admitted, as his colleague had been, without question. He, too, was a little surprised to find a police officer acting as janitor; but as Baddeley was still sitting on the window-sill, coolly smoking a cigarette, he assumed, of course, that inspection of the apartment was permitted, and that everything was all right.

The two newspaper men then went through the rooms, Dobson exploring a dark closet in the bedroom, examining the walls for bullet-holes and blood, and even looking into the tea-pot on the samovar to see whether the nihilists had finished drinking tea before they were arrested. The police officer went everywhere with them, and watched all their movements; but he volunteered no information, and in reply to Dobson's questions merely repeated the dry official formula, "I have no means of knowing."

After fully satisfying his curiosity, the "Times" man said to his companion, "Well, I 've seen all I want to; let 's go," and leaving the open window where Baddeley had again taken his seat, he started for the door. Before he had reached it the police officer seized him by the arm and said, "You cannot go."

"Why can't I?" demanded Dobson.

"Because you are under arrest. I 'll send you to the station-house as soon as I can; but for the present you must remain here."

Dobson protested, stormed, and explained indignantly that he was the correspondent of the London "Times" and had come to the apartment merely for information; but his statements and remonstrances had no effect. "You can explain everything at the station-house," said the officer; "I have no authority to release you."

"Are you under arrest, too, Baddeley?" inquired Dobson.

"Of course," replied the correspondent of the "Standard." "You did n't suppose I was sitting in a second-story window on a dirty, noisy street for fun, did you? I should have got out of here long ago if I could. I was pinched."

"Why did n't you tell me so when you hailed me in the street?"

"I 'm not an information bureau," replied Baddeley, coolly. "You asked if you could come up, and I told you you could. You did n't say anything about going down. You wanted to see a nihilist apartment, did n't you? Well, you 've seen it."

"Yes, but I would n't have come up if I had known that it was a trap."

"Of course not," replied his colleague, unsympathetically; "but when you investigate anything in this country, you 've got to take your chances. The only safe way is to send somebody ahead to poke the trap with a stick."

The two correspondents were held in the nihilist apartment for an hour or more, and were then sent under guard to the precinct station-house. There they established their identity and proved their good character by summoning one of the secretaries of the British embassy, and after receiving a politely worded caution, tempered with expressions of official sympathy and regret, they were released.

When I returned to St. Petersburg from my second Siberian expedition, mouse-traps gave me more anxiety than all other forms of police activity put together. I had brought with me from Transbaikalia and the mines a large number of letters from political exiles to their relatives and friends, and these letters I had promised sacredly to deliver in person. For years many of the writers had been forced to confine their correspondence with their families to post-cards, which they had to submit to the police for censorship. Virtually everything on these cards except the assurance of continued existence was erased by the official censors through whose hands they passed, and the unfortunate exiles, longing for better and

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freer means of communication, welcomed me with pathetic eagerness as a man who was going back to the civilized world and could take uncensored letters to the husbands, wives, parents, or children who were dear to them. It was a penal offense to carry such letters, but I could not fairly ask exiles and convicts to put themselves in my power by giving me all the information I wanted, and then deny them perhaps a last opportunity to communicate freely with their relatives in European Russia. I knew that such letters would be a source of constant anxiety, and possibly of danger, but I never hesitated to take them. Many, if not most, of the persons to whom they were addressed were under suspicion of political untrustworthiness, and were at any time liable to arrest; and in attempting to deliver them personally I ran the risk of falling into a mouse-trap with the incriminating letters in my possession. That might be disastrous not only to me, but to the writers. I took every precaution that my own ingenuity and the experience of the exiles could suggest; but I never knocked at the door of a politically untrustworthy person without half expecting that it would be opened by a police officer, who would politely invite me to come in. Then, too, in my search for information with regard to political conditions, I had to go to apartments where revolutionary work was actually being carried on, and of course these were particularly dangerous.

One such apartment was occupied by a very intelligent and charming woman whom I shall call Mme. Chartoriski. I had visited it several times, and had repeatedly been warned that I ran great risk in calling there.

"We are distributing revolutionary literature from here," said the lady of the house, "and this is the headquarters of the exile Red Cross. We may be arrested any night, and if you continue to come here, you must clearly understand that you are in danger of falling into a police ambuscade. We cannot warn you when to stay away, because we don't know when the blow will fall; but fall it undoubtedly will some time. I had a letter from an exiled friend only last week in which he reproached me for neglect of duty. 'You must be idle or timid,' he said, 'because if you were n't, you would have been in Siberia long ago.' But we are not neglecting the work; we have simply had good fortune."

It would have been prudent, perhaps, to stay away from this place, but Mme. Chartoriski had concealed and sheltered Stepniak after he assassinated General Mezzentsef, and was exceptionally well informed with regard to the whole revolutionary movement, and I could not afford to miss the facts and explanations that she was able to give me. My wife, however, felt so much anxiety for my safety that she finally prevailed upon me to let her accompany me, and the first visit that we made together to the revolutionary apartment on the Liteini Prospekt was the last. We went there on a dull, cloudy morning in April. There was no janitor at the street door, and as we entered it, we encountered a bearded man in a soft felt hat and dark civilian dress who was coming down the first flight of stairs. At sight of us he stopped, stood for a moment in apparent irresolution, and then, turning quickly, ran up the uncarpeted steps and disappeared. As we passed the first landing, an unseen hand behind one of the closed doors made three slowly spaced knocks, as if signaling to some one above or below. The knocks, and the behavior of the man on the stairs, were mysterious, if not disquieting; but it seemed to me quite as safe to go on as to turn, without apparent reason, and try to leave the building. If Mme. Chartoriski had been arrested and a mouse-trap set in her apartment, we probably should not be allowed to escape, and precipitate flight would only show guilty knowledge and intent.

The door of the revolutionary apartment was at the head of the second flight of stairs. On all my previous visits, I had found it not only closed, but locked, and it was never opened until Mme. Chartoriski and her associates had ascertained with certainty who was there. On this particular day it was ajar, and that fact alone was sufficient to show that something had happened. Revolutionists do not carry on their work with doors ajar. We turned quickly, and were descending the stairs when a man in civilian dress threw the door wide open and demanded, "What do you want?" In the existing circumstances we did not want anything, but remembering that I had seen a physi-

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cian's door-plate on the first floor, I muttered something about looking for a doctor and continued to descend. The man came to the head of the stairs and watched us until we turned at the first landing, but he did not try to detain us, nor did he again speak. Who he was, and what he was doing in an abandoned revolutionary apartment, we never knew; nor did we ever find out why the first man fled at sight of us, or why the unseen hand knocked slowly three times behind the closed door that we passed on our way up. All that we were ever able to learn was that Mme. Chartoriski had found it extremely dangerous to remain longer in the place where I first met her, and had removed to a remote part of the city, on the Finland side. What eventually became of her I do not know. Perhaps she eluded successfully the vigilance of the police; perhaps she moved finally to Siberia, where, according to her exiled correspondent, she had "long been due."

In every large Russian city the police keep an alphabetical list of all persons who are believed to be in sympathy with the revolutionary movement or who for one reason or another are regarded as politically untrustworthy. Such persons are liable to be arrested on suspicion at any time, and are almost sure to be taken into custody after the assassination of a high official, when there is no clue to the assassin and the police hope to get a clue by a drag-net system of arrest and investigation. At such times a hundred arrests or more are often made in a single night, and in the houses or apartments of perhaps half the prisoners mouse-traps are set to catch all comers. The police in charge of the traps are strictly enjoined to send to the nearest precinct station-house every person caught, no matter what he may look like, and no matter what plausible account he may give of himself. Revolutionists and terrorists often wear uniforms, and a man who declares that he is a colonel of gendarmes or even a general of division may really be a dangerous conspirator in disguise. The instructions given to the trap-tenders are always implicitly obeyed, and they sometimes bring about results of an extraordinary and wholly unforeseen character.

On a certain night in March the police, in one of their raids on the politically untrustworthy class, arrested in St. Petersburg a physician named Dr. Kadyan. A mouse-trap was set in his house about two o'clock in the morning, and his family, of course, was prevented from communicating in any way with the outside world. His sister, Miss Kadyan, happened to be one of the principal teachers in a well-known school for young women, patronized and in part supported by the Grand Duchess Ekaterina Michaelovna. On March 14, the day that followed the arrest and the setting of the mouse-trap, the school was to hold its annual exhibition. The distinguished patroness herself was not present, but the relatives and friends of the pupils had assembled in large numbers, and on the stage of the exhibition hall, under draped flags and a portrait of the Czar, sat Actual State Councilor Dmitrief, Government Inspector of Schools, who, in honor of the occasion, wore his full-dress uniform and all his orders. The program announced that the exhibition would begin with a series of exercises by the class of Miss Irina Kadyan, but at ten o'clock, the hour of opening, Miss Kadyan had not made her appearance. After waiting for her ten or fifteen minutes, the lady principal of the school sent a pupil to the Kadyan house, with instructions to bring the teacher back with her or ascertain the reason for her unexplained absence. The pupil of course fell into the mouse-trap and failed to return. The audience waited, whispered, and watched the door; the inspector of schools fidgeted, twisted his watch-chain, and gazed at the ceiling; and the principal, after explaining to His Excellency that Miss Kadyan must be seriously ill, sent a second pupil post-haste to find out what had happened to the first. The mouse-trap snapped again, and the second pupil was heard of no more. Suspecting at last that the police were responsible for these mysterious disappearances, and feeling sure that she could clear up any possible misunderstanding in which her teacher and pupils might be involved, the principal had a droshky called and proceeded to the scene of action herself. But the mouse-trap is no respecter of persons, and the principal fared no better than her messengers. She told the police in charge of the trap that she was the principal of the Grand Duchess Ekaterina Michaelovna's school, that it was the day of their annual exhibition, that she had left the

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government inspector of schools fretting and fuming on the platform, and that if she were not released, there would be no exercises, and the Grand Duchess would be greatly incensed. The police merely replied that they would send her to the precinct station-house as soon as possible, and that she could explain everything there.

The government inspector of schools, left with an audience, a corps of teachers, and a school exhibition on his hands, grew more and more impatient and exasperated, and finally announced to the wondering and half-frightened assembly that there was apparently some idiotic misunderstanding, and that if they would be good enough to wait a few moments, he would go personally to the Kadyan house and clear it up. In his own mind he was satisfied that nothing short of police interference could have prevented the principal's return, and he determined to show the guardians of law and order that to break up an exhibition in the school of a grand duchess, and to put in a humiliating position an actual state councilor and a government inspector of schools, who was faithfully discharging his duty, was a serious matter. He called his droshky, drove hastily to the Kadyan house, burst in at the front door without knocking, and was arrested so promptly that it took his breath away.

"Why, you ——!" he shouted furiously to the sergeant of police, as soon as he could recover himself, "do you know who I am? I 'm Actual State Councilor Dmitrief, Government Inspector of Schools, and the representative of Her Highness the Grand Duchess Ekaterina Michaelovna. How dare you put me under arrest! I 'll report your impertinence to His Majesty himself, and we 'll see whether you have authority to lay hands on an actual state councilor and break up an exhibition in the school of a grand duchess. The stripes shall be torn from your sleeve and you shall be thrown out into the street."

The police officer trembled and turned pale at this fierce attack, but he had been repeatedly warned not to judge from appearances, and this, after all, might be a terrorist. They were sometimes equally impressive and furious. One of them, in the disguise of a gendarme officer, and with forged papers, had almost succeeded in getting the governor of Yakutsk to turn over to him the notorious political criminal Chernishevski.

"I 'm sorry, Your Excellency," he finally replied respectfully, "but I must obey my orders. I have n't the honor of knowing Your Excellency by sight, but even if I recognized you, I should be compelled to detain you. I will have Your Excellency escorted to the station-house at once, and of course you will be immediately released."

The inspector of schools, still storming and threatening, went out, got into his droshky, and proceeded under guard to the station-house.

The audience in the exhibition hall, meanwhile, hardly knew what to do. That anything could have happened to the principal and the inspector of schools was almost inconceivable, and yet—they did not return. At the suggestion of one of the older teachers, a messenger was finally sent to the palace of the Grand Duchess Ekaterina Michaelovna to inform her that within an hour two pupils, the principal, and the government inspector of schools had disappeared in the house of Dr. Kadyan, and to ask her if something could not be done to clear up the mystery. The grand duchess immediately sent one of her couriers to the house to find out what had happened. The door opened to the courier's knock, and the mouse-trap snapped on the fifth victim. By this time, however, the sergeant of police had become convinced that the callers from the school and from the palace of the Grand Duchess Michaelovna were not disguised revolutionists; and although, in detaining them, he had adhered faithfully to his instructions, he thought it prudent to go himself with the last of them to the station-house and make such explanations as might be needed. In due course of time all the prisoners except Miss Kadyan were released, with profound apologies for the "lamentable misunderstanding"; but meanwhile the audience in the school hall had dispersed, and the exhibition had been indefinitely postponed.[1]

In Russia mouse-traps of the pattern

[1] The details of this story were given to me by a prominent member—at one time president—of the Free Economic Society of St. Petersburg, the oldest scientific organization in Russia.

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described by Dumas were not, as a rule, baited. They were merely set in the runways that political "mice" frequented or in the holes to which they were accustomed to go. If the mice fell into them, it was because they were unsuspecting or incautious, not because they were attracted by bait. There were, however, traps of another type in which a lure was used, and these traps frequently caught cats as well as mice. When General Alexander Zurof was prefect of St. Petersburg, he was greatly disturbed by his inability to discover the locations of two secret revolutionary printing-offices which were turning out large quantities of documents of an extremely "dangerous tendency." From time to time the police brought to him pamphlets, leaflets, and proclamations which they had seized in midnight searches, and which bore the imprint either of the party of the "People's Will" or of the "Black Division,"[1] but they could not tell him where these seditious publications originated. They had raided the whole politically untrustworthy class, and had searched every house in the city where it seemed at all probable that a printing-press might be concealed; but their widely thrown drag-nets had brought in nothing, and the persons in whose possession the seditious documents had been found steadfastly refused to say where they obtained them. In these circumstances, the idea occurred to General Zurof that it would be a good plan to open a decoy printing-office of his own. By striking off revolutionary leaflets, and getting disguised police agents to distribute them with caution and secrecy among disaffected operatives in factories, he might be able to open communication with the real revolutionists who were engaged in the same work, and through them find out where the printing-presses of the People's Will and the Black Division were situated.

At that time there was great rivalry between the two independent branches of the Russian secret service, the police and the gendarmes. Each tried to surpass the other in the discovery and frustration of revolutionary conspiracies, and neither made known to the other its methods or plans. General Zurof, therefore, said nothing to General Drenteln, the chief of gendarmes, with regard to the decoy printing-office, but quietly opened it in a house on Little Garden Street, and with the aid of disguised agents began to strike off revolutionary leaflets, and to distribute them, with apparent caution and secrecy, among factory operatives registered in the police books as politically untrustworthy.

Although General Drenteln had not been able to locate the printing-presses of the People's Will and the Black Division, he very soon discovered the decoy plant of the police in Little Garden Street, and supposing, of course, that it really was what it purported to be, he drew up a revolutionary proclamation of the most incendiary character, gave it to two long-haired detectives in soft felt hats, shabby coats, and green spectacles, and instructed them to take it to the "underground" printing-office in Little Garden Street and, if possible, get fifty copies of it struck off, to be used afterward as evidence. The disguised police agents in the Little Garden Street trap received the disguised detectives from the gendarmerie with feelings of satisfaction that they could hardly conceal. "At last," they thought, "we are on the right track. We 'll do this work, and when the revolutionists in green spectacles come for it, we 'll improve our acquaintance with them, secure their confidence, and gradually get into touch with the circle to which they belong. Some of their fellow-conspirators higher up must know where the other printing-offices are."

The disguised police agents promised to have the proclamations done by nine o'clock on the following evening, and at the appointed hour the disguised gendarmes returned, received the copies, and were just in the act of paying for the work when, at a given signal, half a dozen of their associates, in full uniform and with revolvers in their hands, burst in at the door, seized the disguised agents of the police, and rushed them off to prison. On the following morning General Drenteln called upon General Zurof and said to him, with an air of modest pride and satisfaction: "It gives me great pleasure to inform Your Excellency that I have at last discovered one of the revolutionary printing-offices that have given us both so much

[1] An illegal organization which advocated a general redistribution of the lands of the empire in the interest of the common people.

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trouble. My men raided the place last night, found the press, obtained abundant evidence of criminal activity, and took into custody the men in charge."

General Zurof, stunned by this announcement and chagrined at the wholly unexpected triumph of his rival, leaned back in his chair and for a moment said nothing. Then, with an air of assumed indifference, he asked, "Where was it?"

"At No. 16 Little Garden Street," replied the chief of gendarmes.

General Zurof revived. He himself had failed, but at least General Drenteln had not succeeded.

"I regret to inform Your Excellency," he said quietly, "that the printing-office at No. 16 Little Garden Street was mine. I opened it a week or ten days ago, and if this unfortunate misapprehension had not occurred, I should probably have succeeded in entrapping the men of whom we are in search. I shall have to ask Your Excellency to release my agents; they were acting under my orders."[1]

Russia now has the semblance, at least, of a parliament, and the famous "Third Section," of which General Drenteln was chief, has been abolished; but mouse-traps are still in use, and thousands of unwary citizens fall into them every year, and are sent to precinct station-houses or prisons for examination merely because they happened to call upon friends or acquaintances of whose arrest they were unaware. Under the present régime, ambuscades of this type are so useful that they are not likely to be abandoned until martial law has been abolished and arrests are once more regulated by the nearly obsolete civil code. In November, 1909, a bill to secure inviolability of the person was laid before the present Duma; but it had been framed by the government, did not limit in any way the extraordinary powers given to the police under the provisions of martial law, and was so manifestly a sham reform that even the conservatives voted against it, and it was sent back to the committee that reported it. In that committee it still lies. Martial law is wholly incompatible with personal inviolability, and so long as two thirds of the Russian people are governed by "Rules for Reinforced Defense" and "Rules for Extraordinary Defense," the administration will continue to make use of *agents-provocateurs* and mouse-traps.

[1] The facts in this case are from General Zurof himself.

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FLORIZEL AND FORTUNATUS

OR, THE UNINTENTIONAL HUMOR OF ILLUSTRATORS

BY WALLACE IRWIN

FLORIZEL the Writer, by dint of strategy, ran the blockade of doormen, footmen, pages, and other buttoned functionaries who guarded the door of the magnificent duplex studio of Fortunatus the Illustrator. It was a humid midsummer afternoon, and Fortunatus, who was doing a Christmas cover for a magazine, leaned back in his Venetian throne-chair and regarded the author abstractedly.

"My name is Florizel," said the author, calm in the dignity of a celebrated name, "and I want to know why in the illustration of my last story you persistently drew the picture of a cow every time I mentioned a horse."

"Well, I 'll tell you," began Fortunatus.

"Tell me nothing," said Florizel. "I have been in the pursuit of literature for many years, and I might have overtaken the fleeting goddess but for one obstacle: never yet have I been able to find an illustrator willing or able to carry out my ideas."

"*Have* you any ideas?" sighed Fortunatus, moodily drawing a streak of Prussian blue across the canvas.

"I have come here purposely to give you the benefit of my ideas on magazine illustration," said Florizel. "I hope you will be very attentive, for I am going to begin at the infancy of the human race and work gradually up to the present time. Sit still, please.

"When the troglodytes of the later Pliocene era went forth to hunt the nimble mastodon, Strong Tooth, mighty in war and politics, led the tribe, and in the heat of the chase they managed to corner a rather decrepit mammoth in the swamp out back of the Big Cave. It was not a very glorious deed, as the poor brute was bogged up to his tusks, and it took two hundred savages to slay him gradually with blunt stone spears. Now, there chanced to loiter in the wake of the warriors one whom they called Yop the Liar. He was too indolent to take part in the slaughter, but that night about the general fire it was a great time for Yop. He stood up and sang the deed at great length, getting nearly everything wrong, but giving Strong Tooth such a central position in the mastodon-hunt that the great-hearted chieftain cried aloud, 'Lo! this man is the first Novelist! Now who in all our tribe is sufficiently skilled of hand to draw pictures that they may adorn this tale?' Near by in a neutral-tinted cave with a north light there dwelt a savage who never went anywhere or saw anything, because he was busy all day long scratching pictures on the walls of his dwelling. They were crude attempts, about equal to the sketches which small boys draw to-day in the back of their geographies and label 'Teecher,' but among the simple Post-Impressionists of the time they were regarded as marvels of merit. The artist was named Ook. Yop the Novelist went unto Ook and said, 'Ook, I have written a red-blood story based on the adventures of Strong Tooth. Single-handed, with a giant boulder, he slew a mastodon which he—' 'I shall illustrate it,' said Ook. 'But wait until you hear my story,' said Yop. 'If I illustrate your yarn, I shall have no time to listen to it,' said Ook with great wisdom as he sharpened a bone and went to work. Never having seen a mastodon, he depicted the animal as a preposterous camel with six legs and a pair of wings. Ignoring great Strong Tooth's supposed exploit with the giant boulder, Ook portrayed the hero as aiming a small, graceful arrow at the pro-

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digious prey. He did this, he explained, because he had a model who carried a bow and arrow rather well. When Yop the teller of tales saw these pictures, he cried in prehistoric wrath, 'They are utterly unlike my story.' 'It is not too late for you to change your story,' replied Ook, calmly. He was the first Illustrator.

"Let us vault the chasm between the Pliocene and the Gasolene ages. Turning our attention to the illustrator of to-day, we will observe a certain perverseness which makes the attitude of the ancient Ook seem surprisingly like that of—There! I almost said his name!

"Look at this awful example," continued Florizel, opening a magazine and holding it before the eyes of Fortunatus the Illustrator. "Behold, on opposite pages, two male figures by the celebrated draftsman whose identity I shall craftily disguise under the name of Pilkins—Pilkins, famous for the 'Pilkins man' of the dashing posé and haberdashing wardrobe. These two figures which I show you are attired in the mode which the clothing advertisements term 'distinctive.' The figure on the right-hand page wears a morning coat and leans carelessly against an Empire mantel. The figure on the left-hand page is garbed in a grandiose Norfolk jacket and leans, with an elegance equal to that of his rival, against a coping of carved stone. Neither figure is expressive of much of anything except a surfeiting self-esteem, yet I am surprised to note the following captions: under the right-hand picture, 'Lord Hawkhurst's features became distorted with rage'; and under the left-hand picture, 'The poor bookkeeper paused, baffled.'

"It is lucky these pictures are labeled, for without some sort of guide it would be impossible to tell the raging lord from the baffled bookkeeper. In fact, the art editor of that magazine had some such trouble, he confided to me. He carelessly reversed the labels on the pictures when he placed them in their pages, so the figure that came out with the label 'Lord Hawkhurst' was in reality the baffled bookkeeper, and vice versa. He learned his mistake too late, and was well-nigh prostrated by the haunting fear that he had spoiled the author's story, until the author met him on the street and said: 'Those Pilkins illustrations for my story this month were unusually sympathetic. That one of Lord Hawkhurst was a terrifically fine study of rage.' 'Do you think his face expressed it?' asked the guilty art editor. 'Oh, not his face; his waistcoat. Pilkins can put more emotion into an article of clothing than any other American illustrator,' remarked the enthusiastic scribe.

"I suppose the man who writes should not demand too much," went on Florizel, doggedly. "For instance, it is somewhat severe for us to require people to read our stories merely because we have written them and think them rather fine. Why, then, should we ask the illustrator, who has his own work to admire, to pause and read our idle efforts before illustrating them? Doubtless there is too much ego in the author's cosmos; and yet—

"Smith the illustrator is famous for his love of children. He has two or three of them—all girls. He does n't care so much for little boys because they are rough and noisy; but his two or three lovely daughters are the delight of his home. The art editor, appreciating Smith's love of children, sent him a manuscript by a lady who writes charmingly of the young. Smith was interested in the title, 'The Little Person.' He even skimmed lightly through the first two or three pages, neglecting his work to do so. Such is the thrall of the story-teller. At the bottom of page 2 he leaped eagerly upon the line, 'The child stood on the bridge and looked down into the water.' Like a flash he visioned the illustration. Calling his little daughter Iole from her studies, he posed her on a chair in the attitude of one looking from a bridge down into a crystal brook. Then he drew. Ordinarily a lightning worker, he was now urged by inspiration. He sketched in crayon and he splashed in oil, till the finished canvas rested before him, a wonder of sentiment, color, and composition. Tears filled his eyes. There she stood, his beautiful little daughter, upon a moss-grown Gothic bridge (see scrap-book for details), Tempe's gentlest brook rippling below. The girl was scattering violets, which seemed to give a sort of trimming to the picture. 'And yet they say illustration is n't art!' muttered Smith as he wrapped the picture up and sent it to the art editor.

"The art editor was carried away, but not with pleasure. He spoke severely of

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the illustration, and there was some justice in his attitude. In the first place, the story in question was a deep-sea tale, without the remotest reference to mossy bridges, gadding brooks, and scattered violets. In the second place, the 'child' mentioned in the manuscript was a boy, not a girl. The sentence, 'The child stood on the bridge and looked down into the water' referred to an ocean-trip in a tramp-steamer wherein little William, the captain's son, was taken up to the bridge of the vessel in order to accustom himself to the terrors of the deep. These items had entirely escaped the artist's attention in his hurried glimpse of the manuscript.

"The editor telephoned to the illustrator, but Smith, like Baal, was either asleep or a-hunting. Time pressed, so in desperation the editor called upon the author and asked, 'Can you change your story to fit this illustration?' 'I have been illustrated many times before,' said the patient woman, 'and I am prepared for anything. Change a boy to a girl? A trifle. Change the Atlantic Ocean to a green field? A bagatelle. Change plot, sex, locale—rewrite the story? My dear sir, will you hand me that pen?' A few million deft strokes, and the great alteration was complete. You would not have recognized it for the original. As Kipling says, 'That 's another story.' "

Florizel the Writer borrowed a Russian cigarette from a golden box on the table. Fortunatus the Illustrator sketched a Sphinx upon a scrap of board.

"Every illustrator has some one thing he does especially well," resumed Florizel. "No fault is so irritating as excellence carried to excess. Some specialize on cowboys, others on cows, yet others on cowslips. There is an impression among beginners that a story is 'done' the moment it is typewritten and accepted by a responsible editor. *Eheu!* It is scarce begun. The story is 'done' by the illustrator, who by a gift of diabolical cleverness may lose your thought among strange labyrinths. Suppose the sentence, 'They parted at sunset' stands as the dramatic crux of your tale. The passage is marked for illustration, and the manuscript fares forth among the studios. Here are half a dozen interpretations of 'They parted at sunset' as it might be depicted by half a dozen specialists along different lines:

"*The Cow-boy Artist:*—A man and a woman, mounted on bucking bronchos, scooting in opposite directions and taking wing-shots at each other as they depart. Moki Indian snake-dance in the foreground.

"*The Cow Artist:*—Bosky dell, mysterious pool in center, real Irish lace leafage suggestive of Corot. Page reeking with atmosphere. Vaguely in middle distance two smeary, nebulous blots. These may be either lovers or cows, but are probably cows.

"*The Cowslip Artist:*—Flowers and sunshine everywhere; fourteen children weaving daisy-chain. Somewhere in the background two optimistic persons are shaking hands. These are the lovers; but they don't amount to much, as this artist's specialty is children.

"*The Idle-Rich Illustrator:*—A man and a woman, both about eighteen feet tall, standing in a room suggestive of inordinate wealth. Both wear evening clothes. They gaze at each other with an expression of intolerable boredom, as if to say, 'Another million dollars, and we shall scream!' A butler in the background draws a pair of Spanish brocade curtains, while the second man lights a Venetian glass chandelier. All this suggests sunset without dragging boorish nature into the controversy.

"*The Neat and Nobby Illustrator:*—A modish fall-pattern tweed suit, self-figured waistcoat, round-wing collar, hobble scarf, flat-soled, taper-toed boots—please note that natural-shape shoulder. It lifts a low-crowned, broad-brimmed derby hat in the general direction of a stunning one-piece frock of black ratteen with cuirass work done in two widths of black braid, fastening in front with an immense rever on one side and a small one of velvet on the other. These two outfits, male and female, may be saying 'Good-by' or 'Good morning,' a matter of small importance, as they are obviously out to show their clothes.

"*The Pretty Girl Illustrator:*—A recklessly flattering portrait of Mr. Blank's celebrated model. Mr. Blank has been accused of drawing this face with a stencil, giving the effect of variety by frequent changes in complexion, pose, and headdress. In this particular illustration she is gazing into a mirror in an ecstasy of satisfaction. 'Why do they call me beautiful?' she seems to be saying to herself. The

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sentiment of 'parting at sunset' is subtly expressed by the way she does her hair."

"Anything else?" inquired Fortunatus the Illustrator as he sketched rapidly.

"Among the minor offenses," continued Florizel, "I note a case where an illustrator gave a fiction character a pen-and-ink shave—in other words, failed to draw a beard on a gentleman carefully described in the text as wearing such a decoration. I also recall a Christmas poem the strength of which, if any, lay in a description of all the children in the world rioting to the north pole. The illustrator portrayed this event by showing one small boy languidly dragging one goat-wagon containing one infant. I also remember a touching tale of a Kentucky colonel starving to death in an attic, too proud to beg. Despite his grinding poverty, the grizzled warrior was represented in the picture as reclining on a priceless Chinese rug, surrounded by about two thousand dollars' worth of antique furniture."

"The illustrator never suffers any injustice, does he?" interposed Fortunatus, sarcastically.

"I acknowledge a few," admitted Florizel. "For instance, I noticed in a recent magazine a set of two pictures illustrating a farcical story written about the character of a celebrated oil magnate. The illustrations were startling, because the first reproduction showed the capitalist with romantic black hair and flowing mustache; but in the second he appeared ivory-bald both as to his skull and upper lips. How did the changeless hand of time wreak such havoc within the narrow compass of those few pages? I shall tell you.

"The illustrator who first did this work happened to be conscientious. She (for 'she' she was) recognized in the magnate described a celebrated financier whose name is a household word wherever lamps are burned. The illustrator, who is a suffragette and ever adhesive to truth, with simple directness drew the financier as he looks to-day, peerless and hairless. Your true portrait-painter does not flatter. The drawings went to the engraver, and the proofs were shown to the editor just as the magazine was about to go to press. Rigid with horror, he noted what had evaded his attention before—these were portraits of the magnate! 'It will never do,' said the editor, who is a foe to personalities. 'It 's already done,' remarked his assistant. 'The presses are now waiting. It 's too late to change the drawings.' 'What d' you want done?' asked the head engraver, well remembering how an honest artisan might save his country in a crisis. 'I want hair on those engravings—hair enough to disguise them!' commanded the editor. 'I 'll fix 'em; I was once a barber myself,' shouted the engraver, advancing with his rough-and-ready chisel. For a few minutes nothing was heard but the click of steel against copper, and, lo! upon the barren head of Midas two thousand hairs were made to grow where none had grown before, and from the barren lip of Midas a hand-chiseled mustache sprouted Viking-like on each side. The oil king was disguised beyond the wildest dream of Sherlock Holmes; but in the hasty carrying out of the murderous plot, the honest artisan overlooked the second engraving, which went to press, as it were, with its wig off. Hence the Jekyll and Hyde effect: magnate on page 1, hearty and hirsute, facing magnate on page 2, his *alter ego,* in cranium unadorned!

"This is of course a case where the illustrator was for once a martyr to fastidious realism. It is merely one of the exceptions which prove the misrule."

Fortunatus sketched feverishly.

"Illustration is like so many things nowadays," continued Florizel: "it has become a necessity because it is a luxury. All the world 's a stage, and the men and women have lost interest in the play because there is too much scenery. The scene-painter invents an effect and commands the playwright to fill in the words. No more the bare boards of the Elizabethan stage or the bare pages of the Victorian magazine. Altogether, it looks to me as though speech were becoming a lost art."

"Is it?" said Fortunatus, sighing hopefully.

"Well, what have you illustrators to say in defense, anyhow?" asked the scribe.

"Hold that pose!" demanded Fortunatus, gazing up from his board. "While you 've been scolding me, I 've been sketching you. Yes, you 'll do splendidly. I 'm doing a set of drawings for a story called 'Discontent.' "

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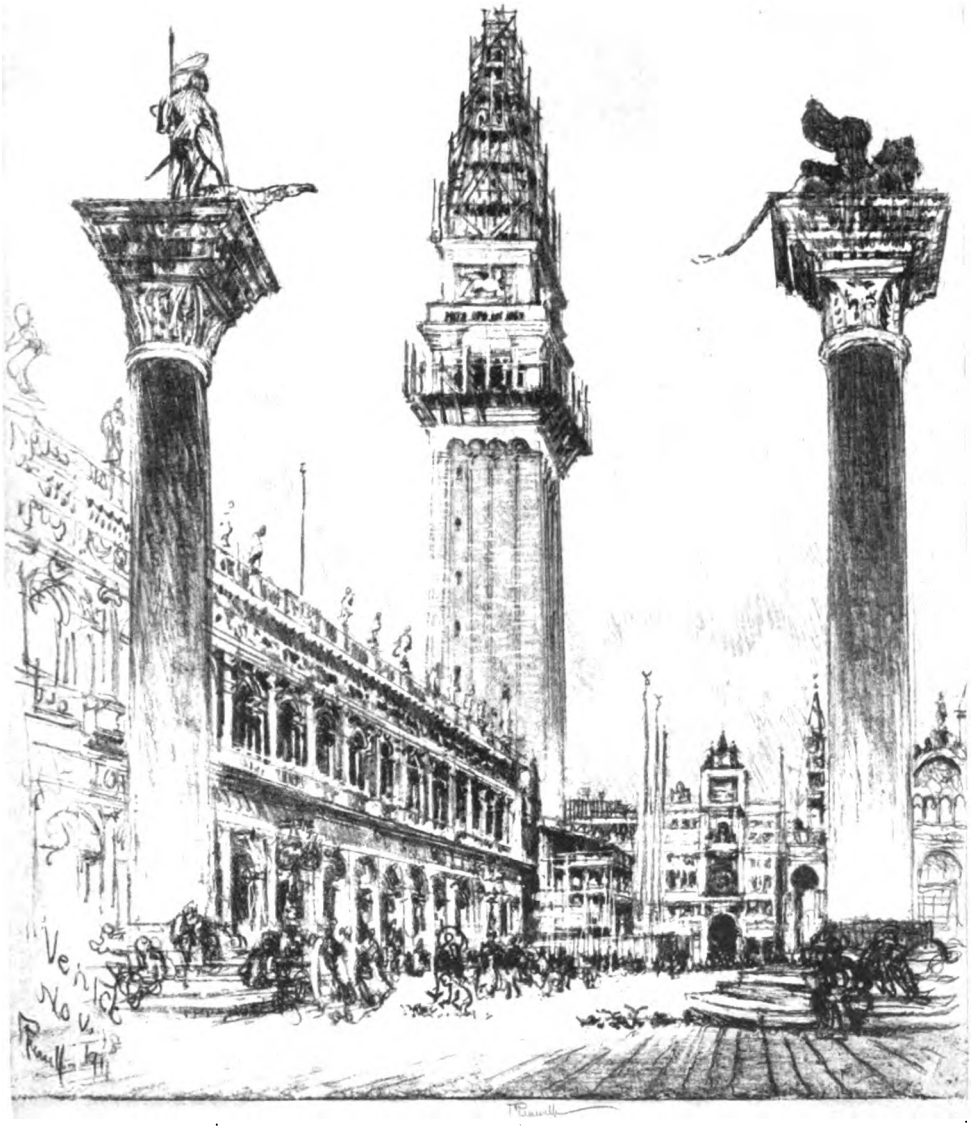

THE NEW CAMPANILE AT VENICE, ALMOST COMPLETED

FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY JOSEPH PENNELL

It is expected that the new Campanile (rebuilt on the lines of the old one, which collapsed July 14, 1902) will be dedicated on St. Mark's Day, April 25, 1912.

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VIEW ACROSS THE OLD ROMAN FORUM, SHOWING THE VICTOR EMMANUEL MONUMENT (NOW IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION)

FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY JOSEPH PENNELL

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THE WOMAN'S CLUB "CONCENTRATES"

BY FRANCES R. STERRETT

FATHER never will admit that Lakeville was transformed from a cemetery into as pretty and active a town as you will find in the Mississippi Valley through the power of thought concentration; but he is seventy-one years old, and every year more inclined to doubt the theories that were not proved when he was a boy. It is only the Lakeville Woman's Club that knows the real cause of the change.

The story begins with the return of Mrs. Mason from the annual meeting of the State Federation, to which she went as a delegate because she was willing to pay her own expenses and had two new gowns. One of them, a blue foulard, did n't hang just right, but we never discovered that until she came home and made her report.

She gave a detailed account of what other clubs were doing for civic improvement, and when she finished, Martha Brooks, who had just finished a graduate course at college, asked why the Lakeville club had n't done something to improve Lakeville. Half a dozen women told her that the club had been too busy with its program on the influence of Greek art on history. Martha sniffed, and murmured something about people being as dead as a town.

I always think that it is a mistake to send a girl away from home for four years, and then expect her to come back and slip into the old niche. She can't do it, and her efforts are either irritating or pathetic. Martha had been as restless and discontented as an M.A. could be who had a doting father and mother at her heels. She did n't come home until she had nibbled at every course, and her father refused to pay her bills any longer, saying that he wanted to see something of his daughter beside her expense-account. It is a change from the busy, intellectual life of college to a small Middle-West town like Lakeville, where we are more interested in the affairs of our neighbors than in the economic conditions of the Middle Ages; and Martha let us know she felt the difference until I wondered why Mr. and Mrs. Brooks did n't pack her trunk and send her back. Young people, with their high ideas and cock-sure attitude, are marvelous, but it is their parents, with their wonderful patience and self-sacrifice, who should be crowned.

Every stranger who comes to Lakeville is enthusiastic over the beauty of the location, and before he leaves he is sure to liken the lake to those of Switzerland or Italy, and say that only a dozen ruined castles are needed to make it rival the Rhine. I fancy that is why we grew so careless that the lake-shore had become the town dumping-ground and the streets acquired an unkempt appearance that no mother would tolerate in her child. Lakeville was the only place of its size in the Mississippi Valley that could n't boast of city water and electric lights, and yet it was so satisfied with itself and its reputation for beauty that you might have thought it was Chicago.

It was Martha Brooks who first raised the cry of "a more beautiful Lakeville," and although the club-women loyally echoed it, the men smiled scornfully and muttered something about too much education, and asked Mr. Brooks when his daughter would stump the State for the suffragettes.

The club really did not ask for much. It wanted an ordinance passed making it illegal to throw tin cans and ashes on the

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shore; a call for a civic cleaning-day, such as had improved other towns and cities in the valley; the rubbish taken from vacant lots; the weeds cut out of the streets; and agitation that would bring water and electric lights.

Robert Hughes was our mayor, and he did not listen to us with any enthusiasm. We all knew him, for Lakeville has only 4200 men, women, and children, and everybody has to know everybody or emulate the ancient hermits. It was n't until the committee talked to Robert Hughes that I learned how stubborn and disagreeable he could be, although he has gone past our house at least three times a day for a good many years.

"A bachelor has n't any business in office," Mrs. Mason said when the committee left him. "I sha'n't let Henry cast another vote for any man who has n't been married at least once."

Robert did n't pretend to be interested, and his manner said plainly, "Run away and play with your dolls and mud pies and don't bother people who really have things to do." And he is n't a day older than Mrs. Mason and went to school with a third of the women in the club! He made Martha furious, and when she loses her temper she is very pretty, for anger brightens her eyes and gives her the color and animation that she needs.

"Whether you like it or not, Robert Hughes," she said firmly, "we are going to do our duty by Lakeville."

"Then," he pleasantly remarked, "I wish you would help me bring the White Starch factory here. The company is going to change its site and has made inquiries about Lakeville. That is what we need, ladies—more business, and it is what the council is working for."

"And the women are working to make Lakeville fit for more business," retorted Martha.

But he would n't agree with us. Neither would the weekly newspapers, whose columns were filled with items about the starch factory which it was hoped a St. Paul company would build in Lakeville until every farmer in four counties planted nothing but potatoes.

The club refused to be discouraged. Its members made up their minds that the town should not suffer just because Robert Hughes was its mayor. We could n't think how to influence public thought until Orrin Horace Moran came to lecture in the Lyceum course, and then it was as plain as day. It is wonderful how the mind of one man—a man who does n't come up to Robert Hughes's shoulder—can broaden the lives of 4200 people; but no one could be the same after listening to Orrin Horace Moran.

His subject was "The Kingdom of the Mind," which attracted only the intellectual and those who had course tickets. As I understood him, there is no reason why you should not have everything you want. All you have to do is to go to a certain room at a certain time every day and sit in a certain chair, with your feet on the floor, and think for an hour of the thing that you want. And in time you will get it—if you don't stop thinking.

"We do not realize our power," Mr. Moran said. "We are like the horse, noble animal that he is, who is abused by his master and never thinks to rebel, although he could crush his tyrant without an effort of his strong muscles. It is only by conquering the mind that we can attain our desires. Make it your servant, and you are a king in possession of a kingdom. If your desires are only material, ask for the material—wealth and power. Every nature is not on the heights, and out of the material the spiritual is built. Take what you want. The world has plenty, and a share is yours for the asking. You need want for nothing; every wish may be gratified. You have only to use your mind, concentrate its thought waves, and the world is yours. Reach out and take!"

And he told of men who have attained international fame by sitting in a certain chair at a certain hour every day; of young people who could not secure recognition as actors, artists, and writers until they learned to concentrate; of men who became kings of finance through thought waves.

"Concentrate!" he shouted in a voice that made me tingle to my heels. "It is your ticket for the voyage you have wished to take since you were conscious of a wish."

When he said that, I caught Mrs. Mason's eye, and in a flash I knew what was in her mind. She told the club the next day. She had talked with Mr. Moran,

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and he had told her just how to go to work.

"No one denies the power of thought," she said, "and I for one believe that Orrin Horace Moran was sent here to show us the way. He told me of cases where more than a stubborn mayor and an indifferent council were influenced. If one person can accomplish his heart's desire in a year, as was the case of the young poet he mentioned, surely fifteen earnest women can do something in a month, if they will only persevere and hold their thoughts to the great project."

Nearly every woman in the club had heard the lecture, as the Lyceum made a special rate to the members, as well as to the school children, and Orrin Horace Moran's plan for obtaining one's heart's desire had impressed them. Father says that if you make any statement, no matter how foolish it is, and make it as though you believed it, you will force others to believe it. Mr. Moran never doubted his theory, and he had personally known all the cases he mentioned, which proves a great deal. Even Martha Brooks, with her M.A. degree, said it would do no harm to try; and so we passed a unanimous vote to concentrate the club thought waves on the improvement of Lakeville.

"The great factors," explained Mrs. Mason, "are concentration and perseverance. To fix your mind on a certain subject, and keep it there, you must have the same environment and the same hour. Otherwise your thoughts will be distracted; and, I beg of you, ladies, don't let that happen! Think what we have at stake! Surely you can give one hour out of the twenty-four—one hour in which you will think of nothing but our splendid purpose and what Lakeville will be when it is accomplished."

Mollie Nevins was the first to promise. "It will be so much pleasanter than taking around a petition," she declared, for she had recently secured a number of disagreeable interviews and very few signatures to the petition we had made to the citizens.

I think it was the simplicity of the plan that appealed to all of us. It was so feminine to sit in our sheltered homes for an hour a day and meditate upon a Lakeville with no lake-shore dump, and with city water and electric lights. Geneva Higgins wanted us to concentrate on votes for women, for then we should be independent and could elect our own mayor and council; but no one listened to her, as the club was organized for culture and not as a branch of the suffrage association.

Geneva walked home with me and complained bitterly of Lakeville's attitude toward woman. "I have a mind," she said gloomily, "to stop working for the freedom of the sex. The women here don't care if they are slaves. I have a mind"—and her voice sounded as though she contemplated suicide—"to throw it all over. I 've always wanted to travel and have things the rich have, but the Higginses are as poor as church mice, and the only way I can get what I want is to put my neck under the yoke. I sha'n't work for the good of Lakeville any more," she said passionately. "I shall send out thought waves for myself—for a husband with money enough to take me where I will see people whose minds are broad enough to cast a shadow."

I thought this was selfish of Geneva and a waste of time, for there was n't an unmarried man with a bank-account in town, and precious few without one. Even Robert Hughes had only his salary, although he was the only nephew of the president of the Lakeville County Bank. As I told Geneva, it was too much like trying to murder his uncle to concentrate on Robert Hughes. But she would n't listen to reason, and went off, saying that she would concentrate from 1 to 2 A.M., for then she would be free from interruptions.

Of course we did n't tell people that we were following Orrin Horace Moran's rule, for he had said that it was unwise to talk about your wants and emphasize the fact that you had not attained your desires; it was a confession of weakness, and crippled the thought force. It sounded simple enough, but you have no idea how difficult it was to keep an hour safe from interruptions from the children, the cook, or the neighbors. Even Geneva Higgins was interrupted at 1:15 A.M. when the Waters's barn burned and everybody was on the street to watch it. We kept on concentrating as best we could, however, and when at the club meeting we answered "Yes" to the roll-call, it meant that we had at least tried to send out

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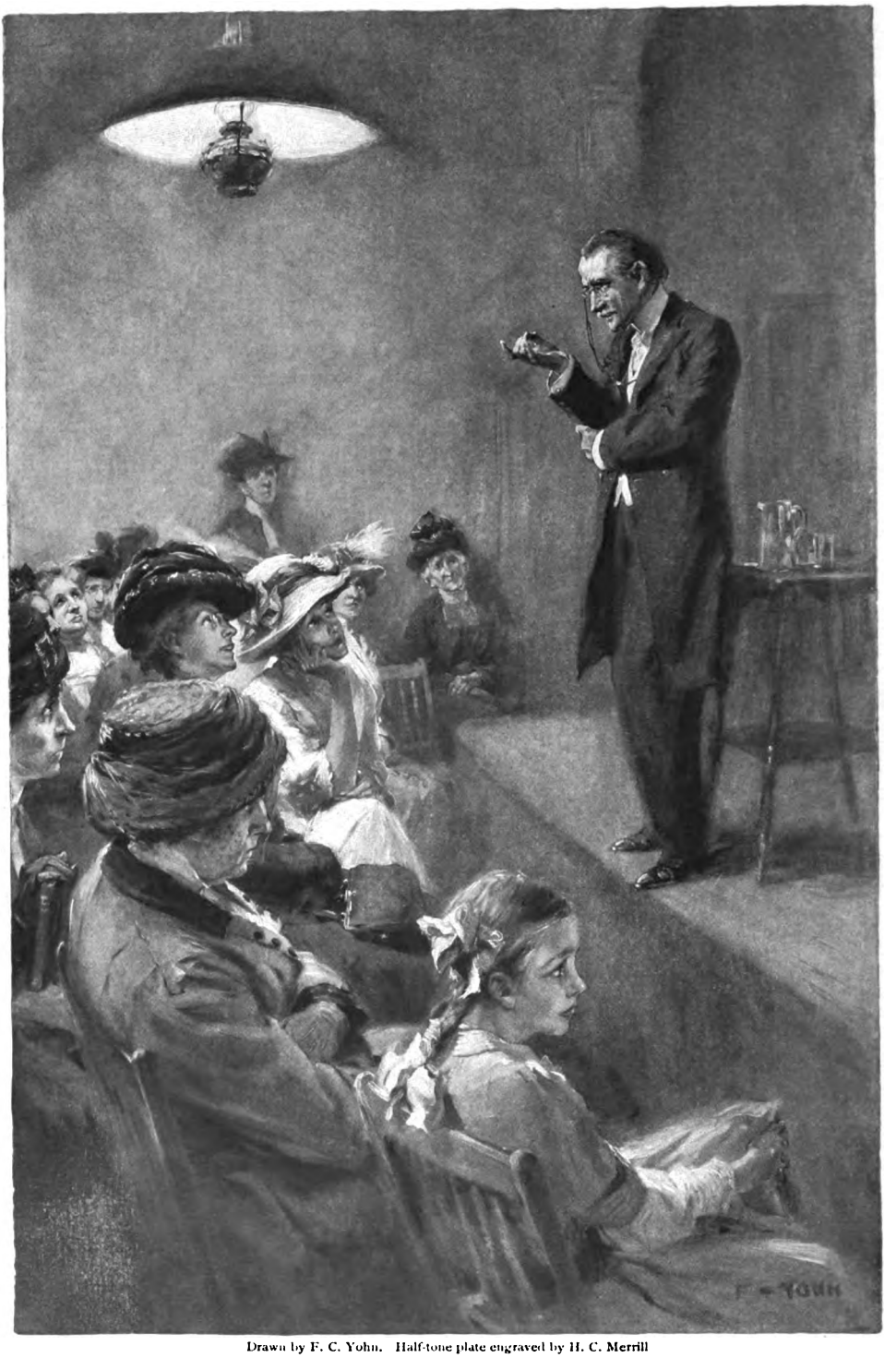

Drawn by F. C. Yohn. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"ORRIN HORACE MORAN'S PLAN FOR OBTAINING ONE'S HEART'S DESIRE HAD IMPRESSED THEM"

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some sixty thought waves a day for the improvement of Lakeville.

But Robert Hughes kept working for the starch factory, and he led the council by the nose. We could n't hear of any definite promise being made. We had no objection to the factory, but we did think that sanitation came before anything else, and we had little patience with a council that could take up only one thing at a time.

"But that is the way to accomplish things," cried Robert when Martha hinted this to him. "You heard what Orrin Horace Moran said about the power of concentration?"

She said afterward that she turned cold at the thought that Robert and the council might be concentrating on the starch factory until she remembered that Mr. Moran had said that there was enough for all.

"It is the greatest good to the greatest number that we must consider," Robert went on, "and a starch factory means more money for the town and the farmers. Lakeville could n't be more beautiful. You know what strangers always say, that it knocks the spots off the Swiss lakes, and it is as solid as it is beautiful. If you club-women want to please me," he added, as though that was our only purpose, "you will stop wasting time on what is n't your business and try for the premium for the best loaf of bread at the county fair."

"We 're not cooks, Robert Hughes," Martha told him, witheringly. "We 're—we 're patriots."

"I reckon that making good bread is patriotic work for any woman. You take your meals at the Lakeville hotel, and you 'll agree with me," he said with much feeling.

"If you will help us make Lakeville clean and sanitary, we will help you improve the bread," Martha promised. "And we can do it. There is n't anything we can't do," she added, thinking of the power of concentration.

"I believe you," he agreed heartily, and then he changed her smile of approval into a frown of censure by adding, "so long as you don't meddle with town politics."

Affairs looked anything but promising, and I was on the point of preserving strawberries in the hour I had given to concentration when I met Geneva Higgins riding with a man, a stranger to me. Martha, who knows everybody, said indifferently that he was a drummer, a member of a big manufacturing firm who was learning one part of his business by selling women's suits to the trade of the Middle West. "He has a lot of money, father says, and is making a record as a salesman."

"Well, upon my word!" I gasped, staring after them, for to me they proved that thought waves had power, and that afternoon I went over to borrow Geneva's mother's recipe for pineapple and cherry conserve and asked Geneva if she was still concentrating.

"From 2 until 3 A.M.," she said. "I find that is the most unbroken hour of the twenty-four, and I shall keep at it, Lucy Grannis, until I have attained my heart's desire. I 've made a start," she said, with a smile for all the world like the look of a cat thinking of a catnip ball.

I met Mrs. Mason on the way home and stopped to speak a word of encouragement.

"Discouraged!" she repeated indignantly. "Don't let me hear any member of the club admit that she is discouraged. It weakens the thought waves. I am going to take care of the Owen baby now so that Mrs. Owen can have her concentration hour undisturbed."

It was while matters were seemingly at a standstill that Martha and I went to St. Paul for a day's shopping. We came home on the evening train, and Robert Hughes joined us in the chair-car. Martha would n't talk to him, but read the papers as though she had to pass an examination on the advertisements. There were no other Lakeville people in the car, and after Robert took up his paper, I amused myself by watching the men and women and wondering what they would concentrate for if they knew Orrin Horace Moran's rule, until my attention was caught by a man's voice from the other side of the car.

"Lakeville is n't a town; it 's a cemetery," he said, and his voice was so clear and sharp that it made us Lakeville people jump. "We did think of putting up a starch plant there," he went on, little thinking who was overhearing him. "It 's in the center of a fine farming country and has good freight facilities, but you

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can't do business in a burying-ground. And the people? Dead, my boy, dead. The town has the prettiest site a town could have, and the lake is more beautiful than those Italian places you read about; but the shore is a garbage-dump when it should be a park, the streets are worse than country lanes, the vacant lots are filled with rubbish, and the business district looks as though it had been put up by Noah and not improved since. There is n't even water and electric lights. It 's a crime to let a town run down in that way. If I could find one live man in the place to help in its resurrection, I 'd build there, for I like the location, and it suits the starch business. But you can't do business in a cemetery unless you are a grave-digger, and it 's starch, not graves, we plan to make. I 'm on my way to Chicago, and when I come back I 'll have to look around for some town that knows enough to be alive. Here we are. You can see for yourself."

The train was running into Lakeville as he spoke, and familiar as I was with the outskirts, I had never received such an impression of shiftlessness. I just had to glance at Robert, whose face had turned white before he blushed to his very ears. He did n't say anything, neither did Martha, neither did I. We gathered up our parcels, and as we left the car, Robert took a step toward the starch-man, and then shook his head and followed us. I looked back from the station steps just in time to see him jump on the platform of the last car as the train pulled out.

" 'A live man,' " quoted Martha, when I called her attention to the position of the mayor of Lakeville. "H-m-m! We had better tell every one to be sure and concentrate to-morrow, for I fancy it will be the day of the crisis."

A mass-meeting had been called for the next evening, and by active canvassing through the day we had a good audience. The hall was half-full of women, the club-members and their friends, with their husbands and a few other men. Martha sat beside me, and we nudged each other when Robert Hughes and two members of the council came in. Mrs. Mason wanted them to sit on the platform, but they refused.

The women made very good speeches—better than the husbands could have done, I thought. The starch factory was mentioned only once, and then by Mollie Nevins, who spoke scornfully of those who would work for new business enterprises when the sanitary condition of the town was a cause for shameful blushes. I had to glance at Robert then, but he was staring at Martha and seemed miles away from Lakeville. It was n't until the end of the speeches, and Mrs. Mason had asked for an open discussion before taking a vote that would be an expression of the opinion of those present, that Robert rose to his feet. Martha tilted her nose scornfully as he began to speak, but she never took her eyes from his face.

He said that there was a misunderstanding if the club thought that the mayor and council were not in sympathy with any movement for the good of Lakeville. Unfortunately, they were in a position where the future must be considered as well as the present. Such important matters as electric lights and water required a large expenditure, and could not be decided in a hurry. The financial state of the town had to be thought of. That was why the town officers had worked to secure the starch factory. It would mean more business, and more business meant money. He was glad to announce that the matter was satisfactorily settled, and the factory would be erected at once. A definite agreement had been made with the company. "And now"—he fairly beamed on his audience, club-women and all—"now the council can take the time to help the women in their noble endeavor. An ordinance for the protection of the lake-shore will be presented at the next meeting, the club can choose its own day for a civic cleaning, and estimates for water and electricity will be prepared before the coming election."

Can you imagine the excitement? Mrs. Mason was almost beside herself.

"The influence of mind!" she whispered to me. "Is n't it wonderful! Marvelous! I suppose it is too early to suggest a monument to Orrin Horace Moran, but we must not forget our debt to him."

"That 's true," agreed Geneva, and she drew me aside to tell me that she was engaged to the traveling-man, and was to be married at once, and go as far as New York on her wedding-trip.

When she had gone to whisper her

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news to some one else, I turned to Martha again. So did Robert Hughes.

"I know just what you are thinking," he began abjectly before we could speak, "but don't say it. I agree with you about the mayor of Lakeville, anyway. I 've been as blind as a bat, but I 'm not going to admit it to any one else. It would n't be good politics. I can't thank you. You might have told what we overheard in the train, but you have n't."

"We 're not beasts," interrupted Martha, impulsively. She liked to have him confess to her that he was not infallible.

"You are," began Robert, quickly, and then stopped before he said, with considerable emphasis—"thoroughbreds! Thoroughbreds! I 'll tell you all about it on the way home, for I 'm going to walk with you. I can't thank you. I 'm not going to try, but I 'm going to listen more respectfully to your opinions after this."

And that from Robert Hughes, the mayor of Lakeville! I looked after them as they left the hall, and then I hurried home to tell father the whole story. He only sniffed, and said that Robert Hughes knew which way the wind blew as well as the best of men, and that Martha Brooks might consider herself luckier than she deserved.

At the same time I can't forget Orrin Horace Moran and his theory that promises me anything I want if I will sit in a certain chair in a certain room at a certain hour and think about it, and some day, perhaps, I shall test it for myself.

I wonder if Geneva Higgins really did concentrate from 2 to 3 o'clock every night.

TSCHAIKOVSKY

BY H. G. DWIGHT

I HAVE heard music, and I cannot sleep.
I have been in some sad and distant land
Where silent steppes to dim horizons creep,
And long slow rivers wind through choking sand.

I have heard winds tempestuous in the night.
I have heard waters wailing far away.
I have heard forests trumpet in their might,
And moan together at the break of day.

I have heard voices sobbing in the dark
Because of love and loneliness and pain.
I have heard singing when I seemed to hark
To twilight fields and low skies gray with rain.

I have heard marching and the roll of drums
Across those steppes, within those forests dim;
And I have felt the sudden thrill that comes
Upon the chanting of a mighty hymn.

I have heard music, and I cannot sleep.
My heart shall know nor peace nor pity yet;
For in me whirl, like clouds across a deep,
Things I can neither utter nor forget.

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THE INJURY OF TOBACCO

AND ITS RELATION TO OTHER DRUG HABITS

BY CHARLES B. TOWNS

WHEN tobacco was first introduced into Europe the use of it was everywhere regarded as an injurious habit, and on this account for a while it made slow progress. It is no less injurious now than it ever was,—we have simply grown used to it,—and it was only when people became used to its injuriousness that the habit began to make great strides. We find nowadays that smokers as well as non-smokers are suspicious of any form of tobacco-taking to which they have not become used. Smokers who for the first time meet chewers or snuffers or those who "dip" tobacco, as in the South, are affected unpleasantly. Smokers keep on finding chewers disgusting, and smokers of pipes and cigars frequently object to the odor of cigarettes.

Nothing is more strikingly illustrative of how addicted people may become to a habit than the smoking and chewing of the traditional Southern gentleman of the old school, whom any other personal uncleanliness would have horrified. Young men most fastidious about their apparel seem quite unaware that it is saturated with the smell of nicotine. The odor of a cigarette is probably as offensive to most of those who do not smoke as any other smell under heaven. Yet such is the power of habit that we tolerate all these things.

If we could begin all over again, we should find the same general objection to smoking that existed in Europe when the habit first began. Our chief need, then, is a new mind on the subject. How can we get it?

The circumstance of my giving up smoking sixteen years ago may have some slight significance in this connection. I was smoking hard, and began to have a vague feeling that it was hurting me. I had been playing whist at a late hour in my room at a hotel, and when I finally went to bed I could not sleep for a long while. I awoke with a bad taste and a parched mouth in a room heavy with stale smoke and unsightly with cigar-butts lying everywhere. Suddenly a disgust for the whole habit seized me, and I broke off at once and completely. After a week or so, when the first feeling of seediness and uneasiness and depression had worn away, I found my appetite and concentration and initiative increasing. You will observe that it was not until I began to regard smoking as harmful that I saw it was also filthy. I had a new mind on the subject.

I am trying to give my readers a new mind on the subject, and if they have not come to suspect the evil of smoking, they will naturally ask me to prove that it is harmful.

Let us begin at the bottom.

Does it do any one any physical good? Arguments in favor of tobacco for any physical reason are baseless. It does not aid digestion, preserve the teeth, or disinfect, and it is not a remedy for anything. The good it does—and no habit can become general, of course, unless it does apparent good—can only be mental. Let me admit at once that smoking confers mental satisfaction. It seems to give one companionship when he has none, something to do when one is bored, keeps one from feeling hungry when he is hungry, and blunts the edge of hardship and worry. This sums up the total of the agreeable results of tobacco. There are one or two more specialized agreeable re-

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sults which I exclude at this moment because they are only temporary. The results I mention—let me admit at once—are real, and both immediate and apparent. On the other hand, the injurious results, after one has become inured to tobacco poison, are both unapparent and delayed.

THE PHYSIOLOGICAL ACTION OF TOBACCO

In the field of the physiological and toxic effects of tobacco there is much difference of opinion. Everybody knows that the first chew or the first smoke creates nausea; and that no matter how long a man has been smoking, a little lump of the tar which has collected in his pipe will sicken him. Nicotine is in itself highly toxic, but is very volatile and is absorbed only from the portion of the cigar or cigarette held in the mouth. The products of combustion of tobacco are chemical substances which are also toxic, and nausea naturally stops the smoker before symptoms of acute poisoning result. One must look, then, for symptoms of *slow* poisoning. The popular belief that tobacco stunts growth is supported by the fact that non-smokers observed for four years at Yale and Amherst increased more in weight, height, chest-girth, and lung-capacity than smokers did in the same period.

Every athlete knows that it hurts the wind; that is, injures the ability of the heart to respond quickly to extra work. It also affects the precision of eye and hand. A great billiard-player who does not smoke once assured me that he felt sure of winning when his opponent was a smoker. A tennis-player began to smoke at the age of twenty-one, and found that men whom he had before beaten with ease could now beat him. Sharp-shooters and riflemen know that their shooting is more accurate when they do not smoke. But you may say: "The athletes and billiard-players and the rest are experts. I am an average man, making average use of my faculties. Besides, I am not contending that excessive smoking is n't injurious, and I will even concede that the limit of excess varies with the man. But is it not true that harmful results of average smoking for the average man are rare?"

In answer, let me on my side admit that they are—the *apparent* harmful results.

We have, however, a great ignorance of the effect of small, continued doses of the various tobacco poisons. All drugs comparatively harmless, such as lead, mercury, and arsenic, produce a highly injurious effect when taken in repeated small doses. Just what effect the use of tobacco engenders we cannot absolutely know, but no physician doubts that smoking may be a factor in almost any disease from which his patient is suffering.

There can be, for instance, no question that smoke simply as smoke irritates the mucous membrane of the bronchial tubes and renders them more susceptible to infections; by irritating the mucous membrane of the nose and throat it tends to produce catarrh and therefore catarrhal deafness. It would therefore seem fair to state that the man who does not use tobacco is less susceptible to disease and contagion, and recovers more quickly from a serious illness or operation. From this we should expect to find that tobacco shows most in later life, when vitality is ebbing and the machinery of the body is beginning to wear. It is in his middle age that a man begins to feel the harm. In short, though we know only the precise or immediate effect of nicotine and only *some* of the *morbid processes* which excessive smoking may produce, it is likely that the worst aspect of tobacco is something that we do not know very much about—the tendencies it possesses to reduce a man's general vigor.

The dominant characteristic of tobacco is the fact that it heightens blood-pressure. The irritant action by which it does this sometimes leads to still more harmful results. Its second action is narcotic: it lessens the connection between nerve-centers and the outside world. These two actions account for all the good and all the bad effects of tobacco. As a narcotic, it temporarily abolishes anxiety and discomfort by making the smoker care less about what is happening to him. But it is a well-known law of medicine that all the drugs which in the beginning lessen nerve-action increase it in the end. Thus smoking finally causes apprehension, hyper-excitability, and muscular unrest. Here this inevitable law seems to give contradictory results. Every physician knows

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that an enormous amount of insomnia is relieved by smoking, even if it is at the expense of laziness the next day; at the same time every physician knows that most excessive smokers are troubled with insomnia.

CIGARETTES

In using tobacco we take the poison into the tissues. The chewer and the snuffer get the effect through the tissue with which the tobacco comes in contact. The cigarette-smoker almost invariably inhales, and he gets the most harm merely because the bronchial mucous membrane absorbs the poison most rapidly. The tobacco itself is no more harmful than it is in a pipe or a cigar. Indeed, it is often less so in the cheaper grades, for, being less pure, it contains less nicotine. Furthermore, the tobacco is generally drier in a cigarette, and for that reason the combustion is better, for the products of the combustion of dry and damp tobacco are not the same. But since it is a little difficult to inhale a pipe or a cigar without choking, the smoke products of a pipe or cigar are usually absorbed only by the mouth, nose, and throat, whereas the inhaled smoke of the cigarette is absorbed by the entire area of windpipe and bronchial tubes. If you wish to see how much poison you inhale, try the old experiment of puffing cigarette smoke through a handkerchief, and then, having inhaled the same amount of smoke, blow it out again through another portion of the same handkerchief. The difference in the discoloration will be found to be very marked. You will *note* that in the second case there is hardly any stain on the handkerchief: the stain is on your windpipe and bronchial tubes.

If a man inhales a pipe or a cigar, he gets more injury simply because he gets stronger tobacco; but a man never inhales a pipe or a cigar unless he is a smoker of long standing or unless he has begun on cigarettes. Besides allowing one to inhale, a cigarette engenders more muscular unrest than any other kind of smoke. Because of its shortness, cheapness, and convenience, one lights a cigarette, throws it away, and then lights another. This spasmodic process, constantly repeated, increases the smoker's restlessness while at the same time satisfying it with a feeling that he is *doing something*. Yet despite the fact that cigarette-smoking is the worst form of tobacco addiction, virtually all boys who smoke start with cigarettes.

It is generally admitted that in the immature the moderate use of tobacco stunts the normal growth of the body and mind, and causes various nervous disturbances, especially of the heart—disturbances which it causes in later life only when smoking has become excessive. That is to say, though a boy's stomach grows tolerant of nicotine to the extent of taking it without protest, the rest of the body keeps on protesting. Furthermore, all business men will tell you that tobacco damages a boy's usefulness in his work. This is necessarily so, since anything which lowers vitality creates some kind of incompetence. For the same reason the boy who smokes excessively not only is unable to work vigorously, but he does not wish to work at all. This result, apparent during growth, is only less apparent after growth, when other causes may step in to neutralize it. Tobacco, in bringing about a depreciation of the nerve-cells, brings, together with physical results like insomnia, lowered vitality, and restlessness, their moral counterparts, like irritability, lack of concentration, desire to avoid responsibility and to travel the road of least resistance. If there were some instrument to determine it, in my opinion there would be seen a difference of fifteen per cent. in the general efficiency of smokers and non-smokers. The time is already at hand when smokers will be barred out of positions which demand quick thought and action. Already tobacco is forbidden during working hours in the United States Steel Corporation.

Now, the boy, who is certain to be injured by any form of tobacco, invariably smokes in the worst way that he can—that is, smokes cigarettes. How is his father going to stop it? We all know with what force the indorsement of a hair-tonic comes from a bald-headed barber. A man cannot expect to have any influence with his son when he advises him not to do the thing he himself is doing. Every man advises his son not to smoke until he reaches an age where tobacco will not hurt him, though he himself has probably heard lately from his doctor that there is no such age. Though tobacco will injure a boy more than a man, it will also in-

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jure the man at any time during his life. When the father goes on to advise the boy to begin his smoking on pipes or cigars when he is grown up, his position becomes puerile. For he knows very well that almost no one begins on anything but cigarettes. Lastly, the father's attitude is immoral. To tell a boy not to do what he constantly sees his father doing is advice too absurd to need serious consideration. I have seen a father sit in a room blue with tobacco—a room in which all the windows were shut—and advise his boy not to smoke until he was twenty-one. To breathe smoke-laden air is to absorb some of the nicotine,—cases even of mild poisoning have resulted from this alone,—and hence to receive some of the stimulus it contains. I knew an opium-smoker who had two black-and-tan dogs which he kept in the room with him while smoking. After a time they became so accustomed to it that they exhibited the same symptoms as the smoker when deprived of it—running at the eyes, sneezing, excessive nervousness. They grew to look forward to his smoking as eagerly as he did, and all through breathing the same air!

In a milder way a boy gets something of the excitation of tobacco and acquires a desire for it when he breathes atmosphere charged with his father's smoke. And besides the same physical incentive, he has something the dogs did not have—intellectual curiosity to see what the sensation of smoking is like. Thus the father who fills his house with smoke has in a threefold way created an appetite for tobacco in his boy: first, the boy has a disposition to smoke because his father does, second, because he is curious, and third, because his respiratory passages are already craving the excitation to which they have become accustomed. The smoking father, in forbidding his son to smoke, virtually drives him to sneak around the corner for a cigarette to experiment with on the sly.

The action of any narcotic is to break down the sense of moral responsibility. If a father finds that his boy is fibbing to him, is difficult to manage, or does not wish to work, he will generally find that the boy is smoking cigarettes.

A boy does not start to smoke, however, only because his smoking father has made it difficult for him not to do so or because he has naturally come to consider it a badge of manhood, but because he finds other boys smoking. This is the worst feature of tobacco; it is a social habit, and not to smoke has its social disadvantages. Many men were prejudiced against smoking until they went to college. There they found themselves "out of it" because they did not smoke. More than that, they found that the smoke of social gatherings irritated their eyes and throat, and they thought that smoking might keep them from finding other people's smoke annoying. A man who had left off smoking told me that at the first "smoker" he attended afterward he found the air offensive and his eyes smarting intolerably, although when he had been helping to create the clouds in which they were sitting he had not noticed it at all. These two experiences are common. For this reason, the social inducements for smoking are considerably greater than those for drinking. The man who refuses to drink may feel as much "out of it" as the man who refuses to smoke, but he has ordinarily, and in the presence of gentlemen, no other penalty to pay. He undergoes no discomfort in spending the evening in a roomful of drinkers, and he can manage to find things to drink that will have for them the semblance of good-fellowship. It is the social features that attend the acquiring and the leaving-off the habit which make smoking so difficult to attack. In its present state, even if a boy were thoroughly familiarized in school with the harm tobacco would do him, he would still be seduced by the social side of it.[1]

When a habit fosters or traditionally accompanies social intercourse, it is all the harder to uproot.

What grounded opium so strongly in China was its social side. The Chinese lacked social occupation, and it was not the custom of the country for a man to find it with his friends and family, though no people are more socially inclined. Smoking opium became their chief social activity; they gathered together in the one

[1] I have heard of a New Yorker who gave up his attendance as a member of the executive committee of a prominent and very useful reform association because, though an occasional smoker, he could not endure the tobacco-laden atmosphere of the room where the committee met.

To this day his associates probably think him a very lukewarm worker in the cause!

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heated room of the house to gossip over their pipes. We smoke tobacco as the Chinese smoke opium, "for company" and in company. Thus one must provide strong reasons to make a man give it up. He will not do so because it costs him something; he expects to pay for his pleasures. When a man has actually gone to pieces, it is comparatively easy to convince him that he ought to give up what is hurting him; but the average man has not been excessive enough for that, and has never brought himself to the point of serious conscious injury. Even a physician cannot with any certainty tell the average moderate smoker just how tobacco is hurting him. Consequently, if one would make this man stop smoking, especially when he sees that leaving off has caused some people more apparent discomfort than all their smoking did, one's only chance is to make him change his mental attitude. I hope to assist in doing this by calling attention to the fact that tobacco not only prepares the way for physical diseases of all kinds, as any physician will tell you, but also, as long investigation has shown me, for alcoholism and for drug-taking.

TOBACCO, ALCOHOL, AND OPIUM

THE relation of tobacco, especially in the form of cigarettes, and alcohol and opium is a very close one. For years I have been dealing with alcoholism and morphinism, have gone into their every phase and aspect, have kept careful and minute details of between six and seven thousand cases, and I have never seen a case, except occasionally with women, which did not have a history of excessive tobacco. It is true that my observations are restricted to cases which need medical help,—the neurotic temperaments,—but I am prepared to say that for the phlegmatic man, for the man temperamentally moderate, for the outdoor laborer, whose physical exercise tends to counteract the effect of the tobacco and the alcohol he uses—in short, for all men, tobacco is an unfavorable factor which predisposes to worse habits. A boy always starts smoking before he starts drinking. If he is disposed to drink, that disposition will be increased by smoking, because the action of tobacco makes it normal for him to feel the need of stimulation. He is likely to go to alcohol to soothe the muscular unrest, to blunt the irritation, he has received from tobacco. From alcohol he goes to morphine for the same reason. The nervous condition due to excessive drinking is allayed by morphine, just as the nervous condition due to excessive smoking is allayed by alcohol. Morphine is the legitimate consequence of alcohol, and alcohol is the legitimate consequence of tobacco. Cigarettes, drink, opium, is the logical and regular series.

The man predisposed to alcohol by inheritance of nervous temperament will, if he uses tobacco at all, almost invariably use it to excess; and this excess creates a restlessness for which alcohol is the natural antidote. The experience of any type of man is that if he takes a drink when he feels he has smoked too much, he finds he can at once start to smoking all over again. For that reason, the two go together, and the neurotic type of man too often combines the two. Tobacco thus develops the necessity for alcohol.

It is very significant that in dealing with alcoholism no real reform can be expected if the patient does not give up tobacco. Again, most men who have ever used alcohol to excess, if restricted voluntarily or involuntarily, will use tobacco to excess. This excess in tobacco produces a narcotic effect which temporarily blunts the craving for alcohol. Another way of saying the same thing is that when smokers are drunk they no longer care to smoke, a fact that is a matter of common observation. This means that there is a nervous condition produced alike by alcohol and tobacco. When a man gets it from drinking, he does not keep on trying to get it from smoking. As well as reacting upon each other, the two habits keep each other going. It is not altogether by haphazard association that saloons also sell cigars; they sell them for the same reason that they give away pretzels—to make a man buy more drinks.

OPIUM AND CIGARETTES IN CHINA

CURRENT history affords us a striking proof of the closeness of the relation between tobacco and opium.

I have spent a good deal of time in the Orient in the interest of those who were trying to subdue the opium evil, and I may add that there is in China to-day a

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flourishing tobacco concern growing rich out of the sale of cigarettes. With the extremely cheap Chinese labor, the concern was able to sell twenty cigarettes for a cent of our money. Up to the beginning of this enterprise (about 1900), the Chinese had never used tobacco except in pipes, and, in very minute quantities, in rolling their own crude cigarettes. The concern was sending salesmen and demonstrators throughout the country to show the people how to smoke cigarettes. Now it is estimated that one half of the cigarette consumption of the world is in China. In trying to lessen the opium evil, in which they have to a considerable extent succeeded, the Chinese are merely substituting the cigarette evil. It is well known to the confirmed opium-smoker that he needs less opium if he smokes cigarettes. *The Chinese to-day are spending twice as much money for tobacco as for opium.*

I once said to a Chinese public man: "I can help you to get rid of the opium habit because you have found that you *must* get rid of it, but I cannot help you to get rid of the evil you are substituting for it, for not even America has yet found out that she *must* get rid of it. Your cure, I fear, is worse than your disease; and *our* disease has no cure—until we change our mental attitude."

If any one thinks that China is the gainer by substituting the one drug habit for the other, I beg leave to differ with him. The opium-smoker smokes in private with other smokers, and is hence not offensive to other people. He is not injuring non-smokers, or arousing the curiosity of boys, or polluting the atmosphere, or creating a craving in others. In the West the opium habit is generally condemned because the West is able to look with a new and unbiased mind on a drug habit that is not its own.

I consider that cigarette-smoking is the greatest vice devastating humanity to-day, because it is doing more than any other vice to deteriorate the race.

LIKE ACTION OF THE THREE HABITS

THE more you compare smoking and drinking and drugging, the more resemblances you see. Opium, like tobacco and alcohol, ceases to stimulate the moment the effect of it is felt: it then becomes a narcotic. The history of the three as a resort in an emergency is precisely the same. At the time when the average man feels that he needs his faculties most, he will, if addicted to any of the three, deliberately seek stimulation from it. He does not intend to go on long enough to get the narcotic effect, since that would be clearly defeating his own aims; he means to stop with the stimulant and sedative effect, but that he is unable to do. The inhaler of tobacco gets his effect in precisely the same way that the opium-smoker gets his—the rapid absorption by the tissues of the bronchial tubes. It may be news to the average man to hear that the man who smokes opium moderately suffers no more physical deterioration than the man who inhales tobacco moderately. The excessive smoker of cigarettes experiences the same mental and physical disturbance when deprived of them that the opium-smoker experiences when deprived of opium. The medical treatment which is necessary to bring out a physiological change in order to destroy the craving is the same. The effect of giving up the habit is the same—cessation of similar physical and nervous and mental disturbances, gain in bodily weight and energy, and a desire for physical exercise. A like comparison, item for item, may be made with alcohol, but it is the similarity with opium which I wish particularly to emphasize here.

TOBACCO AND MORAL SENSITIVENESS

MORPHINE, as is very well known, will distort the moral sense of the best person on earth; it is part of the action of the drug. Since the way morphine gets its narcotic effect is very similar to the way tobacco gets its effect, one would naturally suppose that tobacco would produce in a milder degree something of the same moral distortion. This may seem a startling conclusion, but change your mental attitude and observe. Have not smokers undergone a noticeable moral deterioration in at least one particular? They have a callous indifference to the rights of others. This happens with all habitual indulgence, of course, but is it not carried more generally to an extreme with tobacco than with anything else? Few men quarrel with a hostess who does not offer them drinks, but all habitual smokers expect

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that, regardless of her own desires, she let them smoke after dinner.

"We gave up the fight against tobacco in our drawing-rooms long ago," said a famous London hostess. "We found it was a case of no smoke, no men."

Respectable men in New York City who would not dream of deliberately breaking any other law carry cigars and cigarettes into the subway despite the fact that it is forbidden and of the fact that it is vitally necessary to keep the air there as pure as possible. A gentleman is more annoyed at being forced to consult another's preference about not smoking than about anything else that could arise in social intercourse, and is often at small pains to conceal his impatience with old-fashioned people who believe they have rights which should be respected.

On all sides the attitude seems to be, "What right has any one to object to my smoking!" The matter is really on just the *opposite* basis, "What right has any one to smoke when other people object to it?"

If a man *must* get drunk, we say he shall get drunk where he is a nuisance only to himself and to others of the same mind. If a man feels the need of interlarding his conversation with obscenity and grossness, we say he may not compel us to listen to him. But a smoker may with impunity pollute the air, offend the nostrils, and generally make himself a nuisance to everybody in his vicinity who does not practise his particular vice. Is this not a kind of moral obtuseness? Change your mental attitude and consider.

Lastly, the action of a narcotic produces a peculiar cunning and resource in concealment; it develops, when occasion arises, the desire to deceive and, whether occasion arises or not, the desire to shift obligation and evade direct responsibility. Tobacco does this more mildly than opium, and it does so more appreciably with boys than with men; but, as with opium, it is part of the narcotic effect in all cases.

Let it always be remembered that if a man smokes and inhales tobacco excessively he is narcotizing himself more than when he smokes opium moderately.

A POET PASSES

BY M. E. BÜHLER

"THE Dream goes with the Dreamer." Nay, not so.
Passes the Rose when mortal vision dies?
Shall we decree no tender breezes blow
Beneath wide alien skies,
Because none feels their lingering caress?
The whispering music is but breathed in vain,
With no wind-harp within the wilderness
To catch the wild sweet strain.

O Poet, O Interpreter, the dream
Remains with us who may not understand!
Across vast spaces may some radiant gleam
Reach us from that far land
Where thou hast gone, and make the darkness glow
That we may follow where thy feet have led!
"The Dream goes with the Dreamer?" Nay, not so;
The Dream is with us, uninterpreted.

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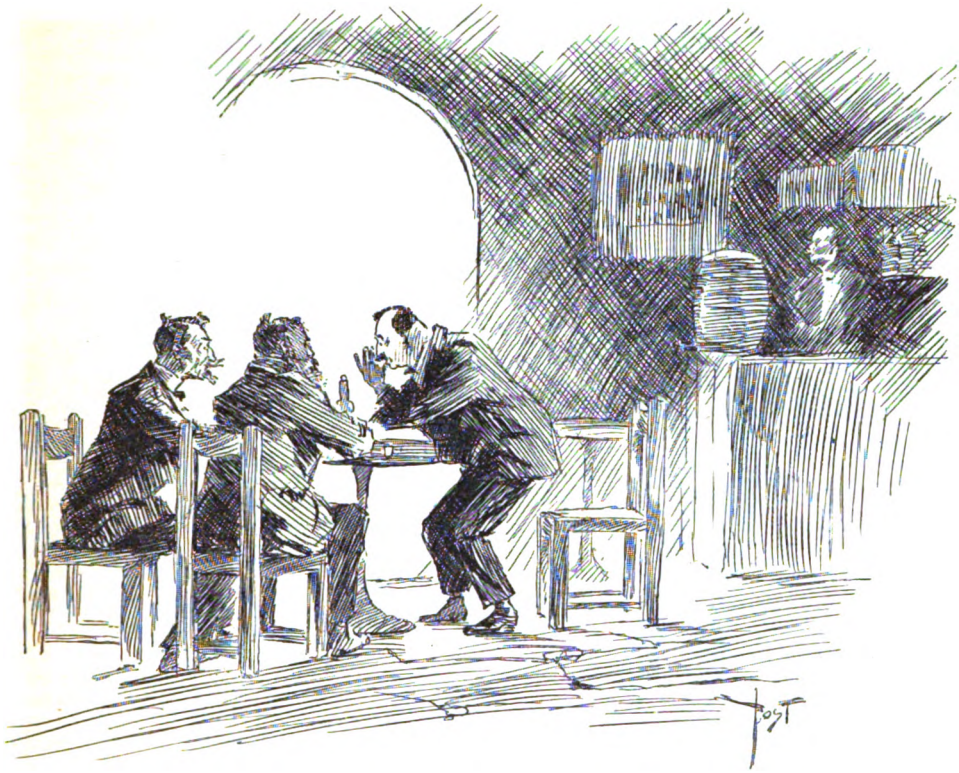

Drawn by Charles J. Post

"'WE SHALL MANUFAC' THE REVOLUSH ONCE MORE,' SUGGESTED BARZILLA"

THE WIDOW'S STRATEGY

BY L. FRANK TOOKER

Author of "The Lady and the Earthquake," "The Wedding-Gift," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY CHARLES JOHNSON POST

THE Señora Pascala was very happy. She had cast out fear; she faced the thought of the long voyage from the west coast of South America to the Cape Verd Islands with the joyous courage born of love: but just as a little cloud will sometimes race over the sky of the tropics, dropping a torrential rain, while outside its narrow path the sea is flooded with sunlight, so a dozen times a day the señora would clasp her daughter to her heart, and in a storm of tears declare that she would never leave her—never. Then quickly drying her eyes, she would laugh again and say:

"'T is the good God's will, dear lit' daught', how we shall love on two side' to the world, ver' much distant. Yet shall you never forget me. Is it not correc' in the manner I declare?"

And the señorita, smiling through tears, would tremulously reply:

"I going love you all the more harder, yas, bec-ause of those great distant."

Then shaking a threatening finger at the señorita, the mother would usually reply with affected sternness:

"Lit', small daught', if you do not!" and quickly laugh or weep again, it was never certain which.

But despite her general happiness, the tears delayed her going. For once when

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Drawn by Charles J. Post

"'ALAS! . . . I DECLARE MYSELF VER' *SIMPATICO* TO THOSE TEARS'"

her marriage to Captain Miranda had been irrevocably set a week away, and the señora, fresh from that decision, had suddenly encountered her daughter at the door, like a fair young flower in all her bloom, she had paused and gazed. And quickly the picture rose before her of the flying years, with their marring touch for all that delicate beauty, and their inevitable griefs. And she would not be there to see and comfort. She burst into tears, exclaiming:

"Oh, did I say I going leave you by one week—*one* week, my precious! Ah, I think tha' 's crezzy, so hard to the heart like that! Yas, tha' 's how 't is: your ol' *madre* is crezzy."

Then Captain Miranda, all his face tender with compassion, had gone to her.

"Two *week'*, Señora mia," he had said; " 't is two week' it shall be. Tha' 's ver' much longer time, you un'stand?"

The days flew then; the señora saw them fly. She said so. We were all there under the cool arches of the patio, and the señorita, with her elbows on the table, her eyes dancing, was telling us how, crossing the plaza from mass in the early morning with old Elizabeth, she had met her fiancé, young Casanova, almost face to face; and he, because his head was bowed and he was hurrying, had not known her.

But the señora, listening, had yet heard not. She was thinking that yesterday had passed, and to-morrow would be there almost before she knew, and then would slip away, and briefly the days would fly, and she be gone.

"Oh," she wailed, "how come those day' fly like they fly! But some day they shall go so ver' slow when I see my lit', small daught' no more anywhere!"

But Captain Miranda, with a little exclamation, had risen to his feet, watch in hand.

"*Basta!*" he cried, " 't is now I going forget the engage'!"

He moved toward the door, but his eyes, meeting mine as he passed, gave me a significant look, and I, too, hastily framed an excuse for going.

He was standing at the corner, hat in hand, a worried look on his face, when I came up to him.

"*Caramba!*" he murmured, "the minute more, I think I going say that depart' shall be delay' one more week also, for that shall be more better for ever'buddy. Alas! Señor, I declare myself ver' *simpatico* to those tears."

We went to the Fonda Marina, and there Barzilla presently joined us. As an unsuccessful suitor for the hand of the Señora Pascala, he took, I was sure, a certain decently veiled satisfaction in the situation, though courteously basing it on grounds flattering to the captain. As he said:

"Those departs are ver' sad. We can-

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not demand you to make the hurry, *Capitan,* dear friend' like we bec-ome."

"*Zut!* hurry!" exclaimed Captain Miranda, almost irritably. "You consider that the hurry—to grow old like Methuselah and my little sheep rot by her anchor!"

"You 'll have to tell the señora to break her daughter's engagement to young Casanova," I said. "There are other lovers in the world for her, a beautiful girl like that."

"True, tha' 's ver' much true," the captain replied; "but do the young know it, Señor? They think there shall be but one. Also, shall the one unhappy heart make other heart' happy? I consider diff'rent, Señor."

"We shall manufac' the revolush once more," suggested Barzilla, who was still unreconciled to the government, "and that Casanova shall be made the exile again. Shall not the Cape Verd be ex*cel*lent for exile? Hah! You shall obtain the son additional, *Capitan.*"

"*Hola!*" exclaimed Captain Miranda, and sat staring into space, lost in thought. Barzilla was encouraged.

"We shall begin operate at once," he went on eagerly, "and request the Señor Schwartz to bring no mule to the city to save it as before. Aha! young Casanova shall bec-ome exile!"

"'T is not the Señor Casanova who shall bec-ome exile," calmly replied Captain Miranda; " 't is me. I shall bec-ome at once too heated for Pasaquimento. They going request my absence from her." He rose to his feet, bowing profoundly. "*Adios,* Señores," he said. "I go to start the explosion that shall explode me from Pasaquimento ver' rapid. *Adios.*"

He was not at the Fonda Pascala when I went there early in the evening, and the señora was obviously uneasy, and at last openly concerned.

"You think, Señor," she asked me, "that he bec-omes mad bec-ause I am so saurry to leave my lit', small daught'?"

I looked at my watch.

"I think he 's kept by his engagement," I said reassuringly. "You know he said he had one."

She sighed unhappily as she answered: "Yas; but so lengthily like this!"

Of course I had no answer to that, for I was thinking of the explosion that was to "explode" the captain from Pasaquimento. I wondered if it had already occurred, and if it had carried him far. I had not supposed that it was his intention to depart without the señora.

At nine o'clock young Casanova arrived in a state that seemed to me nicely balanced between suppressed excitement and a palpably assumed nonchalance. He greeted us all with his usual exaggerated courtesy, and promptly informed us that he had come on business, but, quickly correcting himself, said he had come to see his fiancée, the Señorita Pascala. Then correcting himself again, he said he had come on business and pleasure. He added that no one could mistake the pleasure, and that there really might be no doubt in our minds concerning that, he turned and bowed low to the señorita, who had obviously been in need of enlightenment, if her start of pleased surprise was not feigned.

Drawn by Charles J. Post

"'AH, SEÑOR,' HE REPLIED, '. . . I PROCLAIM MYSELF INTO THE HOLE'"

"But what is the business?" I asked idly.

"Ah, Señor," he replied, "'t is ver' dif*fi*cult to declare. I proclaim myself into the hole. Tha' 's idiomatic, you un-'stand? Yet shall I speak. Listen.

"At the quartare to three behol' me at the Fonda Sequisa. By the

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Drawn by Charles J. Post

"'*CARAMBA!* THERE GO FIVE INSULTINGS!'"

next table sit Colonel Gonzalez and four other officers to the army. They laugh and talk also with much gayness. Ver' soon I behol' Capitan Miranda walk inward, holding the head ver' elevated with prides, you know. Therefore he shall not see the sword to Colonel Gonzalez extensive behind him. Of a necessity, not seeing, he stumbles by it. 'Aha!' he declares, with loudness, also with the smile, 'the Señor's sword is useful for once: almost it causes one to fall.' The Colonel Gonzalez is heated to the collar—ver' angered, you know. He jumps and bows. 'Does the Señor desire to learn how useful?' he asks ver' polite. *'Caramba!* 't is easy to learn.' Both now bow, the Capitan Miranda so lowly he makes collision rearward with the next officer. *'Caramba!'* he says to that, ver' amicable, 'the Señor is like his friend's sword—too extensive.' That señor also rises with the anger; also all by the table. Capitan Miranda lifts the eyes in the surprise, you un'stand? 'Ah,' he declares, 'the other señores desire to escape, perhaps? They are ver' wise.'

"Caramba! there go five insultings! I have the ver' extensive interest; likewise all hearers. We extend the neck to hear, but, alas! they speak in the low tone, exchange the card' to each, and the officers advance outward, sending the proud look rearwardly across the shoulder. The Señor Capitan behol's it not, because tha' 's no consequent, you know. Aha, my subsequent little papa is ver' brave; but is he also wise?

"Therefore, you un'stand, I proclaim myself into the hole; for is it not dishonorableness to disclose thusly? *Caramba!* I don't care. Honorableness she shall take care of herself; 't is more better to stop some possible funeral. And if funeral, shall there be marriage? Only remotely, after the sorrow, of course."

"Ah, that 's the explosion, then?" I exclaimed involuntarily. But no one heard. The Señora Pascala had risen to her feet.

"Come," she said, and led the way to the door.

"Señora," said Casanova, "I think they shall meet beyond the bridge the Señor Schwartz tried to cross, and by the moonlight."

"The moon rises at eleven," I said as we hurried after the señora up the narrow street to the broader thoroughfare that led to the heart of the city. The streets were still thronged, and in the plaza the band was playing the cloyingly sweet music of

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the South, while along its paths, lined with watchful gallants, slowly streamed in an unending parade the beauty of the city, demure and seemingly indifferent; but here and there glance crossed glance, and a fluttering fan or quivering eyelash met Love's challenge.

We hastened to the Fonda Marina, to the Fonda Sequisa, and to other quieter places, and then on to the cool arcade opposite the main entrance to the plaza, where under a myriad colored lights gentlemen drank strange drinks and made audible and admiring comments on beauty as it went and came; but nowhere was Captain Miranda to be found. Uncertainly we paused before the high front of the cathedral, palely orange in the lights.

"It may perhaps happen we shall find him in those cathedral—at the prayers," slyly suggested Barzilla. *"Caramba!* should I not pray ver' hard before the meeting with *five* of*fic*ers to the army in the *duello? Zut!* yas."

"If the señor pray not till he meet five of*fic*ers in such manner, then shall he never bend the knee at the stations," dryly responded the Señora Pascala. She turned to Casanova, saying, "Señor, you want get marry with my lit', small daught', heh?"

He looked up in wonder and pride.

"You ask such question, Señora?" he replied. "Aha! the joy to my face shall answer firstly before the words can be speak by me, yas."

She drew herself up with great firmness.

"Yet shall you never unless 't is one thing you do," she declared.

"Señora, then 't is already accomplish' when ask'," he said, laying his hand on his heart. " 'T is for you only to speak."

"Then ver' quick go make those alarm-bell to the cathedral to be ring," she said.

His face fell.

"Those alarm-bell, Señora?" he repeated dejectedly.

Her own face proclaimed her scorn.

"Aha! you are scare'!" she cried, and stood erect, like an offended goddess. He wilted visibly before her glance.

"Caramba! yas, tha' 's ver' truthful," he confessed; "yet shall I operate it—the lesser horn to the bull. *Adios!* I go." He rushed away, and we saw him push

Drawn by Charles J. Post

"SEVERAL OFFICERS DESCENDED AND HURRIEDLY PASSED INTO THE COURTYARD"

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aside the leather curtain before the door of the cathedral and disappear.

Barzilla chuckled.

"Maria Pascala," he said, "I think you going bec-ome ver' wearisome in that heaven, nice, quiet place like that. You shall stretch the arm above the head and declare, *'Caramba!* I consider this ver' dull place, yas.' But now, *basta!* step the little backward—" he waved us gently toward a low flight of steps—"step backward, and behol' what you shall behol'!"

We stood and waited. From the plaza opposite there came the hum of voices, and now and then a laugh, and always the soft shuffle of many slowly moving feet. The band still played its languorous airs; the night wind rustled the leaves. At the edge of the square, beyond the circuit of the promenaders, we could see the glow of charcoal under a black caldron, and above it the dark form of the vender of hot frijoles, and hear the monotonous drawl of his continuous, low-pitched cry. At our right, under the glittering arcade, where the loungers drank and laughed, the waiters moved with cat-like tread, bearing trays; we could hear the tinkle of ice in the glasses. The night was odorous with the heavy perfumes of the flowering trees. It was the languorous South, a picture of indolent ease and soft pleasures, unreal, fantastic, like a scene in a half-realized drama.

Drawn by Charles J. Post

"'YOU SHALL FIGHT THOSE ODDS TO MY ENEMY, SEÑOR'"

For the briefest instant of time it was as if the heart of the world had stopped with the shock of that clangorous roar overhead as the first stroke of the mighty bell struck down the sense of ease and drowsing security. Then! I had an indescribable sensation of dizziness, as if all visible things had sprung into motion, erratic, undirected, irresponsible.

At the first stroke of the bell I had lifted my eyes to the tower of the cathedral from the street before me, where a few saunterers were slowly passing, and when I looked down upon it an instant later, it was thronged with excited humanity. Every door was pouring fresh accessions into the surging mass; the arcade was swept as clean as a man's hand. I saw the glow of the charcoal under the caldron of the frijole-seller seemingly burst like a rocket as the coals were scattered before the onrush of running men; the strains of the band collapsed into silence like a pricked bubble. Then clear and shrill from the courtyard of the president's palace, at the end of the plaza beyond the cathedral, a bugle sounded, and the faces of the multitude turned as one man's.

"Behol'! behol'!" gasped Barzilla. "Oh, Maria Pascala! Maria Pascala!"

She clutched his arm.

"Scream, 'The Alameda Bridge! the Alameda Bridge!'" she commanded fiercely. "Señor, scream those word' like I tell you! Quickly, Señor!"

Like one hypnotized, he obeyed, and his bull-like voice roared out above the fret of nervously moving feet. "La puente de Real! La puente de Real!"

He turned to run, but there was no need. It was the bridge by which ten days before the insurgents had tried to enter the city, and, in this hour of nervous tension, into the minds of every hearer the same thought now seemingly flashed: the malcontents were gathering

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again. No one turned to see whence the cry came, but through the street and out into the plaza we heard it, like a hundred echoes, caught up by other voices, and there came a wild rush for the bridge. A moment later we stood in a virtually deserted quarter. Only here and there a belated figure followed the crowd or hurried across the plaza toward the palace of the president, where the bugle still sounded, and the drums had taken up the presumable call to arms.

"You consider those of*fic*ers shall go over those bridge to-night to fight some duel?" said the Señora Pascala with a hysterical giggle. "Me, I consider it shall be ver' diff'rent to that, yas. They going march those soldier' to some wars." She laughed as she caught my arm. "Come," she said, "I desire to behol' them march away for it. I shall clap the hand."-

As we passed the cathedral, I saw the leather curtain before the doorway stir slightly and Casanova peer out; but recognizing us, he came forth.

"*Hola!*" he exclaimed lightly, "that old bell-ringer is ver' scare'. Listen at him! He consider the world shall come to the end."

"He ring those bell ver' nice, I think," said the Señora Pascala, primly.

From the courtyard of the palace and the barracks in the rear the troops were filing out at a double quick as we reached the front of the palace, and on the opposite side of the roadway paused to watch them go. We saw them come through the narrow gate in a disorderly huddle, form in fours, catch step, and then melt away in the darkness under the trees. Then we heard the sound of rapidly approaching wheels, and a moment later two carriages drew up at the gate, and several officers descended and hurriedly passed into the courtyard.

Casanova whispered excitedly.

"Behol'! the five Capitan Miranda would fight, and their seconds! Tha' 's Dr. Cordova—little one in the black. Aha! you perceive the sadness to all? That bell has call' them back before the duel is operate'—the business before the pleasure, you un'stand?"

"Perhaps it is already operate'," said the señora, nervously.

"No," I assured her. "It was not to be until the moon rose, you know, and it is not yet up."

"Then shall we also go to those bridge," declared the señora, happily. "*Caramba!* I think he shall not be lonesome."

The moon was tipping the edge of a mountain when, hurrying along the white highway that skirted the rushing river, we came in sight of the bridge. The road was thronged with eager watchers, the bare hillside that faced the bridge was packed, and drawn up in front of it were the troops that had gone out before us. We pushed through the crowd till we were stopped by the soldiers, then mounted the hill and sat down to wait.

"Remain to this place," Casanova told us. "I go to ask what is expect'."

He came back presently, and we closed in eagerly about him.

"*Ever'thing* is expect'," he whispered gleefully. "Some declare the enemies to the presidente went out early in the evening, and have seize' the arsenal beyond the river; some declare the peop' of Alameda are marching against Pasaquimento; some say 't is other city; some declare diff'rent fear: but 't is fear always. So I laugh and say I consider 't is the chase of the wild goose, and they bec-ome ver' mad and tell me wait. So I wait. Behol' me!" He sat down.

The moon rose clear above the peaks, and the darkened world gradually took on form and definiteness. Suddenly to the eyes of the watchers two moving forms appeared on the highway on the opposite side of the bridge, coming slowly out of the grove that skirted the river. The united sigh that escaped from the throats of the waiting throng was like the raucous retreat of a wave after it breaks on a shingly beach. We saw a stir run back through the ranks of the soldiers like an electric shock. The foe had appeared at last.

For a moment the two solitary figures stood motionless in the moonlight, then slowly advanced on the bridge. Midway across, they apparently saw for the first time that something unusual was astir, for they stopped short, and after a momentary hesitancy came on at a brisker pace, and presently were lost in the press of the troops at the guarded entrance. Ten minutes later a bugle sounded, drums beat, and the soldiers, wheeling, formed, and took the road back to the town. As they

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filed past us, we saw two strangers in a hollow square, and one was Captain Miranda.

The señora caught Casanova's arm.

"What shall they do to him?" she asked tremulously.

"What can they do, Señora?" he replied. "*Caramba!* nothing. Is it not permit' to walk by the moonlight? Surely. Have I not walked in such manner and started the revolush even, yet nothing happened to me."

The waiting crowd, in wondering, but unsatisfied, curiosity, streamed out into the road, following the beat of the drums back to the city; and we, too, joined the straggling procession, and in due time came to the plaza in front of the president's palace. We heard many rumors, but only one that was definite: the two prisoners had been taken in to the president, and had not yet been released. So we settled ourselves to wait with the rest.

It was fully two o'clock in the morning before we persuaded the señora to go home, and left Casanova to bring us word quickly if anything happened; but we had scarcely reached the *fonda* before he appeared with the captain himself, who wore his usual air of undisturbed serenity, though the thought occurred to me that he seemed in a manner elated.

The Señora Pascala caught him by the shoulder.

"You saurry to be living, Señor, that you want to be kill' by somebuddy?" she demanded tenderly.

He bowed, kissing her hand.

"Does not the señora behol' me ver' much living?" he asked tenderly.

"Quick! Relate all!" she demanded.

"I arrange little pleasantness, you un'stand, with some señores," he began obediently, "and early, with some friend, I go to the bridge. We wait ver' long, but nobuddy visit' us. The moon rise, but still there is nobuddy; so we shake hand' and declare we are ver' saurry those of*fic*ers are not brave, and we shall go home. Then we behol' all those peop' beholding us, also the soldiers. They ask us what we operate there, and we declare 't is the walk only. Also they ask who is across the bridge, and we say tha' 's the difficult': there is nobuddy; it is ver' lonesome. So they inform us we shall have some company with the presidente, and they make us the prisoners and take us to the presidente himself.

"*Caramba!* he is ver' simpatico, ver' nice. He inform' me I shall make the clean breast to him. I make it, and he laugh ver' hard, and send quick for the five of*fic*ers. They come; 't is all as I say, they declare.

" 'But are five scare' at one?' he asked them.

" 'T is those alarm-bell that prevents those fights only,' they tell him—'the duty before the pleasure, you un'stand.'

" 'Aha!' he says, 'I think some of you cause those bell to ring bec-ause of the scare at one man.'

"*Caramba!* they bec-ome ver' red to the face, and say 't is ver' diff'rent to that; they get ver' mad to hear those bell ring in that manner. Then I shake the hand' to all, and declare 't is much to be regret'. We feel ver' saurry together.

" 'Yet shall I learn how those bell ring',' the presidente inform' them. 'Then shall be some punishments.' "

"*Zut!*" exclaimed the señora, scornfully. "Did not those bell cause those duello to be stopped? Shall there be punishments for saving some life, mebbe?"

Then the captain continued.

" 'But five to one!' cry' the presidente. 'Tha' 's ver' much the odds, I consider. Five soldiers to one capitan to small brig!'

" 'I was of the navy once, Señor Presidente,' I inform' him.

" '*Caramba!* then shall you be of her again,' he declare'. 'I shall make you capitan to the best warship, the *Inca,* yas. You shall fight those odds to my enemy, Señor.' " Captain Miranda drew himself up proudly. "You un'stand the gr-reat honor to that, Señora?" he said. "You un'stand how it shall be more better to remain always to your country?"

"Nonsent!" cried the Señora Pascala. "You going bec-ome marry to me by two day'—*two* day', Señor, and sail to your home ver' rapid'. My heart shall get ver' agitate' by those five to one, Señor. Mebbe those alarm-bell shall not always ring in that manner."

Then at last we understood that the señora was really lost to us.

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MR. WANHULL, BOUNDER

BY J. W. MULLER

Author of "A Point of Marine Law," "The Man Who Saw It," etc.

WHEN the ship swung toward the mountain promontory that had sea smoking about its base and clouds smoking about its head, Bob McAllister dived into his cabin and came out with a bathing-suit.

"Hurry, you fellows!" said he. "Ship 's only going to stop a few hours."

But we fellows demanded specifications. Most West Indian ports are not good swimming-places, even with liberal allowance for libelous statements about sharks. There are barracoutas, and no lie could libel a barracouta.

Bob listened to our simple words for a while, then shook his head sadly and said simple words to us. He said he never, never could have believed it. He said he never could have dreamed it. He said that nothing he had ever found out about each and all of us—and it was a lot, he said—had made him feel half so sorry for us. "To think," he said—"to think that not one of you ever had a dive in the Doctor's Cave of Montego Bay! To think that you never swam along the Silver Sands! And to think that you imagine you know something about latitude 20 north to 20 south, Western Hemisphere!"

He began to babble. He used poetry words, such as obsidian-green water, and sky-blue water, and sand as white and soft as clotted cream, and a warm sea that had silken fingers. We got out our bathing-suits to quiet him.

It was so. You went down a hole cut through the coral cliff and found yourself in a sun-shot cave the heavy-hanging roof of which bore arabesque designs of fossil sea-things. At its oval, creeper-hung mouth the gaudy Caribbean broke in gaudy, sliding rollers. You stepped over a sand that was, as Bob had said, like cream—as white and as soft, and you dived not into water, but into color. You did not swim; you soared. Toledo Spencer gurgled that at last he had his life-long wish, which was to be a frigate-bird, hanging for hours in nothing, without motion. You could do that in the water of the Doctor's Cave. You could lie prone on it, arms and legs outstretched, and gaze down through water as empty as air on the shining, swept, white floor deep below.

It was through this swim that we learned the story of the Hon. Percy Algernon Sydney Blake Carothers and the tin box that contained a fortune in currency.

Not that Carothers told the story. Racial inability, coupled with a personal horror of "jawing," prevents him from being even remotely like the Arabian Nights. But it happened that we swam far beyond the curving arm of beach, where the palms shook their plumed heads in the trade-wind, until all at once the bright sand sank away beneath us, with blue-white glints like a perishing electric light, and we looked down into dark-blue water without a bottom. That minute Carothers said, quite unashamed: "If you don't mind, you chaps, I 'll turn tail. Don't like blue water."

When we sat on the beach, half-buried in warm sand that had grains almost as large as rice and so perfectly rounded that you could massage yourself with it as if it were soft talc, he told us why he did n't like blue water. That is, he uttered a few salient remarks. So this is n't the story as he told it, but it 's the story just the same.

Westward and a little northward along the Jamaican coast from Montego Bay there is a land without mention in even the most communicative guide for tour-

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ists, where the population is not quite so large by one half as the square miles of area. On a spot along this coast where there is a "hole-in-the-wall" in the fringing coral-reef Carothers and a companion were landed one evening from a Haitian schooner that was glad to get rid of them.

That was late in the year 1910. Carothers, whose much more popular name is Goldilocks, had met his companion in certain Haitian country behind Jacmel. He did not specially like his companion at first sight. Second sight and third sight and all future sights served only to accentuate this negative feeling; but Goldilocks, in his official capacity as a British younger son, had been hurled so early and so violently on an unsympathetic world that he cultivated his likes and dislikes mostly in strict, though obstinate, privacy. So he and the companion, whose name was Fitz-Russell Wanhull, being equally penniless and equally unable to discern any alleviation of that condition, banded together for mutual though temporary defense against the Black Republic.

We gathered from the brief remark with which Goldilocks summarized this period, "You get jolly well tired of bananas after a while," that they did not live on a scale of extravagance. But all at once there came a miracle in the form of an actual payment in actual money of a theoretical allowance made to Goldilocks ghostly ages ago by his noble-born, but hard-up, British family. The British consul paid it to Goldilocks in genuine British gold, worth an absurd, but real, premium in Haiti.

Just before that, Goldilocks had decided that it was highly desirable to punch Mr. Wanhull's head and kick him jolly well out of his sight. When the miracle happened, of course he could n't.

Goldilocks was for living on the money like gentlemen till it reached its legitimate end; but Wanhull had a trading mind, as Goldilocks put it to us, and without particularly consulting Carothers about it, he let them both in for a purchase of logwood.

It seems that Goldilocks rather lost control of his own funds then and there. The logwood purchase earned some incredible profit, and Wanhull invested the funds again, despite Carothers's dignified protest.

Carothers's mind was too unfinancial to permit him even to pretend that he understood many, if any, of Fitz-Russell Wanhull's methods; but he got sick of them. One day he went into the bank, found how much they had to their credit, and invested the lot himself, just to put a stop to his partner and the partnership. He did n't care particularly whether the investment was good or not, Carothers being of that species of the animal kingdom that cares for money only when it has n't any.

By this time, of course, they had come to hate each other with real sincerity.

There was something about a girl, a tourist from the States. "I tell you what, chaps," Goldilocks said when he touched that part of the story, "she was a nice girl." That was going very far indeed for him. It was not a matter of jealousy: it was a matter of saving the nice girl from being captured for her money by Mr. Fitz-Russell Wanhull. That part of the show made him sick, said Carothers; so he rushed them apart.

He did n't say how he did it, but we gathered, from the "Morse" that Goldilocks thought was a flowing narrative style that he had taken the pains to hunt up Wanhull's record for the nice girl's benefit. He had not been curious about it before. Goldilocks said something about Wanhull blackmailing a sister in England, and added something about the wrong name once being signed to a check. It was this latter financial operation that had paid Mr. Wanhull's way to the West Indies.

Carothers had made his mad investment before he learned these facts, and other facts that he summarized with the one lone word "Ugly." It irked him that they should be tied together after that, but he comforted himself with the reflection that it was a mad investment, and would wind itself up soon.

The mad investment was an agreement to buy the entire coffee crop in that part of Haiti. He had paid down all their money to bind the bargain, and though it was a neat little sum, it was imposing only from the point of view of coffee by the cupful. Wanhull was so overwhelmed by the madness of it, and so communicative about it, that Carothers longed earnestly for the time to come

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when the investment would meet its legitimate finish, and with clean, penniless hands he could knock Mr. Wanhull's head off.

Then the illegitimate occurred. The Haitian crop was ready for delivery, and the fortunes of Carothers and Wanhull were toppling to a total fall, when the coffee-growers in Brazil, or nature, or the government (Carothers did not pretend to know which), did something or other to the crop (Carothers did not pretend to know what) that cut the supply in half. Coffee-buyers sought Mr. Carothers with such affectionate solicitude that, to his utter astonishment, he found all at once that he had fifty thousand dollars, and they had the crop.

Wanhull, to be sure, caviled. He said that if he had handled the matter, the coffee-buyers would have paid thousands more. Carothers was reasonable enough to admit it. He even went so far as to admit to Wanhull that he himself did n't have the peddling instinct. He intended this to be apologetic, and Wanhull surprised him by showing annoyance. He was nasty, in his way, when he was annoyed, Carothers said.

Carothers turned on his heel and went straight to the bank to draw out the entire sum, divide it even, and then do to Mr. Wanhull that which had become absolutely necessary. The manager of the bank was a Briton, too. He and Carothers had discussed Wanhull in detail long ago. That is, the bank-manager had said to Carothers, "Dashed bounder, that Wanhull," and Carothers had replied, "Right, old chap!"

The bank-manager nodded to Carothers and retired into an inner room after a just noticeable flutter of his eyelids, so Carothers strolled after him. "Wanhull 's got you into a mess, old man," said the manager, "mixing up in some political silliness. Hear there 'll be a little visit to your diggings by the military to-night."

Goldilocks did not waste time in doubts. He knew that bank-managers in places away from home pay attention to more than ledger-balancing. "Has he got time to make his lucky?" he asked. "I should n't weep, you know, if he were in jail; but—"

"Worst of it is," said the manager, "they 're after you both. They think you 're in it so long as he is. My advice is to make a run for it off the bat."

Goldilocks might have insisted that he, being as guiltless as a snow-white lamb, had nothing to fear from the military. But he knew Haiti to bow to, and he knew that there would be days of trouble; and it was n't a pretty thing to be linked with Wanhull in a scrape, and he would have to clear himself at Wanhull's expense, and that was less pretty.

"Right!" said he. "Know anybody?"

"There 's a sponging-schooner in the cove," said the bank-manager. "I 'd like to give you your money in big States notes, but I can't. Have to give you some hundreds in gold and some in rather small bills. Sorry, old chap, to give you such a bundle, and heavy, too, but I 'll pack it as well as I can in this tin box here. Good-by. Put in a few for me when you give the bounder his whaling."

"First thing I 'll do when we set foot in Jamaica," promised Goldilocks, earnestly.

With the tin box under his arm he looked for Wanhull, found him, and led him home tamely enough.

They packed up in considerably less than fifteen minutes, and before dusk established communication with the sponger. Wanhull cut up rough about the smell, as if he were going on Carothers's account. Two nights later they lay to off the hole-in-the-wall. The Haitian captain had urgent reasons for not caring to enter any Jamaican port where there were officers of His Majesty's customs. The schooner's men slid a cotton-wood dugout overboard, and the Hon. Percy and the un-Hon. Fitz-Russell got in. They were a tight fit. When a black sailor got in, too, the dugout was still afloat, but that was all.

The trade-wind had gone down, and the land-breeze had begun, so there was no sea spouting over the reef, but only a slow, mild ground-swell hardly more than five or six feet high. It was necessary merely to watch for the stag-horn corals that showed themselves when a swell sucked back, and skirt the spiked fringe till the opening appeared. The opening in the reef was wide enough for any dugout to squeeze through, if the man at the steering-paddle had ordinary talent.

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Carothers had the steering-paddle, and he had ordinary talent; but just as he shot for the opening, the sailor in the bow, who was pulling at the single oar, went over backward. The rope that acted as a West Indian substitute for rowlock had broken. The dugout fell off, a swell looked over the side and climbed in, and the craft turned over.

According to the law of sea and reef, the three should have been slung across the reef the next instant. In that case there would have been no more Goldilocks or Wanhull or Haitian with rotten rope rowlocks; for to arrive on the fringe-reef with a Caribbean swell is strikingly like arriving with a Caribbean swell on a garden wall with broken bottles cemented into the top of it.

There is no accounting for these things. The swell happened to drive straight through the tight little entrance, and they got ashore without a scratch; but the tin box was lost.

This would have struck any man as unfortunate. It struck the Hon. Percy Algernon Sydney Blake Carothers as supremely so, because it seemed to forbid his giving Mr. Wanhull the licking to which he had been looking forward with eager patience. He felt that he could not very well lick a man after losing his money, for not only had he had the tin box in his possession, but he had wielded the steering-paddle.

Though Goldilocks thus had a really serious reason for regretting the loss, he remained silent, while Wanhull, who had only a financial loss to consider, began to expatiate even while they were helping the Haitian empty the dugout. The Haitian could not understand English, but Wanhull's face and voice were internationally expressive. The man grinned with real pleasure.

Goldilocks pretended not to see it. He helped the man shove off, watched him till he was out of seeing distance, and then hit Fitz-Russell Wanhull.

Wanhull was big and he was rough. The coral sand was hard and smooth. There was white moonlight, and not a soul near. Carothers's remark that "the bounder would n't shake hands after he came to" hardly tells all that should be told.

They sat out the night on the beach a distance apart. It was a terribly uncomfortable night for Goldilocks. True, he had licked Wanhull, but he had n't chucked money at him first. That made a tremendous difference. He had to convict himself of a heinous injustice. Of course the more the sense of justice urged Wanhull's wrongs, the more Carothers disliked him. And of course the more he disliked him, the more urgently he felt that he must right the wrong.

He almost laughed at the thought of having to get twenty-five thousand dollars together. Goldilocks gathered money sometimes, but only by lucky accident. He never got any deliberately. His mind returned mechanically to the tin box, and it made him ill tempered to picture it lying peacefully on the bottom in water anywhere from sixty to six hundred feet deep. Then all at once he recalled the fact that the canoe had capsized when it was almost on the reef.

As soon as dawn came, he went along the beach till he found the village—seven palm huts and a shanty of white-painted boards that was the general store. A Continental European or an American would have felt himself compelled to explain his arrival out of nowhere. Carothers, being neither, stalked into the general store and informed the bowing black proprietor that he wanted a house, a cook, and a man-servant.

He got a palm hut for sixpence a day, which, he said stiffly, was robbery; but he agreed to pay it provided the proprietor would clean it, bring in fresh cocoa-fiber matting for bedding, and vanish, all inside of half an hour. He got the cook for two shillings a week and a boy-servant for one and six. Then he stalked back to Wanhull, whom he had left asleep on a pile of palm-leaves, and told him.

Wanhull growled objections before he was half awake, and, as soon as he was fully awake, shouted that he 'd be hanged if he 'd stay in the place five minutes. Carothers explained curtly. He was going to hunt along the reef to see if by any wild chance the tin box had lodged somewhere in sight. "And we 've jolly well got to stay here some days," said he, "because we can't do anything near that thundering reef except early in the morning, after the land-breeze has dropped and before the sea-breeze begins. There 'll be

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only an hour or two each morning when the sea will be smooth enough and the sun right for us to look down. You can go —or stay." He hated to add the two last words, but it was Wanhull's money.

Wanhull snatched at the hope. He even said to Carothers, "Thanks awfully."

They spent the day smoking ha'penny cigars and watching cooky working interminably at her outdoor fireplace over a blaze that a Northern man would not have considered respectable for lighting a pipe. The boy, having first and foremost performed the sacred British rite of polishing his master's boots, stood grinning behind Goldilocks, ready to hand him a match. The boy was barefooted, and his livery was a pair of trousers of sacking and a rag the position of which on his torso implied that it did duty as a shirt. But Carothers was glad to feel that he was living as a gentleman again, in a British land.

In the late afternoon the boy, watching for a moment when his master seemed to unbend, told him, "De natives, sar, is 'stremely interested 'bout de two bukra gen'l'men, sar."

Carothers stared at him lazily and remarked, "Jolly cheeky of 'em, eh, what?"

After giving this informing remark about an hour's time to sink in, he said to Wanhull, with a yawn: "I say, Wanhull, what think of fishing? Any silk-fish outside of the reef, boy?"

It was a fishing village, and the boy explained eagerly that he knew all the places, but Carothers waved him away. "How much water is there outside of the reef?" he asked.

"Big steamer, sar, he can walk close by reef, sar," said the boy. "Twelve fadoms right off entrance, sar."

"Very well," replied Carothers. "Get us a canoe, lines, and bait. And, I say, borrow a water-glass from one of the fishermen."

They paddled to the entrance that afternoon, and loitered up and down, fishing ostentatiously. They made no attempt to seek what they were after. Though the trade had dropped, the sea was running high and would not flatten till evening, when it would be too late to do any spying.

It was flat enough next morning. Under the steady, glareless light of the tropical fore-dawn, the Caribbean stretched away to an immensely distant horizon like a ground disk of blued metal. The hole in the reef was as calm as a woodland creek. The water was as clear as blue light.

"It was even clearer than this water," said Goldilocks, waving his hand toward the amphitheater of Montego Bay. "Inside the reef I checked the canoe half a dozen times because I thought I was paddling full tilt on coral-clumps, and then we 'd float over 'em, and I 'd find that they were twenty feet under us. They 'd loom up big and purple, though they were so deep."

That was in the green and sky-blue water of the lagoon. Outside, where the dark-blue deeps were, it was like looking downward into sky. Goldilocks tied a lump of white coral to the fishing-line and lowered it. He paid out fathom after fathom till he had veered away all of seventy feet, and the white sinker was visible still, gleaming like a pallid star, dwarfed to a mere speck, but plainly visible in that empty blue pit where there was no other speck.

Paddling close to the colored band of water over the submerged reef, they could see its seaward edge pitch down almost straight into nothingness. Sea-fans, nigger-heads of coral, brown antlers of staghorn corals, snowy-white bowls of coral, white, round balls of brain coral, sulphur-yellow and blood-red sponge growths, orange and blue seaweeds pulsing as if they were opening and shutting a myriad mouths,—all were as plain to the eye, though forty feet and more deep, as are pebbles in mountain streams. And the richness of the reef-edge made the task of hunting for a tin box a foot square something rather appalling.

Though they had no large field to hunt, since the tin box, if it had lodged at all, had lodged within a yard or two of either side of the entrance, they spent four mornings peering down in vain. While Carothers hung over the bow of the dugout, with his face in the water-glass, till he could hardly straighten out again, Wanhull cheered him by declaiming, in that particular smooth, sleek voice that makes the hair bristle on the backs of honest men and dogs, that it was all bally rot looking for something that was lying a

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hundred fathoms deep somewhere. But he searched the waters as hungrily as did Carothers, and he was quite ready to go out again before dawn of the fifth morning.

And on that fifth morning, at the last possible minute, when the trade-wind already was darkening the sea into wild purple not a mile off, when the first swells already had begun to roll landward, looking down a steep side of coral where without doubt they had looked a dozen times in the five days, Carothers spied it.

Instinctively he whispered, and almost held his breath, though it was twenty feet below. It was poised so precariously, hanging apparently by the merest adhesion to a tender, fragile growth, that he trembled, almost as if his mere glance might topple it into the dark-blue void over which it hung.

The tragedy of it was that it was bottom up. On the other side, which now looked down into seventy feet or more of sea, there was a handle. Had it been turned up, they might have dropped a line down and caught it with a fish-hook. Now! Carothers looked at Wanhull, and Wanhull, who had been able to see it almost as clearly without the water-glass, looked at Carothers.

Then the trade-wind struck in. For the next few minutes they were busy shooting the reef, which had suddenly turned nasty, its coral prongs snarling through driving water.

Inside the reef, they debated. It was plain that they could n't try to recover the box with grappling-irons. There was n't one unreasonable chance in a whole million of reasonable chances that a grappling-hook would fasten the smooth box at the first touch; and if the first touch failed, the tin box would sink from sight forever.

Each of them proposed schemes, but each knew before he proposed them that they were futile. There was only one chance to get that money, as both knew from the beginning. It was to dive for it.

Of course any of the black fishermen would be delighted to make a little dive like that for a shilling. There was an Inagua schooner in the lagoon, too; and Inagua men dive for five-hundred-pound turtles, and conquer them with naked hands in their own sea. But the very fact that the dive would be easy for those men made Wanhull, and even the not habitually distrustful Carothers, think twice.

Though every movement could be watched in the clear water, there would be one moment as a man went down when the swirl of air and water would make him quite invisible. In that moment a diver as skilful as these West Indians could push the tin box deep into a cleft or among thick weed, and return empty-handed.

Probably Carothers, had he been alone, would have picked out a man and trusted him, but Wanhull objected vehemently. And by this time Carothers had become so sick of Wanhull that it was extremely important that there should be no slip about the recovery of the money. Therefore Wanhull's surly objections to a native diver settled the matter.

"I 'll go down," said Carothers.

"Well," said Wanhull—"well, you 're a better diver than I."

That was not precisely true. It was precisely untrue. Carothers was a good diver, for a white man, for sporting purposes; but Wanhull had been in the pearling business once.

However, Carothers understood. That part of the Caribbean Sea about the hole-in-the-wall was particularly rich in curious marine life, and in five mornings of staring into the luminous deeps they had seen a few of the things. They had n't seen a shark or a barracouta, but there had been more than a few cuttlefish shooting along tail first, and trailing ugly arms that were pitted with sucker-disks like carbuncles. Once an eagle ray, very much of a devil, with two enormous feelers projecting from his black head like cow's horns, soared beneath the canoe. He hid a good hundred square feet of sea-bottom as he passed.

Pretty often, too, they had seen snaky things gliding with a queer, trembling motion out of crevices and crawling like gray slime over lumps of coral; and they recognized the things as the tentacles of octopods, which sat fast in a cleft while their gray whips of arms hunted, eyeless, but malignantly intelligent.

Goldilocks sent the boy for cocoanut-oil, and busied himself making a bag of netting, with a mouth held open by bamboo. Then he selected lumps of coral of the

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right weight to take a man down swiftly. He devoted much intelligent attention to those lumps. There was n't going to be any margin for fumbling down there, twenty feet deep. He must n't hit the box when he went down, or even plunge so close to it as to disturb that precarious hold. Yet he must come as close to it as possible, for it would be touch-and-go to do anything and have breath enough left to return to the surface.

He had marked a little protuberance about a yard from the box. It offered the only available place for a hold, and mercifully it was quite free from the venomous sea-eggs, those black porcupine sea-urchins of the tropics, with spines as keen as the finest cambric needle and ten times as long. He purposed to catch hold of that protuberance,—to keep from bobbing back to the surface, since in Caribbean water a man is like the merest cork,—snatch the box, and thrust it into the net. He did n't intend to try to bring the box up in his hands.

They started out before dawn next morning. It was wonderfully still even for the tropics. They could hear the breathing of a whale three miles away.

When they lay over the spot, and Goldilocks stripped off trousers and shirt and began to smear himself with the cocoanut-oil, Wanhull also stripped and made a feeble pretense at desiring to go down first. Goldilocks knew so well that it was pretense that he did n't even reply. He plugged his ears with cotton, exhaled till every inch of his body was free of air, took a lump of coral in his hands, breathed slow and deep, and slipped over the side head first.

He did n't let the coral go in time. It carried him deep into the semi-darkness of the reef-side till the water squeezed him like a press. Though he helped his ascent by thrusting mightily with his feet, his wind burst from him with what sounded like a roar; and when he bobbed to the surface, he had to lie prone over the edge of the canoe for a while.

He was luckier in his second attempt. He let his stone go at the right time, and managed to catch the projection; but it was only after a little struggle, and by that time he was too hard pressed for air to risk touching the box, for fear of a fumble. So he let himself come up, feeling sure that he would make it in the next attempt.

"Watch sharp through the glass," he said to Wanhull, "and be sure to haul the net up carefully, for fear that I may n't put the box in quite securely." He gave himself ten-minutes' rest, went down, and went true. He snatched the spur of coral and got his other hand instantly, and at the first try, on the tin box. He shoved it into the open mouth of the dangling net. A corner caught in a mesh, so that it was half out, half in. That instant something cold and elastic and horny whipped around his wrist and forearm.

The Hon. Percy Algernon Sydney Blake Carothers was twenty feet deep, and he had barely forty seconds, or possibly forty-five, to come up alive. Sitting on the warm, bright beach of the Silver Sands, under the prodigal sun, he shook himself a bit and told us: "Upon my word, you chaps, if I told you all that I thought, it would take me ever so much longer than a minute; yet, don't you know, I must have thought it all in less than that time, because I could n't have stayed down much more than a minute and come up alive. And I did come up. I knew, of course, right off that it was an octopus, and I could tell from its nasty tentacle that it was a little one, so I reached down with my free hand to get hold of its body. But, by Jove, it whipped out another tentacle, or maybe two or three,—I did n't count,—and caught my other arm, and it held me so fast that I knew its body must be wedged pretty tight somewhere under me."

"Good for you, Goldilocks!" said Bob, who had been holding a watch. "You 've taken only twenty-four seconds to tell what you thought, and even your solid British brain can think faster than you can speak, which is lucky. Tell us what else you thought down there while the lady octupus was holding your timid hand.

Goldilocks sulked then, and tried to speak of something entirely different; but he was rolled in the sand and sat upon by four large men of honest weight, and he was immensely averse to anything like fussing. So he spoke hurriedly:

"Well, I knew that Wanhull could see the whole show with the water-glass, and of course I knew he 'd be down after me.

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But he *was* such a jolly bounder, you know! The box was only half way in the net, and Wanhull would know right well that if he dived, it would be sure to go. So I said to myself that the beggar would haul it up. And he 'd have to haul it slow and steady. And then he 'd come down for me with a knife to chop the dashed octopus up. And by that time it would n't be good enough. So I said that here was where I went out, all because of a sacred box of rotten money. And then down came Wanhull like a shot. Away went the tin box; I saw it go through the water like silver. He had me by the wrist and was slashing away under me, and up we both flew together, and next thing I was coming to in the dugout, where he 'd dragged me. And upon my word, chaps, though I was all in when he came down, I saw clear enough—he never even made a grab at the box. So I was jolly well upset that I 'd hammered him, but of course I could n't tell him. So I said, 'Thanks awfully,' and he said, 'Go to the devil!' and we parted."

TOPICS OF THE TIME

TARIFF REFORM AND EXTRAVAGANCE

IF there is one policy to which this country now stands committed, it would seem to be that of reducing excessive tariff rates. Both parties are pledged to it and are working for it. They differ as to means and methods, but respecting the end they are agreed. Both also profess a strong desire to effect economies in public expenditures. In this the President and Mr. Underwood appear to be at one. Mr. Taft, as the head of the Republican party, vies with the leader of the Democrats in the House of Representatives in urging retrenchment. But it has not been made as clear to the people as it should be that the two policies go hand in hand. Swollen appropriations are the great obstacle to tariff reform. Conversely, a rational reduction of customs duties will lead to a more jealous watch upon the treasury outgo, and will conduce to the cutting out of governmental waste and to the establishing of the public service upon a basis of the utmost efficiency and economy attainable.

There is good historic ground for these contentions. President Cleveland's epoch-making message asking Congress to lower the tariff, grew directly out of the fact that too much revenue was being collected,—that is, needlessly heavy taxes were being imposed,—and that the existence of a treasury surplus was a clear incentive to extravagance. This was his famous "condition" confronting the nation. And the champions of a high tariff instantly saw that the surest way to break the force of Mr. Cleveland's argument was to dissipate the excess revenue. Consequently we soon had a marked leaping upward of the appropriations, with such an insane cry as that of "Corporal" Tanner, "God help the surplus!"—God help it, that is, if the advocates of limitless pensions could have their way.

The history of extravagance repeats itself. It certainly is more than a curious coincidence that the way of tariff reform should be blocked in 1912, or the attempt made to block it, just as was the case twenty years earlier. In protesting against the passage of the $75,000,000 pension bill, Mr. Underwood showed a true sense for cause and effect in all this business. He was thinking not merely of the extravagance of this particular act or of its effect upon the national balance-sheet, on which it would almost inevitably create a deficit. The Democratic leader saw plainly that inflated expenditures would sound the knell of tariff reform. Those who have the latter at heart must oppose the former without yielding, for the two are in deadly enmity. The country may not fully per-

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ceive this, but it is the truth. People who say that they will no longer endure the grievous burden of an outgrown high tariff must be ready also to say that they will resent and resist every attempt, open or insidious, to swell the national outlay so as to make the lowering of tariff taxes so difficult as to be well-nigh impossible. There was irresistible logic as well as sound policy in the battle-cry of Cobden, "Free trade and *retrenchment.*" A high tariff has always gone with the lavish habit. And no nation can really be serious and resolute in the determination to lop away too highly protective duties unless it is prepared to make a fight for public economy all along the line.

Closely in this connection stands out the importance of overhauling the entire government service and bringing it up to something like the practice of modern business. Scientific management in private enterprise has already wrought wonders and bids fair to run a beneficent course for years to come. But in this matter our governments have been laggards. There has been no severe scrutiny of costs of production in the activities of States and the nation. Wasteful and grossly inefficient methods have been permitted to flourish like green bay-trees. A beginning of better things, however, has been made under the prompting of President Taft. After trying the experiment of an inquiry by department officials themselves, from which small, though valuable, results were obtained, he summoned experts to the work. They have begun to apply the tests which business men would insist upon in vast affairs, and were not long in discovering a condition of things both disconcerting and humiliating. The government business has been done haphazard. The cost in one department of doing so simple a thing as handling incoming and outgoing letters is found to be eight or ten times what it is in another. There is evidence of painful confusion and lack of coördination and vigorous control. The experts have shown beyond a peradventure that immense savings could be made without detriment to the public service. That they should be continued in their investigations and reforms President Taft stoutly contends, and nobody but a spendthrift can have the hardihood to gainsay him. This labor of prudent financial administration is arduous and does not lend itself to popular glory. It is, however, absolutely indispensable, and for putting his hand to it the President deserves well of his countrymen. Combined with his demand that the whole government service be completely divorced from politics, with tenure made secure and efficiency insisted upon and rewarded, it offers a program of constructive statesmanship which is patriotic in the highest sense of the word.

THE CLERGY IN THE WRONG BOX

A SYMBOL of all progress is the act of walking—first one foot and then the other. We proceed by an alternation of emphasis. We are intent now on this truth, now on that. Thus there is always a neglected truth, and the advance of man consists in bringing it up to an equality with the present interest, and swinging it beyond.

At present, the emphasis in religion is on the side of philanthropy. The church is perpetually busy doing good. Beside the sanctuary stands the parish-house, and in this building are carried on all manner of beneficent undertakings. The year-books of the active parishes are filled with accounts of these activities, page on page, accompanied by pictures of boys who are learning to use saws and hammers and to set type, and of girls who are learning to cook and to sew. The church maintains a dispensary and a laundry. It has a nursery, a kindergarten, a library, a summer camp, and a boat-club.

These things are excellent, but they are not the proper business of the clergy.

In all large cities large parishes are employing increasing numbers of assistant ministers for the purpose of keeping this philanthropic machinery in motion. Young men come out of theological schools, where they have been taught how to teach religion, to preach the gospel, and to minister to the soul, and are set at tasks which could be done as well by any intelligent layman. These men ought to be occupied with their specialty. They ought to be preaching in mission fields and bringing religion along with civilization into new settlements. They ought to be doing the pioneer service of evangeliza-

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tion. The proportion of energy is altogether out of balance when these young men, in their freshness of spiritual enthusiasm, are assigned to the direction of boys' clubs, the management of reading-rooms, and the providing of parochial entertainment. What these parishes need is not a larger staff of clergymen, but a larger company of active laity—employed, if necessary—to do the institutional work. The proper work of the minister is inspirational.

The minister is a specialist, and we look to him for the things which pertain to his specialty. We are jealous of the distractions which tempt him away from his supreme service to the community into undertakings which other people can do quite as well or better. We would have our physician absolutely devoted to the study and practice of medicine. We wish him to read the books of his profession, to be informed as to all that is new and useful in it, to give himself to his patients in particular and to the public health in general. If he is actively interested in politics, attending meetings, making speeches, and serving on committees, and is quite as apt to be found at the city hall as at the hospital, and seems to be more interested in the tariff than in tuberculosis, we are troubled about it. We have the same feeling about our minister.

Jesus made his choice between a ministry to the body and a ministry to the soul. He might have filled his days with the good work of healing; he might have cured ten thousand sick persons. He chose instead to devote himself to ideals. He kept himself quietly and constantly conscious of the divine presence. He emphasized in himself and in others the supreme importance of personality. He said that what we do depends on what we are. He said, "For their sakes I sanctify myself." Thus he began the transformation of the world by sanctifying himself and others. He taught the truth. When he was asked to divide an inheritance between two contending brothers, he refused to touch a penny of it. That was a matter for the lawyers. His part was to declare the everlasting principle, "Take heed, and beware of covetousness; for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth."

That is the emphasis which is needed in the busy, useful church. The function of the minister is to do the things which belong to his splendid profession. He is to study and to pray; he is to lead the worship of the people; he is to preach; he is to go about on errands of ministry to the sick and sorrowful and sinful. In the midst of a generation occupied with things material, he is to uphold ideals and to represent the supreme importance of religion. There are plenty of people to lecture on sociology and to organize philanthropy. The minister's specialty demands all his time and thought. He is to save our souls by building up character that shall be buttressed in principle.

> For he that feeds men serveth few;
> He serves all who dares be true.

GRACE BEFORE LAWLESSNESS

WERE it not fraught with the peril that always attends crooked thinking, there would be something intensely comic in the solemn asseverations of the militant school of woman suffragists concerning the way in which they went about their work of stone-throwing and other violence in London as a means of coercing the government into forwarding their cause. "The mildest-mannered man that ever cut a throat" would have been interested to read the statement of an American sympathizer, made at a meeting in New York and thus reported in "The Evening Post" of January 5:

> When the decision was reached and the demonstration planned, it came as a reverent, prayerful, and deeply thoughtful resolve. There was nothing impulsive about it. It was all planned most carefully and deliberately, and there ran through it a deep spiritual note. Before the demonstration many of the churches were opened that the women might go to receive communion. Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, in the van of the deputation, wore an ancient Roman crucifix with the mother and child by the side of the cross, as a symbol that she led a cause at once sacred and devoted to women and children.

To which Mrs. Pankhurst, leader of this wing of the suffragists, added this bathetic touch to the picture of amateur martyrdom:

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We wanted to do it with self-restraint. Self-restraint has always been one of our first rules—never lose your temper, even when met with insults. . . . Stones are a time-honored political weapon. . . . You must realize that this is a civil war. Men consider war the justification for the taking of human life and the destruction of property. We have not taken life and we have damaged property only to an insignificant extent.

The last sentences show that the speaker has not, after all, the logic of her convictions, for "civil war" is not a matter merely of stone-throwing, howling down speakers, and other disorder. Granted the sincerity of these ladies, it all reminds one of the spoiled child in the nursery who thinks that the only way to get a thing is by violence—with the difference that he does not give an aspect of sanctity to his stamping and screaming. If this sort of thing is to continue, let us have a revision of the Book of Common Prayer with a "Collect to be Recited before a Personal Assault upon a Prime-Minister," "Collect to Precede the Planting of a Bomb among Innocent Working-men," etc.

Now, the question of whether women should have the suffrage—which we are not discussing here—is a very different one from the question whether all measures to obtain it are justifiable or expedient. To parade, to speak in public, to carry banners, and to advocate a cause through the press and by printed circulars, are methods employed by all parties and factions. If sometimes the advocates of woman suffrage within the bounds of order have exceeded the bounds of delicacy, it must be remembered that in the public forum questions of taste must be subordinated to questions of right. But when it comes to a violation of such fundamental rights of others as that of free assembly, by the interruption of meetings, or to such violence as the "suffragette" wing of the movement has shown in London, it is time for sober-minded American women to consider the drift and influence of such a policy not only upon the cause itself, but upon popular sentiment in a country already criminally tolerant of lawlessness.

It may seem to many a hard saying, but we fail to see any difference *in principle* between the claim of Mrs. Pankhurst that the violent methods she advocates and practises are justified by the fact that she is engaged in a holy war and that of McNamara that his murderous violence was in defense of a sacred cause. Each would tell you that "there is no other way." But where shall the appeal to violence end? There are a hundred burning causes, many enlisting the conviction of noble men and women, many others the fanaticism of the half-mad; are these to be advanced only by the unsheathed sword? Is the torch of wisdom to become the inverted torch of anarchy? In this day of a general and growing desire for sane and peaceful adjustments of international differences, is the great god Mars to become, after all, our tutelary divinity?

It must be remembered that in the opinion of a vast number of voters this question is one of large expediency. There are two schools of philosophy, or, rather, two attitudes of mind, which chiefly determine the progress of the world, one holding that the right is best, the other that the best is right. Either principle would be satisfactory in practice could we always be sure, in one case, of what *is* right, and, in the other, of what *is* best. As things stand in a complex state of affairs, these schools represent two kinds of moral and intellectual bias, two methods of approach to public questions by conscientious people. In the main, whether the franchise is to be largely extended to women beyond the six States in which they now possess it will depend upon the conviction that it works well, and that the good to the nation thus to be had is not had at the sacrifice of a much greater good to men, to women, and to society. This conviction is not to be forced by threats or violence,—indeed, what the cause has already gained has been through no such means,—and it will not be promoted by the feeling that women are willing to sacrifice law and order to their own ends. The labor-unions have gained in public opinion by their disavowal of the acts of the McNamaras; will the American suffragists disavow the acts of the stone-throwers of London?

We have listened in vain for such a disavowal. We believe that many American suffragists at heart are out of sympathy with such a policy, and hold with "the party of reason" in England, which

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is represented by the outspoken protest against violence recently made in New York by an Englishwoman, Mrs. Ashton Jonson, who believes that such a policy is wrong in principle and that it is not effective in commending the cause to the judgment of those who are considering the expediency of adding a new complication to the electorate. So long as Mrs. Pankhurst is apparently in good and regular standing in the American party, and so long as, without public protest from any of its members, a woman speaking in the lecture-room of a New York church has been cheered by all the women present when she advised American suffragists to practise stone-throwing, against the need of it in this country, the cause will fail to commend itself to many a candid and open-minded man and woman.

OPEN LETTERS

ON THE HOLD-UP FOR CHARITY

From a Lady of Experience to her Cousin, a young New York Matron Interested in Good Works

My dear Gertie:

Of course I 'll take the tickets you are sending (how nice of you to let me off with only ten!), not because I am the least bit interested in the object for which you are getting up the fair, as your pretty little note hypocritically assumes me to be, but from the usual motives, frequently unethical, generally uncharitable, which cause the majority of us to subscribe, or prevent our refusing to subscribe, to one another's charities.

Oh, of course, my dear, I have n't a word to say against charity pure and simple. Indeed, I think it safe to assume that nowadays mankind at large believes in it, with the exception of a few explosive persons with eccentric hair who want the world reduced to a dead level that they themselves may get the upper hand. Certainly there is not a woman on your visiting-list or mine who does not squander a vast amount of her own time and energy, not to speak of her husband's substance, in at least an effort to do good. Why, not to set the seal of our approval upon charity would be little short of sacrilege, since Providence would hardly suffer so many poor to be always with us if it were not that the prosperous may experience the sweet emotion of giving away what they themselves no longer want or cannot use, besides providing themselves with some excuse for amateur theatricals!

But, my dear, you and I, who in our leisure moments go in for intellect and that sort of thing, must not allow ourselves to be hoodwinked by terms. We must draw a broad distinction between the original, not to say aboriginal, Charity in her mantle of cardinal virtue, and the polite functions we call charities—yours, mine, the next woman's. The former, it is recorded, is long-suffering, which perhaps is why, despite her mantle, she is cold. You recall the literary allusion, "Cold as Charity!" Then, too, she probably is a very ordinary sort of body, since, we are told, she begins at home, and there 's no place like some people's homes, though, poor souls, that is their misfortune rather than their fault. Well, at any rate, the cardinal-virtue person has not much in common with her fashionable namesakes who are hatched in the most exclusive plutocratic purple and incubated by the "Social Register."

But what I started to inveigh against is the means we adopt to maintain these pets of ours, the way we badger our acquaintances to purchase tickets for benefits for their support. Really, Gertie, at times it seems to me one might as decently levy tribute for the maintenance of one's motor, pew, or pug. Oh, I admit that with inti-

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mates it is fair play, a reciprocal despoilment of Egyptians, so to speak. Of course I expect the check I inclose to be remitted to me in kind later on, according to the code of honor always prevailing among thieves and not infrequently among reputable persons. But there is another aspect of the matter of which we are in danger of losing sight. In our zeal to keep the poorer classes in their proper sphere by perpetuating their eleemosynary state, don't we sometimes unthinkingly impoverish worthy members of our own or near-own set? Take, for instance, that dear professor and his learned wife who are always in demand for dinner when a visiting diplomat is to be entertained. I fancy we make them pay rather heavily for the occasional privilege of an indigestion while doing our foreign idioms for us.

Oh, of course I hear you say there 's no compulsion in the matter, that no one need contribute. Pardon, cousin mine; there is compulsion, and of the most compelling, because least obvious, kind. I tell you, Gertie, that the highwaymen of eld were as babes at their trade compared with the charming, well-bred woman who, using her prestige and popularity as weapon, and masked in a hospitable smile, marks to-night's dinner-guest as to-morrow's victim, causing him to empty his pockets into her silken lap in the name of charity.

To this perhaps you 'll make reply that people know what to expect; that they owe their share to the charitable situation, and have no business to show their faces among people unless prepared to pay the price. And no doubt there 's truth in that. Only is n't it a bit high-handed in even such an accredited social leader as yourself to dictate what form your guests' charity shall take? And if in time, through pecuniary inability to play the game of *noblesse oblige* which you enjoin on them, some of your most valued friends are found missing from your banquets, will not you yourself be the poorer thereby? The professor's idioms cannot be readily replaced. The absence of O'Dash would leave a conversational blank the most costly viands would not adequately fill.

Also, and in this respect do not think me too superstitious or old-fashioned, but now and then I find myself questioning whether funds raised by our methods of social taxation really carry the blessing one likes to associate with good works. Sometimes the whole thing seems to me an inversion of the case of the old lady to whom was sent a jar of brandied peaches. She did n't like the fruit, but fairly doted on the spirit in which it was sent! In making up our year's accounts, financial and spiritual, I wonder whether anathemas or blessings preponderate as we total up the sums paid out for that expensive social asset—charity.

In fine, my dear, in strictest confidence I confess to a fear that sometimes, in our most strenuous efforts to do good in the name of charity, we misread the message of the cardinal-virtue lady. Often in our burning desire to enrich the poor, we manage to beggar our neighbor.

Ever affectionately your cousin,
Grace Durham.

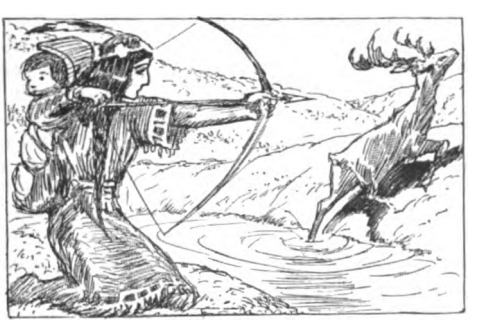
P. S. I open this to add a line, positively an inspiration! How would it do to get up a monster benefit for all the people who have been ruined by enforced subscriptions to People's charities? Every one would buy tickets. Not a soul would dare be left out!

ON THE HIGH COST OF LOVING

A Reply from a Modern Mother to the Author of "Careers and Cradles"

Dear Aunt Mary:

I am going to confess that your letter of protest against my leaving Carl and the three babies for an eight weeks' lecturing trip, and your demand for an explanation of this "surprising feat," has narrowly escaped contributing to the "cozy" blaze that I agree with you in thinking, because of its purifying effect upon the atmosphere, an indispensable feature of the well-equipped home.



The glittering tea-table, the cozy fireside, the oscillating cradle, and the osculatory cure for baby hurts, alas! even these have an economic basis. Dear Aunt Mary, did so prosaic an idea ever occur to you, in your chaste hotel boudoir, as that these romantic little interiors do not spontaneously blossom out of the marital vow? There must be coals for the fire, silver-polish and alcohol for the tea-kettle, and as for the cradle—think upon its pink afghans. I hate to mention these disillusioning matters to you, for how-

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ever lightly I touch upon them I realize that they will jar upon your sensibilities. They have jarred upon my own. But an explanation should have the virtue of explaining, and you asked for an explanation. I feel your lorgnette suspended.

Your nephew and I contrived the decorative interior for three years much as you have sketched it, with the twins to lend a plump symmetry to the central fireside design. We did it the more easily that I developed a real taste and aptitude for my new trades of seamstress, waitress, second-cook, nurse-maid, professor's wife, and niece-in-law. All this was not quite by way of good luck, since I practised my several parts more hours of the day than you would think at all necessary. But when the new baby came, and I found that I could not nurse him, I did unblushingly sign a contract to give an eight-weeks' course of lectures for one thousand dollars. It is, therefore, quite true that I intend to return, for almost two months, to my old lucrative profession of lecturing instead of pursuing, during that time, my new callings, for better, for worse.

The babies are so tiny that they will not miss their mother very much. A trained nurse that I have had under my eyes for weeks can more nearly supply my place now than at any future time. Soon all the babies will have cut their stomach-teeth, and the best authority upon infant feeding says, "The appearance of the stomach-teeth indicates that the child is now ready—" but why overwhelm you with the list?

You see, we have learned so many subtle and expensive ways of protecting our babies against the conspiracies of modern life that we cannot say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord," until we have looked well into the milk-cans. Happily, along with the knowledge of our enemies has grown up the protective armor of our fighting capacity, and we will trade in the open market for the ammunition that we need in this dear, old, primitive fight for our young.

You see, I want you to reconsider your conception of this phase of the "Development of Women" that you are so sure is psychological or ethical, and see if much of it is not more primitive. Crudely stated, a trained woman of good earning capacity sees no heroism in rocking either an empty cradle or an empty baby. A minus quantity occurring in her larder affects her much as it would have affected her very remote ancestress. She is different from her mother only in being, relatively to the man, better equipped. If she knows how to provide against a deficit and yet persists in waiting until the official provider brings relief, she seems to me to present an example of grotesque traditionalism less quaint and certainly less innocuous than the worshiper of Suttee.

Some of us modern women with the advantages of social connections find ourselves occupying a curious double position, in that we must both ride in the gilded coach and be one of the horses that draws it. In order to compass this feat gracefully we must slip in and out of harness with a spontaneous gaiety that will not cause reproach to fall either upon the fathers that bore us or, for that matter, the husbands that bore us (This, aunt-of-my-husband, flowered from the text and not from any quality in your nephew). To conform to the popular ideal of us as decorative appendages we must be gay, spangled, "desultory" earners, if earners at all; for from the circus let me borrow the word—a derivation that at Miss Roserue's Finishing Academy may have easily escaped yours, but which comes, I believe, from the circus accomplishment of lightly leaping from the back of one horse to another.

This economic arrangement which so displeases you is to me really more harmonious than the alternative plan of a world more approximating the beehive type, with hordes of undeveloped female workers carrying much of the labor of the world, with nothing warm, cuddling, and human by way of reward, nothing corresponding with the man-worker's unexacting paternity, except, perhaps the remote, indeterminate joys of aunthood. In a world where only the queens enjoyed a cruel monopoly of domesticity I should resent being a queen as much as being that "acidulous vestal," the worker. Are we not at the old problem of trying to balance a pyramid on its apex? After all, the human pyramid must rest on the simple, human, animal basis, whatever lengthening tiers of intellectual, civic, moral, esthetic masonry we may add as superstructure. To deny the physical basis of parenthood to any of the poor pyramids is merely to cancel them from the calculation, and to solve nothing; and a social edict that forbids mothers from caring for their children in the most thorough way they can devise is a law that the hands of nature will bend and break. For women will continue to demand to have and to care for their own children.

Believe me, that this restlessness of the young wife to-day, which you complain of, is no new thing. Consider not the lilies of the field,—we suffer from giving them too much consideration,—but the small, brown wren. She, too, is restless through the whole, long season when all that she can do to help her mate is just enough to keep the nestful of little wrens supplied with worms.

Uncontritely yours, *Frances Wayward.*

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IN LIGHTER VEIN

Drawn by C. F. Peters

A STANDARD OF MUSICAL VALUE

THE BEATER OF THE BASS DRUM: Unimpordent instrument? *Himmel!* Ven a violin maigs a misdaig, who knows? But ven de pig drum maigs a *liddle* misdaig, *eferybody* knows!

L'ENVOI OF THE CONTRIBUTORS

(With apologies to Mr Kipling)

BY CAROLYN WELLS

When earth's last genius has flickered, and art's last embers have smoked;
When the oldest writer has shuffled, and the minorest poet has croaked,
We shall rest,—and, faith, we shall need it!
—in Olympian fields we shall muse,
Till the master editor bids us to write whatever we choose.

Then those that were good shall be clever; they shall sit on a cloud, I think,
And write on gilt-edged paper with scented violet ink.
With a rhyming dictionary, a thesaurus and Crabbe and Hood;
They shall scribble as fast as they want to, and all that they write shall be good.

And only ourselves shall praise us, and only ourselves shall blame;
And we 'll help ourselves to glory, and possess ourselves of fame.
And each, in his bay and laurel, shall sit on a separate throne,
And write whatever he wants to for a magazine of his own!

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Drawn by Reginald Birch

"WHEN CAPTAIN JENKINS MAKES A START, HE TAKES AN OPERA TROUPE"

THOUGHTFUL CAPTAIN JENKINS

BY BERTON BRALEY

WITH PICTURES BY REGINALD BIRCH

WHEN Captain
Jenkins takes
a trip
Upon the bound-
ing sea,
He always has upon the ship
A growing orange-tree.
"I love," he says, "its bosky shade
And hold in high repute
The savor of the orangeade
And also of the fruit.

"And, then, you know
That this is true,
To watch it grow
Delights the crew."

When Captain Jenkins makes a start,
He takes an opera troupe,
A school of histrionic art,
A patent loop-the-loop.
"Amusement, culture for the mind,"
Says Captain Jenkins, wise,
"Is something one should always find
Upon a ship of size.

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"And then I take
This settled view,
Such doings make
A happy crew."

When Captain Jenkins leaves the dock,
The deck is heaped up high—
It is, you might say, chock-a-block—
With pictures, books, and pie;
With phonographs and rich perfume,
Pianos, wines, and plate,
Until there is n't any room
For passengers or freight.

And though he los—
Es every cent
On every cruise
He 's quite content;
It is the way
He loves to do,
To keep a gay
And happy crew.

MOTHER DRIVES THE CAR

BY AUGUSTA KORTRECHT

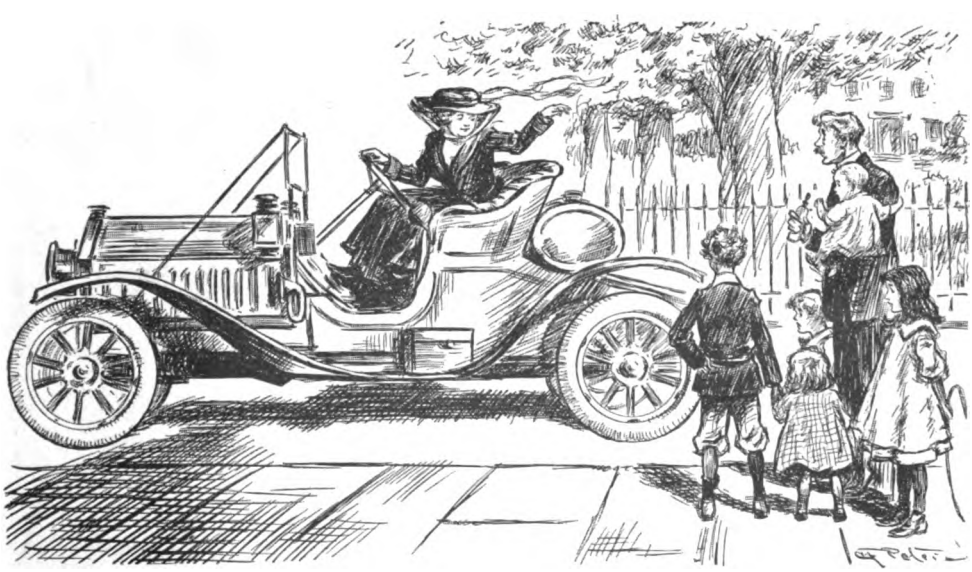
Author of "When Mother Took to Slang"

WHEN mother ran her old machine,
And stitched from dawn till dark,
Then all us stuck-up children
Were the best dressed in the park;
For mother dear was humble.
"Childhood blooms but once," she cried;
"And why was I created
Save to find in you my pride?"

Now mother runs the *new* machine;
The old one 's full of dust;
Like orphans, we 're un-hobbled,
Un-feathered, and un-fussed.

"Come, crank the car!" says mother;
"Don't wait your lunch for me;
I 'm running down through Jersey,
And can't tell how long I 'll be."

Yes, mother 's got us guessing,
From pa right down the line;
She 's put some puffs upon her head,
And looks just twenty-nine;
And now she crows triumphant:
"I shall motor near and far;
For the hand that rocked the cradle
Is the hand to drive the car."



Drawn by C. F. Peters

"NOW MOTHER RUNS THE *NEW* MACHINE"

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TROUBLE

BY H. D. STONE

Ol' man Trouble, de yuder day,
T'ar mah clothse, stop mah pay;
Han' all de chillens de whoopin'-cough;
Break mah 'oman's laig 'mos' off;
Den bu'n de barn en de big hay-lof',
Twel Ah natcherly bounden fo' to see
Ol' man Trouble sot he eye on me.

Drawn by R. A. Cameron

Ol' man Trouble see a long, long way;
His eyes are sharp, en f'om what dey say,
Where he sot dem eyes, dar gwine ter be
Er powerful heap ob misery
Eroun' in dat locality.
Ah reckon hit 's bes' fo' to lay right low
Twel der tam yer heah ol' Trouble go.

Ol' man Trouble got he eye on me.
Dat fac' es des as plain to see
Es de sun hisse'f on er shiny day,
En Ah gwine to mosey 'long de way.
No stop fo' res', no tam fo' play;
Man 'bleeged to trable mighty spry
To hide hisse'f f'om Trouble's eye.

TO MY HOST AT A ST. ANDREW'S BANQUET

(The Day After)

BY SYLVESTER MENLO

You ask how sat your haggis on my sleep—
What nightmares o'er my coverlid did creep?
The morning, fresh and sound and blithe,
May envy me;
The inexperienced Englishman may writhe:
I 've gone Scot-free.

BARCH—A SODDET

(Written during a severe spring cold)

BY DEEMS TAYLOR

O loathsob Barch, accursèd seasod, hedce!
Thou boggrel of the bodths, with all thy bade
Of sdow ad slush, of fog ad bud ad raid,
Begode! Thy bere cogdobed gives offedse.
For, with thide advedt badkide's woes cobbedce:
Balaria ad idfluedza, plaid
La grippe, or todsillitis, with a traid
Of doctor-bills, discobfort, ad expedse.
Ad yet I pay thee hobage. For thy dabe,
Grib bodster, rouses hope withid be. So
I codsecrate to thee by sdifflig tude.
For though by rheubatisb reddered labe,
Still, whed thy dabp ad chillig breezes blow,
I thigk the bore of April, Bay, ad Jude.

BALLADE OF THE VERSE-FORMS

BY DEEMS TAYLOR

The triolet is fun to write:
Its first and second lines repeat
So often as to expedite
Performance of the simple feat
Of finding lines that will complete
The sense and rhyme. Of course, if you
Want some form difficult to treat,
Ballades are very hard to do.

The villanelle, although you might
Think its exactions hard to meet,
Is really nothing to affright
The poet, if he be discreet
In choosing, first, a thought that 's neat,
And then, the first and third lines, two
That repetition renders sweet.
Ballades are very *hard* to do.

The rondeau, likewise, offers slight
Or no obstruction to the heat
Of inspiration. For, despite
Its complications, it 's replete
With easy-going couplets. Fleet
Your progress if your rhymes are true,
And if your meter minds the beat.
Ballades are *very* hard to do.

ENVOY

Prince, I am out of rhymes for "eat,"
And so, I think, I must be through.
Confound these verse-forms obsolete!
Ballades *are* very hard to do.

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LIMERICKS

TEXT AND PICTURES BY OLIVER HERFORD

V—A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE

A PUPPY whose hair was so flowing
There really was no means of knowing
Which end was his head,
Once stopped me and said,
"Please, sir, am I coming or going?"

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THE MASTER CRAFTSMAN

BY J. W. FOLEY

BILL HAWKES he was a robber wight;
His like you seldom see;
He held a train up every night,
And sometimes two or three.

If trains for passengers were late,
So bold he was and grim,
He went and held up a fast freight;
'T was all the same to him.

A retribution once befell
Bill Hawkes, as you shall see,
If you be patient till I tell
The tale as told to me.

Bill dyed his flowing mustache blue,
Tore up ten yards of rail,
And with revolvers one or two
Held up the U. S. mail.

He tossed some grog off in a cup,
Put on an evil frown,
And when he had the train held up,
He straightway shook it down.

Bill leaped into the cab and bade
The engineman stand still.
"You 're tired with these long hours, my lad;
I 'll take your *watch*," said Bill.

"Pray now, Conductor, come with me,"
Said Bill, "nor do be rash;
You take the tickets,—all you see,—
And I 'll take up the cash."

Thus Bill went through the passengers,
As well-bred brigands do,
And they, to make the matter worse,
Were also going through.

Bill Hawkes went into every spot
And berth, and so bereft
The sleeping folk in there of what
The Pullman tariffs left.

Some folks he held against the seat
While he removed their trash;
These being men, I may repeat,
Who were *hard pressed* for cash.

When he took watches, as some were
Full-jeweled, gold, and prime,
He always said, "Excuse me, sir,
For taking up your time."

With buoyant spirits bubbling up,
Bill put away his frown,
And tossed more grog off in a cup
To get his spirits down.

"Now with this loot to fly!" cried Bill.
What tricks fate plays, and grim!
A bolder brigand, boding ill,
Stood there and grinned at him.

"Now, who are you?" Bill cried in fear.
"What mischief may you plan?"
"I," said the brigand, drawing near—
"I am a middleman!"

A middleman, and better versed
In Bill's own arts than he,
Took all the money Bill had, first,
And then his jewelry.

Then called the Pullman porter, who
Brushed Bill with might and main;
Took Bill's last quarter as his due,
And whisked him off the train.

Drawn by J. S. Anderson

ETIQUETTE OF THE JUNGLE

THE PORCUPINE (affably): Excuse my back!

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THE CENTURY ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE

MCMXII

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When all is said and done -

SAPOLIO

is the cleaner that never disappoints. It Cleans, Scours, Polishes paint, woodwork, floors, pans and kettles—and what is very important—it

Works Without Waste

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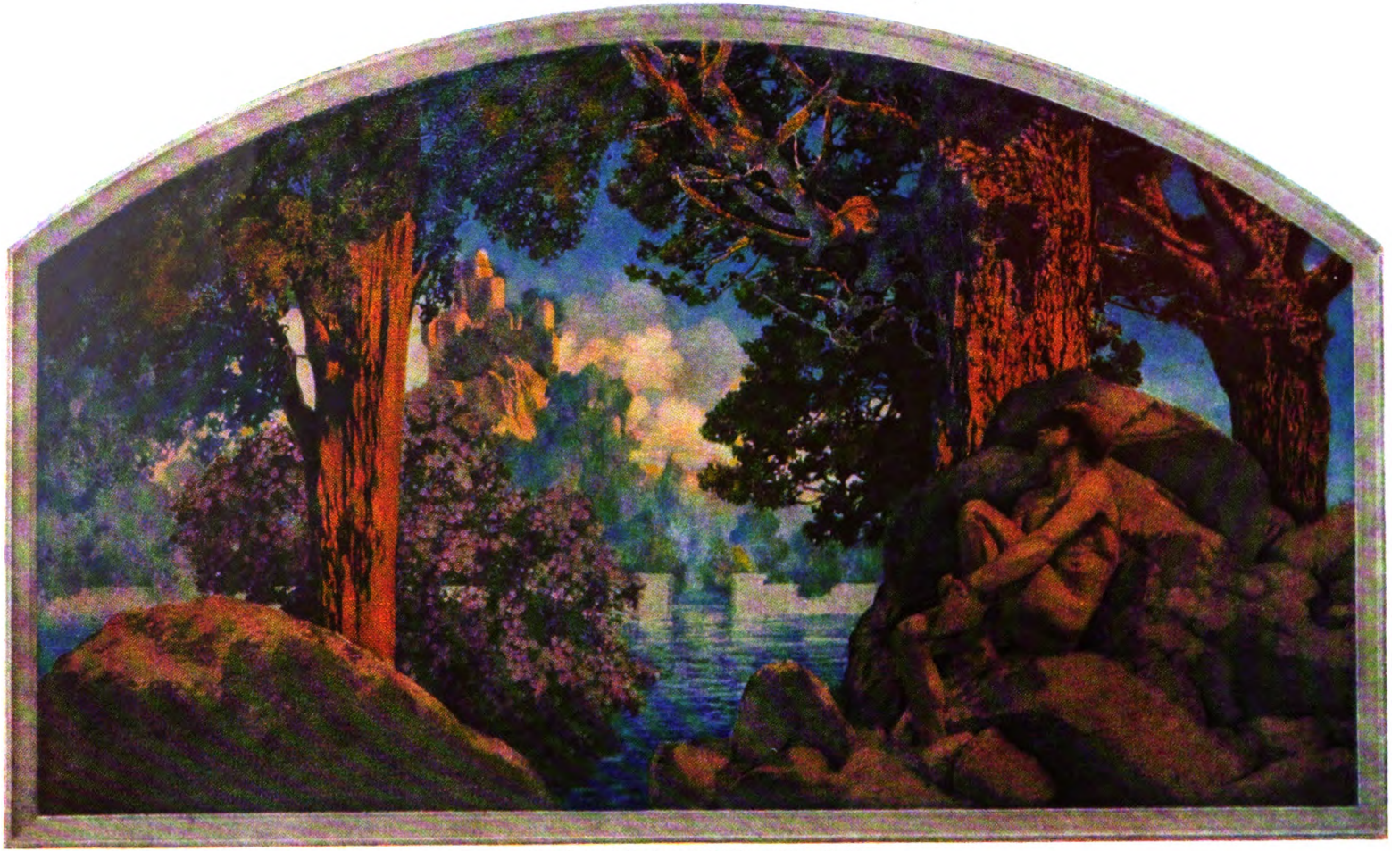

From the sketch in color owned by Henry Forbes Bigelow

DECORATION BY MAXFIELD PARRISH

FOR A MURAL PANEL IN THE HOUSE OF JAMES J. STORROW, LINCOLN, MASSACHUSETTS

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THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXXIII APRIL, 1912 No. 6

THE FAMOUS GARDENS OF KIOTO

BY ELIZA RUHAMAH SCIDMORE

Author of "Jinrikisha Days in Japan," "As The Hague Ordains," etc.

KIOTO, that city of the soul, is the paradise of lovers of landscape art. For more than a thousand years the greatest gardeners wrought their masterpieces there, and their creations endure. The city, lying in the long, level valley of the Kamogawa, has an admirable landscape setting, the continuous, wooded hills on the east and west converging and breaking into the foot-hills of the noble mountain that dominates the north, to form a composition worthy of the greatest of landscape-artists. Along the base of the eastern hills stretches a five-mile chain of temples, monasteries, and villas, each with a garden or many gardens within its walls. On the other side of the city there is another such combination of religious and landscape beauty three miles in length. In addition, there are innumerable palace and temple gardens distributed over the level city. One temple compound covers twenty acres, and its eighteen monasteries have many separate garden-courts.

Garden-making has always been classed as an art (*bijutsu,* beauty-craft), and it is a living art, as vital to-day as for all the twelve hundred years that Kioto has been the seat of religion and the arts, of learning and all luxury. In Japan every one loves gardens, knows gardens, and makes gardens. The children amuse themselves with toy gardens instead of mud pies, and model relief-maps in the sands of school-playgrounds. In the recent wars the soldiers, after long marches, amused themselves by making little home landscapes before their tents. In more remote times emperors and shoguns abdicated and joined or established monasteries in Kioto that they might the better meditate upon the eternal truths, and enjoy gardens of their own designing. Priests, nobles, and court ladies all observed the conventions and practised the rules of landscape art. Of the making of gardens and illustrated garden-books there was literally no end in the leisured centuries before the Restoration.

The esthetes of the Nara court had long delighted in natural landscape-gardens and in miniature scenic effects before the capital was moved to Kioto (784 A.D.). The formal rock garden of Chinese monasteries, with its elaborate religious symbolism, had vogue in Japan,

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along with the other things that came over from the mainland with the Indian faith; but like all other importations, it was soon adapted and modified—gently "Japanned" and given more grace and softer sentiment. Much of the arbitrary placing and relation of garden stones, the dominance of the "principal stone," and the religious symbolism, first came from the formal Chinese rock gardens, which embodied suggestions of the crags and islands of certain classic Chinese lakes and Himalayan valleys.

The greatest gardeners of Japan, the master landscape-artists, wrought their miracles of "beauty-craft" in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. Then Rikyu, the lord abbot of the Daitokuji Temple, mentor and esthetic tutor to Hideyoshi, the military ruler, and Kobori, lord of Enshiu, the greatest esthete of them all, devised the exquisite landscape-gardens of palaces and the toy tea-gardens which are the models most studied and followed to-day. These arbiters of all elegance crystallized the canons of their art.

The Japanese landscape-garden is purely a work of art, constructed after a definite scheme and plan, ordered by fixed conventions, every detail as much a matter of prearrangement as the strategy of a military campaign. Like the Japanese painting, it aims to express the spirit, the soul, the sentiment of a landscape; and while it is conventional and the product of arbitrary arrangement, it is yet nature—nature idealized, tamed, trained, and brought to perfect scale and harmony. It is a great landscape in miniature, often the mere suggestion, the impression of some famous landscape of the empire, but never the abject copy of any one natural scene. Rather it is an idealization of some happy accident of nature, or an improvement on it.

Japanese gardens are not places for exercise, nor yet for growing flowers, like our gardens, save as nature may strew the wild moors with flowers or set iris by the marshy borders of lakes. A tree or a shrub may glorify a garden with a burst of bloom, but that is only an ordered incident; and a bush in full bloom may be ruthlessly clipped if its exuberance overruns the perfect lines and balance of the garden plan. The garden is considered as the perfect picture, the living work of art always in view from the main rooms of a house. The landscape-artist composes his garden as a painter composes his picture, carefully considering proportion, balance, harmony, lines, masses, and color tones and values. Nothing is done or arrived at by chance, for all experiments were concluded long ago. There are fixed conventions and arbitrary rules, as in flower arrangement, where Kobori devised thirty ways of arranging each flower. Gardens must be either "flat gardens" or "hill-and-water gardens"; in formal or finished style, in half-formal style, or in wild or natural style. The outlines of the lake, the course of the stream, the position and height of the hills, the type, size, tone, texture, and position of every stone, conform to the canons of centuries. Yet one never sees two gardens alike. Everything must be in the strictest proportion, and even the pebbles and spears of grass are in scale. There must be the "near," the "distant," the "side" mountain; and with these three hills or multiples of their number there must be water or an effect produced by water, like the stony bed of a river or torrent, or a sandy beach. A stream or lake must have a visible, logical source in one or more cascades, and, as reasonably, there must be a stream flowing from a lake. By the rules of all the ages, the water must enter from the east, flow toward the south, and depart to the westward. There must be three islands in every lake, no matter how tiny these Elysian isles of Chinese mythology.

The rocks are the foundation on which the whole garden-plan rests, and four stones lying down and five erect are inevitable in the principal view. When the observer has been initiated, he recognizes "the principal stone" upright in the middle distance as a close companion of the cascade. With that best boulder as key, the composition and intent of the garden are revealed, the mountains, trees, and every feature falling into place in relation to it.

The Japanese have a strong sense of the innate beauty and artistic value of rough stones and boulders. Every lake or stream is bordered with them in such natural arrangements that one can always study the dispositions with interest. The flat stepping-stones, the huge boulders of steps,

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the water-basins, lanterns, and long slabs for bridges, are garden materials that cost incredible sums, and the strictest conventions are observed in placing and grouping them. No novice could possibly group mossy stones and their attendant azalea-bushes as one sees them in august monastery gardens and forecourts, where they are natural poems far removed from the crude dump-heaps of Occidental "rockeries."

Four fifths of the trees in a garden must be evergreens, since the garden is to be an intimate and lovable companion the whole year round; and every tree as well as every lantern is placed with reference to the miracle of "snow-viewing." The "principal tree" is placed beside the guardian stone; the "distant pine-tree" is in farthest perspective, while the "view-perfecting-tree" is on the Elysian isle or some promontory in the middle distance. The "sunset tree," nominally screening the glare of the western sun, is usually a maple or some other tree of brilliant foliage. The beloved cherry-tree, the poet's plum-tree, and the red-berried laurel, are always in the nearest foreground, even touching the house; but all other deciduous trees are in the background, where their autumn litter and winter skeletons are inconspicuous.

The gardens of the old imperial palace, containing the most splendid garden stones in Kioto, are no longer shown. One sees only the formal sanded courts as he trails through the main apartments after the guardians, and they discourage any peeps from inner corridors at curving bridges and magnificent rock masses. The Sento Gosho, a small palace built for abdicated emperors, has the noblest garden in Kioto. The swelling summits of the great camphor- and keyaki-trees, and the sweep of great pine branches above the long, yellow walls, proclaim its splendors before one enters this park of six or seven acres, a garden of eternal repose and earthly rest.

Drawn by Alfred Brennan

THE SHOW-PLACE OF A DEALER IN GARDEN STONES

This is a place of perpetual shade and twilight. It is sprinkled many times a day to assist the growth of the mosses, which enhance the value of such garden ornaments.

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Drawn by C. D. Weldon

THE GARDEN OF THE IMPERIAL PALACE, FACING

This garden was shown for a few years after the Restoration (1888) and

It was laid out on broad and simple lines in natural style, and three centuries have served to perfect the design and realize the maker's dream. In it there is the quiet of an enchanter's spell, and one is impressed by the long stretches of still water between steep banks, the mossy and magnificent rocks, the gigantic network of camphor roots over the ground, and the great age of every living thing, tinged with the atmosphere and poetry of antiquity.

Peninsulas and chains of islands divide the lake virtually into three lakes, and a wistaria arbor completely roofs the longest of the many bridges, where flower tassels four and five feet long swing double during every spring. The "sunset tree" is a whole grove of gnarled two-century-old maple-trees at the west of the view from the emperor's favorite tea-house—trees whose myriad tiny, finely pointed leaves are a revelation of color in spring as well as in autumn. There is a broad, shelving beach along one shore of the lake, intended to suggest the sea at low tide, which is evenly covered for more than a hundred yards with dark, weather-worn stones, each the size of one's palm. These stones were brought from a river-bed at the foot of Fuji-yama, nearly three hundred miles away. Such vast pains in regard to every detail in garden-making continually amaze one. Every landscape effect, every detail, stone, lantern, and bridge slab, is so supreme of its kind that this garden is an object of wonder to the few visitors who gain official permission to visit it. Possessing this most beautiful garden in Kioto, the Imperial Household Department seems barely willing to let the world know that it exists. No profane sketching or irreverent photographing is permitted, although the palace has not been occupied since the death of the dowager empress a dozen years ago. Once an illustration was grudgingly granted for an official publication by the city of Kioto, and a court noble was permitted to photograph a new stone bridge!

About the time that the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock, the retired emperor Go-Mizuno made the gardens of the Shugakuin villa north of the city, although the gossipy legends say that those three dream-gardens hanging on the terraces of Mount Hiyei's foot-hills were really designed by one of his favorite court ladies. The third and highest garden is a hanging paradise of such size as to make it

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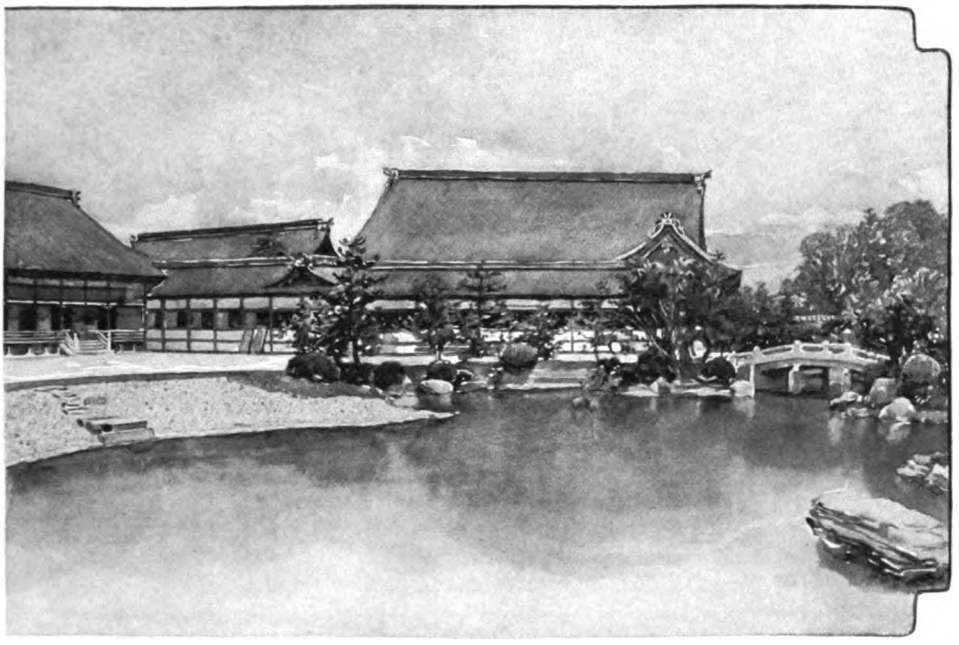

Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE MAIN RECEPTION-HALL OF THE INNER APARTMENTS

the departure of the court to Tokio, but it has been closed ever since.

really a mountain park. It is treated in the wild or natural style, and the original forest remains as an ideal of a sophisticated wilderness for background and wanderings. Bridged islands fairly cut the lake in two, and one covered bridge, with a raised "moon-gazing" platform in the middle, was the gift of a great daimio who was punished for this tribute by a jealous and envious shogun. It is as famous as it is beautiful, and the jeweled bridge against the autumn blaze of red maples is indeed a perfect picture. "The maple is king" at Shugakuin; but the old guardians fondly say in the spring, "Go-Mizuno's cherry-tree's children are blooming now." Besides these rosy clouds of blossoms, there are some wonderfully blooming new-comers, which the emperor Kokaku set out as recently as a hundred years ago. There is a far view of the Kioto plain from a tiny *besso* on a steep, camellia- and azalea-clad hill, the smooth surface of which becomes a shelving snow-bank when the white azaleas bloom. One's breath may well go away when he is lucky enough to see this hill covered with real snow and brightened with the incredible masses of big, red winter camellia-blossoms.

The garden of gardens is that to which the little Katsura Palace is attached in a far southwestern suburb. It is the largest garden designed by Kobori, lord of Enshiu, and his acknowledged masterpiece. It sounds every note of beauty, includes every effect, epitomizes and surpasses all his score of great gardens in Kioto—even that glorious garden at Hikone Castle, on Lake Biwa. For the making of this garden, Kobori was granted unlimited time and means, and inviolable privacy for the years that the work was in progress. The garden is in natural style, and covers a space of eleven acres, shut from busy country roads on two sides, first by a belt of bamboos, and then by the tall, old trees that form the background and sky-line for all the landscapes within. It was conjured from the level ground without one natural feature on which to hang the plan, but its hills seem as everlasting as any not made by hands. Its lake has many arms, and therefore many bridges of every type. One narrow arm winds round to form a deep, dark pool overhung by tremendous trees, yet visible in a far view from the veranda of the little palace. It is the Firefly Valley, where these insects twinkle with the second flushing of the tea-bushes in May. One thousand stepping-stones

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Drawn by C. D. Weldon. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

IN THE "GARDEN OF PEARL AND JADE"

This is in the manner of the classic and formal rock gardens of Chinese monasteries, but has been subdued and softened by the mosses and foliage of Japan.

and rock-paved paths offer a walk of half a mile, if one makes the round of the garden, mounts the rocky hills, visits all the tea-houses, summer-houses, rest-houses, and shrines, and penetrates to the hidden garden of palms and to the archery-range between rows of cherry-trees and camellia-hedges. There are trees so old that one marvels that life can be kept in the hollowed, lichened limbs. They are veterans which, with props and bandages, are saved by the most wonderful tree surgery. Notwithstanding all that the master lavished on it, the Katsura garden is not crowded or overloaded with ornament and detail, and with all its leafy richness and rocky splendor there is still an atmosphere of repose. The little palace is very simple, but so complete that imperial personages could live there comfortably in the stately centuries. But no member of the imperial family has even visited this charming Sans-Souci in fifteen years, and only the caretakers enjoy the "moon-viewing platform" and the countless night effects. No sketching or photographing is permitted, but one may find sketches and plans of the garden, and the tales of its making, in old books, in which it is related how the stones came from all over the empire, and how Rikyu and the greatest were honored by having their arrangements of *tatami*[1] paths worked out in rough cobbles and flat stones. One such path of forty-three irregular flat stones is so famous that the guardian watched me out of the corner of his eye to see that it was not piratically and irreverently sketched. It is all beautiful and wonderful, and the design has "no front and no back," as they say—that is, no one principal view. Every stone by the lake is a "worshiping-stone," a separate point of admiration.

The Kinkakuji (Golden Pavilion) and the Ginkakuji (Silver Pavilion), two little suburban monasteries, possess the best-known and most-visited gardens in Kioto. They are the creations of two fourteenth-century shoguns, who retired from high office to become priests of the Zen sect. The Kinkakuji, with its large lake, the islands of which are a freely rendered idea of the great islands of Japan, is a composition that for five centuries has been studied and adapted by gardeners and amateurs. With their graceful roof-lines reflected in the water or touched with snow, both pavilions are favorite motives with artists and art-workers, and every

[1] *Tatami*, the straw mats covering the floor of a Japanese house, each measuring three feet by six, and fitted together in many ingenious designs.

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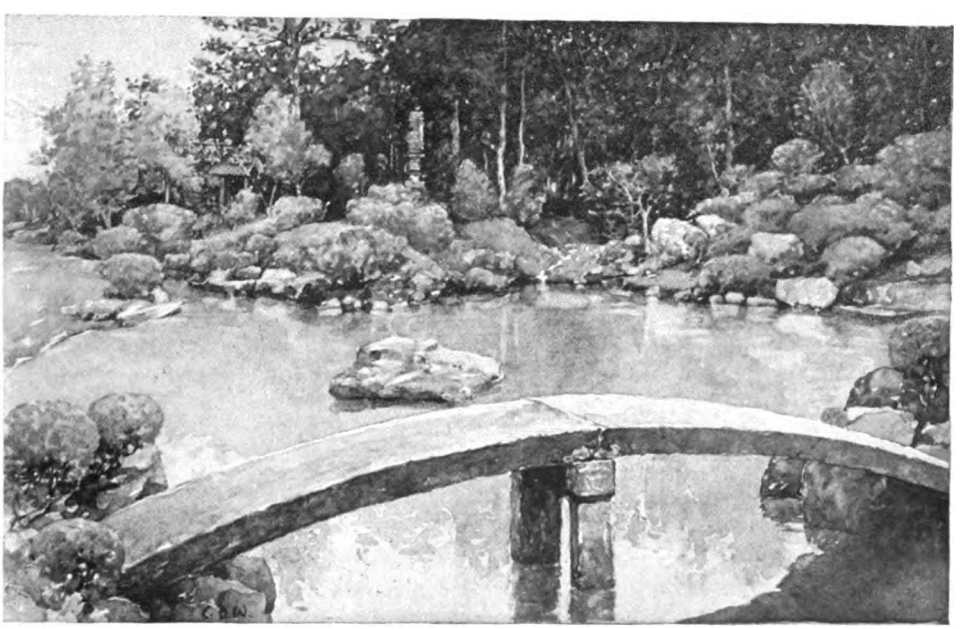
tourist learns to love the little Ashikaga palaces by their rock-bound lakes.

In the tiny tea-house of the Ginkakuji, the priests Shuko and Soami, those master celebrants, gave the awesome rites of Chano-Yu (ceremonial tea) their final form, and the kindred arts of landscape-gardening and flower arrangement flourished with it. Simplicity was the key-note of the cult, and the tea-gardens of Shuko at the Kurodani Temple, and of Soami and later abbots at the Daitokuji Temple, as also their classic rock gardens, are almost too simple for an Occidental to grasp the idea that they can be called gardens at all. Shuko's "Garden of Pearl and Jade," in a court of the "Temple of Emerald," and other such poetic names appeal strongly to the imagination. One seeks them, and finds a level, sanded space between the veranda and a camellia-hedge, with mossy rocks standing and lying here and there, a few tiny azaleas growing behind and between them, and nothing more. The alien eye lifts more approvingly to the far outlines of Mount Hiyei and the row of picture pines marching with the river-bank, silhouetted in middle distance against the vaporous blue hillside.

The genius of Kobori of Enshiu is expressed in gardens of every kind in every quarter of the city. He created a jewel garden for the little Awata Palace, the monastery of a retired emperor adjoining the Chioin Temple, and this simple bit of landscape harmony in half-formal style shows him at his best. It is an open, sunny strip of garden lying on a shelf of the Maruyama hillside, and the curved lakelet is crossed by an arching granite slab. The foot sinks deeply in a foreground of soft Korean grass, and on the opposite side of the lake azaleas grouped on rounded hillocks give the impression of rolling hills and distance, and a rustic gate opens to a tiny tea-house in a hedged garden deep in the hill forest. Tall azalea-trees, their trunks crusted with the lichens of three centuries, every spring form incredible masses of rose-colored blossoms that merge with the hills and the far, blue peak of Mount Hiyei.

Kobori created other bits of beauty for various abbots of the city temples, and with the Taiko he created the garden of the Sambo-in, the temple at Daigo village behind the great palace on Momoyama. That favorite retreat of the esthetic old



Drawn by C. D. Weldon. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

THE GARDEN OF THE AWATA PALACE

This garden was designed by Kobori, lord of Enshiu, the greatest cultivator of beauty of the seventeenth century. Some of the azalea-trees are three hundred years old

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Drawn by C. D. Weldon. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

THE GARDEN OF THE SAMBO-IN, A TEMPLE OF THE SHINGON SECT OF BUDDHISTS AT DAIGO VILLAGE, SOUTH OF KIOTO

This garden was laid out in formal style and has been kept to the same design for three hundred years.

tyrant is redolent of him still, and one has a sense of his presence in the open, sunny, formal garden, where every little pine-tree is as crooked as it can be, and every bridge as humped as possible. The inevitable waterfall and guardian stone are far back in the forest, as also is the midget tea-house where greatness compressed and suppressed itself for hours and hours. This Shingon temple was the home of the occult: its priests fasted until they saw visions; they sent their astral bodies about; they gazed into crystals, and saw their own souls and other worlds; they dealt in charms and miracles; and there the supernatural was the regular order. The Taiko, who was as superstitious as any peasant, was abject before these yogis, and sought absolution and indulgence, like his kind the world over.

One of the most exquisite of Kobori's old gardens is that by the lord abbot's palace at the Kenninji Temple, which was opened one day to all the masters of flower arrangement and the most distinguished amateurs, who sent their compositions of autumn flowers to be ranged in the long suites of rooms against plain-gold leaf screens. It was distracting to gaze upon the wonderful flower arrangements, the lovely, mossy, old formal garden, and the unusual company gathered there. The

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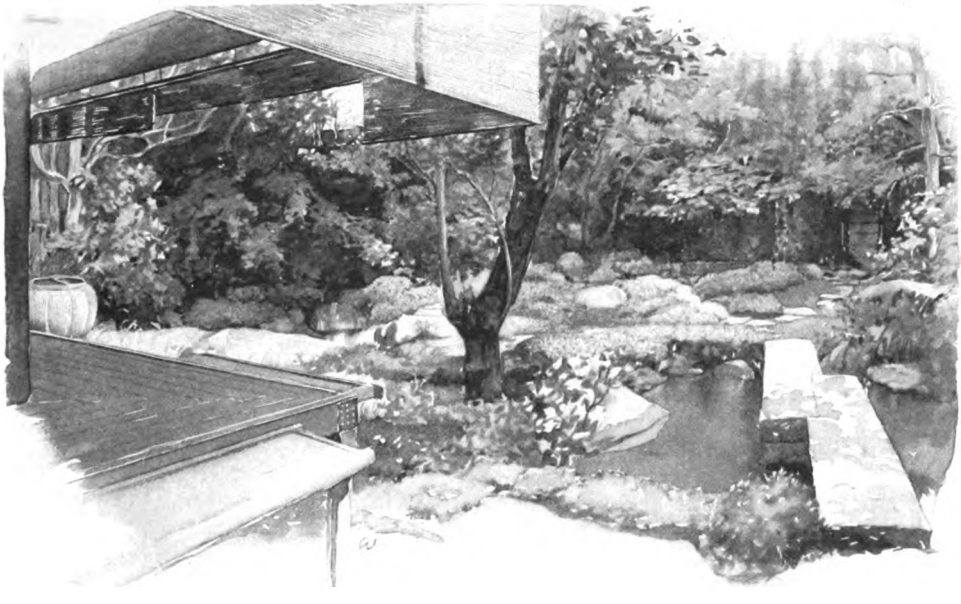
faces, the voices, the manners, of the scholarly priests, of the poets, teachers, nobles, and dilettanti of the old capital, and their gracious wives and graceful young daughters in wonderful crape gowns and gold-brocade sashes, were a revelation to the stranger who knows only the people of the street. They came to Kenninji that day, as later they gathered at the palaces of the lord abbots of the Tofukuji and the Daitokuji temples, for similar esthetic tourneys, as their ancestors had done before them every season for centuries. The Kenninji garden is the mossiest, greenest, most ancient-looking spot I can remember having seen, with its narrow water court following the angle of the veranda, its level of lotus-leaves backed by a steep bank set with a noble composition of lichened stones and clipped shrubs, shaded by tremendous trees, so old that they are barely kept alive by miracles of care and tending. All the level ground is covered with a cushion of theatrically green moss, and beneath a picture pine gracious companies grouped themselves on red-blanketed mattings, where an accomplished Zen priest served ceremonial tea in precious bowls.

When the Shogun Ashikaga Yoshimasa finished his Kinkakuji garden five hundred years ago, he gave the surplus stones and materials and a bit of land to his favorite armorer, the gifted Goto, who carved the microscopically fine gold and silver ornaments for his sword-hilts and scabbards. Three hundred years ago the Shogun Iyeyasu gave the Goto of his day more stones and more ground, and the little paradise held such a treasure of garden ornaments as few princes could equal. The sixteenth descendant of the long line of metal sculptors lives on in the same long, low-eaved house giving upon an oblong grass-plot defined on two sides by great boulders. The ground drops to a broad bed of a stream, with one rocky island at the bend, and another in the foreground. Bridges lead to a tea-house and a shrine in the heart of an old forest. Great camellia-trees and camellia-hedges, with winter blossoms like huge, red Cherokee roses, and a profusion of the red-berried nandina, or poet's laurel, give this garden a special character. But its glories are departing with the fortunes of the house since the sword of ornamental hilt and scabbard has become a tradition



Drawn by C. D. Weldon. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

A "WILD MOOR" GARDEN

This garden is at the rear of a silk merchant's house in the heart of the business quarter. Although the ground space measures not more than fifty feet square, the garden gives an impression of great distance and space.

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Drawn by C. D. Weldon. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

THE GARDEN OF THE "TWO DRAGONS"

This garden, which was designed for a paper merchant, is one of the most notable of modern gardens.

and a museum treasure. No one wears sword furniture now, and metal sculptors have turned to other things. Ten years ago, progress diverted a useless canal from that part of the city, and the great "hill-and-water" garden was involuntarily classed with "dried-up-water-scenery." Stone by stone the garden ornaments, gifts of shoguns and princes, have been sold to enrich the gardens of the new people across the city, and the sixteenth Goto bends over the ledgers of a city bank.

Everywhere one comes across unique bits of beauty in this city of gardens, for even in a space measuring two feet by six, against a blank wall, Japanese genius can compose a landscape poem. The flower teacher's rooms in a city temple look upon a crevice of a court with a classic grouping of lichened rocks by the dry bed of a torrent, with a stone lantern beneath a crooked pine-tree; a photographer has a midget garden all in a dog-kennel's space; beyond the dripping stone tables and floors of a fish-dealer's shop, in the crowded market street, one may see two rooms as simple and exquisite as the lady abbess's own, and beyond them a flat formal garden where ranks of stately chrysanthemums command homage in the autumn as regularly and worthily as those in the palace tents. The most prosaic dwelling may have its tiny space for beauty, and one gets tantalizing glimpses as one passes open shops. Often, at summer festivals, Kioto folk draw back all the screens in front to show the gardens in far perspective, quite as they display the best screens and noble floral arrangements at the front of the house. Even the lowliest may coddle and train a seedling pine or maple in a tiny pot, and dream of forests; and "box-garden" artists teach women and girls to mimic the famous landscapes of the empire with a few rocks, wisps of moss, and trees in a saucer-sized flower-pot, until they know them by heart.

Since the end of the eighteenth century, and progressively since the Restoration, the character of great Japanese gardens

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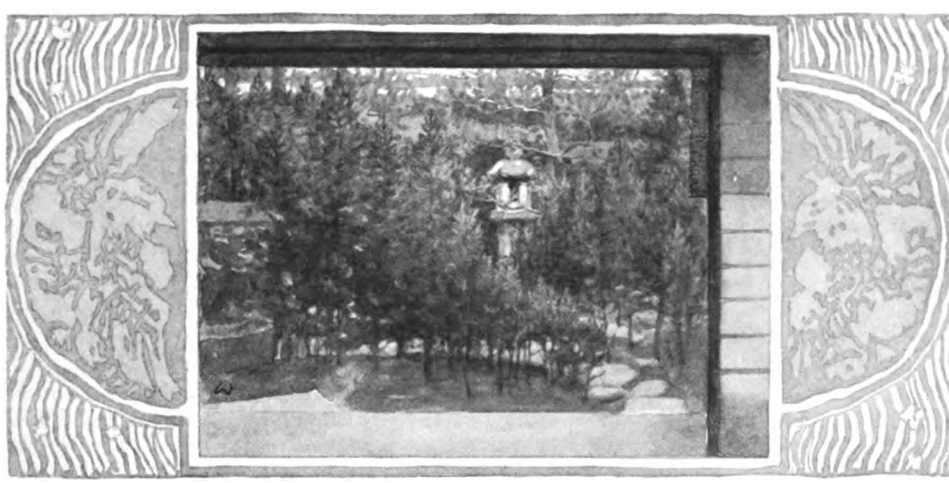
has been changing. An apostle of sunlight and air made a crusade a century ago, and opened many damp and gloomy gardens to the light of day. Custom and convention were too strong, however, until Meiji, the era of enlightenment came along. The deep, dark pools beneath somber masses of foliage are out of favor now, and gloom is only the specialized accompaniment of ceremonial tea. All gardens are more open, joyous, and cheerful, with possibly an approach to foreign styles. Old gardens are being enlarged, landscapes are being pushed farther back to provide real distance and perspective, for in this era of progress and war-taxes there is not so much time for meditation.

With the removal of the court and the disestablishment of Buddhism (in 1868), many old Kioto gardens were abandoned or neglected, and many were sold for less than their stepping-stones had cost. "It no longer exists," "It has been destroyed," said my mentor, turning page after page of a very old book of "The Famous Gardens of Kioto." In recent years there has arisen a great demand for such ancient gardens. The newly rich of the old capital, the millionaires of near manufacturing centers, aspire to possess a garden by Maruyama, and it has been the delight of the landscape-gardeners to restore and recreate such old gardens for them. New nobility, old nobility, lord abbots, war heroes, cotton, paper, and tobacco millionaires, tram-car and cinematograph kings, European art collectors, American exiles, the "language-men" of foreign armies, and even the ubiquitous "remittance men," all neighbor one another in tenancy of such green gems of beauty around the Nanzenji Temple, in the range of the Yasaka Pagoda, and within the Tofukuji Temple inclosure. Some have kept these dream-gardens to their original designs, others have enlarged their holdings until they have almost parks, and some have committed the sacrilege of such foreign innovations as large summer-houses with chairs and tables and bronze lions disporting on trim lawns! Even the spouting fountain in a circular stone basin now dazzles the rustics in the grounds of a great city temple! And once in a lonely monastery garden I saw that rare exotic, the sunflower, show its head on an Elysian isle!

Since it is only on pictures, art objects, and large gardens that the newly rich, the captains of industry, the plungers on the rice exchange, can spend their money, to the envy of the cultivated poor, every one must have a garden, and the landscape-artist is king.

"Can you make me a garden as good as X——'s?" asked a plutocrat who had bought a two-acre rice-field near the university.



Drawn by C. D. Weldon. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

THE "GARDEN OF LITTLE CRYPTOMERIA-TREES"

This is in the court of a silk merchant's house in the down-town dry-goods quarter. The court measures about twelve by twenty feet, yet the garden makes the suggestion of overlapping spurs and forested mountain-slopes in nature's wildest retreats.

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"Yes," said the wizard landscapist, the latest incarnation of Kobori's spirit on earth, "in three years, for thirty thousand yen [$15,000]."

Then followed sketches, with the outlines of the lake and bridges, the sky-lines of the hills, and the foliage indicated by broad washes. After a garden is finished, the house is built to harmonize with it, and to command the most perfect view, as prearranged.

The "wild moor" is a favorite theme of this master landscapist, and there are two examples in Kioto which are supreme of their kind. On these little moors all art is completely concealed, all traces of effort and intention obliterated. The Murin-an (lonely or remote garden) of Prince Yamagata is less than an acre in area, but that great field-marshal, poet, and passed-master of the tea ceremony, has the felicity to look upon a lonely little moor, cut by a wandering, singing stream, which is fed by a softly roaring waterfall back in the encircling wilderness of pine, maple, and cryptomeria, that might well be far away on the wildest mountain-side. The moon rises for him above the solid bar of the eastern hills and through the branches of the mighty pine-trees that lead to Nanzenji, and the moor discloses half-sunken boulders that it seems impossible could have been transported. "The Taiko's Seat," the enormous rock mass upon which that other martial esthete sat to watch the clouds of cherry-blossoms on distant Maruyama, was a gift from the emperor, and was drawn from its resting-place in the crown forest on Daigo Mountain by a train of fifteen bullocks. The sovereign also gave a pair of young pine-trees from the palace grounds, and a tall tablet records the fact. This flowery moor of the old field-marshal is an ideal bit of wild nature, a place for poetry-making and dreams, for solemn tea-drinkings, reveries, and meditation; but the demon of progress strung the wires of a clanging tramway along one wall, where tall electric lights outshine the moon. Not only does the strenuous life of this veteran warrior, who is first of the elder statesmen at the sovereign's side in Tokio, keep him from visiting this dream-garden oftener than once a year, but he possesses another Murin-an at his home in Choshiu Province, a garden which is larger, remoter, wilder, and in its silence more ideally what the name implies.

When a convention of landscape-gardeners was held in Kioto a few years ago, a map was provided showing sixty-three famous gardens courteously opened to the delegates, each one of whom availed himself of the opportunity to see them. The keepers of the Murin-an were aghast when six hundred visitors had bowed reverently at the gate, slipped off their hard wooden clogs, and slipped on the soft straw sandals that are worn in such gardens, for one does not tramp rough-shod over precious stones, the values of which are as jade or coral or onyx. Not a leaf or a pine-needle or a pebble was injured or misplaced, not a souvenir was stripped or chipped or carried away, not a tea-cup was filched, and at sunset there was no remaining evidence that such an army of visitors had invaded the lonely moor.

At the home of a silk merchant in the heart of the business quarter, the inner garden of his ancestors has been enlarged and made all of fifty feet square, and there the same artist has created another lonely moor, which is a most successful composition of its kind. The inevitable waterfall is far back in a dense forest of pines and cryptomeria, and a stream comes out to the light, skirts the moor for a while, slips over a sloping boulder, and, crossing the foreground, widens out to a pool spanned by a granite slab bridge at the extreme right. Stone lanterns hide among the trees, and a stone pagoda is dimly seen through the screen of pine-branches. The different notes of the waterfall and of the sliding, gurgling stream are carefully considered and deliberately produced, and exert a hypnotic spell. Even in this wilderness the stream observes the etiquette of its kind, entering from the east and flowing to the south. The water is so clear that in the broad pools at the stage front the small golden carp and the fan-tailed coral and crimson fish appear to float in clear air beneath plate-glass. When the solemn lanterns are lighted, and show like will-o'-the-wisps far back in the forest, and, better still, when the moon rises over the tops of these forest trees and floods the wild moor with silver light, the poetry and illusion are complete. One might walk across the moor and into the

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lonely forest path, and lose one's self for hours miles from the haunts of men, far from the madding silk mart.

Near Prince Yamagata's garden, in the shadow of the avenue of great pine-trees leading to the Nanzenji Temple, is the "Two Dragons" garden of a merchant prince, which in its four acres holds as much of landscape beauty as a park of forty acres might present, without any crowding or conflicting effects, so perfectly has the same artist, Ogawa, worked his will. Nature has willingly obeyed and done everything intended and asked of her. The guest-room of the house overhangs the lake, which is fed by a waterfall at the east and by a gurgling brook which enters farther down the middle distance, but from the east also, of course. The tea-house by the singing stream is only half hidden by trees, so that all need not be gloom, meditation, and introspection. There is a green sea of soft Korean grass, with mossy rocks islanded in groups here and there, but not haphazard at all, for each one is exactly where it should be to make the perfect picture. Beyond a discreet hedge of low-drooping cherry-trees there is a long strip of lotus pond, a wistaria arbor, and a tiny rice-field. An adorable little rice mill, on the mossy old thatch of which one might rest his Brobdingnagian elbow, has a mossier green wheel, which clanks softly, deliberately, cheerily as it goes round and round, half hidden from the guest-room across the lake by a creeping, crouching pine, which lived for more than two hundred years in a noble garden miles away before it was transplanted.

A silk merchant on the busiest dry-goods street has a famous "Garden of Little Cryptomerias" in a court perhaps twelve by twenty feet in extent. One sees the fold of overlapping, forested hillsides and a stony path leading away between them to the imaginary hamlet which is always supposed to lie in such a ravine. The whole composition is in young cryptomeria-trees, the smallest less than three feet high, and they rise evenly behind one another, like giant trees on a forested mountain slope. The illusion is complete. The sense of a wide landscape is there, and for decades to come this garden picture will not change by a line or an inch. The wizard gardener can control all foliage at will, number the pine-needles, and train the branches to his ideals.

It was ages ago when the Japanese gardener realized that the graceful, storm-bent old pine, whose pointed tip had been wrenched off in its sapling stage, and whose branches thereafter fell over in rounded, softly drooping, billowy, cloud-like outlines, was a thing of beauty easily attained by his own hand. One often sees spindling and awkward young pine-trees being trained for an after-life of beauty by first being decapitated, cut squarely off near the top, where two or more branches spring from the stem. These branches, weighted or tied down, soon curve into graceful cloud outlines, each tree taking on individual character and form when once released from the obligation to aspire upward to a sharp, tapering point.

A stiff bamboo may even be taken in hand and decapitated at the right stage, and then it will dutifully bend over in a soft, full, willowy plume of foliage that is the most beautiful thing that ever sways in the wind. In one garden where the wizard was at work bringing a neglected Eden to order, this education of the pine-tree was to be noted on every hand. Branches were being wired to the lines of beauty they should assume, or weighted with noosed stones. Even a bitter persimmon-tree was having its awkward, obstreperous branches brought down to graceful, drooping lines by the insistence of some fifty pounds of stones swinging like grotesque fruits from the tips of the longest branches. Another old garden was a very hospital of plants and trees, all the patients in splints, bandages, or casts, with grafting, training, transfusion, transplanting, and cures of every kind going on.

There are already some successful examples of Japanese landscape-gardens in America, also many travesties and burlesques, in which all the first reasons, and all the canons and conventions of the art, are ignored. Now that the fickle public is ripe for a revolt from the formal Italian garden, have rung all the changes on the pergola, the sunken grass-plot and flower bed, have given a long day of favor to the spouting water-pipe, the stiff Noah's Ark trees in their tubs, the sun-dial, and the stone bench, it will probably be the Japanese landscape-garden next to be attempted with full furor.

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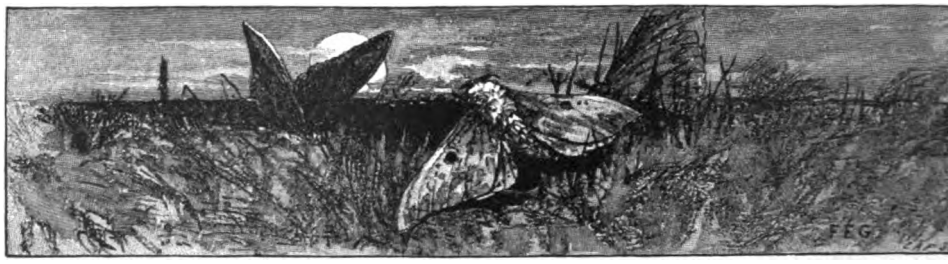

WICKES OF MAISON WICKES

BY GRACE TORREY

NO one, on seeing her emerge from her door, of a morning, a thin, iron-clad figure, would think of Miss Wickes as an artist. The neatness of her black gloves; the uncompromising cut of her jacket; her black turban, square set upon her smooth, iron-gray hair; her methodical fashion of setting her feet straight as she walked; her expression of disapproving uprightness as she moved under the bright sunshine, flecked over by shivering patterns of young spring leaves—all proclaimed her externally the puritan. One would say that to Miss Wickes the very sunshine would have a moral quality; the dancing leaves might be sinners; the wind the arch-sinner to blame for all their frivolity. The men and women she passed Miss Wickes appeared to observe coldly. To her they seemed not masses of life and color, forms of beauty or ugliness, steeped in the bright spring sun, but examples of right and wrong from their very shoes, which might or might not be virtuous, to their hats, which assuredly were ethical.

All of this would only show how stupid is the human understanding, and how little the human eye penetrates even in the bright spring season; for Miss Wickes, locking the door of No. 9, Oak Lodge, every morning at a quarter of eight, and with the front of a Cromwell descending the steep flight of wooden steps leading from her apartment-house, was in reality a worshiper of beauty, going out at that hour daily, rain or shine, to preside over the disfigurement, indeed, the frequent mangling and murder, of her goddess. In short, Miss Wickes was a dressmaker.

Do not, however, let this suggest falsely the usual awe due to high priestesses of her cult. Miss Wickes, if there were grades to reckon with, could scarcely be held better than sub-priestess. She was not of those who stand back, shears in hand, and say cuttingly:

"Of course, Madame, one shoulder *is* a good deal higher than the other." Or, "One cannot hope to do all things with some figures." Or—but why recall the bitter truths spoken by high priestesses? Suffice it that Miss Wickes, shears in hand, listened and said nothing. To her the stoutest woman showed the slimmest picture, saying that last year's broadcloth must be cut over into something exactly like that. Meekly Miss Wickes ripped, turned, cut, sponged, pieced, sewed everything up again, put the stoutest woman into the most hobbled skirt, only to hear, when the mirror told the untellable facts, "Oh, well, what can you expect of a cheap dressmaker?"

Miss Wickes, silent under her square-set, black hat, had her own dreams as she walked home again. She looked as much the puritan as in the morning, disapproving as fully of the miracle of sunset and the drama of home-going souls, bent on domesticity and dinner, as she seemed to disapprove of morning and its stir of hope. Setting her feet straight as she walked, Miss Wickes was dreaming of fabrics, lovely, lustrous, and, most dreamlike and impossible of all, new and sufficient fabrics, into which one's shears might cut with the rashness of perfect certainty. Enough of something new! Miss Wickes

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trod precisely along the pavement, with all the cries of "Evening Pepper" and all the odors of evening steak assailing her oblivious senses. She was dreaming of yards and yards and yards of something new and beautiful. She was dreaming of fitting women who could be fitted; of ineffable, incredible modes that were lovely; of lines that undulated like the billowing of long grass on a windy hillside; of hues that shifted and blended like level evening sun, gilding the street dust, turning into rainbow colors the spring buds on the trees.

Then, with the turning of her key in the lock of No. 9, Oak Lodge, there was an awakening from Miss Wickes's dream, and she entered into the reality of her little room.

Have you ever gone into a little room in which the whole ebb and surge of a human life has occurred? A room in which some one has eaten and slept, felt pain and loneliness, known despair, clutched after hope, nourished secret, unmentionable happinesses? Have you ever felt the record of such ebb and surge in the very swaying of the curtain, the pictures on the wall, the mute, blue teacups on the stand, the couch, with its flabby two pillows, the screen, guarding a whole department of activity from public view? In Miss Wickes's room every one of these objects was eloquent. Behind the screen Miss Wickes washed her person, her clothes, her tea-cups; brewed her tea, browned her toast, poached—in the cheap season—her breakfast egg. On the couch she spun her dreams, slept such sleep as comes to the over-weary, who coughed at night, knew limp, motionless days of headache, when the truth about herself and her fate flowed over her like pain. The pictures on the wall showed that she believed in the Rock of Ages, and admired the perfections of a much-pictured and undoubted stage beauty. The curtain, swaying as Miss Wickes turned the key in its lock, betrayed the whole secret of her existence. For its flutter revealed, outside the western window, the lavender tassel of a lilac-tree in full spring riot, and beyond, far beyond, like hope and Miss Wickes's dreams, the blue, sun-burnished glitter of the bay. White sails, minute, like flower-petals, lay upon its azure, and the long smoke-plumes of sea-going steamers trailed lines of adventure upon its surface.

That window and that fluttering curtain, with its intimate lilac, and its distant, beckoning water, had kept Miss Wickes in No. 9, Oak Lodge, these years past. She went out of the dust and clatter of a world of hurrying men, and women whose clothes must be sponged, pressed, turned, and made over, into the cool virginity of her own room. As its quiet, faded, perfect neatness met her, as the fluttering curtain gave her its glimpse of near and far loveliness, puritanism dropped off Miss Wickes like a discarded shell. She became forthwith a relaxed, little, middle-aged lady, who took out her "plate" because it hurt her mouth, and removed the innocent hypocrisy of her "Jane" because it made her head hot; put on a large pair of red-felt bedroom-slippers, the enveloping luxury of a red-flannel wrapper, and pottered cheerfully about the affair of a chop, a cup of tea, and a further ration of toast.

She was not solitary. All day a war of words had gone on about her. She had been in quarrelsome, or merely wordy, houses, where a vast amount of speech had rattled down upon her head. She enjoyed the peace of her cool, gray room, the unobtrusive sputter of her chop. Later, if her day had not been specially hard, she would sit up awhile, read her landlady's morning paper, a page from "Daily Food," a chapter in the Bible, and all done that kept her mindful of the imperfections of this world and the difficulty of the next, she would look over the new fashion-books, and then, at half-past eight or so, turn out the light, and try the flabby pillows.

This program she varied by an occasional supper at a cheap restaurant and a trip down the streets of lighted shop windows, where ideas might be gleaned for "making over." Theaters, concerts, mass-meetings, where the world took its opiates or stimulants to forget its pain, occupied the unknown region for Miss Wickes. The life that kept the whole planet astir by night flowed by her unnoticed. Great dramas, great movements, great pleasures, great sins, all went by. She knew nothing of socialism or the woman question. She knew only that if you had to be out at 7:45 to-morrow morning, and if you coughed at night, you did n't gallivant around after dark at her age. So rare a person, you perceive, was Miss Wickes

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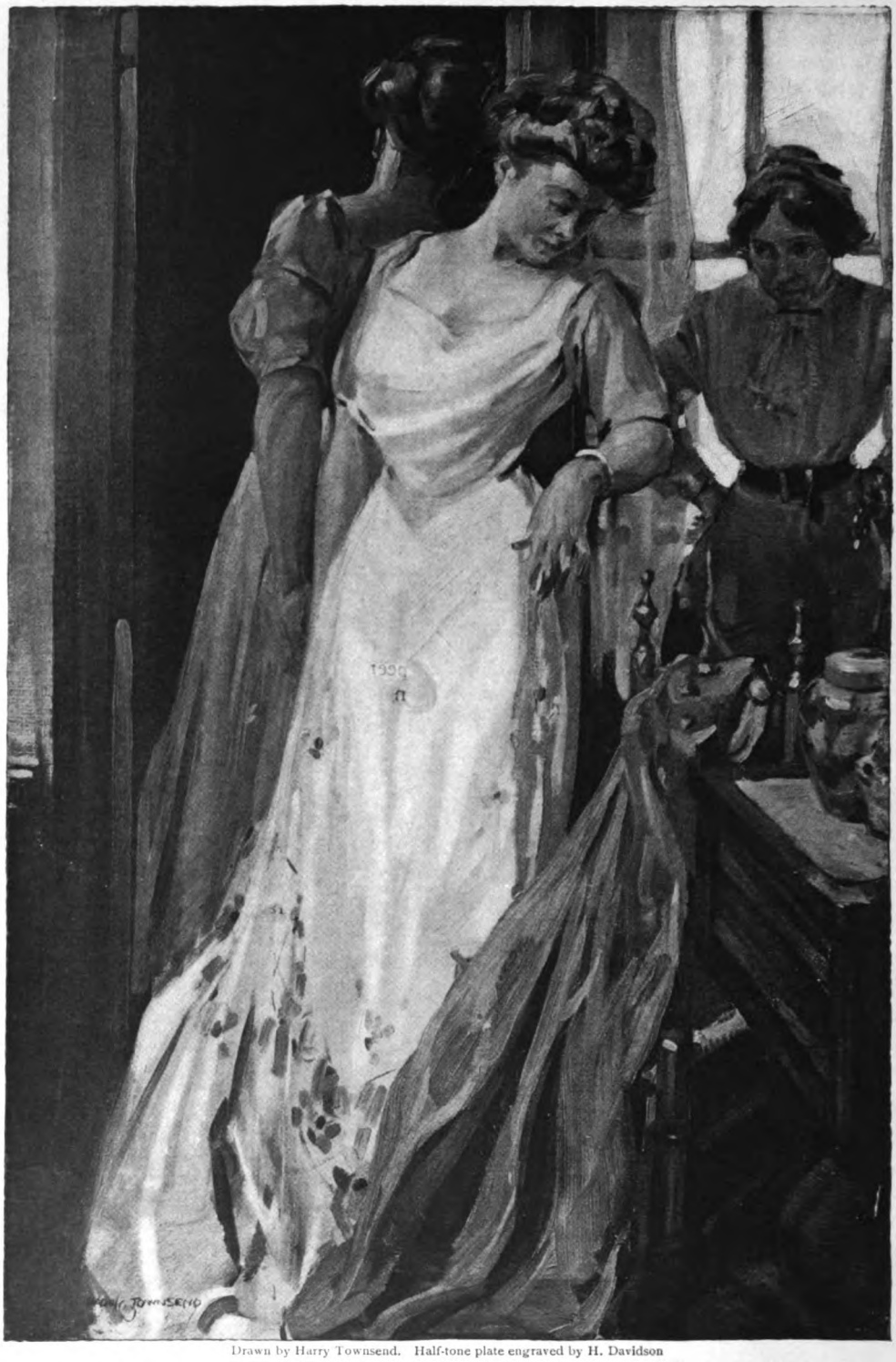

Drawn by Harry Townsend. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"'I THINK YOU HAVE MANAGED TO DO EVERYTHING I SPECIALLY DIRECTED SHOULD NOT BE DONE.'"

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that she freely confessed to having an age.

Like other programs, this was subject to change. There were the headaches. In winter there were coughing days as well as nights. Sometimes a customer "dropped out," as Miss Wickes put it. All these changes were of grave moment. They made a difference—always just the wrong sort of difference—in what Miss Wickes had put by against those days, or maybe years, when even making over would not come her way. After such changes of program, Miss Wickes was always rather more pallid, and stepped a thought more precisely down the street. She had tasted during one of these interludes a trifle too bitterly of fear not to wear her shell with more rigidity when the interlude was over. To Miss Wickes a day meant always dollars. Dollars plus never seemed adequate. They merely fed her, roofed her over, and left a fractional drop of something for the big bucket of future need. Dollars minus loomed colossally. They were food minus, roof minus, residue minus. A week of dollars minus was hardly to be contemplated. Yet, just when Miss Wickes's cough had been bothering a good deal and there was a shelf-ful of rather expensive drugs for which many days of dollars plus would be needed; just when Miss Wickes was so tired that nothing but work would rest her; just when worry bowed her out of the little room, and waited in the corner for her return; just when a week of no work at all could least be endured, the telephone rang, and the voice of Miss Wickes's steadiest, oldest customer announced that she was going to the country unexpectedly early. She was sorry to drop out. She knew, though, that Miss Wickes had a long waiting-list. She wanted her again in the autumn as usual.

Miss Wickes went back to the little basin behind her screen and continued to wash, rinse, and dry her morning tea-cup, spoon, and plate. That is what people do when supreme calamity descends. Tears, complainings, wringing of the hands, loud upbraidings of Providence, are for the moderately unfortunate. Miss Wickes, supremely wretched, with her knees shaking a trifle under her, made no sign. She had always enjoyed this April week with the oldest customer. There was a spring garden to be seen from the sewing-room window. Sometimes a new shirt-waist was intrusted to her from the general monotony of fixing over. This time the oldest customer had thought there might be a little dress. Miss Wickes had been rather excited about it, had, indeed, bought a thirty-five-cent fashion-book in preparation, and had eaten an egg that morning, eggs not being in their cheap season.

Then—but, dear me! One might as well wash up the china. It would keep one's fingers from being too cold. That about the waiting-list was a strong stab. Did the customer, perhaps, suspect?

Suddenly Miss Wickes's heart leaped so terribly that in her momentary bewilderment she thought the knock she had heard must surely be its throbbing. But, no; she heard herself saying, "Come in!" and over her screen-top saw the door open. The face it admitted was all smiles and deceptive youth, under a Gainsborough hat and a spotted veil. It was the much-kissed countenance of an old coquette, smiling in, and instinctively making love to, the wan visage of little Miss Wickes, ...ing over the screen-top. Miss Wickes, ...ot being an analyst, saw only that the face had once been very pretty, and that the figure entering with it could yield, indeed, in its present costume, had yielded, itself most rapturously to fitting. The voice was ingratiating.

"How fortunate!" it said. "Some one told me there was a dressmaker here. So, on the chance of catching you, I came before breakfast with some work I really must have done. You know how it is. You dressmakers are such important people one must kidnap you to get you at all. My own woman won't listen to me. And I am in desperate straits for Friday night. You will be a dear and disappoint some one for me, won't you? Can't you telephone that you 're coming down with the grippe? I 'll make it worth your while."

The smiles, the archness, the violet odors, the play of eyebrows, and arrangement of dimples, did not serve to confuse Miss Wickes's integrity. She explained that a customer had just dropped out that morning, although she saw this was a losing card. Plainly the visitor was not happy. Middle-aged little dressmakers in back rooms who can be cajoled are all very well,—cajolery is the weapon of weapons to be used in vanquishing everybody,—

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but middle-aged little dressmakers in back rooms whose customers drop out are not so well. Probably the creature was incompetent. Probably she would ruin one's material. Plainly, the visitor was vexed, undecided, on the edge of retreat. Her mouth lost its smile, and puckered into the habituated wrinkles of a pout, then set in a line that surprised Miss Wickes by its revelation of how tightly drawn and cruel a smiling mouth could be. Her neat foot tapped impatiently on the floor, and a small, straying hand made adjustments of jabot and necklace, the eyes giving the process intent consideration, meanwhile, in the mirror. There was an instant when the balance hung undecided; then the soothing image brought back hope.

"I suppose I could wear my black sequins," said the visitor, doubtfully, "but they are so imperial. This time, you see, I don't wish to be queenly, but—well—irresistible. You 'll try hard, won't you? I 'm easy to fit." The eyes wandered back to Miss Wickes's mirror, resting there a moment without regret. "It 's no credit to me, of course, but I am known as 'The Dressmaker's Delight.' So you will do your best, won't you? I have a special reason for looking my loveliest on Friday night. One's husband, you see, is always pleased to have his wife make a good impression; and this time it 's to be on a man with whom I had quite an affair once—a navy man."

She laughed, bestowing a side glance of comradeship on Miss Wickes while undoing her parcel. Her laugh had a pitying ring, perhaps. What could this pale image of workaday womanhood understand of life and men and the tributes proper to beauty? Her tone gained a deprecating cadence as she said:

"You see, if I 'm to be in the running at all, I must look very nice indeed."

As she spoke, she broke the last string, tore the paper a little impatiently, and there, in the gray of the cold little room, where the curtains hung unstirred by any moving breeze, and the little clock ticked wildly, like the beating of Miss Wickes's fluttered heart, the dreams of a stitching, toilsome life began to come true.

Even now she did not cry out or gesticulate. She took the lovely stuff in her hands, appraisingly. Its mesh, laced with a pattern like the pearl embroidery of dew upon a cobweb, dripped from between her fingers, while she stood in silence, unable to believe her fortune. What she said, after gazing with puckered mouth at the lengths she had been measuring, was:

"Well, I guess you 've plenty. Did you bring the linings?"

Linings, bonings, hooks, thread, buttons, styles, all the details of the dream were yet to be considered. Together, the two looked over the book of fashions. The visitor explained that she had a great feeling for line.

"With a figure like mine," she explained, "it is nonsense to vary much. Most of the styles are for women with something to conceal; but I remain rather conventional, year in and year out. Skirts get a little narrower or a little wider, of course, but the general principle is the same. These pattern-robes, too, usually have to be made just about so."

Miss Wickes took a sidelong glance at the couch, where a shimmer of unreality appeared to be taking tangible form. She was to put her needle into a pattern-robe. Her scissors were to invade that fairyland of embroidered vine and flower. Miss Wickes's cheeks grew red, her hands colder, her eyes more absent. She was seeing a vision of the dreamer who dreamed this fabric, who imagined its ordered tangle of design; she was establishing a comradeship with that spirit, and with those women whose dark fingers crept over it for months, making real the fancied blossoms. It was a strange, delicious, Indian gauze, the visitor told her, and Miss Wickes knew herself chosen by some kindly, dusky deity as the last worker upon its perfection.

"I got it," the visitor was saying, as she tied herself once more into her spotted veil, "through a clerk who takes the greatest interest in me. I tell him what a success I have had in one gown or another, and what people have said to me at parties. He really thinks he has established me. It 's funny, of course; but I need him. So I let him think so. Anything to make people happy in this dreary old world. I don't suppose you realize it, Miss Wickes, but experience has taught me that it is so easy to make people happy that it 's surprising more of us don't try. Why, just give them a smile or a kind word, and you 've no idea how much

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more they 'll do for you. Really, it pays to scatter a few smiles."

She smiled herself out, leaving Miss Wickes to her trance of happiness. She pulled up her curtain, to gain more light upon her fairy vision; she held it high in one hand, letting the cataract of its richness foam downward to the floor; she laid it in soft swirls and modulations across the couch, where ivory lights and pearly shadows melted through it, one into the other. She stood with arms akimbo, cheeks steadily reddening, eyes narrowed, making this astonishing dream come true. She, Kate Wickes, bounded by tradition, weighed upon by mediocrity, shackled to patterns and styles and the approval of the whole leaden lump of convention, for the first time in a docile life had struck hands with creative genius. The smug clerk, the lady, her smiles, her feeling for line, her choice of patterns from the thirty-five-cent book—all erased themselves from Miss Wickes's mind, leaving her the vision of that soul who imagined this mist of beauty and her own soul in contact. She was to realize this dream. With what might almost seem a snort of scorn, Miss Wickes shut the fashion-book, pushed it aside, and set to work.

The long hours of that week passed for Miss Wickes in a passion of self-expression to which the dropping of night and the coming of the lady were alike interruptions. Never before had the Wickes needle pursued so swiftly the yielding fabric. Never had the Wickes shears been so intrepid, the Wickes touch so firm. In the night-watches, when the glistening robe, wrapped in linen, was laid away in her bureau, Miss Wickes lay and thought of it. When she slept, she dreamed of this dress of hers, this perfect accomplishment of the first dreamer's purpose. She knew just how its folds should fall, just where each of its flowers should blossom, just where each embroidered tendril should curl. By night she dreamed, by day she stitched. Only the first coming dark and the returning woman broke in upon her rapture. To the woman these interruptions were known as fittings; to Miss Wickes they were crucial moments in her great experiment. She had never before had such shoulders or such a fabric to hang upon them. In the excitement of this rare opportunity, ideas crowded upon Miss Wickes. She thought of devices with her shears, of audacities with her needle, hitherto unsuspected by those sober tools of a pattern-following craft. For the first time in history, Miss Wickes heard her own voice speak with authority. She, the meek, the maker-over, the sponger, the piecer, the recipient of directions, the follower of orders, the hobbler of the fat—she said to the docile figure of the lady with the spotted veil:

"You was n't thinking of using that pattern in the book, was you? It will never do for this material. Just leave it to me. I know."

This was a high tone. It came from Miss Wickes with the simplicity common only to the great. The lady of the spotted veil heard it dubiously. Line was, as she had said, her great concern—line, and not to be too horribly out of style. When every one's waist is about her knees, one does n't want to appear a perfect fright by clinging to the normal. In the season of low busts, one does not stand unresisting under the manufacture of a high one, and of course one has to consider one's good points. The high tone of Miss Wickes was all very well, yet the lady in the spotted veil knew that some details required more than a high tone to carry them off.

"You must be careful how you handle the hips," she cautioned Miss Wickes, smoothing downward with the flat of her palm the sides of her silk petticoat. "I 'm a perfect thirty-eight. When I was a girl, I was a perfect thirty-four. Of course I 'm filled out, but the proportions are still faultless. My hips are n't really too large at all; but the present style is very difficult."

"This dress," vouchsafed Miss Wickes, her mouth full of pins, "ain't going to be made ridiculous by the present style. Not if my name is Kate Wickes."

Costume Wickes it in effect established itself in her mind. She slipped it over the blonde coils—at twenty-five dollars a coil, and something each week for the blondeness—of the spotted-veiled lady, with the authority of those French mendressmakers. The lady of the spotted veil surveyed narrowly in the mirror the dropping of the costume into its lines. The mouth hardened. Out of the soft white of the stuff rose the magnificence of her

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shoulders, the rather harried column of her neck, the experienced, hard-graven coquetry of her face. She turned a dissatisfied side glance over one shoulder into the mirror and cautioned:

"Don't make me look fat." To which Miss Wickes hardily responded:

"That lining is so tight now I expect you 'll bust through it any minute."

The color rose in the lady's face, and hard lines suddenly appeared in her cheek. Her foot tapped the floor impatiently, and she pulled the bodice lining down at the shoulders.

"You must cut it ever so much lower," she directed. "I must have this line. It 's too lovely to lose." She stood, with head on one side, eyelids dropped, musing over her image in the mirror. A half-smile played upon her thin lips, which she had bitten red. Her head dropped back a little more, and her eyes narrowed, to get a good perspective, the satisfaction growing on her lips. "Yes," she said with decision. "That will be just right. My diamond crescent will look stunning there. And no sleeves. A really lovely arm does n't happen too frequently."

Miss Wickes made no reply. Shears in hand, pins in mouth, a spot of red growing in each cheek, she looked from the lady in the mirror to the flesh at her side, then to the waiting dream upon the couch. She was to touch this dream into life. It, the exquisite vision, was to become realized upon the form of this creature of arms and shoulders and hips and half-shut eyes. Miss Wickes, unkissed of men, knew suddenly, as she scanned the red-lipped visage in her mirror, what men's kisses might mean. With fingers colder even than their wont, she began laying folds of leaf-and-line embroidered loveliness across that form, waiting for its newest admiration. The red lips in the mirror tightened once more. A shadow came between the eyebrows. A decided hand readjusted the fabric.

"Don't you understand, Miss Wickes? I want it ever so much lower—this way."

Pins in mouth, Miss Wickes said with difficulty:

"I understand."

All day and late that night she stitched, understanding better and more bitterly with every stitch. All day the spot in each cheek glowed brighter and more resolute. Very late, indeed, she laid her needle down, and drew a long sigh of satisfaction. She stood up an undecided moment, then, her lips set, her eyes determined, yet furtive, she went and drew down the shade to shut out the winking stars. She was about to perform an unprecedented rite. How the hobbled customers would shriek with laughter if they knew! How the lady of the spotted veil would curl her lip! Even the friendliness of the little room grew suddenly too staring. Miss Wickes turned out the gas and lighted the tall candle on her bureau. In the mellow half-darkness she slipped off her shirtwaist, with its stiff, clattering collar and cuffs, dropped the perfection of her one great achievement over her head, and stood, all dreamlike, half hidden, half revealed, glowing softly into the answering mirror. Her face, like a pale flower, rose from the flowers of her gown. On her bosom, under her pale hand, where the diamond crescent was to lie, there bloomed a rose, put there by some deft fingers that loved this blossom. Miss Wickes looked long and gravely on this image. To-morrow she was to sell this idea that she had helped to realize to a woman who would wink in diamond crescents, who would trail this whiteness in the dust of wayfaring feet. Miss Wickes looked away with eyes that smarted. She slipped out ever so slowly from her gown, folded it tenderly, touching a leaf here, a flower there, then wrapped it once more in white, laid it away, and tried the flabby pillows.

Perhaps the pillows brought sleep that night, perhaps only counsel. At any rate, the morning saw Miss Wickes inscrutable, but calm and not unhappy. She busied herself with the usual neat morning tasks, took her morning look at the lilacs and the bay, dropped her curtain, and, inexpressibly thin, stiff-collared, and puritanical, was ready when the lady of the spotted veil came, much later in the day, for the final fitting. Inscrutable, calm, the little dressmaker unwrapped the Costume Wickes, and put it over the blonde coils. The perfect thirty-eight held in its breath, the straining lining was hooked, the folds adjusted themselves, and there was a long silence. The face in the mirror passed from expectation to astonishment, to anger, to a conflict of emotions which nothing irons out but the strong inner

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sense that one must not lose the value of one's recent face massage. The thin lips moved in the mirror, and Miss Wickes, waiting, heard, "How absolutely disheartening!"

Miss Wickes stood impassive, arms angularly akimbo.

"I think you have managed to do everything I specially directed should not be done. The shoulder line is covered. You have hidden the best part of the arm. There is no contour about the waist. Why—" She turned, an image of wronged womanhood, to face Miss Wickes. "You have made me look forty years old. You must change it."

In that moment of uplifted eyebrows and cool scorn, the dressmaker dropped forever the degradation of her prefix. She became

Wickes
of
Maison Wickes

Robes

The aloofness, disdain, impenetrability, belonging only to those who have arrived, looked out of her steady, gray eyes into the face from which even massage was not keeping tiny lines. The Wickes shoulder rose ever so slightly.

"The gown is perfect," said the Wickes lips. "It cannot be changed."

"But—" began the massaged face, but broke off with summoned dignity. "Of course I will not dispute with you. I will wear my sequins after all—just when I wanted to look young! But of course you understand that I cannot pay you for this until you alter it."

To which Wickes of Maison Wickes replied coldly:

"It is impossible. It cannot be altered."

The lady in the spotted veil, by this time in her petticoat, paused in her disarray to say:

"You are making a great mistake if you disappoint me. I could throw ever so much work in your way. But I am not the sort of woman who quarrels with tradespeople; I will merely refuse to pay you unless you make the needed changes."

The Wickes voice was calm.

"It is a very beautiful gown—a perfect gown. It does not suit you at all. I should be glad to take it off your hands. I can easily place it. I should advise you always to wear sequins."

The impact of the insult was terrific. The customer's thin lips opened, then tightened over a reply. Her eyelids shut back tears. It was incredible that she should suffer these indignities. This nonentity was saying, implying, impossible things to her. Were she not a lady, how furiously she would reply to this nobody who advised sequins, and advised them in such a tone! Were she a woman whom anybody, least of all a nobody, could despise, she would think the tone contemptuous.

The contemptuous, high tone, and the high manner, however, actually carried it off. The lady got into her spotted veil, took silently the check written by the cold fingers of her adviser, and let herself out of the door, for once in her fluent life wordless, for once in her career of conquest flushed, though not with victory. With her hand on the knob, she turned. She was a shapely figure, with head high under her sweeping hat. All the things that had been said to her at parties were crowding back to comfort her. The majesty of a great wrong nobly endured sustained her. The picture of her own magnificence in a moment of severe trial smoothed her face and steadied her voice that she might say in deep tones, meant to live long in the Wickes memory, waking sure, though tardy, remorse:

"You are the only person I have ever known who has insulted me."

Then she shut the door. Her high heels clicked down the long hall on their rapid way to the sequins and the resurrected lover whom they should enchant. Her heels clicked rapidly, trying in their sense of return to the established order of deference not to flee in some disorder from the majesty of Wickes of Maison Wickes.

Behind her the listening figure of her victor stood a moment, then turned slowly to gather the rescued form of Beauty from the floor. Slowly she shook it out, her eyes lingering on each line, each blossoming tendril. She had made of it what they meant, those dim people beyond her curtain, beyond her lilac, beyond the bur-

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nished blue of her bay, traced over with smoke-trails of adventure. They foresaw this perfection that she had achieved and rescued from coarse hands. Tenderly she laid the gown upon the couch, and sat by it on her rocker, her hand on its companioning loveliness, a smile on her understanding lips. The curtain fluttered bravely, showing a toss of lavender spray without and a bit of blue beyond. The sun was going, and in the gathering dusk sat Wickes of Maison Wickes, her hand on her one great work. The stupid dollars she had lost, the silly check she had written, the cough at night, the headaches, the black maw of the future, what were all these?

She sat on, smiling into the dusk. She, Kate Wickes, had had her great moment: she had lived, she had been admitted irrevocably to fellowship in the company of the immortals.

NAPOLEON'S ST. HELENA PORTRAITS (1815–21)

BY A. M. BROADLEY

Author of "Napoleon in Caricature"

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS MOSTLY FROM ORIGINALS HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED

THE interest which centers in the personality of Napoleon is intense and enduring on both sides of the Atlantic. The extent to which it prevails in the United States is shown by such splendid Napoleonic collections as those of Mr. William Latta of Philadelphia, and by the important historical works of Mr. Ropes and of Mr. Sloane, who points out with epigrammatic conciseness the fascination of which all men of mystery are the subject. In the case of the most famous man of mystery of all time, this feeling of posthumous interest has been intense enough to justify the publication of many volumes.

The aim of the present article is to solve satisfactorily that portion of the St. Helena riddle which relates to the numerous portraits of Napoleon, executed between the hour when Napoleon, wearing the uniform of a colonel of the chasseurs of the Imperial Guard, first put his foot upon the deck of the British ship *Bellerophon* on Saturday, July 15, 1815, and the fateful morning of Saturday, May 5, 1821, when in his delirium he muttered the words "France . . . army," heaved a deep sigh which shook his whole frame, and expired.

Little has been known of Denzil Ibbetson, the principal artist who sketched Napoleon, first on board the *Northumberland* (to which he was transferred from the *Bellerophon* August 7, 1815, to be taken to St. Helena), and then over and over again. Those of his drawings which were published in England prior to Napoleon's death were wrongly attributed to a caricaturist of world-wide fame, George Cruikshank, who certainly never saw the illustrious exile. The portraits executed by Ibbetson remained unidentified, and for the most part unknown or undiscovered until a fortunate accident enabled the present writer to trace them to their true source. A number of these lifelike sketches now see the light for the first time in the pages of THE CENTURY. Additional interest is given to them by the reproduction of other objects connected with Napoleon which were brought home by Ibbetson, and have ever since remained in the possession of his descendants.

On Tuesday, October 17, 1815, Napo-

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leon landed at Jamestown, St. Helena. His stay at "The Briars," as the tenant of the Balcombes, began on the following afternoon, and terminated on Sunday, December 10, when, always wearing the uniform of a chasseur of the Imperial Guard, he finally took up his abode at "Longwood."

The surprising extent of the series of "Exile Portraits" may be said to begin with the well-known picture by Sir Charles Lock Eastlake (1793–1865) who, in 1850, was elected president of the Royal Academy. Eastlake was in Paris the day it received the news of Napoleon's return from Elba, and quitted the French capital on the same day that Louis XVIII departed. He was at Plymouth busily engaged in painting portraits when the *Bellerophon* arrived. He at once saw the opportunity which the presence of Napoleon afforded him, and managed to obtain a series of sketches from a boat which "hovered round the ship." These he elaborated into a small full-length portrait of the emperor and another life-size, with other figures. The latter, which he sold to five gentlemen of Plymouth, now belongs to Lord Clinton. The smaller picture was bequeathed to Lady Eastlake. These paintings brought the young artist £1000, which enabled him to visit Italy and begin his successful career. The upper portion of the small picture was engraved by Roberts and published by Day. Below it are the words, "The Latest Portrait of Napoleon on board the *Bellerophon,* painted by C. L. Eastlake, R.A., in 1815." The likeness is probably a good one, and generally accords with the sketches made by Ibbetson on board the *Northumberland* in the succeeding months, which will be presently described.

While forming the Napoleonic collection described in the book entitled "Collectanea Napoleonica," I came across a large number of portraits belonging to the St. Helena period of Napoleon's life, if we take that period to begin in July, 1815. Among these were prints or drawings bearing inscriptions by which they were severally attributed to Captains Dodgin, Dyork, and Langley. There was nothing to note the origin of a striking portrait in which Napoleon was portrayed as leaning somewhat listlessly against a gun, or that of an interesting print in which the exiled emperor is seen with his brothers in misfortune, Gourgaud and Bertrand, on one side of him, and Las Cases and Montholon on the other. Two copies of this etching, now known as that of the "Five Heads," came into my possession, and in each case at a trifling cost. No importance was attached to them, nor is the source from which they were obtained remembered. In a small shop in one of the back streets of Reading an original sketch of Napoleon "after death" was purchased for a few shillings, but this must be spoken of in connection with the 1821 portraits, which exist in several varieties. Another "find" in this connection, however, was a large lithograph of the dead emperor, almost life-size, and bearing the following inscription, "Napoleon the First at St. Helena, from the original painting, taken immediately after death by Captain Ibbetson, R.E., now in possession of the Revd J. B. Pitcairn, M.A., Rector of Longsight." It is also described as having been drawn from the original by John Gibb, lithographed by Day & Son, and published at Manchester and Paris by Gibb. Here, indeed, is mention made of "Ibbetson," but it is wholly misleading, as there was no officer of engineers bearing that name at St. Helena in May, 1821. At the end of 1905, "Collectanea Napoleonica" appeared, with all the St. Helena portraits of Napoleon then known listed, but not identified. Those since discovered by me in the manner described appear for the first time in the pages of THE CENTURY.

In May, 1906, came the dispersal of the splendid collection of the works of George Cruikshank, which had been formed on the most lavish lines by the late Mr. Edwin Truman. I was at that time devoting my attention to the acquisition of caricatures concerning Napoleon. Among the Napoleonic items attributed to Cruikshank, on the authority of the expert G. W. Reid (whose *catalogue raisonné,* published in 1871, still ranks as a standard work on the subject), were an etching, a "back view of Napoleon," and another, "Napoleon and his fellow exiles." They were described as "unique or very rare." In Captain R. J. H. Douglas's "The Works of George Cruikshank Classified and Arranged" appears, under the number 736, a mention of the latter as

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a "Portrait of Napoleon Bonaparte and four of his suite who accompanied him to St. Helena," with no attempt at description beyond a note that its identification as a Cruikshank etching rested on the sole authority of Reid, who gave it in his catalogue the number 504. The Truman copy of this print was purchased by me of Messrs. Maggs of the Strand, London, who acquired it at the sale. On examination I discovered it was identical with one of the two I had become possessed of in the manner already described. I was therefore able to gratify that most ardent of Cruikshank collectors, Captain Douglas (the still living godson of Nelson's Hardy, the gallant captain of the *Victory* at Trafalgar in 1805, who died at Chelsea in 1832), by ceding it to him, and it remained in the great Douglas collection till its dispersal last year. The copy of the "Five Heads" print is now in the United States.

To the etching of "Napoleon and his Suite," printed on paper of a pale-green tint, were added in manuscript the names of the various personages it represents, Napoleon in the middle, Las Cases and Montholon to the right, and Bertrand and Gourgaud to the left, with the words "drawn on the passage to St. Helena D. I." For a time the "I" was mistaken for an "F," but it is now abundantly evident that the whole of the writing was that of Assistant (afterward Deputy) Commissary-General Ibbetson, who not only went out to St. Helena with Napoleon, but succeeded Balcombe as "purveyor to Longwood," lived for nearly three years close to it, made a remarkable picture of Napoleon on his death-bed, helped to arrange the funeral, conducted the sale of the dead man's effects, and, when he at last returned to England, brought with him the last chair in which Napoleon had sat, the book-rest he had used during the months preceding his death, a voluminous correspondence with Sir Hudson Lowe, and a general statement of account signed by Count Bertrand in May, 1821.

It was not till the summer of 1909 that the first clue to the identity of the author of the "Five Heads" etching was quite accidentally and unexpectedly obtained. I then came across a most interesting water-color sketch, on thick official paper, in which Napoleon is represented in his familiar green coat, red collar, cocked hat drawn down over his eyes, white stockings, and pumps, leaning against a cannon and looking to the right, his face in profile. In the background the bulwarks of the ship are faintly indicated. Below, in the familiar calligraphy of the wit Theodore Hook, are the words: "This sketch of *Napoleon* was made on board the *Northumberland* man-of-war on her voyage to St. Helena, by *Mr. Commissary Ibbetson* who gave it to me in that Island. Theodore E. Hook."

By the good offices of Mr. Clement Shorter, the writer became the owner of the Ibbetson drawing, which had been given by Hook to the father of an eminent publisher, still living. A comparison between the head of Napoleon in this water-color, and that in the print entitled "Napoleon and his Suite, published in May 1817 for the proprietor by I. Hassell, No. 27, Richard Street, Islington," solves the problem as to its authorship. It was doubtless to some sketch sent home by Ibbetson, whose individuality is very marked, that we are indebted for the colored portrait published on January 1, 1816, by Thomas Palser of Westminster Bridge Road, entitled "Napoleon on the quarter-deck of H. M. S. *Northumberland,*" drawn during his passage to St. Helena, and one or two anonymous portraits of the same kind, one of which may still be seen in the Duke of Wellington's room at Walmer. Ibbetson was doubtless also responsible for the curious little frontispiece to Barnes's "Tour through the Island of St. Helena" (London, 1817). In this the resemblance in the treatment of the hair is very marked. In a note the author says: "The prefixed Portrait of Buonaparte is a most accurate Resemblance, drawn from the Life, by a highly esteemed Gentleman who was Passenger from England to St. Helena with him in the *Northumberland.*" In the list of subscribers figures the name of "Denzil Ibbetson, Esqre, Deputy Assistant Commissary-General, St. Helena." Theodore Hook was on that island in the autumn of that year on his way home from the Mauritius, where his negligence or incapacity had resulted in the defalcations about which he made the ghastly joke of "suffering from a complaint in

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the chest." On his arrival in England he took up the cudgels for Sir Hudson Lowe and wrote in his defense a rare little book, recently republished by Mr. Shorter, entitled "Facts Illustrative of the Treatment of Napoleon Bonaparte at St. Helena, being the result of minute inquiries and personal research in that island."

While the pages of "Napoleon in Caricature" were going through the press, my curiosity as to the history of the artist Ibbetson was appreciably sharpened by the acquisition of a small portfolio of his St. Helena portraits, the most important of which are now published for the first time. The "back views" of Napoleon are certainly more characteristic than similar portraits of his arch enemies George IV and Louis XVIII. They will, as it were, speak for themselves.

From the collection of Mr. A. M. Broadley

DENZIL IBBETSON, ASSISTANT COMMISSARY-GENERAL, AND PURVEYOR TO NAPOLEON'S ESTABLISHMENT AT "LONGWOOD," FROM 1818 TO 1824

From the official records it appears that Denzil Ibbetson, the ablest and most prolific of the St. Helena portraitists, entered the public service as a very young man in June, 1808, as clerk in the Commissariat Department. Two years later he was promoted to be Deputy Assistant Commissary-General, but when, after serving in the Spanish peninsula and the south of France, he went to St. Helena, he held the rank of Assistant Commissary-General. He remained there till June, 1823. In 1830, while on duty in the Ionian Islands, he was named Deputy Commissary-General. His official career ended in 1846, and he seems to have died at Brighton on February 21, 1857. It was at Brighton that the original water-color sketch from which the "Five Heads" plate was etched in 1817, now in my collection, was purchased. Through the kindness of Lady Ibbetson, widow of my old friend Sir Denzil C. J. Ibbetson, K.C.S.I., I have learned that the Denzil Ibbetson who made these portraits of Napoleon, married either before he went to St. Helena, or more probably while he was there, the daughter of a chief medical officer in the employ of the East India Company. It was at St. Helena that their two elder sons were born, the second of them in the January preceding Napoleon's death. A daughter, Miss Laura Ibbetson, born in 1829, still survives. Napoleon's chair and the picture of Napoleon after death, here reproduced, are now in her possession. The book-rest belongs to Lady Ibbetson, and the Lowe correspondence, as well as the statement of the "Longwood" accounts, has been placed at the disposal of the writer by her niece.

Ibbetson's opportunities for making drawings of Napoleon were excellent. In the spring of 1818, after having been twice sent on official missions to the Mauritius, he was appointed purveyor to the household at "Longwood," a post of considerable difficulty, requiring excep-

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NAPOLEON ON BOARD THE *NORTHUMBERLAND*
From the sketch made by Denzil Ibbetson.

tional tact and patience, and necessitating his removing to the immediate neighborhood of Napoleon's residence. The following note occurs in a very carefully drawn-up statement of services:

I was appointed in addition to my Commissariat duties to the situation of purveyor to the establishment of Napoleon Buonaparte, which had become vacant by the departure of Mr. Balcombe from the Island, and had the good fortune to give satisfaction to all parties. The whole of the money raised by bills drawn by Count Bertrand for the private use of the establishment passed through my hands. After the death of Napoleon in 1821, Sir Hudson Lowe was pleased to express his opinion of my services in the general orders he issued on the occasion of his departure from the Island. I received instructions from the Lords of the Treasury by letter dated 12 January 1822 to dispose of by auction the household furniture and other effects (the property of the Government) which had been used by the establishment of the late Buonaparte, and after doing so to proceed to England. The sales were not concluded until August 13, 1822.

Of his services Sir Hudson Lowe wrote:

Mr. Ibbetson, Assistant Commissary General, has had various and delicate duties to perform here. The highly honourable, zealous and correct manner in which he has performed these duties the Lieut General desires to particularly express his sense of, and to assure Mr. Ibbetson, as well as his principal assistant Mr. Janisch, of his best thanks for their services.

Three years after, Sir Hudson Lowe wrote confidentially to Mr. Ibbetson, to whom promotion did not come as quickly as was hoped:

The purveyor [Balcombe] having been induced by the insidious acts of some of the persons attached to Buonaparte's household to become an agent for the transaction of Buonaparte's pecuniary concerns clandestinely and in direct violation of the regulations established for Buonaparte's safe custody, I found myself under the necessity to make a different arrangement for the discharge of his duty, and addressed myself to you, to express my desire that you would undertake it. You acceded to my desire, you discharged the trust with advantage to the public service, with the highest honour to yourself and to the perfect satisfaction of every person concerned. None but those who were resident in the Island of St. Helena can [k]no[w] the difficulties in which in a place of so little resource, you were exposed, in procuring a constant daily

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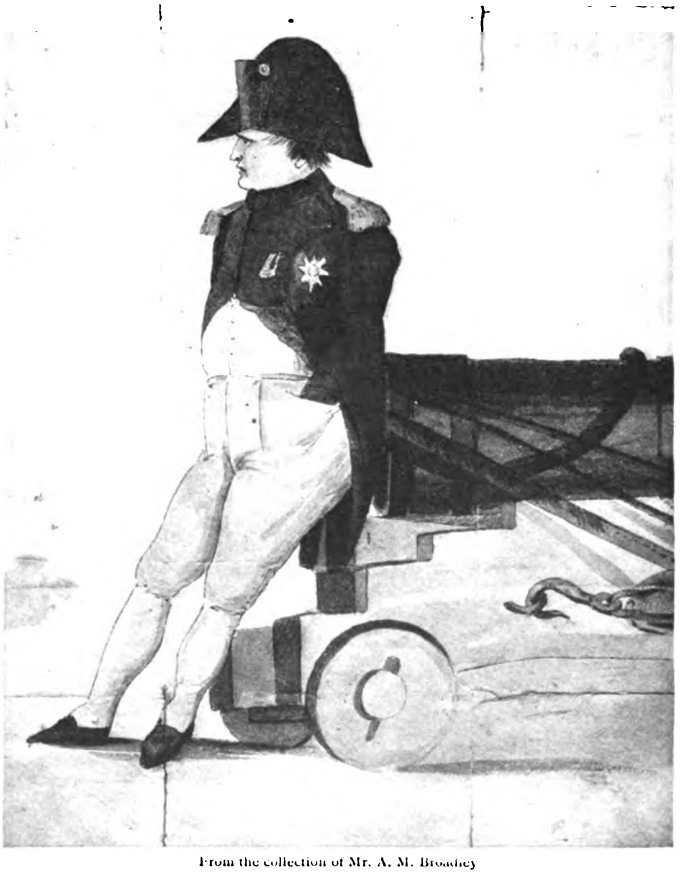
supply of every article for the table, for the comforts, the conveniences and even the luxuries that were in constant requisition for the supply of Buonaparte's own personal establishment, as well as that of the families that were residing at St. Helena with him. The habitual relation in which this duty tended to place you with the establishment, different from that of your predecessor and that of so many other persons who became connected with the establishment, was never for an instant misapplied. It required that high sense of public duty, which must have sprung from your reflections on the great public importance of everything that related to Napoleon Buonaparte to reconcile you with the minute and teasing details into which you were daily compelled to enter, so as to avoid the complaint even of any accidental imperfection, whether in the quantity or the quality of the article supplied, in a place where neither the quality nor the quantity could be constantly assured without the most unremitting assiduity, vigilance and forethought on your part; where a bottle of wine that might taste different from another was liable to undergo a test as if poison were mixed up with it, and any accidental taint of meat or fish in a tropical climate might be ascribed, as it sometimes was, to a design of furnishing corrupt food.

It is with this disposition, sharpened by disappointment and mortification, that I had discovered and cut short the designs that were plotted with your predecessor, which you had at first to combat.

You pursued, however, your straight course, as an upright and honourable man should do, wholly regardless of any but the real difficulties opposed to your undertakings, and hence I have always considered it my duty to recommend you in the strongest manner, as also your meritorious assistant, Mr. Janisch, for some distinct mark of favour from the Lords Commissioners of His Majesty's treasury, and shall be happy if this short exposition of what the difficulties of your situation were, may draw their Lordships' attention in a favourable manner. Your duties were not of that nature to which any ordinary precedent can apply, nor, if they meet a distinct reward, has it appeared to me, that any precedent could be drawn from it. . . .

When the last word comes to be spoken concerning the drama of St. Helena, the letters of Lowe to Ibbetson, and the statement of accounts approved by Bertrand, will prove even more useful than the portraits in which the purveyor



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NAPOLEON ON BOARD THE *NORTHUMBERLAND*

From the water-color sketch made by Denzil Ibbetson.

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GOURGAUD BERTRAND LAS CASES MONTHOLON

From the collection of Mr. A. M. Broadley

NAPOLEON AND HIS COMPANIONS IN EXILE

From the water-color sketch made on board the *Northumberland* in 1815 by Assistant Commissary-General Denzil Ibbetson. This is the original sketch from which the "Five Heads" (see next page) was etched.

to "Longwood" displayed much dexterity, and, be it confessed, no small amount of humor. The former are particularly interesting and instructive when carefully examined in connection with the register of the Steward-Confectioner Pierron, controlled both by Napoleon and Montholon, which was begun in the very month Ibbetson became purveyor, and is brought down to within a week of the emperor's death. The latter came into the writer's possession at the Dublin sale in Paris in June, 1906. The evidence afforded from these combined sources does not tend to substantiate the charges of material deprivation, of which so much was heard between 1816 and 1821.

From the collection of Mr. A. M. Broadley

LAS CASES NAPOLEON BERTRAND

From the water-color sketch made at "Longwood" in 1816 by Denzil Ibbetson

Before dealing with the portraits of Napoleon after death, for the most striking of which Denzil Ibbetson was responsible, and with the works of other portraitists, it may be noted that till November 28, 1815, the emperor always wore the uniform of a chasseur of the Imperial Guard, as he had done on board the *Northumberland*. From that date he assumed civilian attire (*frock* or tail coat) with *plaque*, etc. The information given in great detail by M. Schuermans throws much doubt on the genuine-

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THE PRINT KNOWN AS THE "FIVE HEADS"

This was published May 1, 1817, by Hassell, 27 Richard Street, Islington. It shows Napoleon in the middle, with Bertrand and Gourgaud to the left and Las Cases and Montholon to the right. The names written under the heads and the initials D. I. (Denzil Ibbetson) led to the identification of the numerous sketches of Napoleon made by Ibbetson between 1815 and 1821.

ness of the so-called St. Helena portraits reproduced, apparently from the Latta collection, in Mr. Charles F. Warwick's "Napoleon and the End of the French Revolution," and attributed to Coquette. This drawing, which represents Napoleon in a very tall hat of the type often described as "chimney-pot," is said to have formerly been "in possession of Pierre Morand, a well-known French resident of Philadelphia." In view of the fact that the presence of the artist Coquette at St. Helena cannot be traced, this portrait certainly needs further authentication. The influence of Denzil Ibbetson is clearly visible in the view of "The Briars," published by Slader and described as "The present residence of Buonaparte on the Island of St. Helena with the surrounding scenery, in which he is introduced in the position in which

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LAS CASES NAPOLEON BERTRAND

From the water-color sketch made at "Longwood" by Denzil Ibbetson.

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he is commonly seen. The whole drawn from nature, and executed on the spot by Major Stewart of the 24th Regt of Foot, passenger in the *Bombay*, the only vessell that has been permitted to touch on the Island since Buonaparte's arrival." There can be little doubt that the "back

From the collection of Mr. A. M. Broadley

A BACK VIEW OF NAPOLEON
From the water-color sketch made by Denzil Ibbetson

view" of Napoleon, which tallies exactly with the hitherto unpublished sketches in possession of the writer, was either contributed by Ibbetson or copied from his drawings. Until several of the originals of these "back-view" sketches came into the possession of the writer, they were, like the "Five Heads" plate, attributed to George Cruikshank. Under the number 713 Captain Douglas describes the solitary specimen in the British Museum as very rare, and says that another copy in the collection of Mr. Bruton fetched £2. Copies of this, as well as of the "Five Heads" etching, are in possession of the descendants of Ibbetson, so all doubt as to their authorship is cleared up.

The two or three caricature portraits executed by Captain Dodgin, who, late in 1818, succeeded Colonel Lascelles in command of the 66th Regiment, of which an example is reproduced, are more exaggerated than those of Ibbetson. His name is traced in pencil on an original water-color in possession of the writer, but the workmanship is very inferior, and the Dodgin Napoleon is invariably neckless. Other portraits of Napoleon are claimed to have been made both on board the *Bellerophon* and the *Northumberland* as well as at "Longwood." A water-color sketch of Napoleon on the *Bellerophon* is ascribed to Mme. Bertrand, who is said to have given it to Captain Senhouse, but no other indications exist of that lady's exercise of her skill as an artist. The only one of the exiles who gave proof of ability in this direction was the younger Las Cases, who made a somewhat elaborate ground-plan of "Longwood." There is in possession of Mr. C. F. James of Westbury, Wilts, an interesting portrait of Napoleon in profile, bearing an inscription asserting that "it was taken from life by Lieut. Robert Pearson-Boys, R.M. on board the ship which conveyed Napoleon to St. Helena." I am of the opinion that it was the work of Ibbetson, and may have been given by him to the lieutenant. There is an almost exact replica of it among the identified Ibbetson drawings. The Dodgin portraits of 1820 are interesting, and I am inclined to think that the sketch on which the name of Dyork appears in pencil is also that of Dodgin. Several varieties of this gentleman's portrait appeared in 1820 and 1821. Napoleon had now evidently become very stout. One of the Dodgin portraits in my collection bears the cruel device, "Fleshy, ci-devant Boney, Drawn at Longwood June 5 1820." Another in mezzotint is inscribed: "Napoleon Buonaparte, from a drawing taken by Captn Dodgin of the 66th Regt at St. Helena during 1820." This was published by H. R. Young, Print-seller, 157 Fenchurch Street. To Dodgin and not to

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SIDE VIEW OF NAPOLEON

According to a pencil inscription made at St. Helena by Captain Dyork.

Ibbetson I attribute the last of these St. Helena portraits from life. It appears as an illustration of a curious little French book entitled "Documents pour servir à l'Histoire de la Captivité de Napoléon Bonaparte à St. Hélène," which appeared at the end of 1821. It is stated to have been made on March 6, 1821, exactly two months before the death of the emperor, whose fatal illness began ten days later. Of the wholly imaginary portraits of Napoleon at St. Helena it is needless to speak. In one attributed to Horace Vernet, Napoleon is represented as wearing a straw hat, loose jacket, and still looser trousers.

The most interesting discovery connected with Ibbetson made by the author is the existence of a series of oil-paintings of Napoleon after death, executed by him from a sketch or painting made at the request of Sir Hudson Lowe on the morning of May 7, 1821. It was from one or another of these pictures that the lithograph of 1855 was elaborated, although the original painter is described as "Captain Ibbetson R.E." The copy I have was found by me in New Oxford Street. On the back is pasted this memorandum in the handwriting of Ibbetson:

Painted by D. Ibbetson from a sketch made by him of Napoleon the morning after his death which took place on the evening of 5 May 1821 at sunset. The features had fallen away during his illness, but the fullness in his throat remained. The countenance was very placid, the colour of the skin very yellow, and there was a redness about the eyes which had the appearance as if the head had been beaten and bruised. A picture similar to this was painted by the same person at St. Helena immediately after the sketch was made, and was given by Sir Hudson Lowe on his return to England after the death of Napoleon to King George 4th. This picture is now at Hampton Court

From the collection of Mr. A. M. Broadley

NAPOLEON A MONTH BEFORE HIS DEATH

From a water-color sketch made at "Longwood" on March 6, 1821, by Captain Dodgin of the 66th Regiment.

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Owned by Miss Laura Ibbetson

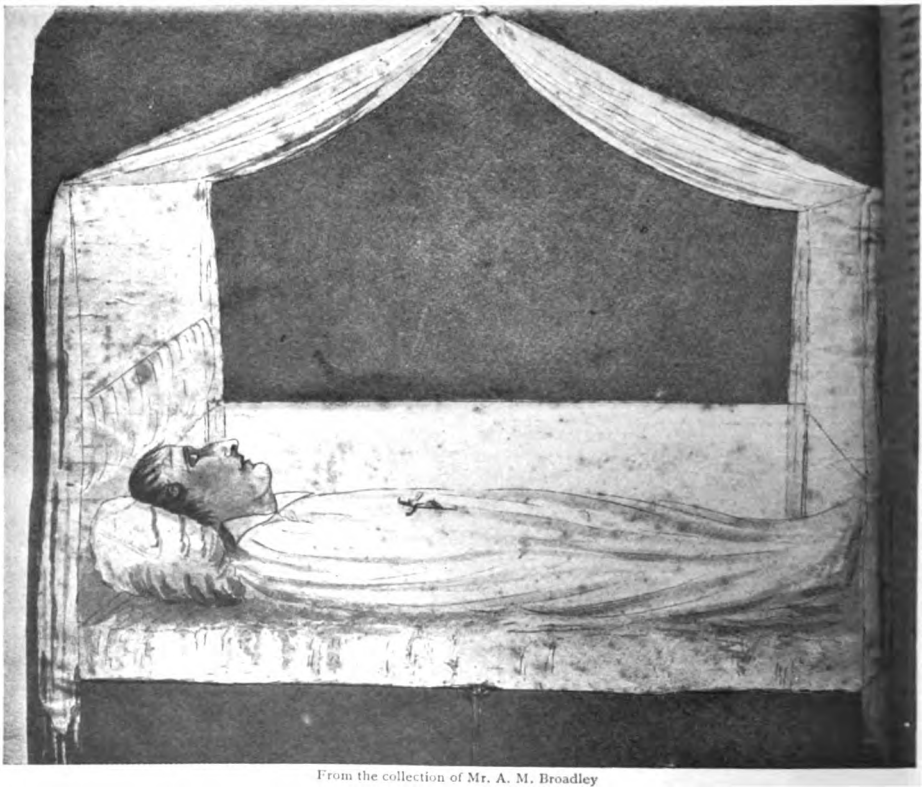
NAPOLEON AFTER DEATH

From an oil-painting by Denzil Ibbetson, based on a sketch made by him at "Longwood" on the morning of May 6, 1821, a few hours after Napoleon's death.

and it appears by a periodical work called the "Art Union" that the performance of it is attributed to Madame Bertrand.

The painting in possession of the surviving daughter of Denzil Ibbetson is less finished than the replica now belonging to the writer. On the back of it has been pasted substantially the same information down to "Hampton Court," apparently in Ibbetson's writing.

Although the Ibbetson "after-death"



From the collection of Mr. A. M. Broadley

NAPOLEON AFTER DEATH

From a sketch by Captain Frederick Marryat, the novelist.

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pictures are comparatively unknown, the far less meritorious sketch by the novelist Frederick Marryat (1792–1848) is familiar to both students and collectors. In June, 1820, Marryat was appointed to the *Beaver* sloop, which was employed on the St. Helena station till the death of Napoleon, after which he was sent home with despatches. Marryat was not likely to have enjoyed the same facilities which Ibbetson's position afforded him. His original sketch was hideously grotesque, but it was greatly improved upon by the lithographers, who produced shoals of copies of it not only in England, but in France and Germany; both in 1821 and 1840, the year of the transfer of the remains to the Invalides. Captain Marryat, like Ibbetson, made a great many replicas of his sketch. Notwithstanding these undeniable facts, the telegraphic announcement last September that a portrait of Napoleon by the versatile author of "Midshipman Easy" had been "discovered" in the Maidstone Museum excited a commotion in the historical and artistic worlds of Europe, and a large number of newspapers proceeded to reproduce as a rarity of priceless value and importance a picture of which a print could be purchased anywhere for twenty-five cents!

Owned by Miss Laura Ibbetson

NAPOLEON'S FAVORITE CHAIR, WHICH WAS PURCHASED AT THE "LONGWOOD" SALE IN 1821 BY DENZIL IBBETSON

In addition to the sketches by Ibbetson and Marryat, a third was made by a Chinese artist doing duty at "Longwood" as a cook, who afterward made many copies of it on rice-paper. The Chinese portrait is curiously like a fourth sketch of Napoleon after death, executed on May 6, 1821, by a British officer named George Weigall, an ancestor of Captain Weigall, R.A. Mr. Weigall subsequently made a finished drawing from his sketch. The Weigall picture seems to have been engraved in 1822, but reproductions both of the original sketch and finished drawing appeared in "The Graphic" of September 9, 1911.

The French print "Napoléon à l'ouverture du Cercueil" is curious. It is said to be from a drawing executed at St. Helena on October 15, 1840, by Jules Rigo, under the personal direction of Baron Las Cases. Nearly twenty years after death the features of the great man, who had lain so long in the lonely tomb beneath the willow-tree, mutely testified to the fidelity of the numerous sketches of Denzil Ibbetson, whose rôle as an artist is now for the first time illustrated and explained.

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THE TWO WIDOWS

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

Author of "The Thief of Virtue," "The Whirlwind," etc.

THE hay was saved, and ever'body to Widecombe grumbled as usual, for though us had tidy weather for the work, the crop came as thin as an old man's hair, along of a fierce and fiery May. In fact, not Uncle Tom Cobleigh hisself could call home a longer spell of hot and cloudless weather so early in the year. Of course the swedes and mangels was n't moving in the ground neither. In fact, there was acres of seed that had n't sprouted at all.

The farmers were glumpy about it, and when us met of an evening to compare our troubles at the "Plume of Feathers," Johnny Rowland, the innkeeper, had all his work cut out to cheer the men up. And I helped him, being in very good spirits myself, because I have two hosses and two traps on hire, and my wife lets lodgings, and thanks to the remarkable weather, us was doing brave. All the world and his wife came to Dartmoor that year, and they brought their childer, too; so quite a dollop of money happened our way, owing to one thing and another.

But a few good, useful showers fell at last, and not afore they were wanted. Indeed, the 'mazing thing was that they had n't come much sooner, because Widecombe be a proper nest for thunder-storms most times, and the very church itself have been struck twice, to common knowledge.

The night Johnny Rowland told this tale there was a proper downpour, and the water was gurgling in the rain-shoots and soaking the land and cheering the heart of man. So when Peter Gurney, the farrier, dropped in with a bit of fun, we was all quite ready for it, and even Jim Mumford, our sulky member, had a second go of spirits, and Samuel Bonus stood drinks, and Gregory Snow, who had been teetotal as a frog since Easter, broke his high resolves and went home, after closing time, market merry in the rain.

Somehow the talk had turned on pride, and Johnny said:

"There 's plenty to trouble us, and the fust thing be pride. Pride 's more common every day. You 'd think 't was only a failing for the bettermost, and so it did use to be; but now it have got in among the people, and we be growing too proud altogether. 'T is a product of education, and a very painful thing. Not that us did n't all ought to be proud in reason—if we 've got anything to be proud of; but there 's a pride that goeth afore a fall, and to my eye that pride be a canker that 's fastening on England. There 's danger in it, for it blinds the eyes and shortens the memory, and it puts a party very much at the mercy of other people who can see straight and remember. England be too much inclined to rest on her laurels, if you ax me. We 've bitten off more of the world than we can chew, in my opinion, and presently we shall find that out, and nobody looks a bigger fool than him who 's grabbed more 'n he 's got power to keep."

Of course a good few bitterly resented this saying of Johnny's. They called him a "little Englander" and a lot of rude things; but he did n't mind, and to calm 'em down he went on:

"Pride be all right in its place, and I would n't give a rap for man or mouse without it; but there 's proper pride and silly pride, and I 'm reminded of a fine tale of a woman's pride that be worth telling."

With that Johnny opened a bottle of sloe gin, and filled the glasses, and told about the two Widecombe widows, Jenifer Hearn and Sarah Jane Smerdon.

" 'T was a case of rivalry between 'em from the first, and both were stupid, obstinate creatures, with fighting blood in their veins. They lived in a pair of semi-detached cottages down where the road drops

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over Webburn River, afore it rises into Widecombe; and their state in life was pretty equal, for each was the wife of a terrible poor man, and neither had got any children nor anybody to trouble about 'em. But Mrs. Hearn had never had no children, whereas Sarah Jane Smerdon bore two babies, and one falled in the river and was drowned, and t' other lived to be up home fourteen years old and then perished of a chill. So Sarah Jane always had her children as a feather in her cap, though Jenifer Hearn pretended 't was nothing. Indeed, when talking to neighbors, she slighted Sarah Jane a good bit on that very 'count, and said that 't was a pity, since the Lord sent Mrs. Smerdon childer, He had n't given her brains enough to look after them.

"Thomas Hearn was a datcher,—a thatcher, as we must call it nowadays,—and even in his time thatching was going out a good bit, and he did n't get so much work as he could do. But, little though it was, Thomas found it too much, for a lazier and more worthless dog never let a woman labor for him. He loafed and drank and poached, and 't was said that he 'd willingly go ten mile' out of his way any morning to avoid a bit of work. But his wife could see no wrong in him, and stood up for him afore the nation, and toiled ceaselessly for him, and thought nothing too hard if 't was for his pleasure. She spoiled the bad old man, and would n't hear a word against him, though Mrs. Smerdon often itched to speak it; while on her side Jenifer properly hated Mark Smerdon, and pitied his wife behind her back for having such a useless terror of a husband.

"No doubt 't was six of one and half a dozen of the other where the men were concerned; but for my part, I think Mark Smerdon was more weak than wicked. He had n't no more sense than, please God, he should have. He lived by cutting clothes-pegs and weaving willow baskets, and none could say he did n't do the work very proper, though of course there was terrible little money to it. But the poor soul had a weakness, and once or twice he 'd helped himself to a neighbor's chicken. He had sense enough to know he was doing wrong, and twice he got two months' hard labor; but it did n't cast him down, and he came back among the people with a smiling face. And his wife would n't take much account of it either. You see, the cruel rivalry between the women shut out everything else from their lives. They did n't look out at the world, and seek large views, and l'arn from experience; they only looked over each other's back walls at the doings of each other's husbands, and all the world was narrowed down to that. So Sarah Jane Smerdon openly said, when Mark was put away for taking Farmer Windeatt's poultry, that if justice prevailed, Thomas Hearn ought to be locked up likewise. Because Thomas was a rare poacher, and at Bag Park and Heatree and Lizwell, and a score of other places famous for birds and beasts and fish, he was only too well known. But the skill of the man proved such that none could lay him by the heels. Nobody ever catched him with a feather about him, nor yet a scale of a fish nor a fleck of fur; but what everybody knowed not a soul could prove, and so he went on his way rejoicing.

"And one evening when Sarah Jane dropped into Jenifer's cottage for a bit of starch or something, she found 'em both hard at work on their supper, and 't was a pheasant.

"Mark happened to be away at the time,—locked up for his third offense,—and Sarah Jane, in her lonely and widowed state, could n't help feeling bitter about it. The Hearns axed her to sit down and join 'em at their treat; but she only sniffed the air and shook her head and said:

" 'No, I won't do no such thing. I won't eat game-birds; but if right was might, your husband would be picking oakum along with mine—where you know. And his time will come; and when it do come, you 'll say good-by to him for more than a month or two—I warn you.'

"With that, Jenifer called Mrs. Smerdon a very ill-mannered, indecent woman, and Sarah Jane answered back that truth was truth, and Jenifer's turn would come. Then she went off without the starch, and 't was many a long day, I believe, afore they darkened each other's doors again.

"But long afore they were old women the same fate overtook 'em both, and it seemed as though Providence had decreed they was to run neck and neck in bad fortune to the end. It was n't a year after Sarah Jane had warned Jenifer that she 'd say good-by to her husband some day for more than a month that Mrs. Hearn had

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to bid farewell to Thomas forever, because he met with a fatal accident while thatching a great rick down to Merripit farm at Postbridge. Some said he was n't quite sober, and some said he was; but be that as it may, he falled off on his head, and broke his neck, and was took home dead. A heavy blow for Jenifer, and it seemed doubtful whether she 'd get over Sarah Jane's sympathy. And then, almost afore Hearn was settled down into his grave, and Jenifer was smarting to know how she would fight t' other woman now, with her husband took from her, if Mark Smerdon did n't drop out, too!

"A most unforeseen thing, of course, but he went gathering withies in the wet for basket-making, and he catched an inflammation of the breathing-parts, and afore you could look round, the man was fighting for his life. And not only him, for none ever worked at a sufferer like Sarah Jane worked at her husband, and if nursing and an unsleeping and loving wife could have kept the man alive, it would have been done. His time was come, however, and he had to go—only a bare six months after the other man; and both was in the sixties and no more, a very early age for this part of the country.

"Such is human nature, unfortunately, that Smerdon's end cheered up the fust widow uncommon. 'They laugh loudest that laugh last,' she said to her friends. 'Sarah Jane had the whip-hand when my Thomas died, but now where is she? 'T is my turn.'

"They buried the men side by side in the north side of the church, by old Daniel Reep. Birds of a feather, him and Thomas Hearn were; and then the next great struggle in the rivalry of Jenifer and Sarah Jane began, for they was n't the sort to sink their differences in the pit. Far from it. The contest growed sharper and sharper; and then that happened that made the people think Jenifer had won, and that Sarah Jane would be forced to take second place for evermore.

"Both widows made a good deal of their trouble, of course, and Jenifer bemoaned how she 'd lost the best husband as ever woman had, and Sarah Jane would say: 'Ah, yes, poor Mrs. Hearn! But her trouble 's small to mine, for my husband and *childer, too,* be taken from me.' But time passed, and people did n't pay no more heed to them than they do to anybody else that happened to lose their partner. But when suddenly there sprang up a very lordly masterpiece of a tombstone over Thomas Hearn's dust, there was renewed excitement and interest, for 't was a great, brave cross of moorstone, pretty well covered with writing, and it told how 't was put up by the loving widow of the dead to mark his many virtues. There was a beautiful rhyme, too, and since not another tombstone had the same verse, it got abroad as Mrs. Hearn had invented it herself; and when she was taxed with so doing, she did n't deny it. So the people said she must have loved Thomas, indeed, to have actually rose to rhyme for him. I call home the verse very well, and it ran like this:

> "A faithful wife do set this here
> Above her vanished husband dear,
> Who peacefully beneath doth lie
> To waken in Eternity.

"Of course Mrs. Hearn became the heroine of the hour, and so soon as the tomb was up, she took to going to church, a thing she had n't done afore, and she might be seen by the grave every Sunday, giving the stone a polish, or tidying up the primrosen she 'd planted, and one thing and another. And she let it be understood that the affair, with its curb and finishings, had cost ten pound', which amazed the folk still more. Then a chap or two privately asked Abel Pierce, the man that made it, if what she said was true. And he allowed it was. 'Ten pound' I charged—for ready money; and I 'm paid,' said Pierce.

"Everybody praised Mrs. Hearn a lot, you may be sure, for she was poor as a coot, and there could be no doubt that she 'd scrimped and screwed something fearful, and toiled early and late at her charing and chores to save such a pile of money. And she 'd meet the people by the grave-side Sundays till the excitement wore off, and speak very big about what the widow owes to her dead mate, and look across at Mark Smerdon's grave and shrug her shoulders. 'Some as talk a lot seem to think a bunch of wild flowers in an old pickle-jar be all the memory of the dead can expect,' she said once. 'Of course *some* of us only feel skin-deep, and forget almost as soon as the turf be mended. But others be different.'

"So there 't was: the fine cross towered

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above Thomas Hearn, and never a week passed but the widow went there; while as for Smerdon's resting-place, it looked as if Sarah Jane was knocked right out, and felt 't was idle to go in competition with a woman who could save ten pound' inside a year. She kept very quiet about it, and said little, and looked to her husband's grave that it should be kept weeded and tidy, but no more. Not even a bit of wood did she lift to him, and the pickle-jar stopped, though she renewed the wild flowers; and once when she found Mrs. Hearn, pitying like, had put a few Lent rosen[1] on the grave,—what she 'd got over from her own,—Mrs. Smerdon showed her spirit and flung 'em over the hedge.

"She took in washing and kept a lodger for her living. He was a laboring-man, and worked to the corn-mill at Dunstone. So time passed, and the laboring-man gived out at this very bar—fifty year' ago, no doubt—that Mrs. Smerdon was failing. Few ever saw her but him, and when people did catch sight of her they marked she was grown thin and poor, and gray as a badger. But they did n't know what she was up to,—nobody did,—least of all Widow Hearn, next door. They quarreled and fussed at one another in a quiet sort of way all the time; nothing to catch hold on or break the peace, but just a deadly, everlasting jealousy that neither age nor trouble would kill.

"Once there was a rumor that the miller's man that had a room in Mrs. Smerdon's house was going to marry her, and Mrs. Hearn very near went mad till 't was contradicted. In fact, nobody believed it, for the young chap was but five-and-twenty, and Sarah Jane was up home sixty year' old at the least by then. Some said she 'd started the tale herself, to vex the other, and 't was declared afterward that, fired by the idea, Jenifer thought of a second, and began to set her cap at every gray-haired single man and widower in Widecombe. Then 't was Sarah Jane's turn, and she said, all about the place, that she thought it cruel sad as an old charwoman with one foot in the grave were n't thinking about her latter end instead of another partner. And she added, thoughtful-like, that she should have reckoned anybody who could sink to do such a thing in her dotage ought to be shut up afore she brought the neighborhood into discredit. 'But of course the poor creature 's been soft ever since her husband died,' said Mrs. Smerdon, 'else she 'd never have had all that nonsense set up in the churchyard.'

"A clever man said once that, though it was very witty to teach a stone to talk, 't was terrible wicked to teach it to lie, and Sarah Jane in her crafty way, naming no names, often declared that for her part she knew nothing sadder or shamefuller than to put things on a dead man's grave that were not true. 'Better have no tombstone at all than one that tells a falsehood,' she said; 'for tombstones do last a sight longer than them under 'em lasted, and a lie on a stone be handed down to other generations. And the Book says, "Let the wicked be forgot out of mind," or some such words. Not that I mean anybody in particular; far from it.'

"This was her cleverness, however, to turn folks from the truth, for you 'll guess that such a woman as her did n't know when she was beat. And after two year' of secret labor and stinting, and living on orts and going without heat and the common needs of life, she got to her goal. The task knocked years off her days, as she always maintained, and when she died at eighty-four, 't was almost her last word that she ought to have lived to a hundred. But, at any rate, she triumphed; her goal was reached, and what fell out I heard from Abel Pierce himself. He was an old man living in the almshouses when first I came to 'The Plume,' and he laughed, even after all them years, to remember how Sarah Jane hopped in upon him one evening after his work was done.

" 'I be come about a bit of a stone for my husband, Pierce,' she said. 'No doubt you thought to see me years sooner; but a thing like that did n't ought to be done in an indecent hurry, as often happens. And now 't is the accepted time, and I know you 'll help with a brave monument.'

"He said that nothing would give him greater pleasure.

" 'There 's a cross, you may remember, lifted up next to my husband's grave,' she went on. ' 'T is a bit out of the straight, I fancy, and the right curb have sunk a lot; but still the general appearance is pretty fair. 'T is Thomas Hearn's stone, if I remember rightly, and the let-

[1] Daffodils.

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ters want painting when the widow can afford the expense.'

" 'I 'll tell her,' answers Mr. Pierce, 'and if 't is another such stone that you 're wanting, Mrs. Smerdon, I shall be happy to do it for ten pounds. That 's what it cost complete, lettering and all.'

" 'Oh!' she says, surprised-like. 'Ten pound'—was that all she spent? It don't sound enough, do it? Not when you read all them vartues crowded there.'

" ' 'T was pretty clever for her, however, and she worked her fingers to the bone getting it together,' answered the stone-cutter.

"Sarah Jane seemed much surprised to hear this. 'Thrift were n't among her man's good qualities, then, seemingly. She had to starve to do it, eh? Poor soul! Did n't he leave ten pound'? No wonder she made a show of herself after you set the stone up. She used to stand and have a regular rally of neighbors round her after morning service. And she stands there yet, I hear; but the neighbors don't care no more, they tell me.'

" 'A nine-days' wonder, like all such things,' answered Abel Pierce. 'And if you don't want a stone like that, Mrs. Smerdon, what do you want?'

" 'I want a monument half as high again,' she answered, 'and with a good bit more writing on it. I want Widecombe to know that Tom Hearn were n't the only man as died three year' agone; and if it can be done in white, dazzling marble instead of moorstone, so much the better.'

"Abel scented a useful bit o' work, for he was a clever man and most observing, and he seed the pent-up fire and fury working out of Sarah Jane's thin face and nervous fingers. She 'd waited and watched and prayed for this, and she came to Abel with twenty pound'!

" 'Size—size, be what I want,' she said. 'If it can be done in marble, so much the better; but if you can't make it of marble no bigger than her granite one, then I 'll have granite, too, and a stone so high again as hers. She 's going to her married niece at Dawlish for her lying-in next month, and I want for the stone to be in its place afore she comes back.'

"Well, Pierce's conscience had naught to say, for it was n't any business of his. He tried to please everybody always,—no doubt that 's why he ended his days in an almshouse,—but so far as this matter was concerned, it only remained for him to do what a good customer wanted; and he did.

"Mrs. Smerdon decided for moorstone by reason of the size, and Abel set to work in secret, according to her wish. He made a proper trophy very near six foot high, and fairly covered with writing; and if Thomas Hearn was an angel in disguise, according to his tombstone, then Mark Smerdon must have been a full-fledged archangel. And his wife took hold of Mrs. Hearn's rhyme, too, and bettered it like this:

> "A wife and mother sets this here
> For husband and for father dear,
> Who peacefully beneath doth lie
> To waken in Eternity.

"You see, she got home on t' other woman every way, and poor Hearn's turnout, already weathered a bit by winter rains and frosts, looked nothing at all when Smerdon's monument rose up, all glittering flame new, with three rose-bushes from Newton planted in the midst.

"Sarah Jane had it all managed so as it should be quite complete afore t' other widow came home; and when Mrs. Hearn arrived at church as usual the following Sunday, there was a proper crowd beside the graves, and Sarah Jane, in a new bonnet and flushed with victory, till she looked ten year' under her age, was the heroine of the moment. The people flocked around, and not a few, in their excitement, was actually standing on Thomas Hearn's grave, to get a better view!

"It pretty nigh killed Jenifer, I believe. She just staggered across and faced Sarah Jane, and hissed and said, 'You old devil, you shall rue this!' And then she tottered out of the churchyard, and never again came near her husband's grave until she went into it. That was a few year' afterward. And now of course the other be gone, too, and they lie as close as they lived. But there 's no more jealousy and bitterness of heart where they be now—no fret, nor fever, nor hunger to be evens with each other. They sleep in peace, and when their graves open and the trump calls 'em, they 'll rise to peace, no doubt, face eternity in a proper spirit of give and take. For if that 's necessary for happiness in this short life, be sure 't will be quite as needful in the next."

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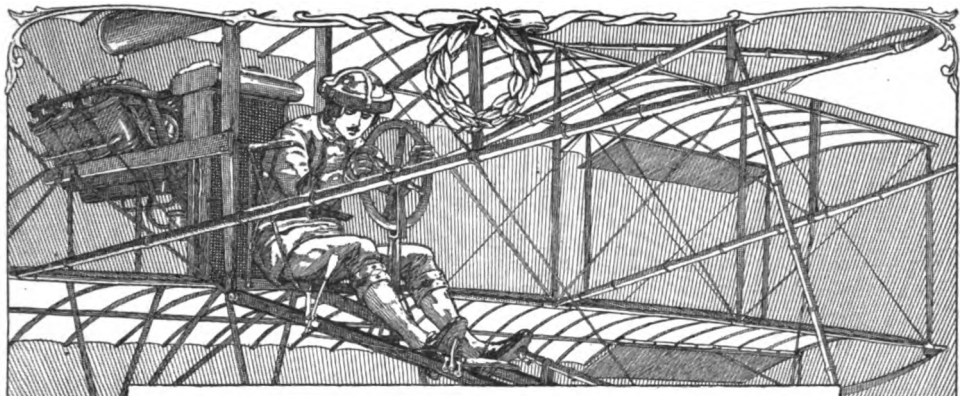

FATALISM OF THE FLIERS

BY EDWARD LYELL FOX

TWO lines, thin and silvery, were etched high in the azure sky, parallel and stubby, like the arithmetical sign =. Smaller and vaguer they became, by turns flashing and dulling grayly, tinier, remoter, ever vanishing, as if being withdrawn to the very limits of the firmament. Could a plummet have been dropped three thousand feet from those lines, it would have touched the aviation-field just outside Denver; for the silver and white, gleaming clearly above, were the nickeled platings and tautly strung canvas of Ralph Johnstone's biplane, soaring that November day of 1910 while all Denver looked into the sky.

Only minutes before, it seemed, they had heard the deep-droning motor, the swishing propellers, the jabbering mechanicians, as with a belching of blue smoke the great bird had hopped across the earth and with a sudden tilt of its blunt beak had soared away on a long slant, the master riding placidly between its wings. Their last recollection of Johnstone was of a heavy, good-looking face, which had smiled in evident pleasure as their applause was borne to his ears. They had watched him climb steadily up, up, until space had painted out the outlines of his machine. Some were moving restlessly, almost impatiently. Surely he must now be ready to begin the swift descent, the sharp, swooping *volplanes,* the dizzy spiraling with the machine beam-ended, of which they had heard much. But up in the blue the lines had almost merged into one.

Drawn by George Varian

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Over in a corner of the field, removed from the crowd, stretched a row of low sheds. These were the hangars where the aviators kept their machines. Before the Wright hangar, where three mechanicians were looking over another white-winged bird, the mate of Johnstone's, stood a slender figure, dressed almost to the point of foppishness. It was Hoxsey, pleasant-looking and alert, with blue eyes that twinkled through delicate eye-glasses fixed precisely on a rather prominent nose. Once Hoxsey turned and spoke sharply to the men working on his biplane, then he looked long and thoughtfully into the sky. His nervously working fingers hinted at anxiety over the faint outlines Johnstone's machine had taken.

"I wish Ralph would come down," he said, apparently to himself. "It must be blowing a gale up there."

"He 's coming now," cried a newspaper man as Hoxsey turned again to his mechanicians.

Up in the blue the lines had suddenly thickened and lengthened; the space between them widened. There came a sudden cry, partly fear, mostly delight, from the crowd. The descent stopped; the machine tilted on its beam-ends, swayed, as though gathering nerve to dart downward, revolved, pitched, then swooped as no bird dared to. Johnstone had begun his spiral.

Hoxsey heard unrestrained, almost hysterical applause, but he frowned, and the worried network of lines about his eyes showed plainer. *He* knew the terrific strain to which the machine was being put, the awful limits to which Johnstone's nerve would urge him. He looked again, and the biplane seemed to rear abruptly, almost overturning.

"My God! Why does n't he stop!" Hoxsey exclaimed petulantly. "He 'll get it sooner than he figured."

He turned away with a gesture of impatience, and as he did, a cry, awful, piercing, almost a wail, swept across the field:

"Look! Look! Johnstone's machine! He 's falling! He 's falling!"

That cry was not new to Hoxsey. He had heard it before, and always there had come tumbling out of the sky a wreck of bent wire and jagged splinters, with a life beneath. The sparkle died in his blue eyes, a dull helplessness took him, a strange quivering came into his hands, and for a quick moment as he looked upward he realized what an uneven fight it was—man and the sky. There he saw the machine flop like a wounded bird, the wheeling pinions bend, snap, and crumple up; and then it dropped. The black speck against the canvas became the outlines of a man, and with frightful clearness he could be seen tugging and fighting at the controls. Then Hoxsey looked away.

The next morning men went about their work in the hangars talking in whispers. Johnstone had been a favorite with them all.

"Did you see Hoxsey?" asked a mechanic, polishing a shiny engine. "Poor fellow! he saw Johnstone killed. Guess his nerve is gone."

"I 'm afraid so," another answered. "They were team-mates, you know."

An hour later, smiling as serenely as ever, Hoxsey jumped into his biplane, set the engine to spluttering, and climbed high over the place where he had seen Johnstone fall. When his barograph read 3000 feet, he descended just enough to permit those below to make out clearly his movements. Assured of this, he dared Death to ride with him, and went bolting to earth in an awful spiral which, it seemed, must destroy man and machine as Johnstone's spiral had done. But Death did not want Hoxsey *that* day, and he landed safely, twenty feet from where they had found Johnstone's body. In contrast with his cool unconcern, the crowd that swiftly encircled his machine was shocked and awed. A friend gripped his hand.

"Whatever made you do that, Arch?" he asked. "It looked like sure death. Johnstone did the spiral, you know, and—"

"That 's foolish," interrupted Hoxsey. "If it 's going to get me, it will. Johnstone's time came yesterday. When mine will, I do not know. What 's the difference?"

He smiled, issued some orders to his mechanics, and walked away.

Six weeks later, the day before New Year's, Hoxsey was flying at Los Angeles. If anything, his apparent indifference toward death had increased. With greater daring than ever he was preparing his biplane for the most dangerous feat he had attempted—the breaking of the world's altitude record. When the wind that whipped the flags over Dominguiez Field into gaudy,

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streaming tatters had subsided, he would climb out of sight of earth, into the clouds, 11,000 feet. The strain both on him and the machine would be terrific. He made his preparations more carefully than usual, walking around the hangar, inspecting a bolting here, a joining there, running his hand over the motor. While he was peering at the intake-valve there came to him the shrill cry of a newsboy. Later a friend appeared in the doorway of the hangar, excitedly waving a newspaper, still damp and smelling of printer's ink.

"It 's an extra," he gasped. "Moisant 's killed!"

The same deadness that had taken Hoxsey's eyes when he saw Johnstone's fall at Denver came into them again. Moisant, like Johnstone, he had known well.

"Where?" he asked almost listlessly.

"At New Orleans," his friend answered. "His monoplane turned over."

"Poor fellow!" said Hoxsey, softly. "He must have become tired out fighting the wind."

Then he returned to the examination of his machine. As he worked, friends came to him. They asked him not to fly, to postpone the attempt, if only for a day, for the wind, although it had gone down, was still strong. Another whispered that Moisant's death had produced in him a terrible premonition. But Hoxsey only smiled and resumed his work. Later they came to him, begging that he would not attempt the record, if he must go up. Hoxsey laughed, and, despite their pleadings, ordered his machine trundled out on the field. He followed quickly, climbed into the pilot's seat, and, leaning over the controls, said:

"If it 's after me, it 'll get me any other place as well as here." Then he soared away.

A few minutes later he fell 2000 feet, and when they found his body the life had gone from it.

HE was a fatalist, one of the many whose strange temperament has helped make aviation possible.

"If it 's after me, it 'll get me," he used to say.

This symbolic "it" is recognized and feared by all. They feel there 's a thing lurking in the clouds—a death-dealing thing that patiently awaits their day. To this uncanny feeling, this gruesome premonition, their fatalism is traceable.

There is something beautiful and terrible in the conception that even the most unimaginative aviator holds of the thing that waits for him up in the sky. Often with supreme fatalism he talks indifferently on the subject, huddled in a tent or on the lee side of a hangar when the wind is booming and the canvas flapping heavily at its straining ropes.

"It 'll get us yet," he says when the wind whistles its loudest; "it 'll get us as it did Johnstone, Hoxsey, Moisant, Rolls, Le Blon—all of them."

That 's his way of referring to the thing—luck, chance, fate, death. But we whom the air has not transformed into fatalists can subject the matter to cold analysis. We can separate the elements of this weird compound that has made these men more indifferent to life than were ever the swarthy soldiers of Mohammed. We can see, instead of the vague shape that somewhere behind the clouds is taking those who once yield to its damp, misty terror, the many causes of accidents in the air.

For clarity, let us place these causes in groupings:

First, there is the strange psychology of flying. Accidents to themselves do not make aviators careful; rather, they have an opposite effect.

"Lightning does not twice strike in the same place in the same way," they reason, "and if it 's going to strike us in another place, it will, that 's all."

Also, accidents to other aviators have no effect on them. Remember Hoxsey at Denver and Los Angeles. "It was *his* turn," is the attitude.

Second, there is the carelessness of flying, which is best subdivided in this way:

1. Relaxation of nervous tension.
2. Momentary loss of balance.
3. Over-confidence.
4. Confounding recklessness, ignorance of danger, and fatalistic indifference with bravery.

Lastly, come the mishaps that may befall the aviator, like air-sickness, temporary paralysis from the cold, heart failure, or mental collapse. The machine, too, may break or be pitched about by air currents.

Perhaps we can now appreciate better

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this fatalism of the fliers. First, let us consider the peculiar psychology of the air, and how it affects a fatalist and one who is not. It was this quality that enabled Hubert Latham, that picturesque figure among the sky-men, French, easy, and graceful, to fly the *Antoinette,* a monoplane red with disaster. For Latham, you see, was bored in the face of death, and emotional Paris loved him for it. "Latham is greater than the republic," they used to say along the boulevards before he retired.

The *Antoinette* had long killed or maimed those who sought to make it fly. Then came Latham. The two were inseparable: Latham made the *Antoinette,* the *Antoinette* made Latham, and they compose a thrilling romance of aviation, which began when a poor, but brilliant, mechanical engineer, Levavasseur—"Levavasseur *le fou*"—built an aëroplane, the *Antoinette.* On its trial flights it rushed from the ground, but was always smashed. It began to kill and maim. People became afraid of it. Aviators shunned it. Poor Levavasseur could induce no one to drive it, and failure faced him. One day when he was about ready to give up there came to him a black-haired, slender, handsome young man. It was Hubert Latham, fatalist. He thirsted for all the sensations he could crowd into life before *his* day. In fact, his friends say he did not care much whether he lived or not, for physicians had told him of lung trouble.

"I 'll fly your machine," he said quietly. "If I break it, you repair it. I 'll keep on breaking it until it flies or gets me."

In desperation Levavasseur accepted his offer. Latham began to tame the "man-killer." Apparently indifferent to what became of him, he characterized the trials by foolhardy feats. His confidence grew with accidents. The *Antoinette* was smashed again and again, and the injuries were not always to the machine. Latham, all bandages, would say that the same accident could not happen twice. He continued to fly and to fall. His courage became greater with every escape; for the strange psychology of the air had taken him. Finally the roaring motor obeyed him, and he fell no more. Fatalism, helped by psychology, had won.

It is Latham's boast that he smashed every part of the *Antoinette.* He does not do himself justice; he broke every part countless times; and in this fearful manner they grew up together, man and machine, until recently Latham shrugged his shoulders and said scornfully:

"Flying has become too common. Too many are taking it up. It 's not as exclusive as I wished, so I 'll retire." And he did.

Another example of the odd psychological effect born of accidents is afforded by Arthur Stone. Last August 15, St. Croix Johnstone and William R. Badger, two young aviators, were killed at the Chicago meet. Stone saw them fall—Badger into a gully; Johnstone 1000 feet into Lake Michigan.

Two days later, reassured by these disasters that none would befall him, Stone, driving the big Queen monoplane, was blown out of his course down into the hazy mists that hung over the lake, just as Johnstone had been. But let Stone tell it himself. Said he after the rescue:

"Suddenly I felt my machine turn and speed like an arrow for the lake. I tried to tilt it tail first, but failed. Then I saw the lake water. It seemed to rush up at me, and I thought of St. Croix and his being dragged down beneath it only two days before. But somehow I was n't afraid. *Something told me that it was n't my turn.* Then I dived head first and swam for land. And you may not believe me, but my first thought was, 'I bet I won't get home to dinner in time.' "

But not only did the death of Johnstone and Badger have no effect on Stone, but the accident to himself he ignored as well. The following afternoon saw him flying as fearlessly as ever.

So much for the effect of a disaster on fatalists. Let us now see how an accident not nearly as bad as any of Latham's worked upon a man not a fatalist. To do this we must go back to Belmont Park, Long Island, of an October morning in 1910, during the Gordon Bennett Cup race. Two white-winged monoplanes were zipping and veering over the tall red-and-white painted pylons marking the course. Across from the hangars suddenly clattered the new Wright racer. Walter Brookins, slender and young, crouched on the driving-seat before the roaring engine, swept past the grand stand, his machine gathering terrific speed.

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"Seventy-two miles an hour," remarked a timer, closing his watch.

When he looked up, he saw the machine pitching sharply and, burying its prow in the ground, throwing up great clouds of yellow dust. Then out of the dust stumbled Brookins. Facing the tangle of canvas, wires, wood, and steel, he backed away slowly, almost reproachfully. He stopped, stood reeling, drawing the back of his hand across his eyes. Officials hastened to him, but he stared again, blankly, pitifully, and fell forward on his face.

Weeks later Brookins's body recovered, but not his nerve. He was not a fatalist: he remembered and dreaded the accident. So to-day you 'll find him with the rest of us—generally on the ground.

So much for the psychology of the air and its effects. Now let us see how our fatalistic aviators respond to carelessness, another component of the thing they all dread.

"Only in the utmost vigilance lies the aviator's safety," Latham said.

This maxim was laid down one sunny afternoon near old Heliopolis, in Egypt, after Latham had yawned. His *Antoinette* had just swept over the crowd, a bare hundred feet from the ground, when the yawning impulse took him. Unconsciously he opened wide his mouth, relaxed his tension on the controls, and a moment later crawled painfully from the wreck of his machine. Fortunately his injuries were only minor, but those who assisted him into an automobile overheard these words:

"That 's the nearest it ever came to getting me."

Another fatalist, although he would probably laugh if you told him so, is Harry N. Atwood, the surprising young aviator, first to fly from St. Louis to New York and to chance his life to the tricky eddies and cross currents whirling over the great sky-scrapers. Like Latham, he has faced what to many would appear an absurdity were it called a peril. Latham fears a yawn, Atwood a sneeze. The better to appreciate Atwood's remarkable statement that "a sneeze is one of the greatest perils of aviation," let us learn something of the man. Atwood possesses a fine intellect. Trained at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, he early evinced an aptitude for mechanics. One day a flying meet was held at Boston, and it is not surprising that Atwood was among the first on the field. Until dusk fell he watched the soaring planes. Then he went home and reasoned it out with himself. Months later, Atwood appeared at the Burgess-Wright school and said that he wished to fly. They asked him if he had any fear of the air, and with unconscious fatalism he answered:

"Why should I? If an accident 's coming my way, it can get me just as well through railroads, automobiles, horses, boats, and cars as aëroplanes."

Six weeks later he astounded the newspaper public, which had never before seen his name, by winging his way from Boston to New London, over the Thames River, while the Harvard and Yale crews were rowing, and then down to New York.

"It 's all so easy," he explained smilingly after he had alighted at Governor's Island.

Yet later at Cleveland, en route to New York on the St. Louis flight, he said:

"After leaving Edgewater Park, I suddenly became aware of one of the gravest perils of aviation—a sneeze. An insect flew into my nose, and I felt the sneezing convulsion coming on. Immediately it dawned upon me that probably more than one aviator owes his death to a sneeze—the spasmodic jerking of the head, a brief loss of sense of direction, a pull at a lever which makes recovery of balance impossible. Realizing that the sneeze was inevitable, I braced myself accordingly. I dread it again."

Also consider the experience of J. A. D. McCurdy at the recent Chicago meet. By some miracle he is alive to-day. Sweeping low over the Columbia Yacht Club, an impulse bade him turn where a motor-boat was *puttering* toward the float. The next instant he crashed into strings of telegraph-wires that parted, spitting sparks and tumbling his machine to the ground, wrecked and in flames. Unharmed save for the shock to his nerves, McCurdy exclaimed:

"How many ways there are to kill us!"

And the fatal "loss of balance" in the air continues to reckon as many victims as those destroyed by this same deadly carelessness.

"It takes an expert aviator to make the

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aëroplane a deadly weapon," said Latham, from whom have come many apt expressions of aviation. "The trouble is that, overwhelmed with over-confidence, the expert will attempt feats that eventually bring death."

Eugene Ely was another fatalist who played into the hands of death through over-confidence. He used to thrill crowds by what he termed the "Ely Glide." This consisted of rising over a thousand feet, shutting off the engine, and rushing down to earth at an angle of thirty-three degrees. One day Ely climbed into his machine at Erie, Pennsylvania. A newspaper man asked him how he felt when ready to begin his bolt. "Does the crowd bother you?" he pressed.

Ely, generally reticent, happened to be unusually talkative, and said:

"I see the crowd below me looking upward, and I know every man who watches me start downward half expects to see me killed. I suppose they all figure how they 'll help pick up my bones some day."

Some minutes later Ely was dashed to the ground and was carried bleeding and unconscious to a hospital. But Fate was not ready for him, and he recovered. A month later, once more racing to earth on the "Ely Glide," he was killed. Without fatalism, Ely would have retired, like Brookins, and be living to-day.

But it is in the division where recklessness, ignorance of danger, and indifference to death are confounded with courage that the most sensational feats occur. For instance, picture J. Armstrong Drexel 6750 feet above Lanark, Scotland.

He sat benumbed. Through the metal levers the cold bit deeper into his hands. Gradually his legs and arms were stiffening. At 5000 feet the left side of his body became paralyzed. His heart was faltering, and the blood coursed sluggishly through his half-frozen body.

His lungs were gasping in the rarefied air, and a heavy pounding began in his ears. Behind him a motor was clattering, and from the engine came a strange wheezing and panting. A veil of clouds drew a curtain across the darkening earth, but the monoplane's white wings were still touched with the pinkish afterglow, which had long since faded to purple and gray to those on earth.

Drexel moved. He blinked the crusted tears from his eyes and peered at the tiny barograph strapped to his wrist. As he tried to make the reading, a drowsiness took him, and his head dropped wearily. It was his will power alone that enabled him to fight off that impulse. Then a cloud parted, and a ghostly light fell flickering across the barograph. He read 6750 feet, mumbled, "I guess I 've got it," and with a last rallying of his senses dipped the prow of his machine, and the swift bolt through the cold began.

Everything grew vague; his senses weakened; the earth came hurtling up at him. A red spark grew to a leaping blaze; dark specks swelled to houses, and swarms of moving dots became running figures as the machine whirled downward, swooping, circling. From habit, Drexel gave a sudden downward tilt to the front planes, and beating the air like a bird, the machine settled to earth. Drexel sat motionless, and the crowd surged forward. They lifted him from his seat and began to strip off his snow-incrusted gauntlets. But, with a grimace of pain, he drew back his half-frozen fingers, crying, "Hell is high!"

For three days Drexel lost his hearing. Then a friend asked him if he was not afraid to take such chances. As if weighing his reply, Drexel became thoughtful. He was silent almost a minute. Then he said slowly:

"If you think of danger when you 're flying, you 're as good as killed. The aviator must act as if there were no difference between life and death."

So much for Drexel, who escaped the thing. Perhaps Ralph Johnstone, whom Hoxsey saw fall at Denver, was different. By temperament Johnstone was happy-go-lucky. Big-hearted, good-natured, one always found him joking and smiling until he prepared for a flight. Then he became suddenly morose. Often he told the always flippant Hoxsey, "It 'll get us some day."

It is recollected that Johnstone became unusually quiet and gloomy before starting one of the great altitude flights for which he became prominent. What he thought once when 8000 feet above the earth is astonishing. It was after he had established a new American altitude record at Belmont Park that he said:

"Curious ideas come to you when

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you 're up there. What I was thinking of most during the last half-hour was how nice a plate of roast beef and beans would taste!"

On the other hand the more finely fatalistic Hoxsey, after descending from 8000 feet, remarked in a moment of thoughtfulness:

"Who knows better than an aviator how small a man is and the planet on which he lives, and the greatness of the universe? Despite the scientists, man may yet fly to other worlds."

But for picturesque expression of indifference to death, we must turn to two Frenchmen, Jules Vedrines and Conneau, a lieutenant of the navy who flew under the name of André Beaumont.

It was during the circuit of Britain, a sensational race over England and Scotland. They had come from Continental triumphs, Vedrines as winner of the Paris-to-Madrid race, Beaumont the first to finish the circuit of Europe. Also, with racial characteristics, the feeling between them was tense. From the Brooklands aërodrome just outside London they winged away, first Vedrines in the lead, then Beaumont. At Bristol, on the return from Scotland, a great crowd waited, that had been searching the northern sky from late afternoon. Now twilight was gathering, and the fliers were still somewhere in the yellowing evening. Shortly after 8 o'clock a speck formed over the horizon in the direction of Manchester. Swelling slowly, it took the lines of a monoplane, and amid a muffled clattering and humming, Beaumont swam through the dusk down to the landing-field. He fell back in his seat exhausted, but smiling, and they carried him to a waiting automobile. There, while the motor hummed through the night on the way to his hotel, Beaumont broke into excited talk.

"Ah, your English weather!" he cried. "Up near the Cumberland—you call it the lake district, I believe—I flew suddenly into a storm. All around me was black. The earth I could not see except when lightning flashed on tree-tops, broken fields, rocks, all in a vivid grayish light. The rain, sharp, sleety points, spun off the propeller, cutting my face. Once a gust of wind almost overturned my machine. I never expected to come out alive."

"You were lucky," exclaimed the young Englishman sitting beside him.

Beaumont elevated his eyebrows slightly. "Most of us get *it* sooner or later," he remarked carelessly, and then he changed moods with French swiftness, crying:

"I cannot forget it, *messieurs*. Remember Le Blon, how he mocked the elements by going up in the pouring rain, with the wind blowing a gale. Later, as a punishment, they dashed him down on the rocks of San Sebastian. And Chavez, who dared to fly over the Alps, where only Bonaparte and Hannibal had gone—over the emperor's road, the gorges, the chasms of Brieg and Domodossola, over the Simplon Pass. They hurled him to death beside the towering ranges before he could land and tell his triumph to men. Rolls, Grace, Hauvette, Vivaldi, Van Masduk, all laughed at the sky, and they 're dead now. Sometimes I wonder—"

He broke off abruptly, almost ashamed, falling into a moody silence.

Twenty minutes had passed, and out at the field the crowd awaited Vedrines. Bonfires flared their signals into the night, but no Vedrines. Finally the drum of a motor rolled out of the sky, and they saw Vedrines swoop down behind the tree-tops a mile away. Then his mechanician dashed away. He was needed, for on landing Vedrines had broken a skid strut and tie wire of his machine. The delay was costly, and Vedrines was beside himself, talking excitedly and gesticulating. The rules were that every contestant should land in the official field. Vedrines had missed the control. So hopping about wildly, crying and laughing, he hovered over the mechanician making the repairs. Vedrines had decided upon the perilous feat of flying his machine through pitch darkness over high trees and houses, down to the control. They tried to dissuade him, but he would heed no one that night. Beaumont was ahead.

The motor of his machine began spluttering to the swishing of the great propeller. Then it rose, a weird thing sweeping through the night, visible only when flame now and again spurted from the exhausts. Toward the signal-fires it came booming, rakish, ghostly, down to the flickering piles of brush with theatrical effect.

Men seemed to leap up from the ground

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as in the myth of the dragon's teeth, and Vedrines hopped from his seat.

"A terrible risk you took, M. Vedrines," admonished a substantial Britisher.

"Maybe I 'll get killed some day, eh?" he rejoined. "Now I go to get something to eat."

"Beaumont has landed," persisted another, bluntly.

"To-morrow I land first," grinned Vedrines, sardonically.

He bit into a sandwich.

Our last broad division deals with defects that the thing can create in man and machine. But through them all, as we shall see, the magnificent fatalism survives. To a man may come air-sickness, heart failure, and temporary paralysis from the cold. For instance:

Over Deauville, France, Léon Morane had climbed 7000 feet. Suddenly his machine fell like a dead rocket, and it was feared that Morane had been killed. Automobiles rushed to a field where the monoplane had been seen to descend. There they found Morane, dazed, but unhurt, seated in his undamaged machine beside a barbed-wire fence, a barograph in his hand. When he was able to talk he said:

"I was gliding down when nausea overcame me. There was a maddening hammering of the ear-drums, and violent gusts of wind rocked my machine. I 'm all right now, though, and, besides, my next accident will be different."

It was.

Hoxsey's death at Los Angeles has been ascribed to heart failure. Another aviator killed through this medium was Bokemueller, a German. Flying through a fog at the Johannesthal field, near Berlin, his heart failed. The machine became unmanageable and crashed into a building. Bokemueller's relatives claim that he had told them of a premonition of death.

It was the cold, however, that almost sent Henry Wynmalen to his death. One day this twenty-one-year-old Hollander established a world's altitude record over Mourmelon, France. As he was about to descend, the biting cold numbed his ears and fingers, and an icy gale slashed away at his face. Fighting against the drowsiness that freezing brings, Wynmalen managed to bring his machine down to earth, falling back in a faint when the skids touched the ground. Upon recovering consciousness, he mumbled:

"Another man would have been killed. I shall live to make more records."

We saw how fatalist Ralph Johnstone fell at Denver—fell because a joint was repaired carelessly. Later his namesake, St. Croix, met death at Chicago because a gas-tank exploded. Like Ralph, St. Croix Johnstone dreaded the "accident that must come some day." And Radley, the Englishman, who, seeing a cemetery near an aviation-field, remarked, "I 'm not due for a long time yet," barely saved his life when the intake-valve broke 2000 feet in the air. Once Hoxsey fell a mile into a blackberry patch, near woods and water, because his engine stalled. The aëroplane of Ehrman, a German, was struck by lightning and destroyed. Ehrman escaped. Crossing the Pyrenees, an eagle attacked Vedrines, almost causing him to overturn. Once in France, a covey of partridges flew into Gidy's face. He lost his balance, fell, and was fortunate to emerge alive from the wrecked machine. But why continue? I could name aviator after aviator, some familiar to the reader, others not, who have met this last weapon of death, yet lived or died fatalistically.

Then their superstitions! Take the case of Sée, a Frenchman. It is an ironical connecting-link, so to speak, between our classified accidents and the superstitions. Before Sée became an aviator he was a postal-telegraph engineer. At Issy he had erected a telegraph-post on top of a tall building just outside the aviation-field. Later, when he became an aviator, he conceived a fear for that pole, and always kept away from it. One day he was competing in a cup-race. Making a turn, his machine drifted out of the course and brought up with a crash against a telegraph-post. It was the one he had built.

To-day four-leafed clovers and the number 13 are regarded by aviators as certain death. Before Laffont and Pola were killed at Issy-les-Moulineaux, a friend drew the outline of a four-leafed clover on a wing of their monoplane. The dread superstition swept over Europe.

During the Chicago meet where Johnstone and Badger were killed, thirteen aviators sat down at a banquet on August 13. Johnstone was among them. A room on

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floor 13 of the hotel was occupied by Badger. As the four-leafed clover has frightened the Continent, so 13 has come to be shunned by most fliers here.

On the Swingate Downs at Dover there is a hangar of galvanized iron, substantial, but unused. Near it are other hangars, miserable tents buttressed with timbers. Any aviator could leave his tent and house his machine in the sturdy iron hangar, but none of them will. There is a superstition connected with it. Rolls, the builder, was killed at Bournemouth. Later, Grace used it, and flew into the North Sea, never to be seen again.

In Grace we again meet the supreme fatalist. He was a young American, indifferent to death, like the adventurous Moisant, the chipper Hoxsey. He, too, realized that something awaited him somewhere out in the void. And were this not so matter-of-fact an age, what a myth could be told of him, vanishing into the smoky distance of the North Sea!

STELLA MARIS

BY WILLIAM J. LOCKE

Author of "The Beloved Vagabond," "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne," "Septimus," "The Glory of Clementina," etc.

CHAPTER VII

IT was a puzzle to John as much as to the palpitating lady, and in the maze of his puzzledom the gleam of humor that visited him during their interview lost its way. Walter Herold's eyes, however, twinkled maliciously when he heard John's account, at once rueful and pig-headed. Then he grew serious.

"It will be comic opera all the time. It can't be done."

"It 's going to be done," said John, obstinately. "There 's nothing else to do. If I were a rich man, I could work wonders with a scratch in my check-book. I could hire an unexceptionable colonel's or clergyman's widow to do the business. But I 'm not. How I 'm going to get the house together, as it is, I don't know. Besides," he added, turning with some savageness on his friend, "if you think it a comic-opera idea, kindly remember it was you who started it."

Though Herold was silenced for the moment, to the back of his mind still clung the first suggestion he had made. It was the common-sense idea that, given a knowledge of John's relations with the Southcliff household, would have occurred to anybody. John had it in his power to befriend the unhappy child without trying the rash experiment of raising her social status. Wherein lay the advantage of bringing her up as a lady? A pampered maid in a luxurious home does not drag out the existence of a downtrodden slave. Such have been known to smile and sing, even to bless their stars, and finally to marry a prince in grocer's disguise, and to live happy ever afterward. With John's description of the girl's dog-like eyes in his memory, Herold pictured her as a devoted handmaiden to Stella-maris, a romantic, medieval appanage of the sea-chamber. What more amazingly exquisite destiny could await not only one bred in the gutter, but any damsel far more highly born? Her silence as to the past could be insured under ghastly penal-

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ties which would have no need of imagination for their appeal. That of course would be an ultimate measure. He felt certain that a couple of months' probation in the atmosphere of the Channel House would compel any human being not a devil incarnate to unthinking obedience to the unwritten law. By following this scheme, Unity would achieve salvation, Stellamaris acquire a new interest in life, and John himself be saved not only from financial worries, but from grotesquely figuring in comic opera. As for Miss Lindon, he felt certain that she would fall down on her knees and offer up thanksgivings to the God of her grandmothers.

But of this scheme John would hear no word. He bellowed his disapproval like an angry bull, rushed out, as it were, with lowered head, into the thick of house-agents, and before Herold could catch him in a milder humor he had signed the lease of a little house in Kilburn, overlooking the Paddington Recreation Ground. By the time it was put in order and decorated, he declared, Unity would be in a fit condition to take up her abode there with Miss Lindon and himself.

"Where is this convalescent home you 're going to send her to?" asked Herold.

John did not know. A man could not attend to everything at once. But there were thousands. He would find one. Then, it being the end of the week, he went down to the Channel House, where, by the midnight train on Saturday, Herold joined him.

It was Herold who laid John's rash project before Sir Oliver and Lady Blount.

"Why in the world," cried the latter, checking the hospitable flow of tea from the teapot and poising it in mid-air—they were at breakfast—"why in the world does n't he send the child to us?"

John, in desperation, went over his arguments. The discussion grew heated. Sir Oliver, with a twirl of his white mustache, gave him to understand that to take folks out of the station to which it had pleased God to call them was an act of impiety to which he, Sir Oliver, would not be a party. His wife, irritated by her husband's dictatorial manner, demurred to the proposition. John had every right to do as he liked. If you adopted a child, you brought it up as a matter of course in your own rank in life. Why adopt it? Why not? They bickered as usual. At last John got up in a fume and went to cool his head in the garden. It was outrageous that he should never be allowed to mismanage his own affairs. There was the same quarreling interference when he proposed to go to Australia. He lit his pipe and puffed at it furiously. After a while Lady Blount joined him. She declared herself to be on his side; but, as in most sublunary things, there was a compromise.

"At any rate, my dear John, give your friends a little chance of helping you," she said. "If you set your face against Walter's plan, at least you can send the child down here to recuperate. Nurse Holroyd will keep a trained eye on her, and she can play about the garden and on the beach as much as she likes. I do understand what you 're afraid of with regard to Stella—"

"Oliver and Walter are wooden-headed dolts," cried John.

She smiled wifely agreement. "There need be no danger, I assure you. We can give the child a room in the other wing, and forbid her the use of Stella's side of the house. Stella's room will be guarded. You may trust me. Have I ever failed yet? And Stella need never know of her presence in the place. After all," she continued, touching his coat-sleeve, "I think I am a bit nearer to your life than your Aunt Gladys."

John laughed at the flash of jealousy.

"If you put it that way, it is very hard to refuse."

"Then you 'll send her?"

He knocked the ashes out of his pipe against the heel of his boot, thus hiding the annoyance on his face; but he yielded.

"For her convalescence only."

The touch on his arm deepened into a squeeze.

"If you had said no, I should have been so hurt, dear."

"I only want to do what 's decently right," said he.

"I think you 're acting nobly," she said.

"My dear Julia," said he, "I 'm not going to listen to infatuated rubbish."

He cast off her hand somewhat roughly, but continued to walk with her up and down the terrace, talking intimately of his

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plans concerning the adopted child and the psychological problem she presented. No man, in his vain heart of hearts, really resents a woman calling him a noble fellow, be she ten years old or his great-great-grandmother. They parted soon afterward, Lady Blount to prepare herself for church, which Sir Oliver and she attended with official regularity, and John to worship in his own way—one equally acceptable, I should imagine, to the Almighty—in the sea-chamber of Stellamaris.

He found Herold there, in the midst of a dramatic entertainment, with Stellamaris and Constable for audience. How familiar and unchanging was the scene! The great, bright room, the wood fire blazing merrily up the chimney, the huge dog lifting his eyes and stirring his tail in welcome, and against the background of sea and sky the fairy head on its low pillow. Stella smiled, put a finger to her lips, and pointed to a chair.

"Go on," she said to Herold.

"We 're in the middle of the first act, just before my exit," said the latter.

John became aware, as he listened, that Herold was sketching the piece in which he was playing, a fragrant comedy full of delicate sentiment and humor. His own scenes he acted in full, taking all the parts. Stella lay entranced, and fixed on him glorious eyes of wonder. How could he do it? At one astonishing moment he was a young girl, at another her sailor sweetheart, at another a palsied, mumbling old man. And when, as the old man, he took the weeping girl under his arm and hobbled away on his stick, leaving the young fellow baffled and disappointed, it seemed an optical illusion, so vivid was the picture. He recrossed the room, smiling, the real Walter Herold again; Stella clapped her hands.

"Is n't he perfectly lovely!"

"Stunning," said John, who had often witnessed similar histrionic exhibitions in that room, and had always been impressed with their exquisite art. "I wish you could see the real thing, dear."

Stella glanced out to sea for a moment and glanced back at him.

"I don't think I do," she said. "It would be *too* real."

"What do you mean by that?"

Herold clapped John on the shoulder. "Can't you see what a subtle little artistic soul she has?" he cried enthusiastically. "She has evolved for herself the fundamental truth, the vital essence of all art—suggestion. She means that, in order that the proper harmony should be established between the artist and the person to whom he is making his appeal, the latter must go a certain way to meet him. He must exercise his imagination, too, on the same lines. The measure of your appreciation, say, of Turner, is the length of the imaginative journey you make toward him. When a thing needs no imaginative effort to get hold of it, it 's not a work of art. You have n't got to go half-way to the housemaid to realize a slice of bread and butter. That 's where so-called realism fails. Stella 's afraid that if she saw us all in flesh and blood on the stage, nothing would be left to her imagination. She 's right in essence."

Stella smiled on him gratefully. "That 's exactly how I feel, but I could n't have expressed it. How do you manage to know all these funny things that go on inside me?"

"I wish I did," said Herold, with a touch of wistfulness.

"But you do." She turned to John. "Does n't he, Belovedest?"

Herold glanced at the clock. "I must run. I promised Sir Oliver to go to church. We 'll have the rest of the play this afternoon."

"Why don't you go to church, too?" Stella asked when Herold had gone.

"I 'm not so good as Walter," he replied.

"You are," she cried warmly.

He shook his head. He knew that Herold's church-going was not an act of great spiritual devotion; for the Southcliff service was dull, and the vicar, good, limited man, immeasurably duller. It was an act of characteristic unselfishness: he went so as to be a buffer between Sir Oliver and his wife, who invariably quarreled during their sedate, official walk to and from morning service, and on this particular occasion, with fresh contentious matter imported from the outside, were likely to hold discourse with each other more than usually acrimonious.

"Walter 's a sort of saint," said he, "who can hear the music of the spheres. I can't. I just jog along the ground and listen to barrel-organs."

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They argued the point for a while, then drifted back to Herold's acting, thence to the story of the play.

"I wonder what 's going to happen," said Stellamaris. "If Dorothy does n't marry her sailor, I shall never get over it."

John laughed. "Suppose the sailor turns out to be a dark, double-dyed, awful villain?"

"Oh, he can't; he 's young and beautiful."

"Don't you believe that beautiful people can be villains?"

"No," said Stella; "it 's silly." She looked for a while out to her familiar sea, the source of all her inspiration, and her brows were delicately knitted. "I may as well tell you," she said at last with great solemnity, "a conclusion I 've come to after lots of thought,—yes, dear Belovedest, I lie here and think lots and lots,—I don't believe the Bible is true."

"My dear Stella!" he cried, scandalized. He himself did not believe in the Jonah and whale story or in many other things contained in Holy Writ, and did not go to church, and was skeptical as to existence of anthropomorphous angels; but he held the truly British conviction of the necessity of faith in the young and innocent. Stella having been bred in the unquestioning calm of Anglican orthodoxy, her atheistical pronouncement was staggering. "My dear Stella!" he cried. "The Bible not true?"

She flushed. "Oh, I believe it 's all true as far as it goes," she exclaimed quickly; "but it 's not true about people to-day. All those dreadful things that are told in it—the cruelty of Joseph's brethren, for instance—did happen; but they happened so long, long ago. People have had lots and lots of time to grow better. Have n't they?"

"They certainly have, my dear," said John.

"And then Christ came to wash away everybody's sins."

"He did," said John.

"So it seems to me we can disregard a great deal of religion. It does n't affect us. We are n't good like the angels, I know," she remarked with the seriousness of a young disputant in the school of Duns Scotus; "but men don't kill each other, or rob each other, or be cruel to the weak, and nobody tells horrible lies, do they?"

"I think we 've improved during the last few thousand years," said John.

"So," said Stellamaris, continuing her argument, "as the fathers have no particular sins, they can't be visited much on the children. And if there are no wicked people to go to hell, hell must be empty, and therefore useless. So it 's no good believing in it."

"Not the slightest good in the world," said John, fervently.

"And now that everybody loves God," she went on, "I don't see what 's the good of religion. I love you, Great High Belovedest, but there 's no need for me to get a form of words to say 'I love you, I love you,' all day long. One's heart says it."

"What 's your idea of God, Stella dear?" he asked in a curiously husky voice.

She beckoned to him. He drew his chair nearer and bent toward her. She waved her fragile arms bare to the elbow.

"I think we breathe God," she said.

JOHN RISCA went back to Vincent Square and breathed the ghosts of the night-before-last's sprats, and he journeyed to the Orphanage of Saint Martha at Willesden and breathed the prison taint of that abode of hopelessness, and he wrote hard at night in a tiny room breathing the hot, electric atmosphere of a newspaper-office; and ever horribly dominant in his mind was the woman whom once he had held in his arms, who now performed degrading tasks in shameful outward investiture, and inwardly lashed at him with malignant hatred through the distorted prism of her soul, and he breathed the clammy dungeon atmosphere of his own despair; and sitting at his writing-table one night, after having spent the day in court listening to the loathsome details of a sickening murder, a *crime passionnel,* with the shock of which the wide world was ringing,—his American syndicate insisted on a vivid story, and he had to earn the journalist's daily bread, —the ignorant, fanciful words of Stellamaris flashed through his mind—"I think we breathe God." He threw back his head and laughed aloud, and then let it drop upon his arms, folded over his wet page of copy, and sobbed in a man's dry-eyed agony of spirit.

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And as the prophet Elijah, when sore beset, found the Lord neither in the wind nor in the earthquake nor in the fire, so did John Risca find Him not in all these daily things through which he had passed. Life was fierce, inhuman, a devastating medley of blind forces, making human effort a vain thing, human aspiration a derision, faith in mankind a grotesque savage Ju-ju superstition. There was no God, no beneficent influence making order out of chaos; for it was all chaos. Jezebel and all her lusts and cruelties ruled the world —this cloaca of a world. Man argues ever from particular to general, instinctively flying to the illogic on which the acceptance of human life is based. To Risca, at nine-and-twenty, his pain translated itself into terms of the world-pain; and so will it happen to all generations of all the sons and daughters of men.

After a while, as he sat there motionless, he grew aware of something delicately soft touching his ear and hair. For a moment he had the absurd fancy that Stellamaris stood beside him with caressing fingers. It became so insistent that he dallied with it, persuaded himself that she was there; he would have only to turn to see her in her childish grace. He heard a sound as of murmured speech. She seemed to whisper of quiet, far-off things. And then he seemed to hear the words: "The door is open. Go out into the wide spaces under heaven." He roused himself with a start, and, looking about him, perceived that the door of his sitting-room was indeed ajar, the ill-fitting old lock having slipped, thus causing a draft, which poured over his head and shoulders. He rose and clapped on his hat and went down-stairs. A ten-minutes' trudge on the pavements would clear his head for the work that had to be accomplished. But on his door-step he halted. Away above the housetops on the other side of the dingy square sailed the full moon, casting a wake of splendor along the edge of a rack of cloud. And below it swam a single star.

He caught himself repeating stupidly, "Stella Maris, Star of the Sea." With an impatient shake of the shoulders he went his way through the narrow streets and emerged upon the broad and quiet thoroughfares about the Abbey and the Houses of Parliament. On Westminster Bridge the startling silver of the moonlit river brought him to a stand. The same glory was overspreading the mild sea below the windows of the Channel House. Perhaps even then Stella lay awake, as she often did of nights, and was watching it and was "breathing God." A great longing arose within him to stand on the beach beneath her window in the wide spaces under heaven. So he walked on, thinking vaguely of Stellamaris and her ways and mysteries, and reached his home again in a chastened mood. Like Elijah, he had found God neither in the wind nor in the earthquake nor in the fire; but who can tell whether he had not been brought into touch with something of the divine by the still, small voice that came through the draft of the crazy door?

CHAPTER VIII

THINGS happened as John and Lady Blount had planned them. Sister Theophila, having satisfied herself that Unity Blake was not a second time being thrown to the wolves,—Lady Blount herself undertook the negotiations,—surrendered her without many regretful pangs. Unity Blake, fatalistic child of circumstance, surrendered herself without coherent thought. World authorities, vague in their nature, but irresistibly compelling in their force, had governed her life from her earliest years. The possibility of revolt, of assertion of her own individuality, was undreamed of in her narrow philosophy. She had the outlook on life of the slave; not the slave of the mettlesome temperament depicted by the late Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe and the late Mr. Longfellow, but the unaspiring deaf-mute of a barbaric harem. It is true that Lady Blount asked her whether she would like to go away to a nice house by the seaside, and afterward live for ever and ever with the kind gentleman who gave her peppermint bull's-eyes and the kind lady who had visited her one day, bringing her a pair of woolen mittens, and that Unity, after the manner of her class, had said, "Yes, ma'am"; but the consultation of Unity's wishes had been a pure formality. She had no idea of what the seaside meant, having never seen the sea or speculated on its nature. She could form no notion of her future life with the kind lady and gentleman, save perhaps that the pokers of the establish-

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ment might have other uses than as instruments of chastisement and that, at any rate, they might be applied cold and not red-hot. If they had taken her up without a word, and put her in an open coffin, and lowered her into an open grave, and left her there, Unity would have made no complaint, having at once no standard whereby to assess the right and wrong done to her, and no tribunal to which she could appeal higher than the vague world authorities above mentioned. The instinctive animal might have clambered out of the pit and wandered about the country-side in search of food and shelter, but that would have been all. The fervent human soul would have played but a small part.

So one day the matron came and dressed her in the parody of attire which she had worn during her lamentable excursion into the world, and men carried her, a creature of no volition, down-stairs, and put her into a cab with Lady Blount, and the two journeyed in a train for an hour or so, Unity lying flat on her back along one side of the carriage, and the lady sitting opposite, reading a magazine. The jolting of the train hurt her, but that was not the lady's fault. Sometimes the lady spoke to her, and she said, "Yes, ma'am," and, "No, ma'am," as she had been taught to do at the orphanage; but what the lady was saying she did not very well understand. She grasped, however, the lady's kindness of intention; and now and then the lady, looking up from her magazine, smiled and nodded encouragingly, an unfathomably mysterious proceeding, but curiously comforting. On the opposite side of the compartment was the most beautiful picture she had ever seen—lovely ladies in gorgeous raiment and handsome gentlemen sitting at little lamp-lit tables, eating a meal which chiefly consisted of scarlet birds; and there were other gentlemen, not quite so handsome, hovering about with dishes and bottles of wine; and the pillars of the hall were of pure marble, and the tops of them gold, and the ceiling was golden, too. In the foreground sat a peculiarly lovely lady in a red, low-cut frock, and an entrancingly handsome gentleman, and they were bending over the table and he held a wine-glass in his hand. Below she read the legend, "Supper at the Coliseum Hotel." She could scarcely keep her eyes off the picture. Lady Blount, noticing her rapt gaze, questioned her, and from her answers it was obvious that it was only the details that attracted her—the lovely ladies, the handsome men, the glitter and color of the preposterously gaudy scene. The essence of it she did not grasp; her spirit was not transported into the shoddy fairy-land; her imagination was untouched by the potentialities of life which to a mind a little, a very little, more awakened it might, with all its vulgar crudity, have suggested.

After the railway journey she was lifted into another cab, and taken into a big house with wonderfully soft carpets and with pictures on the walls. They carried her into a pretty room that looked like a bower of roses,—it had a rose-pattern wall-paper,—and from the window she could see trees and a great rolling expanse of country. She wondered why the place had no streets. They undressed her. A maid-servant, so trim and spruce that she addressed her as "ma'am," pointed to the heap of poor garments and asked:

"What are we to do with these, my lady?"

"Bury them," said Lady Blount.

"Ain't I never going out again, ma'am?" Unity inquired humbly.

"Of course, child. But we 'll give you some decent clothes," said Lady Blount.

They put her in a bath and washed her. The soap smelled so good that surreptitiously she got hold of the cake and nosed it like a young dog. They dried her in warm towels, and slipped a night-dress over her meager shoulders. It was then, perhaps, that fingering the gossamer thing, taking up a bunch of stuff in her fist and slowly letting it go, in a dreamy wonder, she first began to realize that she was on the threshold of a new life. Not even the soft bed or the delicious chicken-broth that was brought later eclipsed the effect produced by the night-dress. It had embroidery and all sorts of blue ribbons—an epoch-making garment.

Sometime later, the maid, having drawn the curtains and smoothed her pillow and tucked her in, said:

"If you want anything in the night, just touch that bell, and I 'll come to you."

Unity looked at her half comprehendingly. "Ring a bell? I should n't dare."

"Why?"

"It 's only missuses that ring bells."

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"Those are her ladyship's orders, anyway," laughed the maid.

" 'Ere," said Unity, with a beckoning finger. "What are they treating me like this for?"

So might a succulently fed sailor have suspiciously interrogated one of a cannibal tribe.

"How else would you want them to treat you?" asked the impercipient maid. "You 've come down here to get well, have n't you?" She bent down and tied a loosened ribbon in a bow. "I declare, if you have n't got on one of Miss Stella's nighties!"

"Who is Miss Stella?" asked Unity.

"Miss Stella?" The maid stared. To be in the Channel House and not know who Miss Stella was! "Miss Stella?" she repeated blankly. "Why, Miss Stella, of course."

The days passed quickly, and in the pure, strong air and under the generous treatment Unity began to mend. She also began to form a dim conception of Miss Stella. It was gradually borne in upon her mind that not only the household, but the whole cosmic scheme, revolved round Miss Stella. Sometimes they called her by another name, Stellamaris, which sounded queer, like the names of princesses in the fairy-tales they had given her to read. Perhaps this Miss Stella was a fairy-princess. Why not? Thus it came to pass that even in the darkened mind of this cockney child of misery Stellamaris began to shine with a lambent glow of mystery.

Now and then the kind gentleman came to visit her, with gifts of chocolates (as became her new estate), which she accepted meekly, though in her heart she regretted the peppermint bull's-eyes of fuller and more satisfying flavor. She learned in course of time that he was the husband of the woman whose image still brought sweating fright into her dreams. To save her from waking terror, Lady Blount spent much time and tact, enlisting her sympathy for John by convincing her that he himself had received barbarous usage from the same abhorred hands. Unity, whose habit of mind was to translate conceptions into terms of the objective, wondered what form of physical torture was applied to John. She pitied him immensely, but consoled herself by the reflection that as he was very big and strong, his probable sufferings were not inordinate. That so big and strong a man, however, should have suffered unresistingly she could not understand.

"Why did n't he wipe her over the 'ed, m' lady?" she asked simply. The "m'lady" was the result of the maid's instructions.

Lady Blount administered the necessary linguistic corrections, and, proceeding to the sociological side, informed her that gentlemen never struck women, no matter how great the provocation. Unity was quick to apply the proposition personally.

"Then Mr. Risca will never beat me, even if I do wrong?"

"Good heavens! no, child," cried Lady Blount, horrified. "Mr. Risca is as gentle as a kitten. You should see him with Miss Stella."

"Miss Stella loves him very much, m' lady?"

"Of course she does."

"And he loves her, too?"

"Everybody loves her," said Lady Blount, tenderly.

The next time that John came to Southcliff he found a convalescent Unity. Dressmakers and other fabricators of feminine raiment had been at work, and she was clad in blouse and short serge skirt, and her scanty, brown hair, instead of being screwed up in a diminutive bun at the back of her head, was combed and brushed and secured, after the manner of hair of young persons of sixteen, with bows of ribbon. She stood gawkily before him, confused in her own metamorphosis. At the orphanage she had worn the same uniform from early childhood. During her excursion into the world she had masqueraded as the grown woman. In the conventional attire of the English schoolgirl she did not recognize herself. Her coarse hands, scarcely refined by illness, hung awkwardly by her side. An appeal for mercy hovered at the back of her dull and patient eyes. Despite the trim dress and hair, she looked hopelessly unprepossessing, with her snub nose, wide mouth, weak chin, and bulgy and shiny forehead. Scragginess, too, had marked her for its own.

"Well, Unity," said John, "so you 're up at last. Have you been in the garden?"

She made the bob taught at the orphanage.

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"Yes, sir."

"And you 're feeling well and strong?"

"Yes, sir."

"And don't you think it 's a very beautiful place?"

"Yes, sir," said Unity.

They were always shy in each other's company, question and answer being the form of their conversation. John, who could talk all day long to Stella, felt curiously constrained in the presence of this unfamiliar type of humanity; and Unity, regarding him at the same time as a god who had delivered her out of the House of Bondage and as a fellow-victim at the hands of the Unspeakable, scarcely found breath for the utterance of her monosyllables.

"Sit down and go on with your work," said he.

He had come upon her as she sat by the window of her room sewing some household linen. She obeyed meekly. He watched her busy, skilful fingers for some time.

"Do you like sewing?"

"Yes, sir."

John lounged about the rose-covered room. What could he say next? On previous visits he had discoursed on their proposed life together, and she had been singularly unresponsive. He had also plugged her mind full, as he hoped, of moral precepts which should be of great value hereafter. But being no original aphorist, he had exhausted his ready-made stock. He thrust his hands into his pockets and looked out of the window. The little town of Southcliff lay hidden below the bluff, and all that he saw was the Sussex weald lit by the May sunshine and rolling lazily in pasture and woodland into the hazy distance. Within, the monotonous scrabble of the needle going in and out of stiff material alone broke the silence.

Presently the maid came in.

"Miss Stella's compliments, sir, and if you 're disengaged, she would like to speak to you for a minute."

She had a habit of summoning thus politely, but autocratically, her high ministers of state.

"I will come to Miss Stella immediately," said John. He turned to Unity. "Now that you can get about again, I suppose Lady Blount has told you not to go to the other side of the house."

"Yes, sir."

"Do you understand why?"

She raised her eyebrows. Having lived under the despotism of the world authorities, she had never dreamed of questioning the why and wherefore of any ordinance.

"It 's forbidden, sir."

"No one goes there without express invitation from Miss Stella," said John, indiscreetly. "If any one did, I don't know what would happen to him."

He left her with a new idea in her confused little brain. Mr. Risca was obviously speaking truth, as he himself had just been summoned by the mysterious princess. Unity knew that she was very beautiful and lay all her life on a bed looking out to sea; that she was an angel of goodness; that she was worshiped by the whole household, even by the humbler members of the servants' hall, who had never seen her. A kitchen-maid summoned into the presence for the first time—it was a question of the carriage of coals—decked herself out in her trimmest and cleanest and departed on her errand with the beating heart of one who approaches royalty. There was a tradition, too, that Miss Stella was magically endowed with a knowledge of everything that went on in the house and that nothing was done without her bidding and guidance. Special flowers in the garden were grown for Miss Stella. Special fowls in the poultry-yard laid eggs exclusively for Miss Stella. A day was bright because Miss Stella had requested the sun to shine. Unity knew all this, and when John went out, her heart began to flutter with a wild hope. She laid her sewing in her lap and pictured the scene: the maid would open the door. "Unity, Miss Stella desires to see you." The fairy-books said that you kissed a princess's hand. I think this must have been Unity Blake's first day-dream. It was a sign of a spirit's emancipation.

The days passed, however, without the dream coming true. But she was very humble. Why should Miss Stella want to see any one so ugly and unimportant? Besides, the garden, with its walks and lawns and shrubberies and great, green trees; the unimagined sea rolling from the purple rim far away, to dash itself in spray upon the shingle of the beach; the almost terrifying freedom; the young animal's

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unconscious exultation in returning health; the feminine, instinctive delight in tasteful dress; the singular absence of harsh, cold speech; the curious privilege of satiating her young hunger at every meal—all these new joys combined to protect her from disappointment. There was Constable, too. At her first meeting with the great dog in the garden, she was paralyzed with fright. He stood some way off, watching her with pricked-up ears; then he walked slowly up to her, and smelled her all over with awful gravity. She felt his cold nose touch her cheek. She could not run. Every instant she expected him to open his huge mouth and devour her. But after an eternity he turned away with a sniff, and suddenly began to roll on his back, writhing his neck and body in odd contortions and throwing up his great feet in the air. A gardener appeared from a shrubbery close by, and Unity made a wild rush for his protection. The man saw that she was frightened and reassured her. Constable had only wanted to make certain that she was not a wicked person come with intent to harm Miss Stella. He was Miss Stella's own dog, her bodyguard, who saw to it that no unauthorized person came into her presence.

"He would be fierce then?" she asked.

The gardener was amused. "He 'd gobble you up like winking." He called the dog, who rose in a dignified way from his gambol.

"Just pat him on the head, and don't look afraid," counseled the gardener.

So Unity, taking courage, did as she was bidden, and Constable, searching her soul with his wise eyes, admitted her to his friendship. From that time she looked forward to her casual meetings with the dog, although she always felt a certain awe at his strength and bulk, even when he allowed her to be most familiar. And he was invested with a human significance that also made for reverence. Gambol though he might, like the friskiest and least responsible of lambs, he filled, in the workaday hours of life, a post of extraordinary honor and responsibility. He had his being in that inner shrine of mystery where the fairy-princess dwelt; he guarded her most sacred body; he was her most intimate friend and servant. Sometimes, holding the dog's face between her hands, she would ask a child's question.

"What does she talk to you about? Why won't you tell me?" And she would whisper messages in his ear. Once she stuck a dandelion in his collar, and bade him give it to his mistress with her love. Then frightened at her own temerity, she took it back. The dream did not come true, but Constable became a very substantial and comforting part of its fabric.

Then there was Walter Herold. He had the faculty of getting through the deep-incrusted shell of apathy which baffled her other friends. His quick, laughing eyes and sensitive face compelled confidence. He did not wrap himself in the gloomy majesty of her protector, nor was he abrupt and disconcerting like Sir Oliver. The iron repression of her life had kept her dumb. Even now, when she took the initiative in conversation, making a statement or asking a question instead of answering one, instinct jerked her eyes from her interlocutor to space around, as though in apprehension of the fall of an audacity-avenging thunderbolt. Ignorant and inarticulate, she now had unjustly a reputation for sullenness in the household. Keen and sympathetic as were Lady Blount and the nurse, who had undertaken to give her elementary instruction in personal and table manners, they could elicit nothing but commonplaces from the chaotic mind. To Herold alone could the child that she was chatter freely. She told him of her life at the orphanage, the daily routine, the squabbles with schoolmates. She spoke of her five-months' inferno.

"But why did n't you run out into the street and tell the first policeman you met?"

"I was always 'fraid of p'licemen. And 'ow was I to know that was n't the regular thing in service? Where I come from, before I went to the orphanage, everybody used to knock each other about. And sometimes they used to beat us at the orphanage, but more often they put us in the cell on bread and water. Most of the girls 'd rather be licked. When I was at Smith Street, I thought the cell heaven." She paused for a moment, and her eyes hardened evilly. "I 'm jolly glad she 's in quod, though. Will they beat her there?"

"No, my dear," said Herold; "they 're trying to make her good."

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She laughed scornfully. " 'Er good? If I 'd known then what I know now, I 'd 'ave poured scaldin' water over her. S'welp me!"

"I 'm very glad you did n't, for you and I would n't be sitting here now by this beautiful sea." He put his hand gently on her head. "Do you know how you can repay all these people who are so kind to you?"

"No," said Unity.

"By trying to forget everything that happened to you in the past. Don't think of it."

"I must," she replied in a dull, concentrated tone. "I should like to have her 'ere now and cut her throat."

Herold remonstrated, and talked perhaps more platitudinously than was his wont. When he reported this interview to John, for it was from Herold that he learned most of the psychology of Unity Blake, John frowned.

"That 's a bad trait."

"It will pass," said Herold. "She has come from the dungeons into the garden of life. She is for the first time just beginning to realize herself as a human being. Naturally the savage peeps out. That will be tamed. She has wonderful latent capacities for good. Already she has invented a kind of religion with Stellamaris as divinity."

"What does she know about Stella?" John asked roughly.

"Virtually everything," laughed Herold. "We talk Stella interminably. When she spoke of throat-cutting, I brought in Stella with great effect. I made her go down on her knees on the big rock and look up at the window and say, 'Princess Stellamaris, I am a bad and wicked girl, and I am very sorry.' She looked so penitent, poor little kid, that I kissed her."

John laughed half contemptuously and then looked glum. "I can never get a word out of her."

"That 's not her fault," said Herold. "She confuses you, in some way, with God. And if you stand over her like an early Hebrew Jah in his most direful aspect, you can't expect the poor child to chirrup like a grasshopper."

"I 'll be glad when I get her under my own control," said John.

And all this time, while she was being deified, Stellamaris remained tranquilly unaware of the existence of her new devotee. The discipline of the house was so rigid that not a hint or whisper reached the sea-chamber. Perhaps Constable in his wistful, doggy way may have tried to convey Unity's messages, but how can a whine and a shake of the head and a touch of the paw express such a terribly complicated thing as the love of one human being for another? If only Unity had let the dandelion remain, or had slipped a note under his collar, Constable would have done his best to please. At any rate, as the days went on, he showed himself more and more gracious to Unity.

Now it happened one Saturday morning that Stellamaris was wearing a brand-new dressing-jacket. It was a wondrous affair of pale, shot silk that shimmered like mother-of-pearl, and it had frills and sleeves of filmy old Buckingham lace. More than ever did she look like some rare and sweet sea-creature. The jacket had come home during the week, but though it had been the object of her feminine delight, she had reserved the great first wearing for Saturday and the eyes of her Great High Belovedest. Her chances for coquetry were few. She surveyed herself in a hand-mirror, and saw that she was fair.

"Constable," she said, "if he does n't think it perfectly ravishingly beautiful, I shall die. You think it beautiful, don't you?"

Constable, thus appealed to, rose from the hearth-rug, stretched himself, and, approaching, laid his head against his mistress's cheek. Then, a favorite habit, he put his forepaws on the edge of the bed, and stood towering over the sacred charge and gazed with wrinkled brow across the channel, as though scanning the horizon for hostile ships. He had done this a thousand times with no mishap. He would as soon have thought of biting her as of putting a heavy paw on beloved body or limb. But on this particular occasion the edge of the bed gave treacherous footing. To steady himself, he shifted his left paw an inch nearer her arm, and happened to strike the Buckingham lace.

"Down, Constable!" she cried.

He obeyed; but his claw caught in the lace, and away it ripped from the shoulder.

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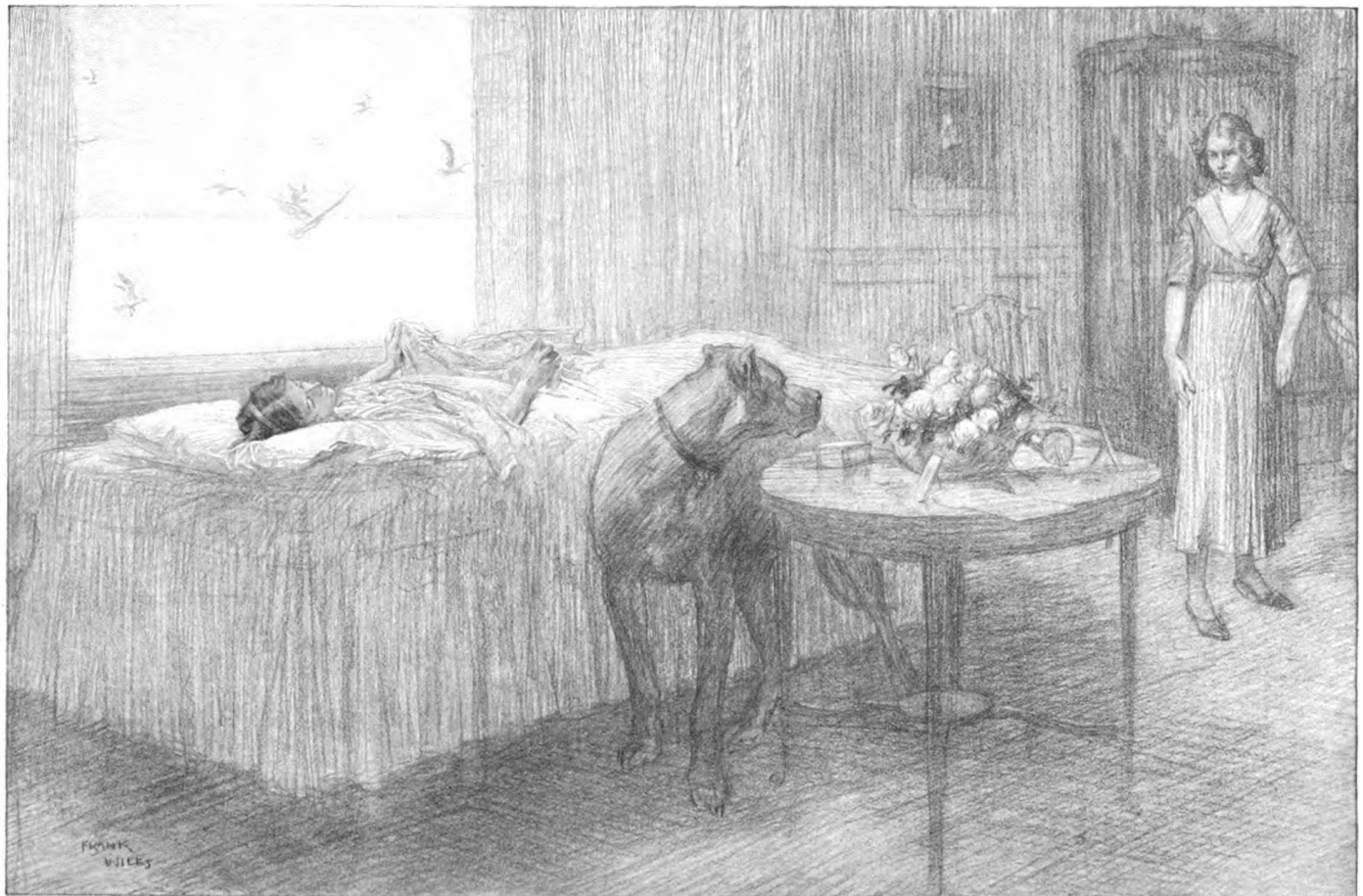

Drawn by Frank Wiles

"'WHO ARE YOU, MY DEAR?' ASKED STELLAMARIS"

Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

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"Oh, darling, you 've ruined my beautiful jacket!"

Constable wagged his tail, and came up to be petted. A man would have confounded himself in apologies, and made matters worse. In such a circumstance the way of the dog may be recommended.

Stella rang the bell. The maid entered. Her Serene High-and-Mightiness, the nurse, was summoned. Dismay reigned in the sea-chamber. The dressing and undressing of Stellamaris was a tragic matter.

"If it 's not mended before Mr. Risca comes, my heart will break," she said.

The maid took the dressing-jacket and the torn lace down-stairs. Inspecting them, she found the damage not irreparable. The rents might be temporarily concealed from the unseeing eyes of man. But it would take time. She was busy, in the midst of some work for her mistress. Human nature asserting itself, she dratted Constable. On her way to her room she glanced out of a window that overlooked the lawn. There, in the May sunshine, sat Unity, hemming dusters. Now, Unity was made for higher things of the needle than dusters. She had a genius for needlework. The maid knew it. In a few moments, therefore, Unity had exchanged the dull duster for the exquisite and thrilling garment, warm from the sweet body of the Lady of Mystery herself. The maid brought the necessary battery of implements with which such delicate repairs are executed, and left an enraptured orphan on a rustic bench.

Unity set to work. The mending of torn lace is a ticklish affair under the most prosaic of conditions: when goddesses and fairy-princesses and Stellamarises are mixed up in it, the occupation absorbs mind and soul. Unity's first awakening to the fact of an outside world was effected by a huge, grayish blue head thrust between her face and her needle. It was Constable, who had been let loose for his morning frisk. She pushed him away. Even the most majestic of Great Danes is moist about the jowl. Suppose he dribbled on the sacred vesture! Marrow-freezing possibility! She held his head at arm's-length, and bade him begone. But Constable broke through her puny restraint and sniffed at the dressing-jacket. He sniffed at it in so insistent and truculent a manner that Unity grew frightened. She held the dressing-jacket high in the air.

"Just you clear out!" she cried, and jerked the arm in an indiscreet gesture. Whimsical fate decreed that it should slip through her fingers. It fell on the lawn. She pounced. Constable pounced. He pounced first, caught the jacket in his mouth, and trotted across the lawn. She pursued. The trot became a loping gallop. She ran, she called. The gutter child's vernacular came to her aid; she called him unrecordable things. Constable, whose ears had never been so shocked before, galloped the faster. He bolted into the house, head erect, the body of the jacket in his mouth, and a forlorn sleeve trailing on the ground. Unity pursued breathless, in the awful excitement of despair. She had no idea of place. Here was a horrible dog—he had lapsed utterly from grace—robbing her of the only thing in her life that had been precious. Her childish soul was concentrated on the rescue of the holy garment. Constable darted with scrabbling pads up the stairs. On the landing he halted for a moment, and, panting, looked down on her at the bottom of the flight. She crept up slowly, using hypocritical terms of endearment. He cocked derisive ears. When she had reached half-way, he tossed his head and loped on down a corridor, up more stairs. In the house not a soul was stirring, not a sound was heard save the dull thud of the dog's pads on the carpet. Outside a cuckoo expressed ironical views on the situation. Once Unity nearly caught the robber, but he sprang beyond her grasp.

At last he butted a door open with his head, and vanished. Unity followed blindly, and stood transfixed a yard or two beyond the threshold of the room.

It was a vast chamber, apparently all window and blue sky, and on a bed by a window was a face framed in a mass of brown hair—the face of a girl with beautiful eyes that looked at you like stars. To Unity it seemed two or three miles from where she stood to the bedside. Constable was there already, and he had surrendered the jacket. His tail wagged slowly, and his head, with cocked ears, was on one side.

"Oh, Constable, it 's very good of you,

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but now you 've done for my jacket altogether! Why will you try to be a lady's maid?"

It was the most exquisite voice in the world. Unity stood spellbound. She realized that she had unwittingly penetrated into the Holy of Holies. It was the princess herself.

"Who are you, my dear?" asked Stellamaris.

Unity's heart was beating. Her lips were dry; she licked them. She made the orphan's bob. Something stuck in her throat. Her head was in a whirl.

"Unity, m' lady," she gasped.

A peal of little golden bells seemed to dance from corner to corner of the vast room: it was Stellamaris laughing.

"I 'm not 'my lady.' Only Aunt Julia is 'my lady.' But I 've never seen you before, dear. Where do you come from?"

Unity pointed. "Constable—the jacket —I was mending of it."

Stellamaris at once appreciated the theatrical side of the situation. She gripped the Great Dane by the dewlap with her fragile fingers.

"Oh, you silly dear Lord High Constable! It 's his scent," she explained. "Anything he finds in the house that I 've worn, he always brings me. Susan has to lock her door against him. You were mending my lace?"

"In the garden."

Stella laughed again. "Foolish Constable, I can see it all. What did you say your name was, my dear?"

"Unity, m' lady."

"Then come here, Unity, and let us see whether Constable has utterly ruined the jacket. I did so want to wear it this afternoon."

Unity walked the two or three miles to the bedside, and took the jacket, and held it up for the inspection of four rueful eyes. There were great wet marks on it, of course, but these would dry. Otherwise no damage was done, Constable having carried it as tenderly as a retriever does a partridge.

"How old are you, Unity?" asked Stella.

"Nearly sixteen, m' lady."

"So am I. But how clever you must be to mend this! Now, when I try to sew, I make great big stitches that every one laughs at." She examined the repairs that Unity had already executed. "I don't know when I 've seen such beautiful work."

Unity's cheeks burned. Her heart was full. She could utter no word of reply to such graciousness. Tears started into her eyes. Her nose began to water; she wiped it with the back of her hand.

There was a swish of stiff skirts at the door. Unity turned guiltily and beheld the nurse. Then, losing her head, she grabbed the dressing-jacket and bolted like a frightened hare.

"What was that child doing in your room, darling?"

Stellamaris explained, more or less to the nurse's satisfaction.

"But who is she?"

Faithful to the unwritten law, the nurse lied.

"Just a little girl from the village who has come in for the day to help with the sewing."

"I should like to see her again," said Stella.

"I 'm sorry you can't, darling."

"Why?"

"She is going to London for good this afternoon."

"I 'm sorry," said Stella.

And the word of the lie went forth, and to it were bound the entire household from Sir Oliver to the kitchen-maid, and John and Herold, when they arrived for the week-end. Herold had no choice but the bondage, but he sighed. It would have been better, he said, to bind Unity herself to silence. Any fabric built of lies offended his fine sense. Beauty was beauty, the highest good; but it must have truth as its foundation. Beauty reared in falsehood was doomed to perish. The exquisiteness of the Trianon ended in the tumbrils. The Tuileries fell in the cataclysm of Sedan. Sometimes Herold played Cassandra, and on such occasions no one paid any attention to his prophecies. He was disregarded now. For the rest of her stay at the Channel House, Unity, as far as Stella was concerned, had vanished into the unknown. No summons came to her from the sea-chamber; but she had met her goddess face to face for a few throbbing moments, and she fed on the blissful memory for many a long day afterward.

(To be continued)

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RECOLLECTIONS OF MILLET

BY KARL BODMER

WHEN Jean-François Millet came to Barbison he found, among artists already there, Karl Bodmer, the well-known draftsman and painter of animals and forest-scenes. Like Jacque, Bodmer sold readily everything he made, and finally bought a fine property, one that Millet wished to buy. From the beginning he was an enthusiastic admirer of Millet, and the reminiscences which follow, given when he was eighty years of age, show no diminution of that regard. It is known that he never spoke of Millet without beginning his remarks with this sympathetic expression, "Nom de dieu! he is a great fellow!" and ending with a like phrase. Bodmer's list of expletives was large, varied, and singularly well applied, and in Barbison, where every one save Millet was identified by some nickname, Bodmer was known as the "noble oath-maker."

Bodmer was a native of Switzerland, of German origin, and very fond of the French people. He was a tall, handsome man, with, as was often said, something knightly in his manner and carriage. He was also very modest, for when King Louis Philippe invited him to come to the palace to show the drawings he had made of the Indians in North America and offered him the cross of the Legion of Honor, he declined to accept it, thinking he was too young—twenty-five. The king, however, obliged him to carry away a gold medal as a remembrance of his visit. Bodmer's subsequent extensive contributions to the illustrative art of France, resulted in his accepting the decoration when it was again offered. He died in 1893.

In the latter part of his life misfortunes overtook him, and he was obliged to sell his home and a rare collection of Millet's drawings and Barye bronzes. He was very fond of Barbison and the forest of Fontainebleau, and his wish to be buried near the place of his love and labors was carried out: he lies in the same cemetery with Millet and Rousseau, within sight of the hamlet and the great trees that overshadow it.

Bodmer gave me these recollections in Paris in 1888–89.—TRUMAN H. BARTLETT.

I REMEMBER the very day that Millet and his family came into Barbison through a path in the forest: it was the thirteenth of June, 1849. It will never do to tell about their sufferings through the first six or seven years. One day during this time Sensier [1] wrote me that the Minister of Fine Arts would give Millet 200 francs, without reimbursement, though he was opposed to throwing away money on such people. Sensier asked me to find out if Millet would accept it. I did so, and Millet replied: "Yes, I will take it under any condition or circumstance. Tell him to send it." When you remember Millet's pride and sensitiveness, you may interpret this incident as indicative of his situation.

Soon Sensier wrote me again, saying, "Implore Millet to change his manner of painting, for God's sake! so that he can sell his pictures, as you have more influence with him than I." I replied that if I had any influence with him, I should not only not interfere with his plan, but should urge him to continue as he was doing. The fact was that Millet had been painting in heavy and dark color, a most valuable experience, really modeling in paint, and was just getting into clear sailing. Millet knew what he was about, what it was necessary to go through before he could strike his pace. Though Sensier worked very persistently for Millet, he was too anxious to sell Millet's work for his own gain; but he knew, as we all did,

[1] For extracts from Sensier's "Life of Millet," translated by Mrs. Richard Watson Gilder, see THE CENTURY from September, 1880, to January, 1881.

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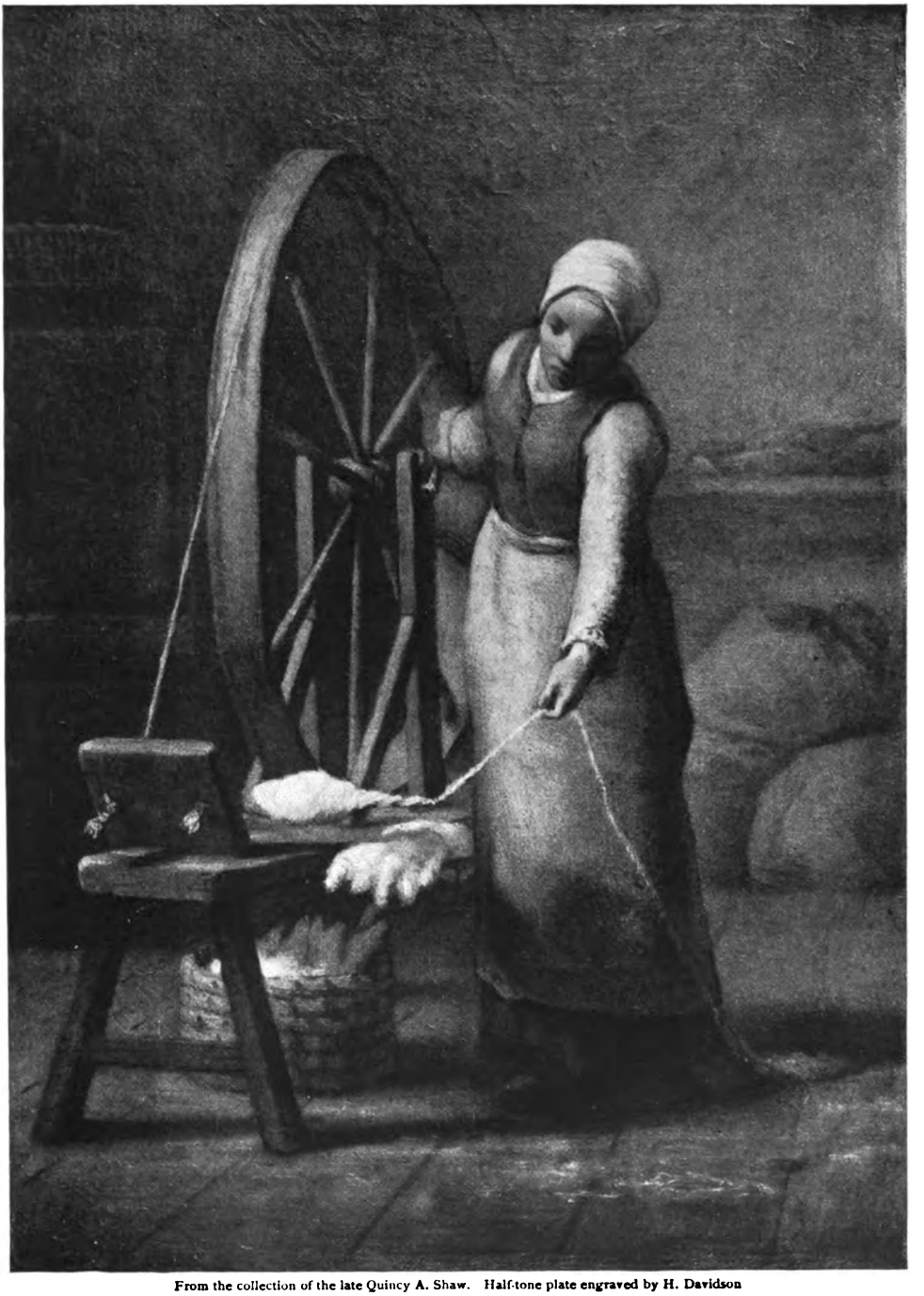

From the collection of the late Quincy A. Shaw. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE SPINNER

FROM THE PAINTING BY JEAN-FRANÇOIS MILLET

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From the collection of the late Quincy A. Shaw. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE PLANTERS

FROM THE PAINTING BY JEAN-FRANÇOIS MILLET

that Millet would come out all right by having his own way. Sensier did much for Rousseau, for pay of course, though the latter not only had more ways of getting money than Millet, but had remarkable skill in calming an uneasy creditor, a thing Millet could not do.

As a peasant, Millet was so much superior to those in Barbison that they did not know what to make of him, and they abused him. They could not afford to give him much credit, especially the butcher and the baker; besides, they feared he would never be able to pay them. Art life in Barbison had been a nuisance to its inhabitants; but when they found that they could make money out of the artists, they were willing to accept any sort of abuse. Millet was poor, and they knew nothing could be made out of him; but they made him feel his poverty as none but a peasant can.

Besides, the peasants were very generally a low class, and they felt Millet's superiority. As soon as they could afford to, the Millets lived well, and the children had the best of food; but this caused gossip and censure. "Why should a poor artist throw away money on costly meat?" was a bit of gossip that had the run of the hamlet for years.

Of Millet's real friends, Rousseau, Babcock, and Tillot, the first was the only one who could and did make a sacrifice to help him. Tillot lived across the street from Millet, and in later years was able to serve his friend if he needed help. Since the master's death, he has been a stanch and needed friend of the family.

One day in the early fifties I went into Millet's studio, as I was in the habit of doing, and the first thing he said, rather roguishly, was, "I have found a new way of getting canvases."

"How?" I asked.

"Oh, I take some American potash, rub it over an old picture at night, and in the

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morning I wash it off, and I have a new, clean canvas."

"You don't tell me you are destroying your pictures that way!" I exclaimed.

"Some of them, not all—the historical ones. They will never sell."

"Mon dieu!" I cried out, "I beg of you not to do so any more! It is abominable! You must not!"

"But I must—I must have canvas, and I am going to clean this one," pointing to the "Œdipus."

As he had already rubbed out several, I expostulated more energetically than ever; but he only replied: "I want to make some new studies, and I must have new canvas. All this stuff will never sell." I was so astonished, pained, and angered that I could hardly speak. Then he said:

"Do you like the 'Œdipus'?"

"Yes, of course I do."

"Then take it home with you."

"But I can't," I replied. "It has great value for many reasons, and I ought not to take it from you."

Unfortunately I was not rich enough to buy it. He said again, "Take it, or I will clean it." The figure of Œdipus had an inch of paint on it. It was absolutely modeled in paint, and illustrated one of the methods by which Millet tried to find out the best way to express himself.

He had the sculptor's sense of form, balance, and construction; this first important step in progress was taken by building up paint as a sculptor does clay. It is the best way to study light. Millet's picture of "Moses" in the Cherbourg Museum is modeled in paint. This sculpturesque quality is evident in all of Millet's figures, and they are also composed like the best statues. This constitutes one of his claims to supremacy over very many painters of modern times. In all the fundamental principles Millet was an all-around artist.

Without accepting the "Œdipus," I went home thinking of some way of helping Millet out, and in the evening he came and told me that if I did not take the picture, he would destroy it.

From the collection of the late Quincy A. Shaw. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

THE SHEPHERD

FROM THE PAINTING BY JEAN-FRANÇOIS MILLET

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From the collection of the late Quincy A. Shaw. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE SHEEP-SHEARERS

FROM THE PAINTING BY JEAN-FRANÇOIS MILLET

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"Come now, for to-morrow it will not exist," he said.

"All right, I will take it; but as the figure of the child is so different from the rest of the picture, I will cut off the thickest part, if you say so."

"Do as you please; the picture is yours," he replied.

In 1853 I went to Germany to do some work, and took the picture, leaving it there until 1868, rolled up just as I had carried it. While I was in Germany, and during an absence from my studio, thieves broke in and stole many valuable drawings and paintings, but by the strangest luck this picture was left.

In 1868, when I had returned to Paris for good, I wanted money, and not being able to keep the picture, I tried to sell it to Goupil; but he would only take it to sell on commission, and even then would not advance anything on it. No dealer thought it worth more than 6000 francs, but I thought it worth 15,000, as Millet's pictures had begun to sell for good prices.

As Théophile Gautier was an intimate friend of mine and had influence, I went to him, and told him about the picture and my wish to sell it. "Can't you get some friend of yours to buy it?" I asked. "You remember it, don't you?"

"Of course I do; here is what I wrote about it," he replied, and showed me the article, at the same time saying, "I was the first writer who saw that Millet was a great artist."

Gautier came with his daughter to see the painting, and told me he would do what he could. Two days after, Fauré, the singer, came, said Gautier had sent him, and asked how much I wanted for it.

"7500 francs," I replied, fearing to ask more.

He at once gave me the money, and quietly remarked that I could not buy it back for less than 10,000. The picture sold in Fauré's sale for 14,900.

I met Millet one day in 1855, and he exclaimed with an unusual air of pleasure, "I have an immense chance!"

"What is it, for heaven's sake!" I asked.

"Oh, I have sold my 'Grafter' to a rich American, through Rousseau. He told me to ask a good price, so I took my heart in both hands, and asked 4000 francs."

With this money he wanted to buy a house, but debts had to be paid, and Sensier opposed his remaining in debt, though I urged him to go ahead and trust to the future, get a home, anyway, as the interest would be less than the rent he was paying Sensier, in whose house he was then living.

In the early fifties there was only one critic, Pelloquet, who really saw what Millet's merits were, and what he was destined to become. He judged the artist in a large way from first to last, never blowing hot on one painting and cold on the next one, or presuming to tell him how he ought to paint. Thoré, Gautier, Abbott, and St. Victor were always uncertain, dictatorial, and sometimes abusive, while Castagnary, a man of the best intentions, took many years to find out what Millet's merits were, and then the painter had to help him by way of Sensier. Sylvestre was also slow in discovering where Millet stood. It was the same with Barye. Later Lemonnier of Brussels joined in very appreciatively. It may seem strange at first thought, but it is true, that no French critic has made anything more than a merely cursory study of the work of any great artist of his own country. Perhaps he cannot. It was the same with Barye, Corot, and Daumier, and it is only very lately that the latter has been regarded as anything more than a caricaturist in its ordinary or vulgar sense.

Why it is, I do not know, but there seems to be something repellent about a great artist. This repellent quality does not exist in a common artist, for it is the latter that easily becomes popular. His very greatness, putting him beyond their comprehensions, prevents common minds from feeling the sympathy and touch they experience toward one with whom they have more sense of kinship. His remoteness thrusts him back, and they do not know that it is their own smallness which brings this about. Naturally they believe the trouble to be with the other mind or nature, and so fail of vital interest in him. It is true that the popular artist is never strong. But all these writers I have mentioned are forgotten as critics of art, or soon will be, for all that they wrote was a few adjectives and short statements of obvious illustrative facts—words only. It is amusing to read the average opinion even now about Millet, each one trying to get him into the common herd, and trimming his head with cheap ribbons.

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The writers fall down instead of climbing up. Few men are gods, but great things, lives, martyrdoms, must be approached humbly and with some degree of reverence. There is a great difference between a dead and a living great personality. I knew some critics who would own in private that the "Barbison savage"—for so he was called by some of the academicians—was a strong man.

Millet liked genuine men and would have nothing to do with pretenders, and as he talked with perfect frankness and great art intelligence, the average writer and artist could not and would not stand him. Still, some, like Jacque, would occasionally own that Millet was stronger than he. Jacque, who quarreled with Millet, always said that he himself was nothing but a simple delineator, while Millet was a master. Jacque sold his pictures as fast as he could make them, while Millet half starved, but the difference between some of those who bought their works was like that between the two men. Jacque and Millet were in every way antagonistic: one raised Cain both socially and professionally in Barbison, while the other lived like a monk; yet Jacque's residence in the hamlet did it a great deal of good.[1]

Millet had a horror of injustice, especially if it injured the poor, and while he had nothing to do with the peasants in Barbison, he was always ready to take their side against any abuse of their simple rights.

In 1832, when I was twenty-three years of age, I went to the United States with Prince Maximilian von Wied, a Prussian who then lived in France, to make drawings of Indians, animals, and flora. He wished to study especially the Southern and Western country, that we knew about only through the comrades of Lafayette and the fabulous stories of Châteaubriand. We went to New Orleans, and traveled

[1] For Jacque's "Recollections of Millet," see THE CENTURY for August, 1911.

From the collection of the late Quincy A. Shaw. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

A COTTAGE BY THE SEA AT GRUCHY, MILLET'S NATIVE VILLAGE, WEST OF CHERBOURG

FROM THE PAINTING BY JEAN-FRANÇOIS MILLET

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Owned by Mr. Wilhelm Funk

RAKING THE HAY

FROM THE SKETCH BY JEAN-FRANÇOIS MILLET

northward, visiting many Indian tribes and enduring a rough experience, and I made for him a great quantity of drawings and water-colors.

Our stay in St. Louis was remembered; for in 1850 a man from that city came to Paris, hunted me up, and asked me to make a hundred drawings illustrating the American colonial wars. As I could not undertake such a task, requiring so many figures, I asked Millet if he would make them, provided I furnished the sketches and all other needed material. He gladly consented. He made four; but the man was not ready with the money, and he did not like the drawings, so that was the end of the matter. These drawings were afterward sold as Millet's work.[1]

I saw Millet often while he was making his great pictures, and was always astonished at the faithful way he represented peasants. Once I asked him how he got so much truth in them.

"Don't be surprised," said he. "I was a farmer myself until I was twenty years of age." I saw him make both pictures of "The Sower," and remember well the momentary noise made over the one in the Salon of 1850. The best one was bought by a Mr. Hunt, a Boston painter, who was off and on in Barbison for a year or more, and intimate with Millet. He was a bright man, though not anything like as serious as Millet. He made it lively in the hamlet with his horses, dogs, and models. He also bought several of Millet's pictures. He had plenty of money, lived in fine style, and we all wondered why he did not buy more Millets.

Millet's studio for the first few years in Barbison was the cellar of an old barn, cold and damp, with no means of heating it, and unfit even for an animal.

Millet was always kind to me, used to help me in my work, but occasionally said: "We ought not to give to the first comer what we have dug out by hard work. Often it will do them more good to do their own digging; then they will know the value of what they find."

He was entranced with the forest, and well he might be, for it was beyond expression. I saw nothing in America to compare with it. Yet I only know of his painting two pictures of it, though it was

[1] For an account of the association of Millet and Bodmer in these drawings, with illustrations, see THE CENTURY for May, 1910.

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his constant resort. It served as a relief from the pressure of his daily struggle. He had his own sources of comfort.

There have been a great many unnecessary tears shed, and much useless sympathy wasted, over Millet's sufferings, especially by those who would have sneered at him in his lifetime, and would do the same to-day if he or another like him should come. He was too intelligent a man not to understand what a great aim means in all its length and breadth. There were no illusions with him on this point. He knew that he got from the government, the critics, and the public every bit that he had a right to expect, and he never complained; neither did he ask for sympathy. No one can have any just conception of what Millet had to face from 1850 onward unless he knows not only the kind of painting in vogue at that time, but the organized obstacles as represented by the government, and how averse the public is to anything new and strong. There is an occasional regret expressed that the government did not buy more Millets; but this does not come from the academicians, who will never let up on the "boor from Barbison." It is the same with Barye and Daumier. It is sheer nonsense for such men to expect any help or sympathy from organized art influences. If Millet should appear to-day, it would be just as it was in 1850. Men do not change. Millet trusted in the future, just as Corot and Barye did. That is the real faith of all true artists. They never count the cost of doing a fine thing, of following their own instincts, or ever expect to be paid. There is no adequate return.

Although Millet made no complaint and worked with faith and patience toward his goal, his life has always seemed to me a cruel dream, a tragedy. The law that governs poetic and imaginative expression is merciless. A good work, a masterpiece, cannot be forced into public notice; it must wait. Only a very few will really see it and favor its coming. To be acquainted with a masterpiece requires time, study, and understanding, good taste, good sense, and, above all, patience. A masterpiece is almost cruelly fastidious regarding friends and intimates; with it it is the best or none. No one really owns such a work without being in genuine artistic and intellectual sympathy and love with it. Its possession may be a mark of distinction or of vulgarity.

Production includes suffering as an element of its formation—a suffering that human nature is powerless to assuage. The wonder about Millet is, not that he lived thirty years in his battle, but that he did not fall before the end of his life was reached. As it was, one would say from a commonplace point of view that it killed him before his time. I think it did.

Millet's real anxiety, and the chief one worth considering, was that he could not better express his aim, the impressions that possessed him, the ideal sense with which he clothed everything he did, no matter how rude, simple, or noble it might be. This sense was his real life, and you must feel this in order to understand him, even partly. Though Millet walked the earth flat-footed, his head was in the air. "The Angelus" is to me the most persistent effort he ever made to express himself. It has more of him in it than any other of his works. The value of this picture to me lies in the attitudes and character of the figures as an effort to express a very noble sentiment—that of a soul retiring into itself, or self-communion. For a name he chose that which signified an action of the most beautiful, related appropriateness. The figures may be regarded quite independent of any connection with the landscape, simply as works of art, as you would two statues. You may say this of nearly all of Millet's figures, but this man and woman have a kind of privacy, or reserve, that is more impressive than any of the others. I cannot define it.

If Millet's work failed of full appreciation in his lifetime, he was nevertheless fortunate in many things. He was never the subject of public gossip, and he escaped what is still worse—the senseless admiration of thoughtless followers. No crowd of common artists and amateurs followed his footsteps or sang his praises in or out of season. He never had anything to do with what is called art life; he simply minded his own business. His tendency to seclusion was a blessing to him, and the finding of Barbison a rare good fortune. Seeking no display, his time and thought were his own, and all he asked or expected was to live. He was free in spirit, and whatever bonds he was in were caused by forces greater than himself. He tried to

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hide his troubles from every one but Sensier, to whom he went as to a brother. In his work he trusted himself. His subjects were of his day, but his manner of treating them was original and included principles that are universal.

The peasant had no personal significance to Millet. He saw them from his own point of view, and represented them in a simple, natural, broad, and tender manner. In the hard and dreary life of those who are bound to the earth he saw imposing physical action and an air of unconscious self-respect not observed by people generally. There are princes among peasants as well as peasants among princes. Millet made this discrimination. Many of his figures are so pathetically human that it is not to be wondered at that that quality should be the first to gain him wide admiration, especially with people who are guided by sympathy for subject rather than by knowledge of art. If to his peasants Millet gave no charm to so-called "society" people, he clothed them with a character never equaled by any other artist. His imagination guided him in the expression of truth. He was of the earth, and sang its song, yet rising above it. He saw glory in a cowslip. He will be heard a long way off. In many ways he is the most far-reaching artist France has ever had, yet he had very few of what are called French traits. One never thought of him as a Frenchman. Genius has little to do with geographical limits.

In speaking of "The Angelus," I referred to Millet's sense of sculpture as shown in the peasant man and woman, a quality not often noticed. Now, there is another one quite as rarely known; I refer to the actual and suggested openness or freedom of his scheme of composition. Framed well, as his pictures generally were, they are not bound by any line or limit whatever, like a section of earth or of a scene cut out and set into a frame, as Breton's are: they are a part of the whole earth, have an endless distance in all directions. See the landscape of "The Man with the Hoe," and note the limitless plain there is for the imagination to feed upon.

Millet was over-proud and sensitive, as the world goes. Many called him pontifical, also, and he was so from the point of view of those who judged him; but he had a right to be, for he was greater than they. He could not depend upon himself, as Barye did, and Barye had a much longer contest with the world than he before he began realizing any fair return for his work. Millet saw his fame coming before he died, while Barye only knew that his would eventually come. Both had unassimilating personalities; both raised large families, which add a heavy burden to any artist. Barye's sensibilities were incased in iron. You could see it both in his face and carriage; no one ever got close to him. This is also true of his work; it has the feeling of being away from you both in the sense of subject and in the character of the execution. It is true that you can come close to it, handle it, and carry it in your pocket, but few are really acquainted with it. This is specially true of his felines, and I felt it more in the little cat sitting on its haunches than in anything else. Barye, like Millet, saw his subjects in their proper places; he never made them familiar. Millet was timid, fairly afraid of men; the drawing he made of himself shows what he was, especially in the eyes. They were remarkable not only in a certain piercing delicacy, but they suggest a doubt, almost a suspicion. That drawing is a masterpiece in the fullest sense not only as a piece of work, but as an exposition of character. No one seems to understand that Millet was a great portraitist.

Barye was perfectly self-protective; Millet was defenseless in the world of men, although before nature as free, open, and tender as the dew. Both had a contempt for pretending artists and amateurs, and of course were hated in return. When in a tight place, Millet cried out to Sensier as his ready helper, while Barye carried about his little things in person and sold or pawned them to any one, bric-à-brac dealers and the like. Neither one escaped the inevitable troubles resulting from a lack of business ability, though it cost Millet more than it did Barye. Millet paid dearly for every effort Sensier made for him. I never felt that Sensier understood Millet as a man, though he had excellent judgment in art matters, and loved fine things to an extreme—for what he could get out of them in money.

Many of the artists who were prominent in Millet's day are now hardly mentioned. Men like him live in their own light, and cast shadows on all inferiors.

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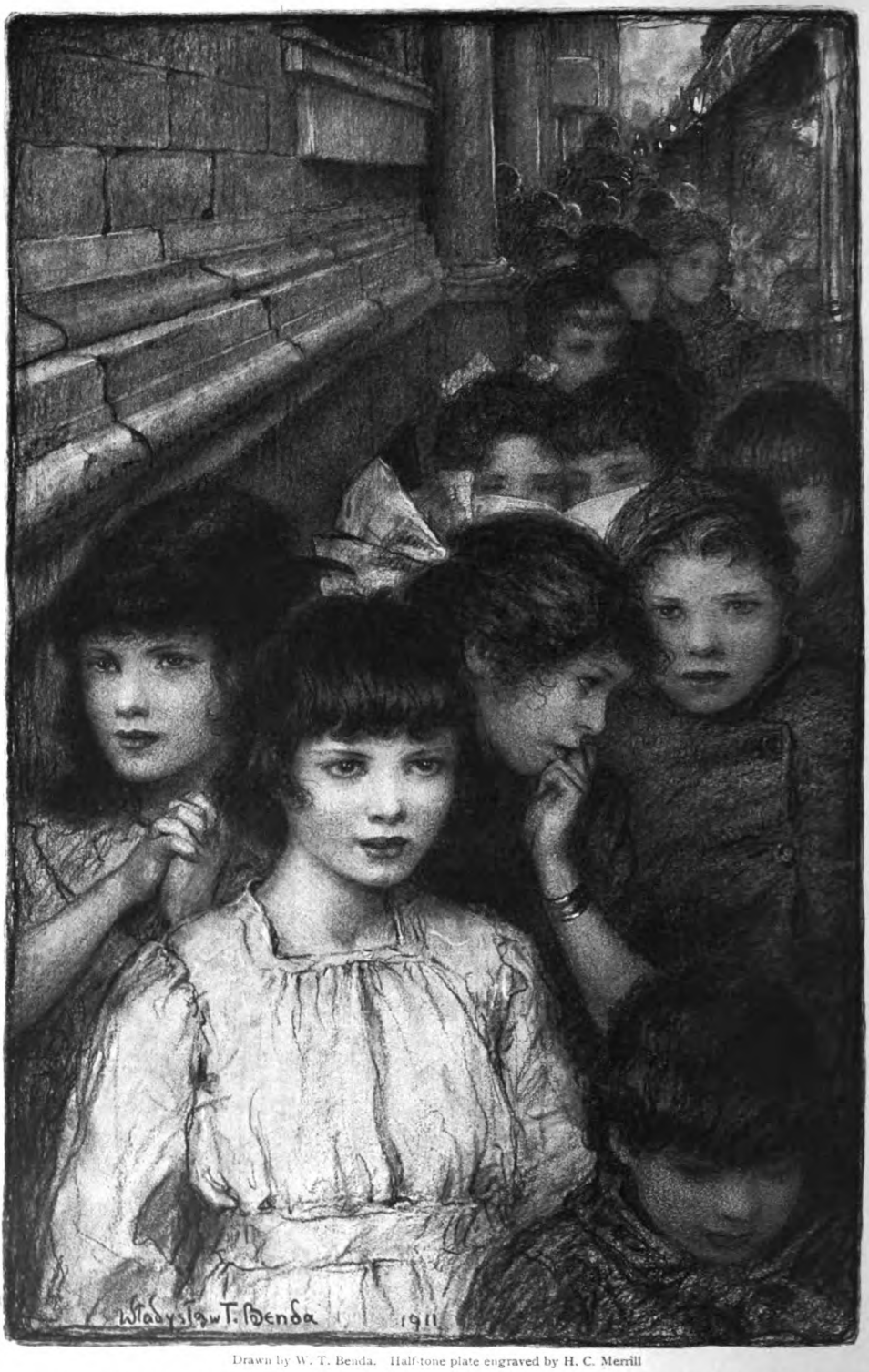

Drawn by W. T. Benda. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"THE STARTLED FACES GREET ONCE MORE THE CITY'S MILLION-THROATED ROAR"

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THE CHILDREN'S THEATER

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

(Until recently the New York Educational Alliance maintained in the heart of the East Side a theater for children, where folk-lore plays and the simpler forms of drama were given.)

WIDE-EYED and wistful, with the dream
Still on their faces, with the gleam
Of lost romance still in their gaze,
I used to watch them through the haze
Of falling night. I used to see
The white brows touched with mystery,
The startled faces greet once more
The city's million-throated roar.

With beauty on each wondering brow,
Gladdened at heart they knew not how,
I saw the wide-eyed children greet
The ghostlike dusk, the ghostlike street,
Hearing the ghostlike song of steel,
The far-off roar of rail and wheel,
Still dreaming they might glimpse afar
Some half-assuaging Ingomar,
Or see Snow-White beside a gnome,
Or track the Little Princess home,
Or, turning into Chatham Square,
Find new Orlandos waiting there,
Or witches gathering magic herbs
Along the Bowery's granite curbs!

Still dazed and hushed, I saw them face
Their city grown a wondrous place,
Since forth with them they brought a gift
That only fairy hands may lift,
A glimpse of far-off kingdoms where
Great deeds are done, the golden air
Of old romance again made new,
The castles where all dreams come true!

I used to watch them creep again
Out to their ghostlike world of pain,
To find at last some beauty in
The dark and undeciphered din
Of life that thundered close about
The casual lives it trampled out.
Aye, child by wistful child they turned
Where dull the yellow street-lamps burned,
And for a breath they caught the gleam,
And for a moment dreamed the dream!

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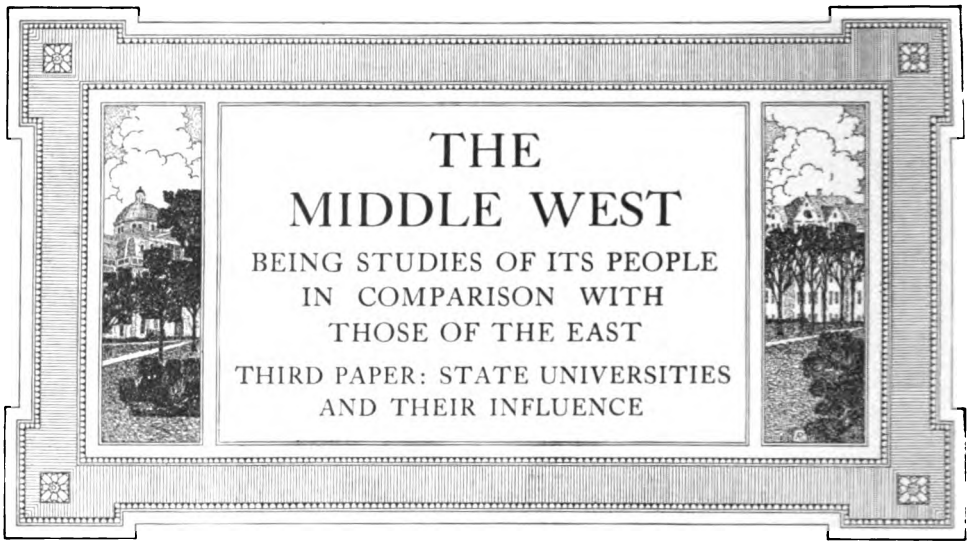

THE MIDDLE WEST

BEING STUDIES OF ITS PEOPLE IN COMPARISON WITH THOSE OF THE EAST

THIRD PAPER: STATE UNIVERSITIES AND THEIR INFLUENCE

BY EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS

Professor of Sociology, University of Wisconsin, author of "The Changing Chinese," etc.

SOME years ago the thesis of a graduate student in the University of Nebraska shed new light on the memorials presented to the National Assembly of France in 1789. In reviewing it, a *savant* of the Sorbonne commented on the remarkable fact that the French should learn something about the causes of their revolution from the scholarship of a young university established in a region that, when that revolution occurred, knew only the redskin and the buffalo. To Americans the type of foreign compliment is familiar, but let it stand as a just tribute to the swiftness with which the higher life unfolds in the newer West.

The thirteen state universities of the Middle West dispose of over $11,000,000 of working income and maintain 3000 professors and instructors teaching 35,000 young men and women. The thirteen leading endowed institutions of the East, namely, Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Cornell, Pennsylvania, Princeton, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Brown, Boston, Tufts, Syracuse, Williams, and Amherst, have 34,000 students, taught by 4000 men, and enjoy a working income of about $13,000,000. The difference between the two groups is not great, but the significant thing is that the Western universities have been growing in attendance about twice as fast as the Eastern institutions. At present they have four times as many students as they had twenty years ago, and five times as large a teaching force. Meanwhile the value of their buildings and grounds has increased fourfold, of their libraries and equipment sixfold, and their total working income more than eightfold. Despite such noble foundations as those of Northwestern and Chicago, educators generally realize that in the Middle West the future lies with the state institutions.

THE RISE OF THE STATE UNIVERSITIES

THE vast resources of Harvard, Yale, and Columbia are the slow accumulation of time, and represent the gifts of several generations. The Middle West, too, would have had such foundations had it been willing to wait for wealthy donors. In its early period, indeed, colleges were thickly planted, and they were as generously supported as were the Eastern colleges in their adolescence. Forty years ago such institutions as Oberlin, Wabash, Knox, Northwestern, Beloit, and Iowa were playing a leading rôle. Then dawned the era of specialized and costly education, the era of laboratories, collections, workshops and gymnasiums, and the church colleges were unable to meet

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the demand. Unwilling to let two or three generations of her young people miss their chance while the colleges were slowly gathering endowments, the State enlarged her heart and began to give generously to the university that, under the ordinance of 1787, had been planted in each commonwealth of the Northwest and endowed with public lands. Thanks to the agitation for state aid, the people of the West have come to a different conception of the rôle of higher education from the people of the Northeast. They regard it less as the basis of individual success than as a sure means to social progress, and they agree that the State should bear a part of the cost of social progress. In the last fifteen years, moreover, the ominous drift toward economic inequality has made them solicitous to bring about a greater equality of opportunity. To make education free from sill to capstone appeals to them as one safe way to counteract the sinister forces of social stratification. It is this unspoken concern for the future of democracy that prompts the two or three millions of people in a Western State to build up a university that would be the glory of a European kingdom.

President Pritchett of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching points out that these Western States "represent a different stage of educational consciousness from what one sees in New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Delaware. Pennsylvania, for example, is one of the oldest and richest States of the Union. It has no debt, and has an enormous income. In no other State has the individualistic conception of education lingered longer. As a whole, the State has never come into a conception of education from the point of view of the whole people. As a consequence, its public-school system is still in its rudimentary stage; its normal schools are private enterprises, and the normal schools and many of its colleges are engaged in the work of secondary education. The only evidence of a state-wide interest in education is to be seen in its series of appropriations to private institutions—colleges, hospitals, and charitable concerns—which makes education in that old and rich State a part of the politics in which Pennsylvania has achieved so bad an eminence."

THE AVALANCHE OF WESTERN STUDENTS

THE offer of a college course at a nominal fee has brought down on the Western colleges a veritable avalanche of students. Massachusetts has 223 of her youth in college for every 100,000 of her population, while New York has 198 matriculates. But Illinois and Wisconsin have respectively 230 and 246 sons and daughters in college for every 100,000 of population. The two Eastern States boast of many famous educational centers, but fewer than half the students in Massachusetts colleges come from the Bay State, and only three fifths of those in New York colleges hail from the Empire State; so that the college trend in these States by no means matches the glory of their universities.

When you stop to consider, it is wonderful that in communities only a lifetime from the red Indian the pursuit of higher studies should already have come up abreast of that in communities with a start of two centuries. In view of the fact that a third of the Illinois youth anywhere in college and two thirds of those of Wisconsin are enrolled in their state university, it is certain that nothing but the State's shouldering of the burden of higher education as a part of its duty to posterity has enabled the Middle West so soon to overtake the East.

The difference in tuition between the big universities of the two regions runs from $125 to $200. There is also a difference in the cost of living, and, what is more, in the prevailing style of living. It will cost a Wisconsin student at least $500 less to obtain a first-class degree than it will cost a Massachusetts student, and this is a great lift to any one who is on his own resources. It is gratuitous education, not a sharper thirst for learning, that accounts for the much larger proportion of Western young people who, by stretching on tiptoe, contrive to pluck the college sheepskin. The State's standing offer to give away instruction costing it from $400 to $600 draws out an astonishing number of aspirants from families with small means. Indeed, there seems to be no limit to the number of high-school graduates who can achieve four years at college if they have set their hearts on it. One can forgive corybantic athletics,

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wandering glee-clubs, itinerant dramatic troupes, and other spectacular by-products of university life in view of their publicity value. They inspire longings in young people who, once they are on the campus, will wake up to their opportunities. Just so the numerous bread-and-butter courses lure to the university talented striplings who will in the end develop a taste for culture. And the clever are not slow to use these courses as decoys. Farmer Skinflint's boy persuades his father to give him a chance by harping on the courses in stock-judging, soils, and plant diseases. Gradgrind's son wheedles the old man by talking up the instruction in accounting and business management, while the daughter points him out studies that fit a girl to be factory inspector, settlement warden, or social-center secretary.

Once he is past his freshman year, the bright youth contrives somehow to work himself through. He tends furnace, waits on table, washes dishes, hammers out calculus while night clerk, lives out of a paper bag, scissors his cuffs, blacks his shoes with stove polish, and in the end scores above the dawdler who commiserates him from the cushioned window-seat of a luxurious chapter-house.

THE STATE UNIVERSITY AS ALMA MATER

THE sum of the ages of the half-dozen leading universities of the East is fully a thousand years. The ages of the six great state universities of the Middle West amount to only three centuries. To those with a historical sense the difference in venerableness is impressive, and they fancy the Western undergraduate is missing something sweet and mellowing. The fact is, to the average collegian the hoar of antiquity means nothing, for he cannot appreciate it. To him a college is as venerable as are its elms. A shaft on the campus to the unreturning boys of '61 moves him as much as a tablet to the sacrifices of Alma Mater in the Revolution. The student body changes every four years. Ten generations have passed through the college halls while the wheel of life outside has made one turn. A student custom started by men who are now inventors, explorers, judges, and senators is revered as much as we grown-ups revere Charter Oak or Liberty Bell. The students in the Western universities, then, do not miss that rime of age their elders make much of. To them the plain gray buildings, with small-paned windows recalling the middle of the last century, are charged with sentiment, and the traditions of the place are as the law of the Medes and Persians. The Wisconsin graduate, delirious in a Philippine hospital, is as likely to babble of the graceful fox-squirrels that chase one another in the campus elms as is the fevered Princeton man to rave of the pleasant twilight singing on the steps of Nassau Hall.

Some imagine a state university has to be bleak and utilitarian, like an industrial school or asylum for the blind. Now, aside from two or three that have had Aladdin's lamp to rub, the endowed institutions do not surpass the commonwealth colleges in beauty of grounds and architecture. But, in any case, it is not towers and arcades that make a college loved. To how many promising farm lads, tired of "playing chambermaid to a cow," to how many bright girls, eating out their hearts in a dull country town, the state university has opened a celestial vision! Tax-money or gift, it makes no difference what builds the college, if only it is there one catches the Gleam. As youth passes through these halls, it decks them with traditions, gilds them with poetry, and hallows them with dreams. If it have a torch to pass on, the commonwealth college will be loved, cannot help being loved. So the student customs strike root, the classes plant their ivy, the alumni hold their reunions, and the "old grads," grizzling about the temples, sing with a catch in the voice

> Here 's to good old Kansas,
> Drink her down, drink her down!

just as they do in the halls of John and Eli.

STATE UNIVERSITY ATMOSPHERE

THE state universities have the taint of usefulness, and those who care most for social prestige send their sons to a salt-water college. Leisure-class tastes and ideals are much more in evidence at the old endowed institutions. But, despite the atmosphere of earnestness and work, eager, speculative minds do not always feel themselves at home in the state uni-

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versity. Surround a thousand young people who love knowledge for its own sake with two or three thousand others who value it as a saddle-beast that will carry them to the top of the hill, and they will miss the ozone of Parnassus. With its vast provision for professional and technical studies and its swelling concourse of the practical-minded, the state university is not the ideal resort for the student of an intellectual temper and a disinterested interest in things. The utilitarian spirit of the place leaks in at the keyhole and dulls the edge of speculation. There is too little of that eager discussion of questions religious, ethical, philosophical, and social, which springs up naturally in the isolated college of purely liberal studies. It is bad form to be keen about the problems of life, and the youth of parts, finding his advances met with raised eyebrows, goes away sometimes with his yearnings unsatisfied.

The courts have settled it that in the tax-supported institution there can be no compulsory daily chapel, no required Bible study and "Christian evidences," with Paley and Butler in the senior year. Darwin and Spencer are not anathema, and one cannot guarantee the "religious atmosphere" promised by the denominational college. Yet somehow the student's character has suffered less than was expected. It would take a bold man to arraign the state university product as inferior to the output of the college in moral principle and spirit of service. The secret is that religion has been there all the time, but it has been home-grown rather than catered. Student and faculty volunteers contribute to the quickening of the religious life, the denominations build their hostels and maintain their student pastors, religious leaders with a message are brought in, and no one fears lest in the state university the things of the spirit are falling into neglect and decay.

COEDUCATION

THE assumption that Helen shall go to college as well as Walter is general in the West, and nineteen times out of twenty Helen will be coeducated. The tax-supported university has perforce to open its doors as wide to women as to men, and the approaching tide of equal suffrage makes it certain that if in the future either sex is to be discriminated against, it will not be women. If ever a new departure confounded the prophets, it was coeducation. It has not bred license and scandal. The young women have not been masculinized. I asked a young woman who divided her time equally between Vassar and Wisconsin, "What is the difference between the girls there and here?"

"Oh, at Vassar we are so much more self-reliant. Here the girls simply sit back as meek as mice and let the men run things."

The early "co-eds" were ultra-earnest, so it used to be said that the coeducated girl turned out a blue-stocking or a frump. Now that the "daughter of Eve" type is attending in ever greater numbers, it would be quite as fair to charge that coeducation hatches out a butterfly or a flirt. One president notices "a tendency for the men to fix the standards, not only for themselves, but for the women," and observes that the women "regard as successful the one who is attractive to the young men." The fact is, of course, that the presence or absence of male students is of little consequence in Helen's education. The type of college girl—which, like De Vries's *Œnothera Lamarckiana,* seems to be in a state of lively and startling mutation—is formed in the family and society rather than in the college. Anyway, it is the coeducated girl who secures the truly feminine education; for the studies of Vassar women and Williams men are more alike than are the courses chosen by the two sexes in the liberal arts college of a Western university.

STATE UNIVERSITY AND DENOMINATIONAL COLLEGES

THE amazing growth of the state university has made mock of all prophecy. When Nebraska laid out Lincoln, her capital, in 1868, four city blocks were deemed ample for the state university, although land was to be had for a song. To-day the campus is overcrowded and hemmed in by the city, yet the university cannot remove to the outskirts without sacrificing more than half a million dollars' worth of buildings. When, in the early eighties, the Regents of the University of Minne-

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sota found themselves with a building appropriation of $30,000 a year for six years, the president of the board said he thought Minnesota would be greatly displeased if the university with that sum did not build all the buildings it would ever need. Now one state university has nearly $1,000,000 worth of buildings under construction, and the architect is told to plan for 10,000 students.

When in the seventies the state university sought to supplement the income from its lands by calling upon the legislature, the banded denominational colleges often fought the university appropriation, and I can remember when it was a part of the duty of certain persuasive professors to lobby at the capitol for the university bill. The great freshet of students, beginning in the late eighties, allayed the fears of the colleges lest their classrooms be emptied, and reconciled them to state support of the university. In some cases they now coöperate with it in entrance requirements, fit their work into its scheme, and under the advice of its deans recast their courses of study with reference to the university professional schools. The college has all the students it can well take care of, while, on the other hand, the university, but for the colleges, would be swamped with undergraduates. So far the State cannot tap the Pierian spring fast enough to slake the spreading thirst for a higher education, and it is fortunate that the colleges are there to attract and set to work the gifts of generous individuals.

UNIVERSITY FINANCING

"Does n't it humiliate you," a great money-raising president asked the head of a state university, "to have to wheedle your biennial appropriation out of ignorant farmer legislators?"

"Tastes differ," was the reply. "For my part, I 'd rather lay our needs before the representatives of the people than hang on to the coat-tails of the plutocrat." In these days of imperative expansion, the head of the private institution must be a good beggar unless there is a legion of prospering alumni to whose loyalty he can appeal. The resulting dependence on the rich is anything but dignified. I have seen the president of a great university turn, in his commencement address, to a local capitalist who had extended emergency relief, with a sweeping obeisance and the salutation, "You, sir, were the captain of our salvation!" "The ideal founder of a university," confided another president to me, "is one considerate enough to die promptly." On the other hand, the distinguished head of a state university felt obliged to wait upon a railroad president in the largest commercial city of the State and beg that magnate to order his railroad legislators to pass the university appropriation bill unmutilated. I have known such malign corporate domination of politics that the professors in the service of the State were less free to break a lance for the public cause than the professors on a neighboring multi-millionaire foundation. The existence of the endowed university and the state university side by side is a good thing for academic freedom. In both there are dangers to the scholar's independence, but they are not the same dangers; so that the scholar evicted from one may find refuge with the other. While the greater institutions of both types are reasonably free, this unhappily is not true of certain young state universities in the Far West, without alumni to protect them against the politician; nor is it true of many struggling colleges, which show in their pasteurized texts and teaching their tenderness for the susceptibilities of the possible donor. I say "possible," for if ethics, economics, and sociology are chloroformed, it is not for givers, but for those who *may* give. The money that "taints" is the money coveted, but not yet acquired.

UNIVERSITY-WROUGHT CHANGES

Watching the transformation of the Middle West is like seeing the trick mango-tree grow under the hands of the Hindu juggler. Twenty years ago in the university of a certain Western State there were fewer than 800 students. Another institution was planted near by, a keen rivalry sprang up, the legislature began to give generously, the young people of the State began to take notice, and now there are nearly 6000 of them in the two institutions. On public education the effect was magical. Five years after the growth began, every high school was able

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to have a college graduate as its principal. Four years later it was possible to insist that every high-school teacher should be a graduate. Now, even the grammar schools are largely in the hands of the college-bred, and the staffs of the high schools are made up of those who have done graduate work.

It is sweet to watch the fresh green spread after the water has been turned into the irrigation-ditch. It is sweeter to watch the standards of the community rise after the broad stream of trained young people begins to issue from the universities and progressively saturate the walks and professions. There is soon a marked improvement in the quality of editorial writing, political spell-binding, jury pleading, legislative debate, and commemorative eloquence. Buncombe, bombast, claptrap, and rant wilt under the October breath of criticism. The country is leavened with farmers who attend the February "short course" and are proud to be registered at the university as "pure-seed raisers" or possessors of "accredited farms." Rural leadership passes from the strong pioneer-bred man of limited outlook and stubborn prejudices to an alert, reading, progressive type molded in the college of agriculture and eager to "keep up." As the alumnæ filter in, the woman's clubs, instead of listening to papers on Etruscan art and miracle plays, take to studying milk supply, charity organization, and retardation in the schools. Legislative committees begin to be overwhelmed with damning facts about cash-girls, factory women, and industrial diseases, gleaned by fair bachelors in the college settlements. The paunchy, overjowled deadheads who embezzle the local party organization and snuggle ever closer to the business interests that "come across," are annoyed by crisp-speaking young lawyers and school principals and electricians with pointed questions about assessments, paving contracts, and franchises. As educated men filter through the community, reforms are secured that twenty years ago seemed millennial. The separation of local from State sources of revenue, the separation of local from national elections, the treatment of a franchise as valuable property, the discriminating between ordinary industry and natural monopoly, the practice of scientific charity and penology, the concentration of responsibility in government—these and a score of other good things which once seemed as far above popular comprehension as four-dimensional space, have come to pass, thanks chiefly to the radiations from the classrooms.

THE UNIVERSITY AS SERVANT OF THE STATE

THE University of Wisconsin has led in new forms of service which are likely to be taken up by other commonwealth institutions. It is a matter of common remark by foreigners that our State governments are weak on the administrative side. This is owing to the early democratic dread of a "permanent office-holding class" and the naïve faith that any honest, capable citizen will "make good" in any office. As a great variety of new tasks calling for special knowledge and skill are thrust upon government, the old-style, all-around, interchangeable office-holder proves a frail reed to lean on, and the expert is called in. Now, a university faculty is the natural rendezvous of experts, and nothing could be more fortunate than the fact that at Madison the demand for experts on Capitol Hill and the supply of experts on University Hill, a mile away, should meet and satisfy each other. There are now between thirty and forty faculty men connected with the non-political public service of Wisconsin. The president of the university is chairman of the Conservation Commission and member of the Forestry Commission, the Free Library Commission, and the Public Affairs Commission. One dean is superintendent of the Geological and Natural History Survey and serves on the Fish Commission, the Forestry Commission, the Conservation Commission, and the State Park Board. Another serves on the Forestry Commission and the Board of Immigration. One professor of bacteriology is director of the State Hygienic Laboratory. Other professors sit on the Live Stock Sanitary Board, the Board of Agriculture, and the State History Commission. Divers members of the engineering faculty value public utilities for the Railroad Commission. Former professors on the Tax Commission and the Industrial Commission teach classes without pay. On the other hand, the State Forester and the

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head of the Legislative Reference Library offer university courses. Altogether, professors administer or advise on nineteen state boards or commissions, besides being frequently called in by committees of the legislature for aid in formulating laws. The effect has been not to draw the university into politics, but to take out of politics state services calling for expert knowledge. Thanks chiefly to this happy coöperation between university and capitol, Wisconsin has often been called "the best-governed State in the Union."

THE UNIVERSITY AS SERVANT OF THE PEOPLE

THE endowed university owes its benefactors gratitude; the state university owes both gratitude and service. In the former a professor feels that his duty is to his science; in the latter he feels that his obligation is to the commonwealth. In casting about for new ways of making itself useful, the state university cannot but question if its task ends with teaching a few thousand on its campus. Out in the State there are a hundred times as many,—the tortoise upon which the commonwealth rests,—held away from the campus by the necessity of earning their living. What can it do for them?

The University of Wisconsin answers the question by extending its campus to the boundaries of the State, so that it now enrolls more students out of sight of its dome than under it. In six years its extension work has grown until now 5000 are taking courses by correspondence. It has sent missionaries through the shops and factories and organized groups of artisans who prosecute their studies under the stimulus of traveling instructors teaching them on employers' time. At three district centers away from Madison a staff of half a dozen organizers and teachers has been planted, and when the State is covered there will be seventeen such districts, each served from a convenient center.

A "bureau of general welfare" answers thousands of questions upon sanitation, economics, government, sociology, education, agriculture, engineering, manufacturing, etc. The shops and laboratories freely test soils, ores, fuels, commercial fertilizers, building materials, road materials, ceramic clays, water samples, and evidences of disease. A municipal reference bureau furnishes information on municipal subjects from paving and sewage disposal to playgrounds and social centers.

To serve the active minds at the crossroads and the country town there is a "bureau of debating and public discussion" which briefs live questions impartially and loans packages of selected material on the subjects the people are discussing. Last November it sent out 222 such package libraries on 120 subjects to 95 localities in the State. It lit up four debates on capital punishment, six on trusts, seven each on commission government, restriction of immigration, and election of senators, eight on initiative and referendum, and thirty on woman suffrage.

If public-spirited men are ready to join in a movement for the common good, the extension department is there to be used. Thus, besides organizing a "municipal and social institute" in Milwaukee and a state "bakers' institute," it has promoted an organization for the reform of the criminal law, an anti-tuberculosis conference, a state conference on charities and corrections, and a national conference on civic and social-center development.

Twenty years ago not more than four state universities in the land had as much to spend for all their work as this university will spend for extension the coming year. And it is announced that a sister state university will put exhibits, lantern, tent, and a staff of lecturers into automobiles and hold a "university week" in strategic centers all over its State. So in this line we have had our Burbank. The educational "plumcot" is standardized, any one can get the seed, and what one state university does now, all will shortly be doing. The fruit will be ripe in our children's time, and it will be sweet.

(To be continued)

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THE AMERICAN UNDERGRADUATE

BY CLAYTON SEDGWICK COOPER

FOURTH PAPER: REASONS FOR GOING TO COLLEGE

RECENTLY I attended the commencement exercises at one of our large universities. As undergraduates and friends of the graduating class were gathered in a large church awaiting the arrival of the procession, in a seat directly in front of me sat a middle-aged woman and a man whose appearance and nervous expectation drew general attention. The man's clothes were homely and of country cut. His face was deeply lined, and wore the tan of many summers. I noted his hard, calloused hand resting on the back of the seat as he half rose to look at the door through which the seniors were to enter. The woman by his side was a quiet, sympathetic person to whom a phrase from Barrie would be applicable: she had a "mother's face."

While many eyes were turned toward the old couple, the commencement procession entered the church. The two seemed scarcely to notice the dignitaries who led the procession, but their eyes were straining to catch the first glimpse of the seniors. At least half of the audience were now interested in this father and mother. The latter suddenly placed both hands upon the man's arm. Her face beamed, and an answering light appeared in the face of a strong young man who marched near the head of the seniors. That day some persons in the audience heard only listlessly the commencement speeches. Instead, they were picturing the couple back on an upland farm of New England, dedicating their lives to the task of giving their boy the advantages which they had never received, and which they must have felt would separate him forever from their humble life and surroundings. It had been no easy path up which this pair had struggled to the attainment of that ambition. This was the day of their reward. All the gray days behind were lost in the radiance of pride and love. The father was full of joy because he had had the privilege of working for the boy, while to the mother it was enough that she had borne him.

Such scenes are still frequent in commencement time, and they are significant. Does it really pay to send boys to college in America? Is the game worth the candle? Is the contemptuous notice placed by Horace Greeley in his newspaper office still applicable: "No college graduates or other horned cattle need apply"? We can probably take for granted, as we consider the vast expenditure of money and time and men in the cause of American education, that the people of the country are believing increasingly in the value of college training; but to many persons there arises the question, To what college shall we send our young hopeful? There is even a more basic question, Why go to college at all?

Rather than theorize on this subject, I asked one hundred recent graduates of North American colleges to tell me what decided their choice of an institution, the chief values derived from their college course, and the effect of college training upon their life-work. The following is a summary of the testimony thus obtained:

GRADUATE TESTIMONY CONCERNING COLLEGE

I. What were the reasons that led you to choose your college?

Financial reasons 40

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Influence of friends or relatives 18
Type of the alumni 32
Standing of the institution . . 10

II. What do you consider the most important values received from your college course?
Broader views of life 21
Friendships formed 18
Training or ability to think . . 7
General education as foundation for life-work 11
Influence of professors . . . 36
Technical training 7

III. In the light of your experience, what would you suggest to a boy relative to the kind of preparatory school to choose?
High school or public school . 45
Academy or private school . . 33
A school emphasizing athletics . 22

IV. Did your college training decide your life-work?
Decision before going to college 32
Decision during college . . . 38
Decision after graduation . . 2
Not yet fully decided 28

The values of a college course are strikingly presented by the following answers: a Johns Hopkins man attributes to his university "a desire for, search after, and acceptance of, the truth regardless of the consequences." A recent alumnus of Boston University says: "I learned to have a far broader view of what teaching (my profession) really is. When I entered college I regarded it as a process of instilling a knowledge of facts in a young person's mind; when I was graduated I knew that this was a very small part, merely a means to the great end—the development of personality." A graduate of the University of Georgia says that his college course meant to him "a self-unfoldment, a diversity of interests in life, a growth of ideals, of purpose, and of judgment; strong convictions and friendships." A student from the School of Mines in Colorado considers the chief value of his college training was the giving him "a vision of a life-work instead of a job"; a graduate of the University of Louisiana writes that the chief value to him was "a realization that I was worth as much as the average man"; while an alumnus of Vanderbilt University said that his course gave him "the feeling of equality and of opportunity to do things and be something along with other men. It has meant, perhaps, a greater chance to do my best."

CHOOSING A COLLEGE

THE choice of a college, according to this testimony, is largely dependent upon one of three things,—the location of the institution (involving expense), the influence of friends or relatives, and the advantages the institution may offer for special training. The selection of the college, however, is not so important as formerly. Every prosperous institution now gives sufficient opportunity for the acquirement of knowledge and training. Apart from the prestige which the name of a large and well-known university or college gives to its graduates in after life, the difference between the values imparted by scores of American institutions is not considerable. There are at least a hundred institutions in America sufficiently well equipped to give a boy the foundation of mental training that a college education is intended to supply. Their libraries are filled with books; their laboratories contain expensive and elaborate modern appliances; their gymnasiums are preëminent in equipment; their instructors are drawn from the best scholars in the country and also from the finishing schools of Europe; the spirit of athletics and undergraduate leadership are, as a rule, strongly emphasized, while the fraternity and social systems afford rare opportunities for friendship. Temptations and college evils vary comparatively little in different institutions.

The advantages of contact and the acquirement of experience through the laboratory of a big city institution are frequently more than counterbalanced by the close fellowship and the lack of distractions in a small country college. It is true that the investigators of the Carnegie Foundation found a large variation in the amount of money expended by different institutions to educate a student. It is my belief, after visiting more than five hundred institutions in North America, that the quality of instruction in any one of these institutions of the first grade does not vary sufficiently to render the choice of a college on the ground of edu-

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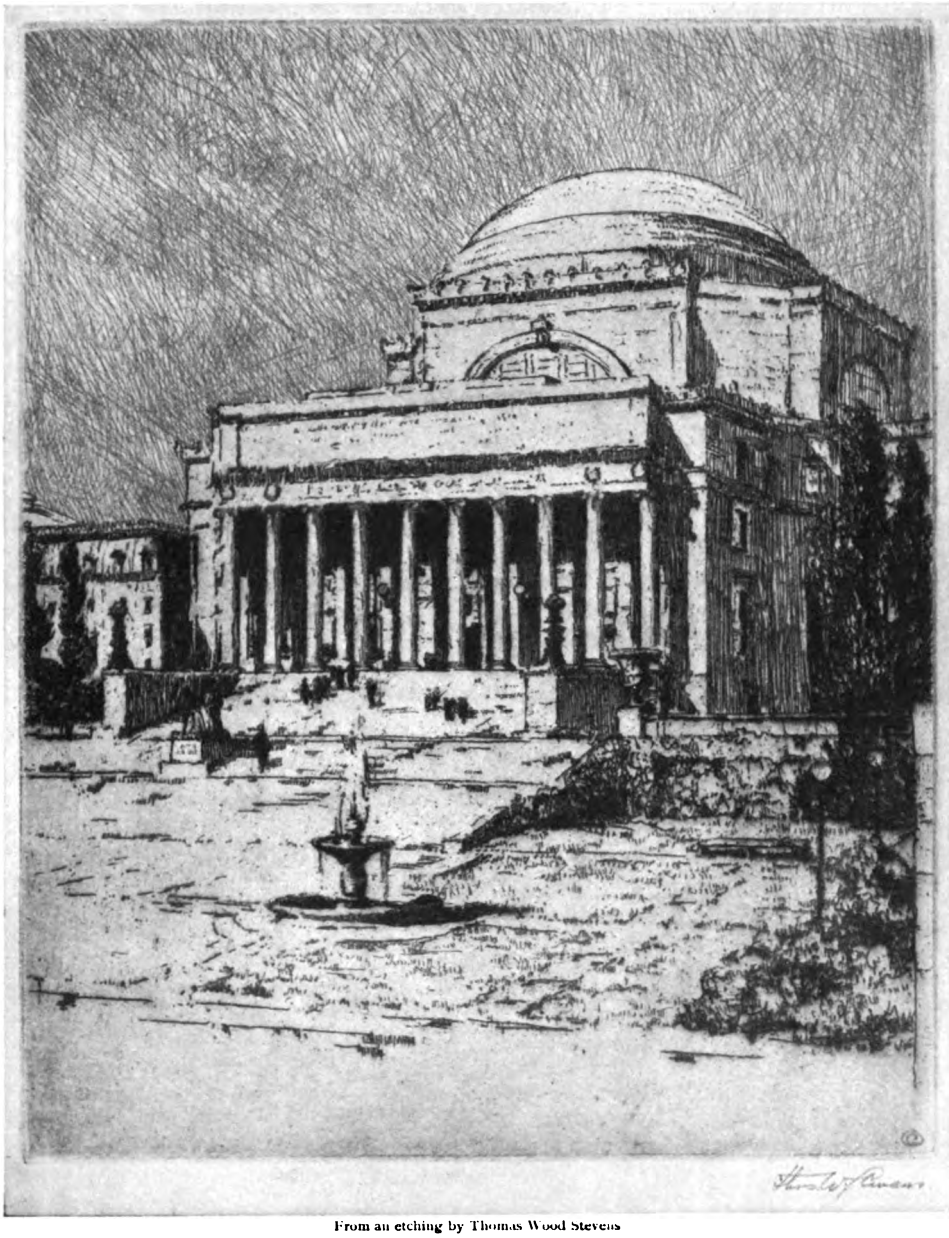

From an etching by Thomas Wood Stevens

THE LIBRARY OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

cational advantages a matter of great moment. The values which the small college loses from inferior equipment are usually offset by the more direct access of the student to the personality of the teacher, and often by closer friendships with fellow-students.

Indeed, educational results are not always commensurate with material advantages. As President Garfield said, a man like Mark Hopkins on one end of a bench and a student on the other end is still the main essential of a college. Many years ago Henry Clay visited Princeton, and was asked by President McLean (Johnnie, as he was familiarly and popularly called)

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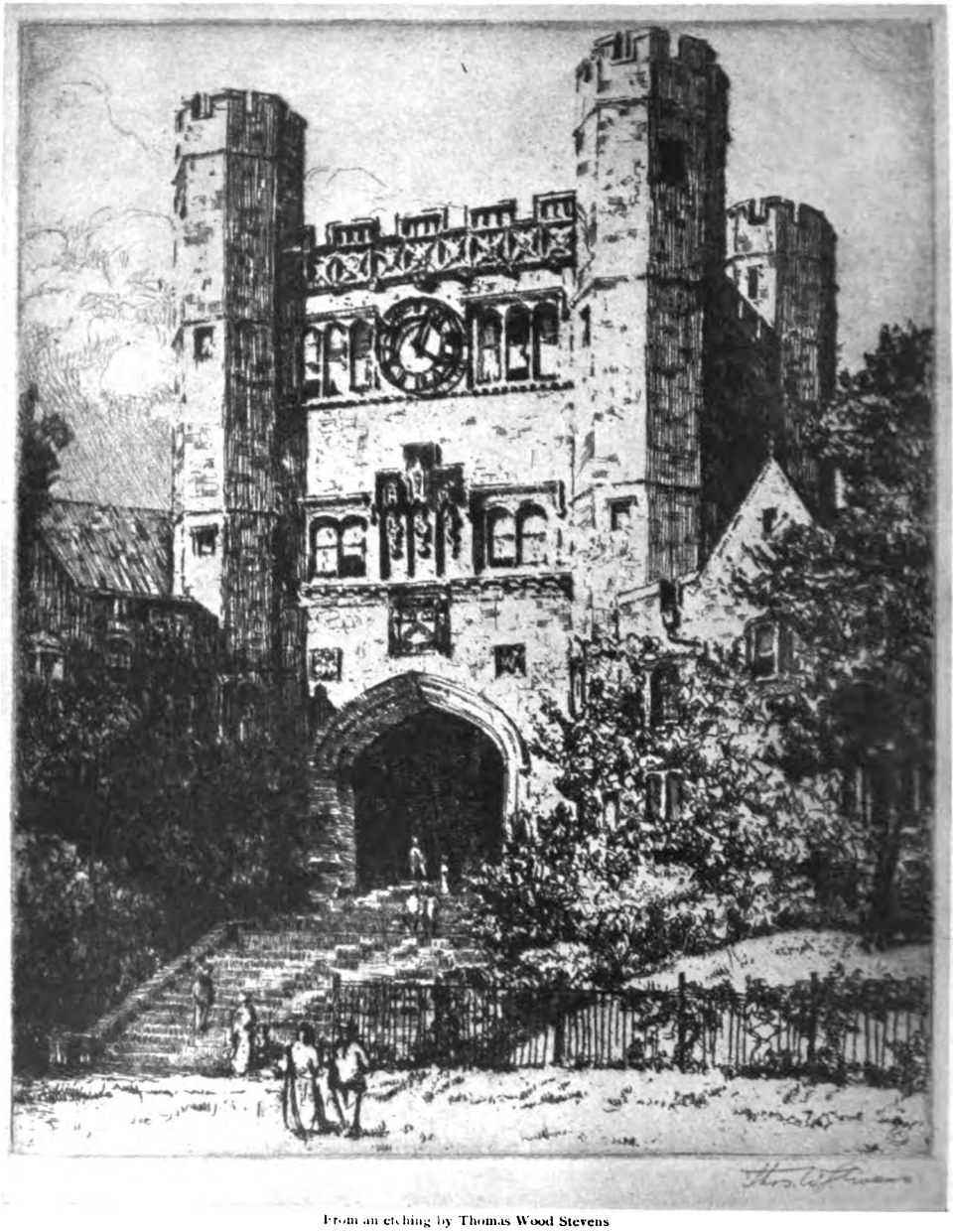

From an etching by Thomas Wood Stevens

THE BLAIR ARCH, PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

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to sit down in the president's study. The furniture was not elaborate in those days, nor did it consist of the most solid material. Mr. Clay sat down, and the rickety old chair which was proffered him sank beneath his weight. The statesman, rising from the floor, said solemnly, "Dr. McLean, I hope that the other chairs of this institution are on a more permanent foundation." Indeed, the foundation of learning in those days was laid upon the personality of great teachers who, like Dr. McLean, had personal contact with the students, making up in individual interest what was lacking in material equipment.

It is important that the student should choose instructors quite as carefully as institutions. What a man selects when he gets to college—his studies, his teachers, and his friends—will prove far more vital to him than the institution he happens to choose.

IDEALS JOINED TO ACTION

WHETHER in college or out in the world, the important thing is that college gives an opportunity not only for the acquirement of knowledge, but also for the matching of that knowledge against real problems. Something definitely good is derived from new adjustments. Education can never be completed at home. The college boy returns to his old home with new reverence, with a new conception of its meaning. He has secured a vision that enriches and liberates by getting in touch with universal interests. He has gotten out of himself into the life of others.

College brings together ideas and action. It is the practice-ground for honor and square-dealing. A championship baseball game was played recently between Wesleyan and Williams at Williamstown. This game was the last one of a series, and it was to decide which college should hold the championship for the coming year. The tension was naturally great. At the end of the seventh inning the score stood 1 to 0 in favor of Wesleyan. The last Williams man at the bat knocked a slow "grounder" to the short-stop. In throwing it to first base, he drove it so high that the first baseman, in attempting to get it, stepped about an inch off the base. The umpire called the man out, but the Wesleyan first baseman, going up to the umpire, said, "That man was not out." Williams finally won that day, but Wesleyan had the satisfaction of knowing that their man had "played the game."

TRAINING OF THE INDIVIDUAL

ONE of the chief functions of the American college is to discover the man in the student, and to train him for citizenship and public service. President Hadley of Yale points out the fact that of the twenty-six presidents of the United States, seventeen were college men, and of these seventeen, fourteen were graduates of the old-fashioned classical colleges. Grant was a West Point man, Monroe and McKinley left college before the end of their junior year, one to go to the army, and one to teach school. This contribution of individual leadership to a nation seems to be proper and fitting, as Dr. Hadley says:

> If a college man has used the opportunities offered by the faculty, he has acquired a wide knowledge of history and a broad view of public affairs. If he has utilized the opportunities offered by his fellow-students, he has acquired the democratic spirit, has gotten a grip upon public opinion, and has had considerable experience in dealing with a large variety of men. All these things give him an advantage in the race, and statistics show that he makes good use of this advantage.

This power of the American college to develop individual initiative and leadership has been decidedly enhanced in recent years. The college in the United States has gradually developed from a quasi-family institution for growing school-boys to a small world of wide, voluntary opportunity for young men. There is a decided difference between American undergraduate life to-day and that of a century ago, or even of fifty years ago. Then boys were graduated at eighteen or nineteen years of age, and they were under the watchful eye of presidents, professors, and tutors, who were *in loco parentis*. The earlier period was a period of flogging and fagging and "freshmen servitude rules." Indeed, the age was one of black-and-blue memories derived from those educational lictors who with their rods made deeper impressions than all the Roman Cæsars.

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Freshmen were forbidden to wear hats in the president's or professors' dooryards or within ten yards of a president, eight rods of a professor, or five of a tutor. These young men were forbidden to run in the college yard or up or down stairs or to call to any one through a college window. Seniors had the power to regulate the dress and the play of underclass members.

Drawn by Malcolm Fraser

THE NEW HARVARD "LAMPOON" BUILDING, CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

In those early days fines and penalties for misdemeanors ran from half a penny up to three shillings, while sophomores and freshmen who broke discipline had their ears boxed before the assembled college by the president or a member of the faculty. The conclusion of the college prayer indicated the enforced humility of students in those days: "May we perform faithfully our duties to our superiors, our equals, and our inferiors.

American college life had its rise in New England institutions presided over by rigorous Puritans whose hands were as hard as their heads, who believed in total depravity and original sin, and who held the young sternly to account for any remissness. In those early days student community life differed little from student home life; both failed dismally to develop initiative or individual responsibility. They were characterized by strict authority on the part of the parent and the teacher, and ingenious attempts to outwit this authority on the part of the young. It was this conception of the college which led the Massachusetts legislature to give the Harvard faculty authority to inflict corporal punishment upon Harvard students. At that time it was easy for a student to determine his life-work, for the great majority of boys either entered the ministry, or studied law or medicine. The whole college living was simple and homogeneous.

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GOVERNMENT BY UNDERGRADUATES

EXISTENCE in the modern American college is quite another thing. In the college itself there has arisen an interminable round of activities which make demands on the talents and abilities of students. Managerial, civic, social, religious, athletic, and financial leadership is exemplified in almost all colleges. Undergraduate leadership is the most impressive thing in college life. One reason for the sway of athletics over students exists in the fact that through these exercises the student body recognizes real leadership. Loyalty to it is repeatedly seen. At a small college the students may elect their best pitcher as the president of the senior class; their best jumper for the secretary; and, regardless of the subtlety of the humor, may choose their best runner for the treasurer of the class. The president of another college has estimated that in his institution the regular college activities outside of the curriculum reached a grand total of twenty-seven, and included everything from the glee-club leader to the chairman of an old-clothes committee. The dean of another institution who felt this overwhelming change in student affairs is quoted as recommending "a lightening of non-academic demands upon the students."

A college man is surrounded, therefore, with ample opportunity for individual development. His habits and his executive abilities are considered quite as important as his "marks" when the final honors are awarded. In short, the real government of our large North American institutions is to-day in the hands of the students, however much the faculty may think that they wield the scepter. Honor systems, athletics, college journalism, fraternity life, self-support, curriculum, seminars, unrestrained electives, student researches, and laboratory methods—all these are signs of the new day of student individualism. The parental form of government is less popular; the self-government idea is now the slogan in student life. The dogmatic college president whom I met recently in a Western State who insisted that in *his* college there shall be no fraternities or no athletics is marching among the belated leaders of modern education. Meanwhile embryonic statesmen and railroad managers are discovering themselves and their life-work in the society and politics of undergraduate days. In the ninety per cent. of his time which it is estimated the American undergraduate spends outside of his recitations, there is increasingly the tendency to make the college a practice-ground for the development of personal enterprise, individuality, and efficiency.

LEARNING TO THINK

AT least twelve college presidents have said to me during the last year that in their judgment the chief advantage of a college course is learning to think. It has been stated by Dr. Hamilton Wright Mabie that to Americans no conquests are possible save those which are won by superiority of ideas. Professor George H. Palmer tells an anecdote of a Harvard graduate who came back to Cambridge and called upon him to express his gratitude for certain help which had come to him in Professor Palmer's classroom, and which had directly influenced his life. The professor, naturally elated, hastened to inquire what particular remark had so influenced the young man's career. The graduate replied: "You told us one day that John Locke insisted on *clear ideas*. These two words have been transforming elements in my life and work."

The colleges liberate every year a tremendous vital force, which is a prodigious energy. It may drive men aimlessly into all kinds of trifling, display, and doubtfully acquired possessions, or it may be harnessed to clear ideas and sturdy convictions on the great subjects of nationalism, industrialism, and enlightenment through schools and art and literature and religion. Education in the fullest meaning of the term is the source and secret of American success. Some of our colleges are older than the nation. Harvard was founded in 1636, William and Mary in 1693, Yale in 1701, Princeton in 1746, all before our distinctively national life began. The colleges are the training centers of the nation's life, and to the trained men of any nation belong increasingly the opportunities and the prizes of public life. Bismarck was sagaciously prophetic when he said that one third of the students of Germany died because of overwork, one third were incapacitated for leadership through

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Drawn by Henry Raleigh

Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

EDITORS OF THE HARVARD "LAMPOON," IN THE PRESIDENT'S ROOM, MAKING-UP THE "DUMMY" OF A NUMBER

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dissipation, and the other third ruled Germany. The future welfare of the peoples of the earth is in the hands of the men who are being trained by the schools for service and public leadership. The power of leadership is developed in part at least by the expression of ideas in writing and speaking. President Eliot is quoted as saying that the superior effectiveness of some men lies not in their larger stock of ideas, but in their greater power of expression. Many a student has learned to give expression to his ideas and convictions, and many an editor has found his vocation, by writing for the college journals.

COLLEGE JOURNALISM

BUT the condition of college journalism at present does not confer high honor on the American undergraduate or on American colleges. When we look beyond the college daily, we find literary periodicals nearly at a standstill as to funds and ideas. In the Middle West especially, the editors of literary journals spend a good part of their time in drumming up delinquent subscribers. The principal activity manifested by many a college literary magazine is to start and to stop. They resemble the ephemeral Edinburgh university magazine, described by Robert Louis Stevenson: "It ran four months in undisturbed obscurity and died without a gasp." To the modern era of literary productiveness the college man, at least while in college, seems to be a comparatively small contributor. The best men are needed to make college journalism popular, for deep within most students' hearts is a love for real literature; as one student said recently, "Many a man is found reading classic literature on the sly." It may seem to an outsider that the student usually prefers his heroes to be visible and practical, jumping and fighting about on the athletic field, much as certain persons prefer to hear a big orchestra, the players in which can be seen sawing and blowing and perspiring, rather than to listen to mysterious, sweet, but unseen music. Some day strong college leaders will rise up to champion college journalism and college reading as to-day they fight for athletics. Then college sentiment will make popular the pen and the book.

When book-life is as popular as play-life, college conversation will have new point; the fraternity man will be able to spend an hour away from the "fellows" and the rag-time piano, and the docile professor, starting out reluctantly to visit his students, will not need to pray "Make me a child again just for to-night!" as he immolates himself for a long, dreary evening trying to smile and talk wisely of college politics and base-ball averages.

A NEW REALISM IN LITERATURE

HOW is the undergraduate to be interested in writing? How can college journalism be made to take a real hold on the undergraduate's life? One might answer, present literature and writing in an interesting manner, bring out the humanity in it; for, above all, the undergraduate is intensely human. New college ideals and interests have been born, and have grown up in a new age of literary aspiration and method. The times demand literature instinct with human interest, vital with reality. We may quarrel with the type; we may call it vulgar and yellow and thin and realistic, but the fact remains that it is the literary temper of the day; and there are those whose opinions are worthy of consideration who believe that this new realism in literature is by no means to be treated lightly, even in comparison with the poetic and stately form of Elizabethan letters.

BOOKS AND THE UNDERGRADUATE

THE opportunity offered for cultivating acquaintance with good books is not the least reason for spending four years in a college atmosphere. In the year 1700, when William and Mary were on the throne of England, James Pierpont selected eleven trustees, nine of whom were graduates of Harvard, who, it is recorded, met at Branford, Connecticut. Each of the eleven brought a number of books, and, laying them on the table, said, "I give these books for the foundation of a college in this colony." This was the early foundation of Yale. The influence of such foundations upon the ideals of American students has been considerable. Many a man has discovered in college what Thackeray meant when he wrote to his mother in 1852, "I used, you know, to hanker after Parliament, police magistracies, and

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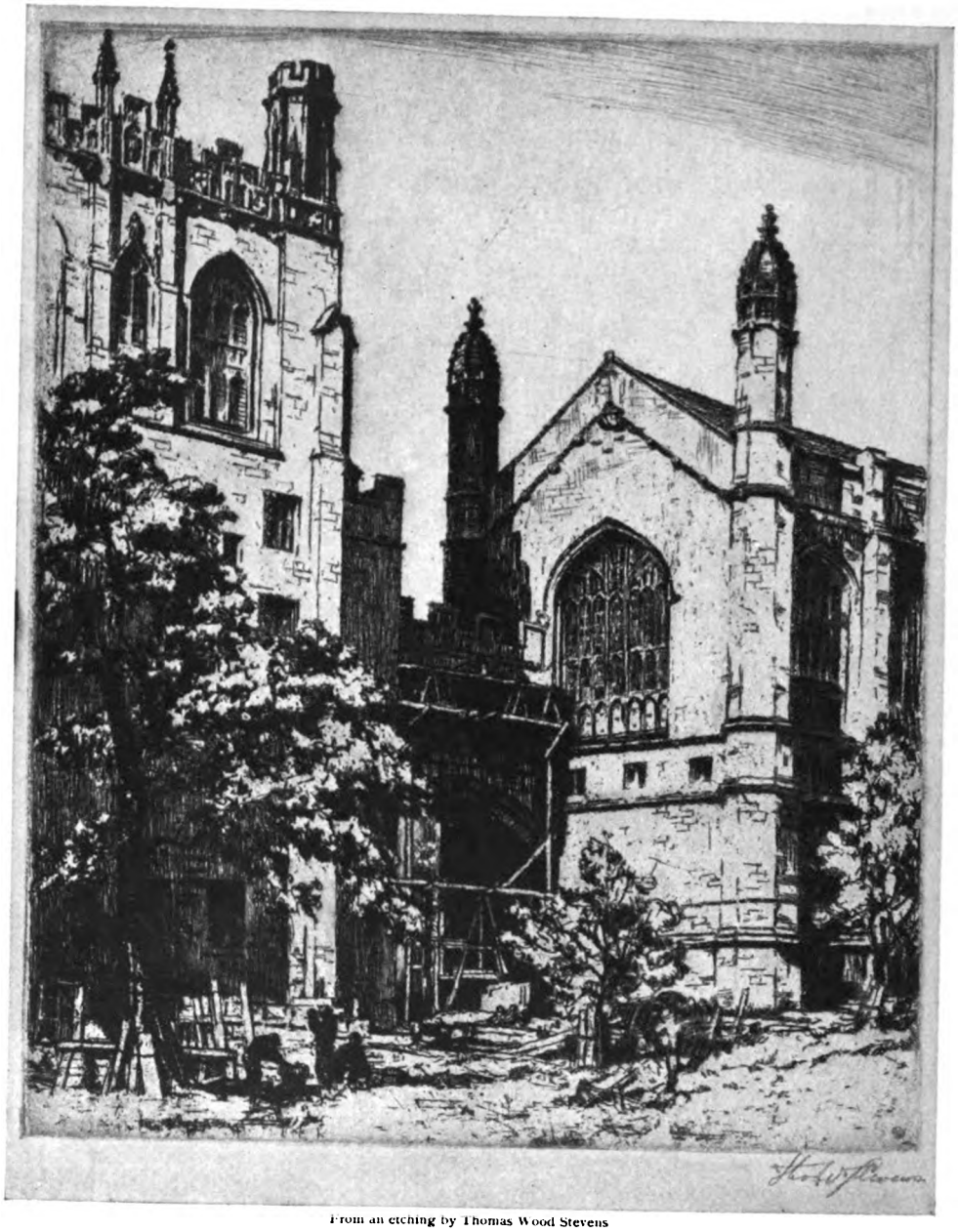

From an etching by Thomas Wood Stevens

HARPER MEMORIAL BUILDING AND THE LAW BUILDING,
UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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so forth; but no occupation I can devise is so profitable as that which I have at my hand in that old inkstand." Robert Louis Stevenson—and who can forget him in thinking of books?—said twenty years after his school-days, "I have really enjoyed this book as I—almost as I used to enjoy books when I was going twenty to twenty-three; and these are the years for reading. Books," he continued, "were the proper remedy: books of vivid human import, forcing upon the minds of young men the issues, pleasures, business, importance, and immediacy of that life in which they stand; books of smiling, or heroic temper, to excite or to console; books of a large design, shadowing the complexity of that game of consequences to which we all sit down, the hanger-back not least."

HOW TO INTEREST STUDENTS IN GOOD READING

SOME critics tell us that the undergraduate of to-day reads only his required books, and talks nothing but athletics. One gets the impression that the average college man feels about his prescribed work in literature much as D. G. Rossetti felt about his father's heavy volumes, "No good for reading." The fault is not wholly with the undergraduate. There is need for a change of method in interesting students in books. Too early specialization has frustrated the student's literary tendencies. College men are forced into "original research" before they know the meaning of the word bibliography. They rarely read enough of any one great author to enter into real friendship with him. Classroom study is often microscopic. Literature is made easy for the student by the innumerable sets of books giving dashes of the world's best literature, and chosen from an utterly different point of view than the student would take were he to make his own choice, thus often prejudicing him against an author whom he might otherwise have loved.

Grammatical and syntactical details too often obstruct the path to the heart of classical education. A student in one of our colleges had read the first six books of Vergil's Æneid in a preparatory school, and when his father asked him what it was about, answered, "I had n't thought about that." The real charm and interest of this classic had entirely escaped him. It had been buried beneath a mountain of philology. When we fail to make the student realize that the best literature of the world is interesting, why should we wonder that the student's literary realm is invaded by the pseudo-psychological novel, the humanly human though indelicate memoirs which tend frequently to keep the mind in the low and morbid levels?

Emphasis is needed on a few great books, not upon everything. The student is often discouraged by long lists of books, and it frequently happens that he reads without assimilating. A college friend of mine became an example of devotion to Bacon's injunction about reading until one becomes a "full man." He was literally full to the brim and running over with reading. He rarely laid down his books long enough to prepare for his course lectures; he certainly never stopped long enough to think about what he had read. His chief delight was in recounting the titles of the books he had consumed in a given period. He was something like Kipling's traveler in India, who spent his time gazing intently at the names of the railroad stations in his Baedeker. When the train rushed through the station he would draw a line through the name, saying in a satisfied manner, "I 've done that."

The undergraduate's reading may be made pleasurable instead of being a painful duty. Books ought to open new rooms in his house of thought, start new trains of ideas and action, help him to find his own line, give just views of the nation's history and destinies, impart a mental tone, and give a real taste for literature, inspired by intellectual curiosity. College reading should also awaken the soul of the student and attach his faith to the loyalties of life. A foot-ball coach said to me recently that his team was defeated in the last half of the game because of a lack of physical reserve. His men were equal, if not superior, to the other team in their technic, they followed the signals, but they had not trained long enough to secure the physical stamina which is always an element of success in the last half of the game. Good reading is good training. Good books give mental and spiritual reserve. They fill the reservoirs of the mind and heart with the kind of knowledge that arouses, sustains, and steadies a man in a crisis. The

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best books assure power in the right direction. A student whose mind is filled with the best will have neither time nor inclination for the literature that appeals only to a liking for the commonplace and the sensational. It will be unfortunate if Tennyson's indictment against an English university become true of our American teachers:

> Because you do profess to teach, and teach us nothing.
> Feeding not the heart.

To find not simply the laws of chemical and electrical action, but also the laws of the mind and the spirit, the nature of life and death, and the character of "that power not ourselves that makes for righteousness"—all this should determine the lines of reading for students outside of their specialty. Such reading is not for acquisition, for attainment, or for facts alone; it is for inspiration and ideals, and a realizing sense of that passionate joy derived from all things real and beautiful.

THE PIONEER SPIRIT

College training brings with it responsibility and reward. The responsibility is that of leadership—the kind of leadership which comes to the man of advanced knowledge and unusual advantages, who sees the needs of his time and does not flinch from the hardest kind of sacrifice in view of those needs. The reward is not always apparent to the world, but it is more than sufficient for the worker. Indeed, the American undergraduate is becoming more and more aware that his pay is not his reward. He is learning that the world is not keen to pay the cost of new ideas or to reward professional leadership with material values. Furthermore, his half-paid service does not tell the whole story of his sacrifice. His work is often lost in the successes of some other man who follows him. But the college-trained man who has weighed well these needs, and has deliberately chosen, is not to be pitied. Indeed, it is doubtful whether any one is more to be envied. He is under the impulsion of an inner sense of mission. The college has given him faith in himself and his mission. Many a graduate, going out from American halls of learning, feels somewhat as Carlyle felt when he said: "I have a book in me; it must come out," or as Disraeli intimated in his answer when he was hissed down in the House of Commons, "You will not hear me now, but there will come a time when you will hear me."

The undergraduate, spending laborious days upon the invention which shall make industrial progress possible in lands his eyes will never see, is carried along by an impulse not easily expressed. He realizes the feeling that Robert Louis Stevenson expressed when he said about his writing that he felt like thanking God that he had a chance to earn his bread upon such joyful terms. He has deliberately turned his back upon certain temporalities in order to face the sunrise of some new ideal for social betterment or national progress. He has heard the gods calling him to some far-reaching profession that is more than a position. There is stirring in him always the sense of message. He has caught the clear, captivating voice of a unique life-work. It urges him on to the occupation of his new land of dreams. Is this leader worried because some one misunderstands him? Does he envy the man who, following another ideal, sweeps by in an automobile which perhaps his own particular genius has made possible? The pioneer of letters who has known the sweetness and light of literary satisfaction, the fine frenzy of that creative, imaginative activity in which ideas are caught and crystallized in words, does not despair when his earthly rewards seem to linger.

The college, then, is a means only to the larger life of spirit and service. It exists to point out the goal the attainment of which lies inherent in the student. The college is like the tug-boat that pulls the ship from the harbor to the clear water of the free, open sea. The curriculum, the play-life, the laboratory, the patriotism of the college spirit, the buildings, and the men, are only torches gleaming through the morning shadows of the student's coming day.

(To be concluded)

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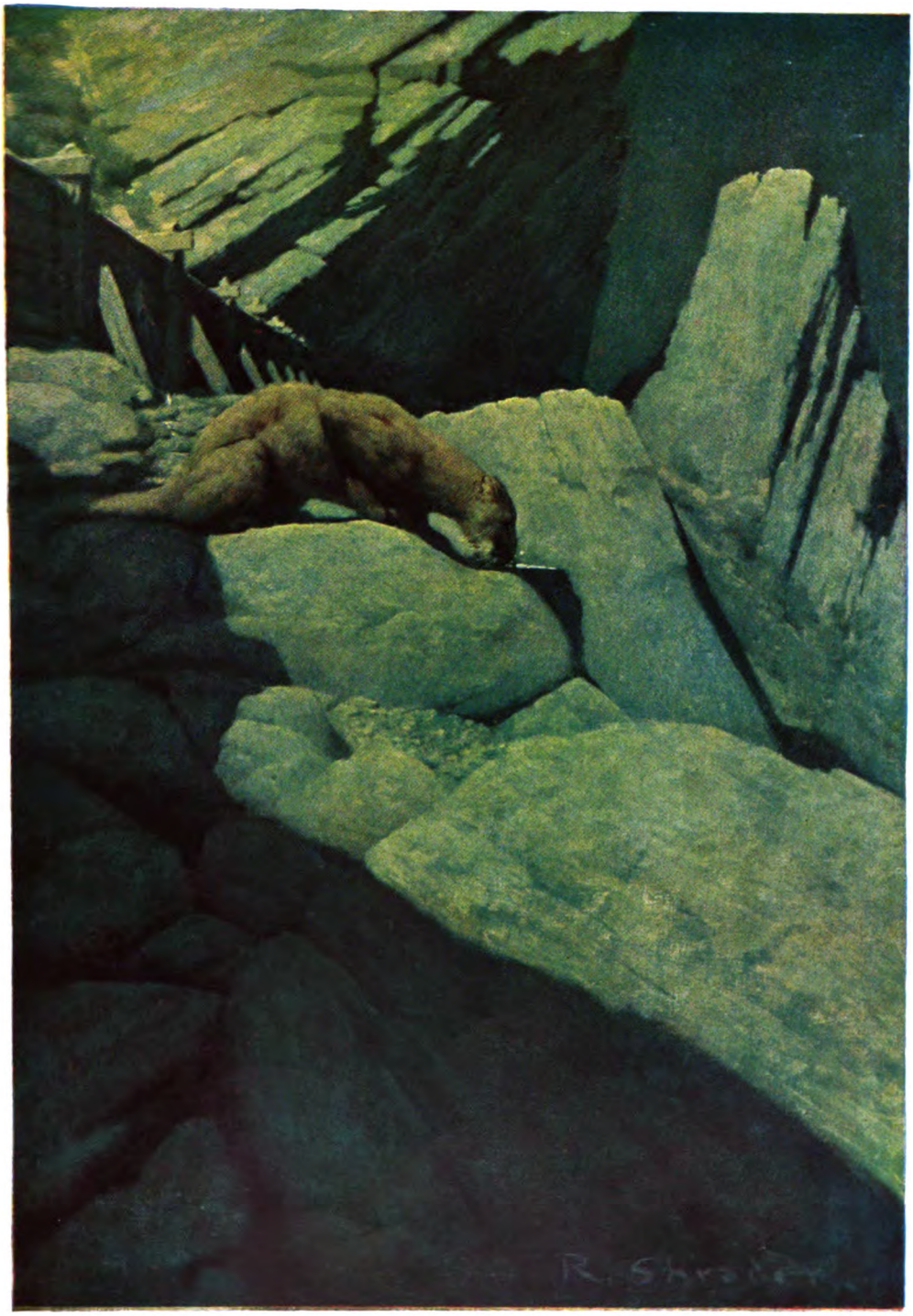

A MOUNTAIN-LION DRINKING

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ITALY'S ECONOMIC OUTLOOK

GROWING STRENGTH AGAINST MANY DIFFICULTIES

("THE TRADE OF THE WORLD" PAPERS)

BY JAMES DAVENPORT WHELPLEY

Author of "The Commercial Strength of Great Britain," "Germany's Foreign Trade," etc.

ITALY is a country with the glory of all history behind her. She is unsurpassed in fascinating interest and romance; but her real material greatness, if she is to have any, is before her. It is an unenviable task to turn from the contemplation of a record of marvelous achievement, extending from a period back of the Christian era to times within the knowledge of the present generation, to the prosaic and material problems with which her people are face to face. It is not easy to loiter by the Italian lakes and realize that on the plains of Lombardy and Piedmont, near by, thousands of spindles are at times motionless for lack of raw cotton upon which to work, and that men, women, and children are in distress because of this.

The mournful note in the cry of the Venetian gondolier seems attuned rather to the oppressions of the Inquisition than to the pathos of a harbor which in times gone by commanded the trade of the world, and now is hardly even mentioned as a factor in the traffic of the seas. To stand on the Pincian Hill of Rome and watch the sun go down in glory behind the dome of St. Peter's, to steep one's soul in the brooding spirit which envelops the Eternal City, seems the one thing to do when there, and it is only with the help of the obtrusive Victor Emmanuel monument, with its enormous size and incongruous newness, or the over-decorated modern Palace of Justice, that the mind can bring itself forward to the twentieth century, in which great deeds are those of utility and commerce rather than of romance and self-immolation for a cause. It is a greater temptation to wander through the ancient streets of Pompeii and picture the comings and goings of her people centuries ago than to look out upon the Bay of Naples devoid of shipping and the people of the city desolated by cholera. To bask in the sunshine of Sicily under wonderful blue skies, and let the notes of the tarantella recall the legends of old Sicilian days, is pleasanter than to think of the prostrate city of Messina and an evil condition of labor which has driven eighty per cent. of the population of the island to foreign lands.

These are the things the people of Italy must do, however, and they are doing them bravely and to the best of their considerable ability. In some ways they are better equipped for the task in hand than were their ancestors. It is true that they are untidy in large as well as in small ways, inartistic nationally and in their homes, and irreligious almost to the point of iconoclasm. On the other hand, they are mechanically ingenious, industrious,

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well educated and becoming still more so, persistent in endeavor, cheerful under adversity, and possessed of high ambitions and ideals for themselves, their children, and their country.

With less than one tenth of the accredited wealth of the United States, Italy has a public debt larger than ours. That debt inevitably will soon be increased. All of it bears interest ranging from three to five per cent. With a standing army of 240,000 men on a peace basis, and 800,000 reserves, some of them now in active service, she stands well to the front as a military power, and ranks seventh or eighth in naval strength. These expensive appanages to national life are yet considered necessary to a country surrounded by not too friendly neighbors, and with nearly every province possessed of a sea-coast. All these burdens and many more are borne by thirty-four millions of people, many of whom are incredibly poverty-stricken, living in a country of limited natural wealth —in fact, a poor people in a poor land.

With the passing of the fiftieth anniversary of the creation of the Italian constitutional monarchy, something can be realized of what these people had to do, what they have done, and the still greater work yet before them. It is fifty years since the federation of quarreling states was accomplished, but it was many years later before Italy really became the unified country of to-day; and for decades her problems were so preponderatingly political and social as to necessitate a hand-to-mouth economic policy under which it is more or less of a marvel that such progress as has been recorded should have been attained. Her people are still poor, but not so poor as they were. The country is still poor, as it always will be, in those elements, especially coal and iron, upon which industrial greatness is founded. Industry and intelligence, combined with state coöperation, however, are gradually wresting from the land the answers to economic questions to which not so long ago no answers were apparently possible.

The Triple Alliance with Austria and Germany has given to her foreign politics a certain stability, though in some respects this alliance reminds one of the policy of Porfirio Diaz when president-dictator of Mexico, who, suspecting of revolutionary designs any prominent citizen of a far-away State, brought him to the capitol and placed him in a position of honor, that he might the better watch his movements and possibly frustrate suspected treachery. The feeling between Austrians and Italians is far from friendly, and in recent years many war scares have excited both peoples. That the day may come, and possibly soon, when actual conflict will take place between the two peoples is the belief of diplomats and of the people themselves.

Notwithstanding the alliance with Germany, Italian statesmen give as their reason for declaring war upon Turkey that if Italy, following the Moroccan agreement between Germany and France, had not promptly seized Tripoli, Germany would have acquired the country by purchase, and would thus have deprived Italy of her present commanding position upon the Mediterranean. In this it may be said that Germany has suffered not only from Italian suspicion, but has incurred at least a temporary check in her intimate relations with Turkey, as the latter country holds Germany to blame for not restraining the grasping hand of Italy in its reaching after African soil. German diplomacy and influence will recover their former prestige in the Ottoman Empire with marvelous rapidity, and when the secret history of the Italian-Turkish war is written, it would not be surprising to find that more important influences were at work behind the scenes than appeared to public view. The play for the trade of the world is a big game, and following as it did so closely upon the exclusion of German political interest from Morocco, the seizure of Tripoli will possibly give more or less meaning in the future to the Triple Alliance than has been customary to attach to it in the past. The events to follow the Italian-Turkish war will disclose its true strength or weakness.

Many of those who have the interests of the Italian people at heart deplore the alleged necessity for war, notwithstanding the hopes of future gains, for the immediate loss to the industry and commerce of a nation just beginning to free itself from the paralyzing effects of a turbulent political and social past is incalculable. It is not alone that millions must be disbursed for military expenses, but Italian trade in the East is being destroyed—a trade until now

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of enormous value, and the foundation of the recent expansion of textile manufacturing in Italy. The textile industry has not been in the best of condition for the last two or three years. The high price of raw material, speculation, and a production increasing at a greater ratio than the absorptive power of the market for Italian goods, have brought about a critical and anxious stage, and just at this most inopportune moment comes a war which in effect deals a staggering blow. At peace again, Italy's strategic position on the Mediterranean once more affirmed, and Tripoli, a possession of somewhat doubtful value otherwise, in her control, it will still take years to reëstablish Italian wares in the favor of ante-bellum times. Not only does the war temporarily stop intercourse with Turkey and its close neighbors, but it allows other nations to enter these markets to a greater extent, and makes it all the more difficult for Italy to compete with these more strongly intrenched rivals when the time comes for her to do so. When all these things are fully realized,—and they are becoming apparent even to the most patriotic,—it will take skilful argument to justify this latest move in *Weltpolitik,* made so suddenly as almost to amount to an ambuscade of the foreign offices of Europe.

An effective war against the plague of cholera would do more for the comfort, prosperity, and happiness of the Italian people than any possible conflict at arms, however successful; for under its dread rule business is paralyzed, homes are desolated, ports are closed, travel restricted or impeded, and an indefinable panic of fear, with all its evil effects, hangs over many communities in reality far removed from the zone of danger. With her great army and navy, her comparatively vast national debt, her soaring international ambitions, and the brave words of her politicians, Italy resembles the typical shop of the country, where a fine window-display sometimes comprises almost the entire stock of goods in the establishment. No country in the world puts up such a "front," or, in other words, does so large a trading in the affairs of nations upon so small a capital. The old saying of the Western mining country, that "outside money makes the camp," was never better illustrated; for if Italy were to be deprived of the six or seven dollars per capita which flows in annually from Italian labor abroad, and the strain of increasing population was not relieved by large emigration, needs and conditions would be brought home with overwhelming force.

Italy as a government is diplomatically on friendly terms with all other governments excepting Turkey. So far as practical benefits are concerned, America stands first. In America her people have found homes temporary or permanent, as the case may be, and a most profitable employment, which has resulted in an enormous increase in the number of Italians who own their own homes, farms, or businesses, purchased with money earned abroad. The German influence has been practical, and German investment in Italy in banking and other enterprises has been large, thus accounting in great measure for the constantly increasing hold Germany has upon Italian trade outward and inward bound.

The Italian friendship with England has been strong, but close analysis seems to indicate that it has been and is largely one of sentiment, literary and artistic, and the severe criticism of the Italian troops prevalent in the English press during the first few weeks of the war with Turkey has apparently greatly weakened this sentimental attachment as far as the mass of the Italian people is concerned. This criticism was stopped suddenly at its height, and apparently through the intervention of the British government; but much damage had already been done, and it will take years to live down the antagonism aroused. The Italians are proud and sensitive, and glory in the mighty history of their country. They are intolerant of criticism even if it be just, and reflection upon the character or conduct of their troops sent abroad was greeted with natural and fierce resentment. In a way they were from the beginning on the defensive in their prosecution of the war against Turkey, and every national instinct was quickened in their justification of their army and of the course pursued by their government.

Italian estimates have placed the cost of the war at $200,000 a day, which is manifestly too low; but the credit of the government is good, and through a recent reduction in interest upon the public debt a considerable further loan can be as-

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sumed without increasing the present national expenditure of approximately $100,000,000 for interest. It is significant of the financial strength of Italy that with all her handicaps and comparative poverty, the burden of interest carried by the people upon the national debt alone is greater than that of the United States or Germany, and approaches that of England.

The politics of Italy are not for the casual passer-by to touch upon. With strong socialist, republican, monarchical, cleric, and anti-cleric factions pulling one way or another, the constitutional ruler is chary of exercising any serious prerogatives. Hence, notwithstanding a crown-appointed second chamber, the real government is largely of the people, or, rather, that section of the people from which politicians come. Not infrequently a statesman appears whose abilities are quickly recognized, but the problems are great, provincial feeling is strong, and the balance of power slight one way or the other. Many a brilliantly conceived and well-grounded plan for the rapid economic development of the country has been born of the brains of Italy, but the material to work upon is far from ductile, finances are restricted, and individual power limited. Many a statesman here, as elsewhere, has seen more or less clearly what is to be done, but has failed to make more than a barely perceptible progress in the doing. In the production of exceptional music and literature, the country stands well among the great powers. It is in the duller domain of every-day affairs that the needs of the people now lie. The gift of tongue, the wondrous national gift of voice production, and inherent knowledge and love of music, combined with the joyous temperament of the Southern races, make possible an endurance of conditions which otherwise would annihilate the national spirit shining brightly throughout this land which has been called the "mother of dead empires" and the "Niobe of nations."

The Italian Minister of Finance recently made the statement that in the three preceding years about $220,000,000 had been received in Italy from Italians living in the United States. In the fiscal year ending June, 1910, Italians in America sent to Italy for deposit in the post-office savings-bank nearly $40,000,000, and over $40,000,000 was sent to Italy through the Bank of Naples and other financial institutions. Remittances through various other agencies bring the amount in a single year to approximately $100,000,000. It is probable that an amount nearly equaling this is brought or sent into Italy from other countries by migratory or expatriated Italians. The importance of this source of revenue to the Italian people cannot be overestimated. It goes to those who need it most. It often bridges the gap between income and outgo. It takes care of the old, the sick, the minor, or the dependent. Part of it is used to pay passages for others to foreign lands, and in many cases it is sent for the purpose of adding to an accumulation designed ultimately for the purchase of land or the carrying out of some modest business venture. In many ways it may be said to represent the margin of spending money possessed by the poorer people of Italy. The relative importance of $100,000,000 brought into the country from the United States alone, without a corresponding outgo of raw material or the products of labor, is shown by the fact that it is equal to one fifth of the amount raised by the government as revenue from all sources. The total amount sent into Italy in cash by Italians abroad is more than one half of the gross amount received by the nation from their total export trade, and represents double the net profit derived from that trade.

The business of transmitting this money from America to Italy supports a number of large financial institutions, and it may be said in this connection that the combined efforts of the American and Italian governments to safeguard these remittances are not yet entirely successful. Conditions have been improved, but fraudulent banks and remitting agencies operating in New York and other American cities still reap a benefit of ill-gotten gains amounting annually to many thousands of dollars. Case after case of this particularly atrocious form of fraud is brought to the attention of American consuls in Italy, and in connection with a suit brought to recover the amount of one remittance the Italian government officials testified that not only had the remittance in question never been received, but that

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no remittance had ever been received from this particular concern which made a business of taking money from Italians in America for the alleged purpose of carrying it to Italy in safety. It is only when the party making the remittance has sufficient intelligence or enterprise to make complaint and push the claim to a conclusion that the fraud sees the light of day. There must be hundreds of cases where men and women have toiled and saved to send money home, and after all only paid tribute to these swindlers, and through ignorance or lack of energy have accepted the loss without effective protest.

Emigration of labor is, as a general rule, a serious economic loss to a nation, and statesmanship cannot consistently give encouragement thereto; but in the case of Italy, a country with a surplus of laboring population of low-earning power and a deficiency of employment, it is looked upon as at least a justifiable expediency and not to be too severely restrained. Consequently, there has been little or no attempt on the part of the Italian government to restrict the outward movement, amounting in a single year, as it does at times, to half a million people, of whom more than half go to the United States. Italy has on her statute-books a very complete and detailed emigration law which in theory discourages the intending emigrant and forbids propaganda by other countries or transportation companies urging departure. In effect, however, the law is rigidly enforced only in those regions which are designed for the protection of Italians leaving their native land. Steamship companies are required to live up to the terms of their contracts, and the sanitary conditions, food supply, and passenger accommodations on steamships carrying emigrants are carefully supervised. On each ship in the regular trade is a naval officer charged with this duty.

The real restraint of the Italian outward movement comes from abroad. To no country in any such proportion do the Italians go as to the United States. About twenty-five per cent. of those who go are migratory, and return to Italy after varying periods of more or less profitable labor. The others go to stay. The strictness of the American immigration law has done more to limit the number than anything else. At one port, Naples, over 10,000 have been rejected in a single year for reasons which would have prevented their landing in the United States. The principal cause for detention is the prevalence of trachoma, an infectious eye disease said to have been introduced into Italy from Egypt by Napoleon's army, and suffering from which no foreigner can enter the United States. Many of these rejected applicants for passage to North America have in years gone by compromised upon South America, where the immigration laws have not been so strict. Argentina has been next in favor to the United States with Italian emigrants, and there are now about one million Italians in that country, or about one sixth of the entire population. There are, in fact, as many Italians born in Argentina as there are now in the United States, and the annual movement to Argentina now nearly equals that to the United States. It is more migratory in character, however, and about one half of the Italians who go to Argentina return after the harvest work is done. It is estimated that $15,000,000 is sent or brought into Italy as a result of Italian labor in Argentina. Last year emigration from Italy to Argentina was prohibited by the Italian government upon alleged sanitary and economic grounds. Such a prohibition is merely temporary, though it is illustrative of the arbitrary power possessed and occasionally exercised over the population by the government.

Over two million Italians have come to the United States in the last ten years, and the movement is still on, varying from year to year with the economic conditions in Italy and the United States. This movement is not at all unintelligent, and the Italians can tell you very quickly whether it is a good time to go to the United States or to stay at home. By a most marvelous system of "wireless" telegraphy the Italian people keep themselves informed as to the amount of work there is available for immigrants in the various foreign countries. Naturally the prosperity of northern Italy and the poverty of southern Italy have resulted in a majority of the emigrants to the United States being from the south, which is not a matter upon which the American nation can congratulate itself. It is the penalty the American people have had to pay for the tremendous industrial growth of the

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last twenty years that the demand for unskilled labor has swelled the army of immigrants, thousands of whom are undesirable additions to the social structure, and many thousands more hovering close to the line of undesirability. To apply a numerical restriction, however, as recommended by the recent congressional immigration commission, would be an economic absurdity; an educational test, also recommended, would be of doubtful utility or justice. The only logical course is thoroughly to police the incoming stream in the widest sense, and let the law of supply and demand regulate its volume.

There is little wonder that the Italian workman is attracted to other lands when he compares the scale of living and wages elsewhere with those to which he is accustomed at home. In his own cities he is housed on a par with the worst tenements to be found in the slums of New York, and no such lack of sanitary arrangements would be allowed in the worse-governed American city as prevail in the largest and best-governed cities of Italy. At home the Italian laborer works from ten to twelve hours a day for forty cents or less, and when he comes to buy his food, he finds that beer, wine, bread, cheese, and macaroni are the only articles sold at prices which would be considered reasonable in America. He pays four cents a pound for salt, from a monopoly of which the government derives over $17,000,000 in income. If he buys sugar at all, he pays fifteen cents a pound, owing to the small production at home and the high import duty, from which the government obtains $450,000 in customs revenue.

The Italians are perforce economical in the narrow sense, but not thrifty in the forehanded, purposeful, and scientific manner of the French. Money is hard to get, and once in hand, there is great reluctance to part with more than is actually necessary at the moment. They have yet to learn, if they ever will, that liberal expenditure is not always prodigality. With little money at his command, the Italian's purchases are conducted upon the most expensive plan,—a pennyworth at a time,—a system which probably doubles the cost of many articles in daily use as compared with prices paid by the most liberal buyer. The Italian is constitutionally averse to paying out money, and, if money must be paid, to giving the full amount asked. This trait is observable among the moderately well-to-do or even the rich as well as among the poor. If the delivery of food supply to the homes of any Italian city were suddenly to cease without warning at a given moment, there would be very few families in palace or hovel that would find enough to eat the next day.

The Italian loves bargaining, and all business is conducted on that basis. The sign "fixed prices," common in the large cities, is in most cases for the benefit of strangers. The native never takes it for granted that a reduction cannot be secured. This instinct is not confined to any one class. The wife of the laborer counts her marketing as perhaps the only excitement of the day, and haggles interminably for a soldo. The scenes enacted in some of the largest shops, where well-dressed women of good class engage in heated, noisy, and even abusive arguments with the salesmen, in any other country would draw a crowd and possibly the police; but no attention is paid to them in Italy. It is part of the game, and when the controversy is ended, customer and merchant relax their belligerency and part upon the best of terms. Very rarely is a payment made for a purchase by an average Italian, especially a woman, that an amount slightly less than the bill is not offered, and generally accepted by the shopkeeper. Unfortunately for the larger commerce of the country, this bargaining spirit extends generally into every transaction, and it takes an Italian to buy or sell successfully in his own country. It has also given rise to the general habit of paying commissions. Every person directly or indirectly connected with the sale or purchase of goods expects and receives a commission, be it large or small. It must follow that all these expenses are included in the first price, as the amount ultimately received must include the legitimate profit of the original seller.

On the whole, from that time forty years ago when the troops of the federation entered Rome, the foreign trade of Italy has increased in volume, thus keeping pace with the growth of national purpose, the increase of population, and the expansion of the trade of the world in general. The total imports and exports have been as follows:

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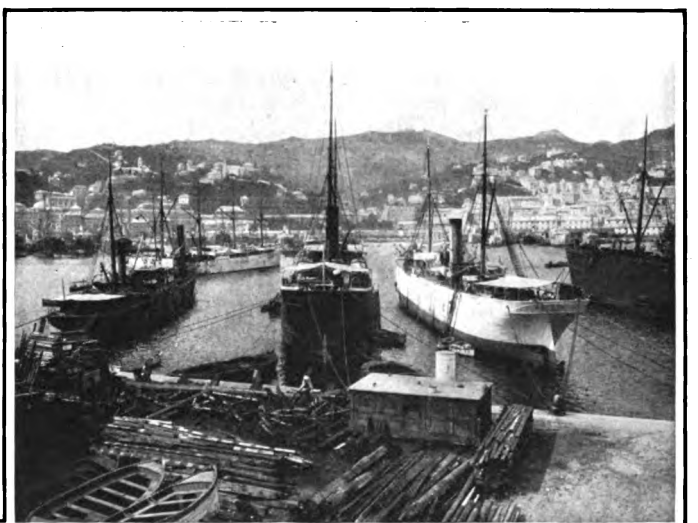
	IMPORTS	EXPORTS
1887	$320,000,000	$200,000,000
1896	235,000,000	210,000,000
1910	618,500,000	388,000,000

In recent years, the imports of manufactured goods have decreased, as also have the imports of foodstuffs. This change is indicative of an increase in productiveness in all lines of industry which are included under the general heads of manufacturing and agricultural. The Germans are the best customers for Italian products, and in return furnish more of Italy's imports than any other nation. The United States is Italy's second best customer, but is a weak fourth in the list of purveyors to the Italian people, furnishing little more than half as much as either Germany or England, and, in 1910, six millions less than France.



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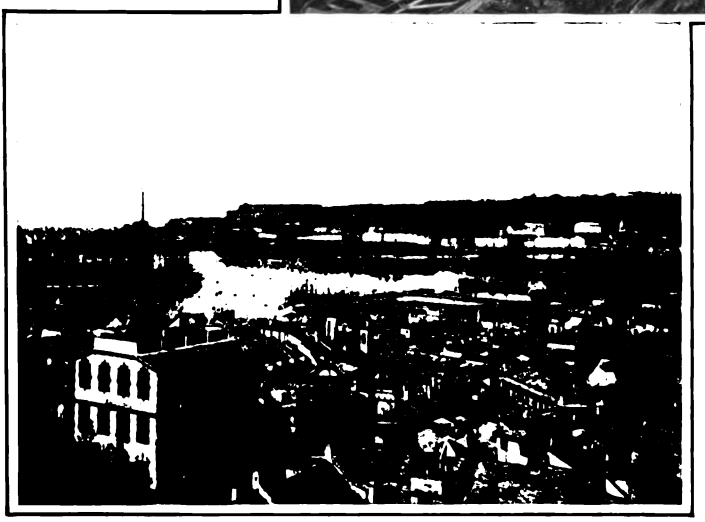
THE HARBOR OF GENOA, AS VIEWED FROM THE VIA VENTI SETTEMBRE



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GENOA AS SEEN FROM THE SPIANATA CASTELETTO

The principal imports of Italy tell the story of her economic shortages, for they are wheat, coal, iron, raw cotton, lumber, dried fish, wool, and certain grades of raw silk. Her principal exports are manufactures of cotton, silk, and wool; fruits and nuts; hemp, olives, and olive-oil; macaroni, rice, marble, alabaster work, and automobiles. In 1890, American exports to Italy amounted to $13,000,000. Gradually and slowly they increased until in 1909 they reached the high-water mark of $77,000,000. In 1910 they declined to $58,000,000, a loss due to a lean year in Italy for agriculture and textile manufacturing as well as to increased imports of raw cotton from India. The imports of the United States from Italy in 1890 amounted to $20,000,000, in 1909 they were $51,000,000, and in 1910 they were $50,000,000. Of the American exports to Italy only between seven and eight million can, strictly speaking, be credited to manufactured goods. American trade with Italy will increase from year to year for some time to come, with possible occa-

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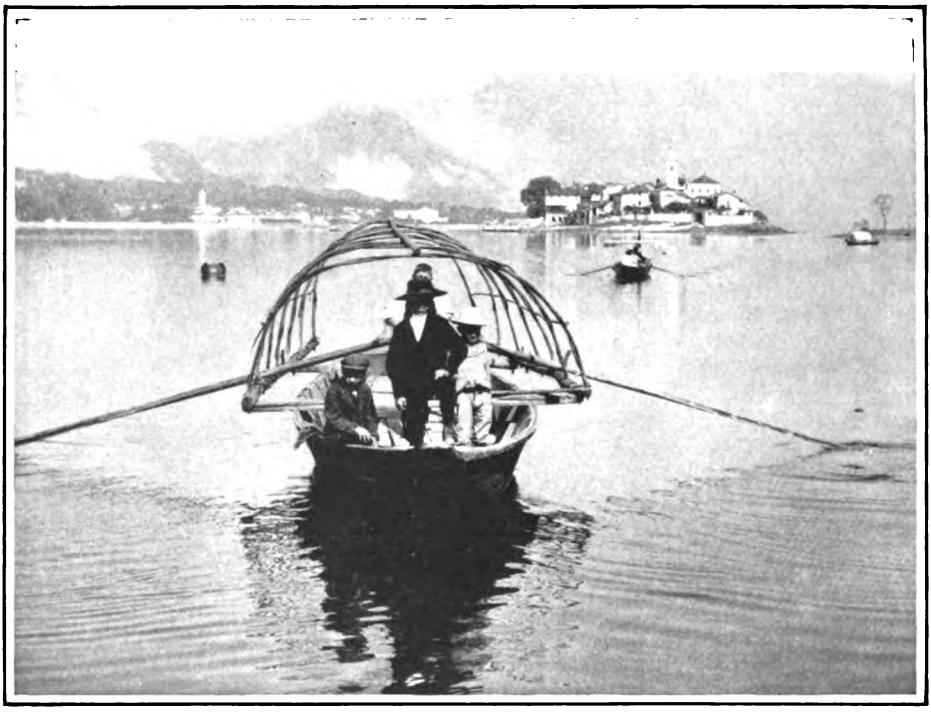

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LAKE MAGGIORE, ITALY

sional set-backs, the amount being determined annually by the consuming power of the two peoples in the measure of their prosperity or adversity.

The purchasing power of the Italians is small, and at best is seldom freely exercised. The nation will buy what it lacks for purposes of food or of manufacturing where most favorable terms can be secured. This will be the measure of sales by Americans to Italians. The sales made by Italians to Americans are governed by the deficit in American manufactures, minor deficiencies in natural products, and the demand of Italian residents in America for products peculiar to their native land. There can be no sensational increase in figures either way, and no reversal of form, unless the time shall come when Italian agriculture develops to the point where the nation becomes a great purveyor of food to less fortunate peoples. That point may be reached in the future, though the difficulties to be overcome and the problems to be solved are taxing the best minds in Italy. The greatest industrial future of Italy lies in the further development of agriculture and the manufacture of textiles. The deficiency of coal is supplied in some instances by water power. Only China and Japan exceed Italy in raw-silk production, and the soil and climate favor the growing of hemp, flax, and other fibers. With the raw material, power at reasonable cost, and an unlimited supply of low-priced and tractable labor, it is apparently hard to explain the present depressed condition of the textile industry even at this early stage of development. The causes lie rather in a lack of selling power due to weak organization of the trade at home and abroad, and the superior strength of the industry in other nations in these particulars. The cheaper and more defective grades of cloth are most commonly manufactured, and as these are most generally sold in countries colonial or strongly protectorate to one or the other of the greater political, financial, and commercial powers, Italian headway is checked.

Earlier in the game Italy had a large trade in cloths to India, with great promise as to the future; but Japan has entered that market with such vigor and competitive power as to drive Italy, as well as

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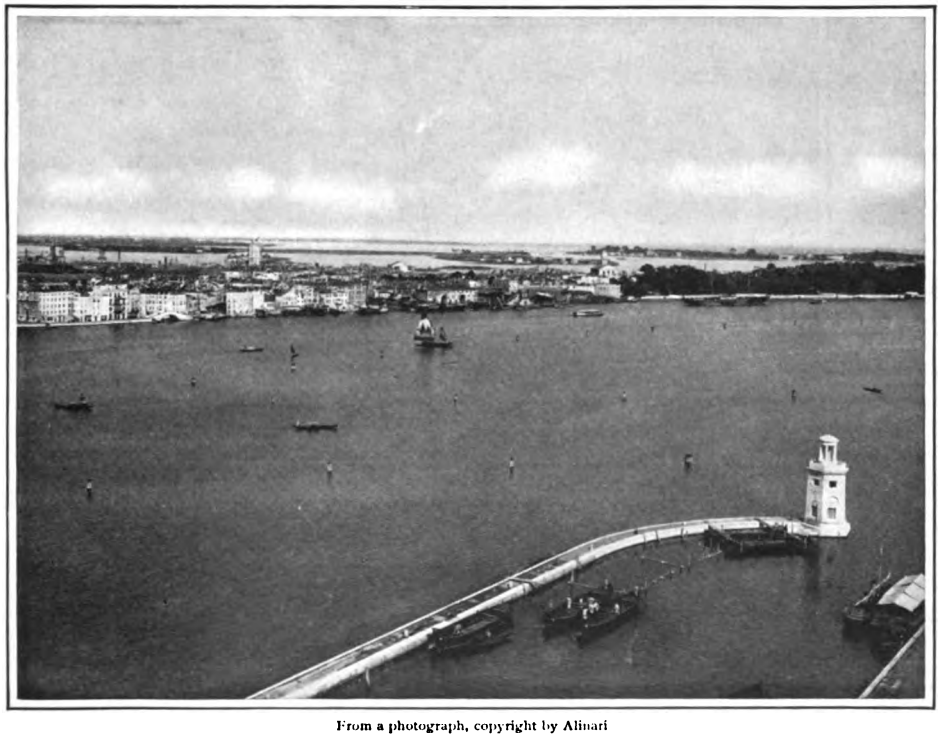
nearly every one else, out of the business. This, by the way, is only one of the numerous and significant features of the Japanese commercial invasion of India. Its extent is hardly realized except by those who have come in contact with the Oriental foreign trader, and generally to the serious discomfiture of the former. Like all new and quickly grown industries, textile manufacturing in Italy is passing through the usual reactionary stage, where financial and administrative reorganization is necessary before the industry gets its second and more permanent wind. That it will come into its own in course of time is a foregone conclusion, and the rapidity of its real growth will then be dependent solely upon the modernized foreign trading power of the nation. At present this is not great, but it may develop with experience and the readjustments imposed by conditions encountered.

The large German investment in Italy, like most German foreign investment, originates in and is inspired by the effort to increase German foreign trade, and that it has done so is shown by the strides made in the exchange of commodities between Germany and Italy. German banks abroad facilitate German trading, and the sympathetic interest between banking and industry in Germany results in close identification of interest in all undertakings. Much has been written and said in favor of American banks being established in South America and elsewhere. It would seem that were such a thing possible as an American bank in a foreign land, that Italy would have afforded the best ground for an experiment as possessing unusual reasons for a successful outcome. To begin with, there is the sending of $100,000,000 in cash annually from America to Italy. This business alone maintains several Italian institutions with large profits, and there seems no good reason why, with the advantage of a possible direct American influence over this international exchange, a goodly portion of the money at least could not have been utilized to furnish a foundation for an American-Italian bank which would have achieved



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MAIN APPROACH TO VENICE FROM THE ADRIATIC

The view is from the island of San Giorgio Maggiore, across the Canal of St. Mark to the Public Gardens, on the right.

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notable success in itself and proved a strong stimulant to trade relations. There is no such opportunity for America in the exchanges with any other country. American money has been so busy at home, and American banking is of so pronounced a provincial character, as compared with foreign banking, that in the past, at least, opportunities have been neglected. By the time we reach the point when it is realized that foreign trading is not merely the simple process of selling goods, others will have reaped the benefit of our own adventure and become so well entrenched behind the bulwarks of established business that the problem of American foreign trade expansion will have become most serious and complicated.

The general welfare of industry, present or future, plays no such part in the conduct of American individual business as it does in other countries. The selfishness of other business communities seems to possess greater elements of forethought and prophecy than the selfishness of many of those which lead in American enterprise, domestic and foreign. The advantage or profit of the immediate moment controls American enterprise to a large extent in all foreign dealings, whereas the

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A STREET SCENE IN NAPLES, SHOWING A GROUP OF BEGGARS

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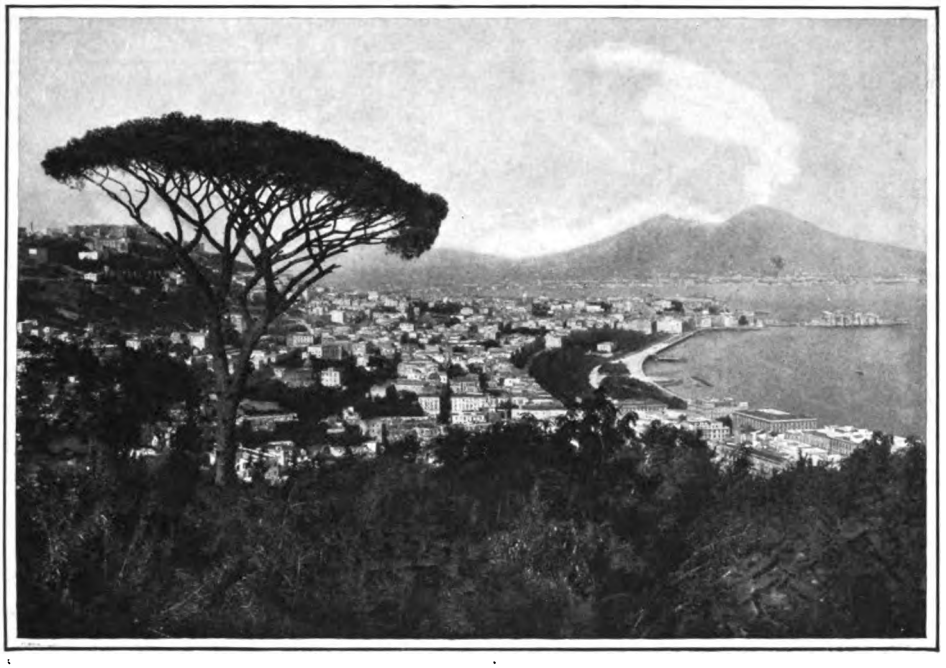
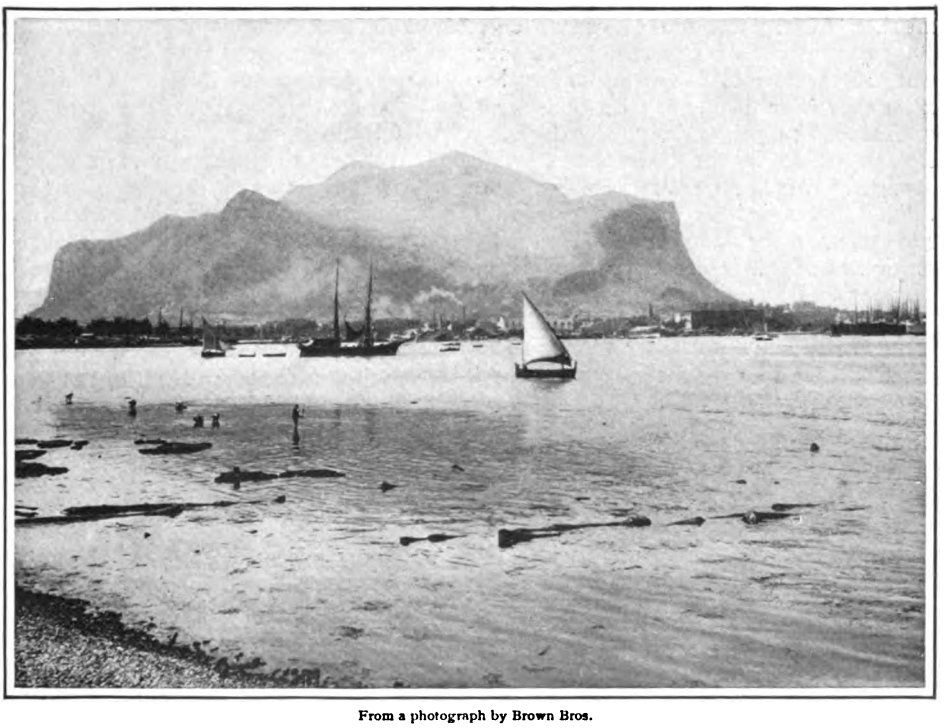


A VIEW OF THE HARBOR OF NAPLES

English, the Germans, and, in fact, all other great foreign traders, are willing to build for the future, sometimes without immediate gain and perhaps some loss. There are exceptions to this among Americans engaged in foreign trading, but they



From a photograph by Brown Bros.

THE HARBOR OF PALERMO, SICILY, WITH MONTE PELLEGRINO IN THE BACKGROUND

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A TYPICAL ITALIAN OX-CART CARRYING GRAPES FROM A VINEYARD

are so few as to become notable. Within the last few months an order for over $100,000 worth of manufactured goods was lost in Italy to American bidders because they were unable to meet the system of extended payments desired by the buyers and offered by the Germans. In this particular case American goods were wanted and asked for, and there was no question as to the financial standing of the consignees. This is only a single instance, however, whereas hundreds can be cited and are known to American consuls abroad or to any one else who has marked the ebb and flow of the tide of foreign trade. The same complaints are made today as were made twenty years ago. Unintelligent packing, inelasticity of credits, disregard of local or special needs, indifference to terms of contract, are notorious defects in American foreign trading. Conditions are improving, but all too slowly, for in the meantime the more complaisant merchant from Germany or elsewhere is planting his wares, establishing friendly relations, and committing these customers to the habit of buying from him rather than elsewhere. Trade breeds trade not only in the narrow sense, but it cheapens transportation, improves facilities, and creates currents upon which men and merchandise are carried back and forth in a natural flow rather than by initiative requiring courage in adventure.

That prosperity will come to Italy ultimately through agriculture is not difficult to believe. Strongly supported by textile and other manufacturing interests already promising greatness, these people have in great areas of fertile soil, salubrity of climate, and a plentiful population accustomed to the tillage of the land, the power to grow and become strong from within. At no time in the history of the world was the prospect better for those who till the earth, and in no country are the agricultural possibilities so promising of return as in Italy. In many regions in the North what can be done is fully demonstrated, and miles upon miles of charming landscape are thickly dotted with small and prosperous towns separated only by intensely cultivated fields and splendid stretches of orchard. In the South the land is as good, but the water-supply is deficient. A few men control vast areas, and lack sufficient capital or enterprise to make them productive. The state has

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loaned money in some instances to remedy this condition, but as yet with no great results. A compulsory land-purchase act has been advocated, but the small farmer is wholly unable to secure water by his own unaided effort. It is a big undertaking for a poor state, but some day when military wars are no longer deemed necessary, an economic war against adverse natural conditions may be waged in Italy which will drive the malaria from the Campagna, break up the big land-holdings elsewhere, institute state-owned water-supplies for irrigation, and give to the home-seeking Italian such a chance upon his native soil as will enable him to stay in Italy with profit to himself, his family, and the state.

The seventy-eight per cent. of illiteracy which prevails in a single province, and a wage-scale of ten cents for a long, hard day of manual labor, are sufficient to show the size of the problem before the Italian people in their effort for industrial regeneration. In one way it is encouraging, however, since there is so much room for improvement that the slightest intelligent effort will repay a thousandfold. With Italy as she is to-day despite these local conditions, the prospects of the Italy of to-morrow are replete with the promise of greatness.

As a commercial rival Italy offers no threat to the United States. There is every reason for closer and more friendly relations, if such be possible. The Italians know Americans, and like them. They know America, and look upon it as a country which has brought them unadulterated good. In times of trouble in Italy the people of the United States have taken the lead in succor, thus giving evidence of the practical spirit of understanding and good-will which exists between the two nations. Italy has not always been kind to America in the character of the people she has sent to new fields of endeavor. The Italian criminal is an adept, but he is no more welcome in his own country than he is elsewhere, and the Italian government has always shown its ready coöperation to further the ends of justice.

The trade of the United States in Italy should increase rather than decline, as it shows signs of doing. It should take on a more profitable nature than at present. As the agricultural industry of Italy increases its output, and as the demand of America for these products increases, there should be plenty of cargo both ways, which is one of the great secrets of profitable foreign trading. The United States has sent good men to Rome—men like George P. Marsh in the anxious days of Italian political reconstruction, and Lloyd C. Griscom in the days of the Messina disaster, when nearly one hundred thousand people perished. The American representatives handled the relief-work effectively and to the everlasting gratitude of the Italian people. Here is fertile soil for friendly intercourse not only social and diplomatic, but commercial as well, which can be skilfully tilled to the advantage of both nations in the years to come.

APRIL

BY ANNA GLEN STODDARD

FLING away care, good fellow!
Pray, why trouble borrow,
A-thinking on the morrow,
When, with booming cello,
The bee will charm your sorrow
And all your woe dispel?
In garden borders sunny
The crocus cup is yellow;
The April air is mellow;
And, though you have no money,
Surely there is honey
In the cowslip's bell!

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"TINNIE"

FROM THE PAINTING BY WALTER GREAVES

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A SKULKER

BY ELIZABETH MOORHEAD

"IS Marion Shepard keeping up that phantasmal affair of hers? What a triumph of hope over experience!"

During the long period of her engagement since its first simple hopefulness and delight, Miss Shepard had passed through so many phases—phases of half-apologetic explanation, of insistent, courageous assertion, finally of proud, defiant silence—that she had in the process developed a hard little shell of manner warranted to protect the shrinking spirit within from every prick of curiosity and criticism. It was therefore disconcerting to find that she still had a vulnerable spot which responded with instant sensitiveness to the sting of this chance remark, idly uttered and accidentally overheard.

It had reached her ears from the other side of a heavy portière. She had not winced, but continued to sip her cup of tea and smile and chat in the hubbub of women's voices struggling against the strains of a Hungarian stringed orchestra. She had held her head high, and her sparkling eyes had not betrayed her. No one should know that she cared.

But she owned to herself that she did care; she cared bitterly. A dull anger rose in her against Philip, who, for all his fine intuition, was showing himself inexcusably slow to realize her special difficulties and embarrassments. Her flower-like face, usually shy and appealing in its beauty, was aglow with new purpose as she repeated the mocking little speech to him that evening.

But Philip seemed disposed to treat it lightly.

"Does it matter what people say about us? We 're sure of each other; nothing can touch that."

Marion's color deepened.

"It 's not what people say that hurts most; it 's the situation itself."

He moved uneasily.

"Ah, as to the situation, don't you suppose I 'm always tormenting myself, wondering if I could possibly be justified in asking you to risk getting married now?"

"But if I 'm ready, willing, *glad* to run any risk? There,"—she flung it out boldly; then hurried on, flushed and breathless,—"I see it all, I know what it means. I should love planning and contriving, and I never did want luxury. 'Things' are n't necessary to me."

"Dear little girl, you *don't* know. How could you? You 've had no experience, you 've always been sheltered—"

"I 'm not wholly lacking in imagination," she retorted, "and I 've seen how others live. Why, this very afternoon I happened to run across my old schoolmate Henrietta Lane. I 'd entirely lost sight of her since she was married a few years ago to somebody named Miller—Robert Miller."

Philip nodded.

"Shipping-clerk in the Grimes-Farwell Coke Company. Yes, I 've met him."

"Well, they live on a microscopic income; she came to the tea in shabby, out-of-date clothes, knowing nobody, eating her ice in a corner, perfectly contented to be an onlooker. But when she told me about Robert and her babies, I could see that she was a thousand times happier than I, her life a thousand times fuller than mine. It 's just the difference between being awake and being asleep, living and dreaming of life." She broke off, a tremor of tears in her voice.

"If you call that living—a deadly grind for the man, drudgery for the woman!" Philip exclaimed with some heat. "No leisure, no enjoyment, constant worry—I know too well what it is. Besides, you can't prove anything for us by their case. Our standards are n't the same. Miller 's

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a good chap, steady-going and commonplace, and his wife 's a simple creature, not like you, Marion—you with your fastidious habits. You 're too highly organized; you could n't live as she does; it would n't satisfy you any more than a man like Miller would satisfy you as a husband."

Philip rose as he spoke and stood by the chimneypiece, looking down at her. She could not repress a quick thrill of pride in him. He was undeniably notable, tall, slight yet sinewy in build, almost too careful in dress, erect and supple in his bearing. Race showed in the clean modeling of head and features, in the shape of nervous, slender hands.

"Sometimes I think you don't really know me; I 'm more primitive in my instincts than you imagine. I 'm tired of being packed in cotton, waiting and putting off."

For a moment Philip leaned his head against his arm in silence. Then he drew a long sigh.

"Ah, Marion, I 've been afraid of this, dear; but what can I do?"

"You can grasp life with both hands, Philip—every man can. Try to do things, strike out bravely: that 's the way to win. And I 'll help you. I can make you happy; I know it." She came close to him and laid her arms about his neck, smiling up into his face with sweet audacity.

"You do that now. I can't accept sacrifice at your hands. Do you think I 'd be happy if I were to see you in need? And what about the responsibilities of marriage—all the inevitable cares and emergencies?"

Marion did not falter.

"Why can't we meet them as lots of others do in this struggling world? Why should n't we take our share? I want *life,* Philip, even if it brings suffering."

"Dear, you make it so hard for me to see clearly!" He took both her hands in his and held her away from him resolutely. "You don't understand. I 'm not a money-maker; I never shall be."

"Ah, it 's not money I want; don't think that," she breathed softly.

But her protest fell unnoticed.

"I 'm not fit for this hand-to-hand fight, this sharp competition," he continued, with somber emphasis, the lines deepening in his forehead. "College training does n't always help a man to get along in business; in my case I 'm inclined to believe it 's only a drawback. Capital is the one essential,—the time 's gone by for rising from the ranks unaided; the big corporations have put an end to that,—and I 've never been able to save."

"Dear Philip, I 'm not reproaching you. I know how hard it is; indeed, indeed, I do!" Her eyes were brimming.

He drew her nearer to him, and brushed away her tears with the tenderest touch.

"It 's humiliating to go over this ground, Marion," he said presently, "but I must tell you the truth. At the best our life together would be terribly cramped; I can't even provide a suitable home as affairs are now. We could n't keep up with the procession, dear; we 'd have to drop out of our own class. And you know that 's fatal." He tried to speak lightly, but his voice had a bitter undertone.

Marion was silenced. Hope and ardor flickered out, and in their place something chilly settled about her heart. She covered her face with her hands, her mind adrift.

Philip stood watching her compassionately.

"Trust me, Marion. I 'm older and wiser; I see the possibilities. Love, even such love as ours, is n't proof against carking care. I don't want to see you hurt and broken, dearest; I can't let you give yourself to me yet."

She lifted her head and faced him.

"Then, what next, Philip?"

"What next?" He looked puzzled, slightly annoyed. "Surely we can go on a little longer as we are now. There must be some change soon. Not much chance of promotion in the office, I admit,—it 's routine work, no opportunity to show individual capacity,—but things can't stand still forever."

She laid her fingers lightly on his lips.

"Don't! You know I can't bear to have you say it or hint it or think it. He is your uncle—" Then, becoming timid and hesitant again, she added: "Philip, have you quite given up your writing? You don't like to be bothered about it, I know, but when we were first engaged I expected so much of you. And you did publish your verse, often."

"That 's something I 'm not very proud of; it was never my best work that I could sell. I bartered my little talent, such as it

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was, and I 've got the punishment I deserve. I 'm nothing more than a machine in this money-getting atmosphere; I don't believe I could write a line of good verse now, and if I could, I certainly should n't wish to make my faculty a means of livelihood. That 's spiritual death to the true poet. Dearest,"—he bent on her the look of appeal that never failed to stir her tenderness,—"this modern world 's so full of problems! If only we were in the land east of the sun and west of the moon!"

She answered the note of passion in his voice by her quick blood and fluttering heart. But after he had left her she sat alone for an hour, brooding over the fire with a troubled face.

Philip walked away from the house, feeling distinctly ruffled. He realized that he had not risen to the demands of the occasion. Marion had wanted heroics; he had given her unvarnished fact. He was right, of course, yet he knew that he had failed to convince her. Besides, he cared more for public opinion than he had been willing to admit, and the gossip she had repeated rankled disagreeably.

Marion's revelation of herself had startled him. He had known her to be intense, but with a controlled and guarded intensity always subdued to a fine sense of the amenities of behavior. This present departure from her usual restraint had brought her perilously near the verge of unmaidenliness. But, after all, he reflected, her outbreak was simply a natural reversion to the rugged homeliness of the stock from which she had sprung. He recalled her father, and with the recollection came a reluctant admission that his own attitude throughout the recent interview had undoubtedly been affected by a letter which he had that day received from Mr. Shepard.

The letter contained merely a brief and businesslike request for him to call at Mr. Shepard's office the next morning to discuss a matter of importance. It was noncommittal, but what could it mean save that the father had at last decided to come to the rescue and help the young pair guide their drifting bark into the harbor of matrimony? In view of this possibility it had certainly been expedient to impress upon Marion the necessity for financial backing. Philip, from his vantage-ground of enlightenment, classified her parents as typically American in their indifference to the conventions prevailing in a riper society. Well-to-do, but not affluent, their conception of parental obligation evidently did not include the dower for their daughters. Philip felt that they showed a naïve and touching confidence in the providing capacity of prospective sons-in-law.

Now for the first time Mr. Shepard appeared to be awakening to a sense of personal concern in Marion's marriage. Philip glowed with approval of this unlooked-for exhibition of paternal interest.

He arrived at the office punctually at the appointed hour in a pleasant stir of anticipation, to find Mr. Shepard at his desk, busy with papers which he did not immediately put aside. Philip, inwardly objecting to this casual treatment, surveyed his future father-in-law with a critical and condescending eye. Mr. Shepard was a plain little man, self-made, yet unpretentious, chary of speech, with rudimentary manners, a negligible quantity, Philip thought, wondering how so fine a flower as Marion could ever have blossomed from so unpromising a stem.

Suddenly he pushed the papers aside and swung round in his revolving-chair, facing the young man.

"It 's beginning to strike me this engagement of yours and Marion's has been going on long enough. Marion's mother thinks so, too. I don't hear any talk of a wedding. As I understand the situation, your salary 's too small to get married on, is n't that so?"

Philip lamely assented, aware that he was again not at his best.

"Well, of course I want you to understand that I 've got no objection to you as a son-in-law," Mr. Shepard continued genially. "Your record 's clean, from all I can hear about you, and you seem to suit my girl. So I 'm ready to step in now and give you your chance." He cleared his throat at this point, regarding Philip with some uncertainty. Apparently the ease and distinction of the younger man's manner made him a little shy.

Philip replied by a slight inclination of the head, trying to suppress any indication of undue eagerness.

"I happen to know of a first-rate opportunity for a man with push in him. The National Iron and Steel Company is going

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to open up a house in Dalby, Iowa, and they 're looking for an agent. The right man can make a good thing out of it. The salary 's bigger than yours to begin with, and as rents are low out in Dalby and living cheap, it 'll count for a good deal more than the same amount here." He stopped, awaiting Philip's response with a pleased and expectant air.

For a minute or two the shock of disappointment reduced Philip to speechlessness. But his face remained impenetrable, and he made a praiseworthy effort to infuse some warmth into his voice as he murmured his thanks.

"But it 's a serious matter, pulling up stakes and moving out West," he added. "Can you give me a little time to consider it, sir?"

"Certainly, certainly; such things can't be decided all in a minute." Mr. Shepard, though somewhat crestfallen, was reasonable. "Of course, you 'll want to talk it over with Marion, and maybe she won't take to the idea of leaving here. By the way, I have n't said a word to her about it and don't intend to. I 've put the thing before you, and that 's all I have to do with it; I 'm not giving advice to either of you. The company is n't going to start up in Dalby till June; you could be married then and move out there right away. Go to Mr. Hutchins, the vice-president. Here 's my card; take it with you. There 'll be no trouble at that end; I 've talked you up to him already." He got up, letting his hand fall kindly on Philip's arm as he closed the interview.

PHILIP left the office in hot revolt against the fate that was ruthlessly thrusting him into a situation alien to every natural aptitude and inclination. There was a temperamental recoil from the untrod path, the unbroken pasture, engendered in him by a long line of conservative ancestry. The West—how he shrank from the word! Not the West of Bret Harte or of "The Virginian," which had a barbaric breadth and picturesqueness that fired the imagination; but the Middle West, a region which, according to his preconceived ideas, could furnish no inspiration to a young man so manifestly equipped for the finer uses of life. He felt that he had already cut himself off sufficiently from the traditions of his past by coming to seek his fortune in this busy industrial city beyond the Alleghanies, which seemed to him the very outpost of civilization. Further transplantation was inconceivable. He could form no mental picture of Philip Osborne as a citizen and householder of Dalby, Iowa. He had always imagined as his ultimate due a setting which should have the dignity and beauty of established ease, and had cherished a secret faith that the moderation of his desires was in itself a guaranty of their fulfilment.

Moreover, life was pleasant enough without any change; he could spend every evening with Marion in her father's drawing-room, lounging comfortably in an easy-chair under the lamplight, smoking the cigarette which she always permitted. Would he find her companionship half as sweet and satisfying if she were distracted by trivial cares, worried by the ever-insoluble problem of making both ends meet?

But her view remained to be reckoned with. In her present eager mood the opening in Dalby would assume a deceptive glamour—poor untried little Marion, seeing life through the medium of a charming, but wholly unpractical, optimism! Yet he felt bound to leave the decision to her. Philip was proudly sure of his own honesty of speech and purpose; any shuffling or equivocation seemed a sort of moral untidiness as distasteful to him as disorder in his dress. He would set the plan fairly before her, of course, but not immediately. He must have a little more time to think, to talk the matter over with business men.

Marion herself unconsciously made delay easy by abstaining from any further reference to the possibility of immediate marriage. She was apparently content to limit discussion to abstract questions and to continue the reading of poetry and philosophy together, by means of which they were wont to break the monotony of their evenings. They took themselves very seriously, these two young people, and were always consoled for any passing difference of opinion by the conviction that their attachment was firmly rooted in a rare intellectual sympathy.

So the days lengthened into spring, a singularly early and vivid spring. The curtain of fog and smoke lifted. Marion's young blood tingled with the sense of bud-

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ding life, with her own unused and clamoring energies.

"Tell me," she said impulsively as she sat sunning herself on the steps of Henrietta Miller's tiny, vine-covered porch—"tell me, Henrietta, in the long run, does it pay? Have you ever been sorry?"

Mrs. Miller put down her sewing and cast a meditative glance upon her environment—her little frame house, with its smoke-darkened paint and matted mass of creepers fronting a dingy street where children were dancing to a strident hurdy-gurdy. Then she answered:

"Why, it 's discouraging sometimes, of course. Last year the baby was sick and Robert broke his arm; that was a pretty bad combination. But when you 're in the thick of things you don't ask if it pays; there is n't time. It 's just living for the sake of living; and if that does n't pay, I suppose nothing does."

Marion was silent.

"But economizing is n't so hard for me as it would be for you," Henrietta continued. "I 'm used to it. You remember my father lost his money just after I left school, and I simply had to look round and do for myself. I could n't do much,—I was never half so clever as you are, Marion,—but I managed to learn shorthand, so I could help along and save a little, too. Then Robert came, and it was easy and natural just to join forces. And then, the children." Her face lighted. "No, I 've never been sorry, not for a moment."

Marion grew warm under the eyelids. Here was a glimpse of something large and full for which happiness seemed too slight a word. She rested her chin in her hands and sat pondering.

Henrietta picked up her needlework again. "Well, it 's all going to be easier now," she added cheerfully. "Great things have happened since the last time I saw you. "We 're going to move out West, to Iowa—"

"To Iowa! A promotion for your husband, I suppose."

"A new position. I 'm so glad to have this chance to talk to you, Marion. To tell the truth, I 'm a little uncomfortable about it, though Robert says there 's no reason why I should be; Mr. Osborne had plenty of time to apply if he 'd wanted to."

"Philip? I don't understand—"

"Why, yes; it 's the agency of the National Iron and Steel at Dalby," Henrietta elucidated. "Robert has been wishing he could get it ever since it was first talked of. He worked like a beaver all winter, taking a night course in metallurgy. And now he 's got his reward, bless his heart! When he heard Mr. Osborne had been suggested for the place, he gave up hope, and did n't put in his application till your Philip had had a fair chance—" She stopped, dismayed by a sharp change which ran over her companion's face. "You have n't any feeling about our getting it, I hope, Marion?"

"Oh, dear, no! Why should I?" Marion recovered herself quickly. "I 'm sorry to lose you just after I 've found you, of course, Henrietta dear, but I can't help being glad of your good luck. You both deserve it." She rose to take leave, pulling on her gloves composedly.

"Well, of course I can understand why it would n't suit you to be banished to a little Western town," pursued Henrietta, quite reassured. "You 're both meant for a bigger world; you 're so dainty and charming, and Mr. Osborne 's not at all the ordinary workaday man. But we 're different; it just suits us. Dalby 's a growing place, clean and new, with lots of business opportunities. The salary 's good, and rents are lower and living is cheaper out there. We 'll get along all right, and be able to do well for the children."

THAT evening Marion waited Philip's coming in a state of tension. Long after his usual hour, when expectation had begun to give way to a helpless, baffled feeling, the door-bell rang and a special-delivery letter was placed in her hands.

She tore it open, trembling. In a few carefully chosen words Philip announced his uncle's sudden death and his own immediate departure for Philadelphia to attend the funeral.

During the week that followed Marion went conscientiously over every step of the road he and she had traveled together. Under all her tumult of resentment she was forced to confess that she, too, had been at fault; in a flash of self-revelation she saw the injury of her disloyal thoughts and unspoken criticism ever since her one

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futile outburst. And she acknowledged sadly that something intangible, indescribable, some fugitive charm of intimacy, had escaped them. How could it be recaptured? Could they ever renew the old sympathy and understanding? She had not been selfish, she was sure of that; she had always wanted to help Philip, to be his strength and inspiration. Well, could n't she perhaps help him still, but in another way—a deeper and a harder way than she had ever dreamed of? Must one suffer before one can really help? These were the questions she asked herself, thankful for the quiet days of clear thinking that saved her from impetuous speech and enabled her to find an answer.

Philip's letters, full of affection, yet preserving a seemly reticence on the great subject, came with due regularity. He made no reference to his own gain until after the reading of the will. Then, with his characteristic good taste, he wrote that as one of the heirs to his uncle's estate he would soon be in possession of a modest little fortune—enough to justify him in begging her to become his wife in the near future. He would return at once, ready to discuss plans and decide upon a date for their marriage.

WHEN he was announced a few evenings later, her heart gave a great leap. She paused at the drawing-room door to control its beating and summon her courage.

There he stood on the hearth-rug, in his discreet mourning, which hinted at just the proper degree of grief. He clasped her in a long, silent embrace, and she submitted passively, poor Marion, yielding herself for a moment to the delight of his arms about her. When he released her, full of his recent experiences, sure of her sympathy, he plunged at once into an account of his uncle's death and burial, interspersed with reminiscences and those tardy praises which we bestow upon the unoffending dead. He talked well, with fluency and precision, but Marion noticed for the first time an attention to detail, a diffuseness, which failed to hold her interest. She brought back her traveling thoughts to find him saying:

"To sum him up, a man of extraordinary perceptions and appreciations. He showed his taste in everything he had about him. I consider it no small compliment that he should leave two of his most cherished collections to me—his book-plates and his Piranesi engravings."

Marion laughed suddenly.

"That must be gratifying!"

He looked at her inquiringly. "I can't see why it amuses you. The book-plates are very valuable: there are some fine specimens of German and English work; there 's a Hogarth, Bartolozzi—"

"I don't doubt it; but, oh, Philip, how can you talk of book-plates and engravings now!"

Instantly he was beside her, taking her hand in a warm pressure.

"I know, my darling, I know. I must seem foolish and trifling to you. Forgive me! But it 's all settled between us now—no more hesitation, no more delay, thank Heaven!"

She drew away from him and sat erect.

"It *is* settled, that 's true, but not as you think. Philip, there 's a question I have to ask you before I say anything else: why did n't you tell me about the offer of the National Iron and Steel? And why did n't you accept it?"

Philip started. His uncle's opportune death had relieved him from all fear of embarrassment, all uneasiness of conscience, justifying as it did the wisdom of his course; but evidently he had counted too surely upon Mr. Shepard's habit of taciturnity. He stood up in dismayed silence, then had no happier inspiration than to stammer:

"Why, how did you hear? Your father—"

"My father? He knew about it, then?" She caught this quickly, fixing her eyes on his face.

He could not answer, and she continued musingly: "He wanted to help, I suppose. But you 're mistaken; he did n't tell me. He 's too loyal for that. He has never been sure of you, never altogether satisfied, Philip; you know that. You 're so different from his standard. But he would n't influence me; he left me free to judge for myself. And I have judged. I can't marry you."

Philip stared at her blankly, his mind refusing to admit the incredible words. But in her face he read something that struck him as final, and he felt that his cause was lost before he could begin to plead. His protest came feebly.

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"Marion—at first I meant to tell you, of course; I meant to consult you. But Dalby seemed impossible; I could n't take you out there, dear. So I waited, thinking it over. Your father said I might have time to consider. Then Miller got in his application ahead of me, and I would n't work against him. And now my uncle is gone, there 's no need; our future 's clear. Surely you 're not going to take it seriously, my not telling you right away while I was thinking it over—after all these years?"

"Ah, that 's what makes it so hard—after all these years! It 's more than insincerity, Philip. We 've both been living in self-deception; we 've never been right for each other, or you would have married me long ago—you 'd have made a way. It was never real."

"Not real!" he retorted almost passionately. "Why, the one solid thing on earth has been our love, the most beautiful thing in life for us both. I only wanted to keep it beautiful, to keep you safe from everything ugly and sordid."

"But I was n't afraid of poverty: you were. Ah, my poor Philip, you have n't been able to escape poverty of spirit!"

There was neither anger nor reproach in her tone, only a yearning pity which seemed to remove her very far off. He could find no defense, no argument, by which to bridge the distance between them. Without attempting to reply, he began to walk up and down the room with nervous steps, clasping his hands behind his back and bowing his head.

She went on steadily: "I might shut my eyes and marry you, and have a sort of happiness, of course. But it would be incomplete, and I won't compromise, Philip. We 're not fit for marriage, either you or I. Down in your heart you know I 'm right. I sha'n't speak of you, of what you lack; you must settle that for yourself. As for me, I was n't big enough, alive enough, to waken you to freedom and action."

"Don't say that, Marion. You 're the one woman in the world to me, now and always. *I* shall never change." He was too proud to plead, but his chivalry did not waver.

"Dear Philip!" she had a momentary lapse into tenderness, half humorous, half sorrowful. "So you think now; but you 'll thank me some day, and you 're going to be so happy—with your book-plates!"

He stopped before her, leaning against the mantel in the familiar attitude. He did not even resent her little slur. All the buoyancy and elation had gone from his manner. His face looked wilted, his thin, sensitive lips quivered painfully; but he took his blow like a gentleman.

Marion's heart ached as she watched him. Was he at last awakening, she wondered, to a recognition of that fatal bondage to temperament which had shut him away from vital human relations?

"Why, Marion, we *can't* live without each other, dear!" he said suddenly, his hurt feeling breaking into a genuine cry. "It 's been so long—it 's impossible to give it up and forget it all."

"Women don't forget." She pressed her fingers on her eyelids to shut out his face. For he was right; life was going to be very drab and dull without the beautiful poetic devotion that had encompassed her. A sob came up in her throat and choked her; but she forced it back, and said firmly, choosing her words:

"It does n't matter how we feel nor what we want; that 's not the most important thing. Love could n't teach us all we need to learn. But I know now; I shall look for work, real work."

There seemed nothing more to say after that. A quiet good-by through a mist of tears, then Philip went, stumbling awkwardly over a footstool as he turned away from her. She heard the door close and the sound of his retreating steps in the street, and sank back in her chair, half afraid of the silence in the room. Loneliness, cold and blank, fell upon her. She sat there, shivering, among the ruins of her dream-world, yet even in that moment of wrench she became aware of the strange peace which follows the relinquishment of an unreal good, and she found a poignant sweetness in her new sense of self-mastery.

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THE SKANSEN IDEA

BY MARY BRONSON HARTT

THERE are two ways to misunderstand Skansen. One may regard it as a show, a national Swedish "Midway," designed to gratify the curiosity of visiting foreigners and provide amusement for Stockholm's long summer evenings. With its zoo, its Lapp encampment, its ancient timber houses, its troops of gaudily dressed peasants, its music, its cafés, Skansen certainly serves both these ends; and when the lingering Northern sunset glows over Stockholm's encircling waters, the throngs of merrymakers on the wooded heights of the Djurgård might well lead one to believe the place a superior sort of beer-garden. That, however, is not essential Skansen.

Should one, on the other hand, fancy Skansen a mere outdoor museum, an historical collection with amusement attachments, one would be quite as far afield.

Skansen stands for a movement with a big M—a movement to preserve the nationality of nations. Unaware of its own essential unity, that movement is still going on in several corners of the earth at once. The Celtic revivals of Ireland and Scotland, of Brittany, Gascony, and Provence, belong to it, and so does the awakening of a keen sentiment of nationality among the peoples of Scandinavia. It is a revolt against the uniforming effect of civilization, which goes about to reduce the diverse children of men to the likeness of bullets cast in one mold. Here and there a nation, shrinking from the ennui to come, has begun consciously to cherish its differences, to hold fast what is left of its pure nativeness, to set great store by all that is most racy of the soil. It is this new zeal which has taken hold on Scandinavia and which explains Skansen.

Even in her Northern isolation, Scandinavia had caught the disease of uniformity. Norway long ago gave up her beautiful timber architecture and desecrated her pitch-stained houses with American paint. The graceful national costumes have all but disappeared from the peninsula. Happily, the disease has been lately contracted, and treatment follows fast. The enthusiasm for native traditions has sprung up while those traditions are still alive and operative in out-of-the-way corners of the land. To make them flourish again, it is necessary only to encourage them, not to plant afresh.

This makes all the difference in the world with a folk-museum like Skansen. Were the peasants on the grounds mere latter-day Swedes, dressed up in antique styles and lodged in antique houses for curiosity's sake, then indeed one would have the cheap falsity of the Midway. But those peasants are not masquerading. Brought to Stockholm from Dalecarlia or some other primitive district, they are living virtually their own lives. As for the ancient houses, old as they are, they are not out of date, most of them having been lived in up to the hour when they were purchased for the museum.

There is, moreover, this vital difference between the Stockholm peasants and the Filipinos in Buffalo or the South Sea Islanders at the Chicago Fair. The Midway folk were degraded by the consciousness of being exhibited before foreigners, whereas the Swedish country-folk feel themselves part of a national institution, and glory in the opportunity to show to their own modernized countrymen the fine old life. Tourists come to Skansen, of course, but Skansen is not primarily for them.

This latter fact is somewhat painfully borne in upon a stranger before he has been many minutes upon the grounds. The gate-keeper under the quaint Scandinavian portal speaks just enough English to

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extract from him fifty *öre,* about thirteen and a half cents. Unless it be from the magnificent custodian at the "Christmas-house," he will hear no more English. He must just shift for himself. Maps hang on certain of the trees, bearing names like *Blekingstuga, Bredablick, Fjallrafvur,* and *Bjorvikfatbur,* at which he gazes in pensive unenlightenment. There are plenty of guide-books—in Swedish. Therefore he conducts himself about the forty acres of Skansen by routes more original than felicitous.

Having tramped about the grounds for a third afternoon or a fourth, he comes away virtuously certain of having inspected all that in them is, only to be apprised by a glance at the first post-card shop that Skansen holds her secrets from him yet.

Skansen is, indeed, a perpetual protest against the American way of "doing" things. Scattered about in the woods and over the rocky heights of a superb natural park, the exhibits—if we must call them by that hateful name—play hide-and-go-seek with a hurried tourist in a way to try his temper. It is a place to be strolled about in. The objects of interest are offered one by one, with intervening spaces of sun-flecked grove, that one's mind may rest from one impression before it gets another. Put away ambition, and take the good things leisurely, and the visitor will conclude that the picturesque unclassification of the place is the only logical arrangement for an outdoor museum.

A little scamper about the grounds reveals an amazing variety of things. Take my own preliminary peregrinations. Ascending the bluff by an inclined railway, I sighted above the tree-tops a queer-looking turnip-shaped steeple. There was no one to tell me that it was one of the few ungenuine things on the grounds, being a clever reproduction of the old steeple at Häsjo. It was as well, for the climb to its base gave me a sweeping view of Stockholm across a blue arm of the Baltic.

Striking down an irresponsible-seeming path, I came shortly upon a group of iron crosses and quaint tombs, transported to Skansen from some lonesome country graveyard. Before I had done wondering why they should be there, I saw what sent me scurrying in a fresh direction—a huge boulder, with one reindeer outlined against the sky. The reindeer proved to have a dozen fellows in the paddock below the rock, including one extremely evasive kid, which kept itself discreetly buried in the midst of the little herd. By stealthily slipping my hand between the rails of the inclosure, I was able to feel the softness of the coarse-looking reindeer fur, and even to touch the living velvet on young horns before the nervous creatures took alarm and went clicking off on their curious castanet hoofs.

It was only a step to the pyramidal hut where the owner of the animals housed himself and his family. The littlest Lapp was at play in the dirt before the door, manipulating the top of a pepper-box and a small wooden cart quite like an American baby. The rest of the household I met afterward about the grounds. City life had robbed them of their normal swarthy tan, and either contact with civilization or the dictates of the Stockholm board of health had rendered them too clean for realism.

My advances to two beautiful, shaggy Lapp dogs having been met in the worst possible spirit, I sought change of scene, stumbling at once upon a sixteenth-century log-house, by name the *Bollnässtuga,* dissected in Helsingland, and set up again in Skansen precisely as built. In the low doorway stood a dazzling peasant, arrayed in a long, full-skirted white coat, white knickerbockers, a short scarlet waistcoat with brass buttons, and a leathern belt as broad as my two hands. A drooping scarlet cap contrasted startlingly with the vivid white of his sweeping beard and mane of heavy hair. Not satisfied with his purely decorative attainments, he had mastered a sort of English!

From him I learned that the curious fittings of the Bollnässtuga belonged to the celebration of Jul, or Christmas. He displayed the table set out with three-branched candlesticks and twisted, braided, or duck-shaped Christmas breads, the crown of straw, and the *bonader,* or Christmas hangings, on the ceilings and gable-ends of the rooms.

Proving myself competent to decipher the rude realism of the Biblical subjects on the tapestries, I won golden opinions from my picturesque guide. His, "Ja, so-o-o-o!" sounded approvingly in my ear. I waxed confident. "And this," I said,

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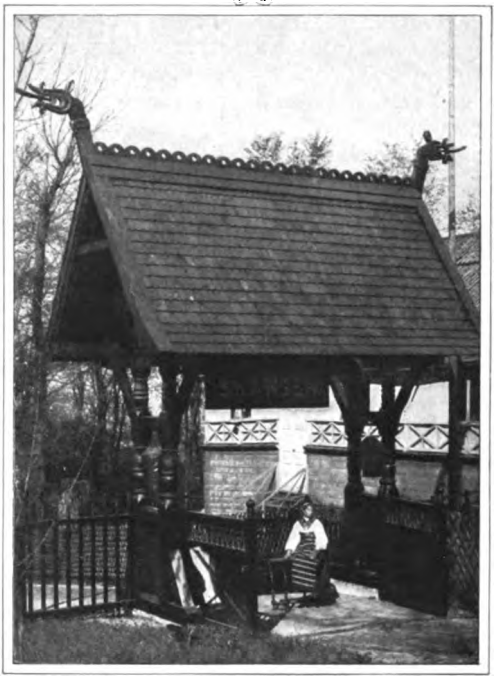
INTERIOR OF FARM-HOUSE

AN OLD FARM-HOUSE



AN ENTRANCE GATE, SKANSEN

FARM-HOUSE FROM HOLLAND

APPROACH TO A FARM-HOUSE

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PEASANTS

GROUP IN OKTORPSGARD

SKANSEN PEASANTS

WEDDING PROCESSION

PEASANT DANCE

AT HOME IN SKANSEN

DANCE—THE FICKLE SUITOR

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approaching a queerly shaped box on the end of a long stick, "is doubtless a warming-pan?"

"Na! na!" gasped he, with uplifted hands of horror. "Eet iss die Star of Bethlehem!" It was, forsooth, a part of the scenery of the manger-play given in the house every Christmas eve!

Before sundown I had explored half a dozen other little houses, becoming familiar with their deep-hooded fireplaces, the built-in beds, with clocks in their painted footboards and liquor-cupboards in their painted heads, the hand-woven covers, the log-chairs, the looms, bridal-chests, wooden-tankards, trenchers, and all the paraphernalia of an old-time Swedish home. I had scraped acquaintance with half a hundred Swedish animals both feathered and furred, and had watched a score of hearty Swedish peasants romp through the swift-beating measures of a vigorous old-time dance. When in the late dusk I made my way out of the park, I had seen only a corner of Skansen; and yet I knew more of rural Sweden than, with my fragmentary knowledge of the language, I could have learned from a pilgrimage into the country itself.

That is the stranger's side of Skansen. To Stockholm it means more. It is a treasury of Swedish memories, a spur to patriotism, a lively center for the new movement for a Swedish Sweden. Ancient national music, collected by enthusiasts, is produced at Skansen; Swedish folk-tales of almost prehistoric origin are told at night to eager gatherings in the Christmas-house; the old dances are danced on the *musikplan,* helping on the sentiment which favors the substitution of these strenuous native dances for imported French ones. Already the gay, striped apron and peaked cap have spread beyond the grounds. Seeing them on the streets of Stockholm, you are never sure whether to deduce a peasant, or a society-girl who has assumed the dress for holiday wear. The revival of Swedish hand-industries, energetically pushed by a society of women, gets models and inspiration from the collections at Skansen. On fête-days—Christmas, Midsummer's day, and the feasts of Gustavus Adolphus and Charles II, the park is the scene of elaborate celebrations, historic parades of warriors and kings, May-pole dancing, or manger-plays, according to season, all supervised by ethnologists, that no modern innovation shall spoil the perfection of the revivals of antique feasts.

Norway's Skansen, at Bygdö, is only half complete; but already in some respects it is richer than its Swedish rival. Norwegian timber houses were carved like jewel-caskets, and her medieval furniture, carved, and colored in soft old-blues and reds and yellow-greens, makes the most primitive of the old houses a delight. At Bygdö there is a fine example of the eleventh-century timber churches, and an ancient *rögstue,* or smoke-house, from Saetersdal. Moreover, the collection of antique wooden utensils—huge bridal bowls, goose-shaped loving-cups, carved butter-boxes and churns, and mangle-boards—is of the finest.

Seeing these things, and the beginning of a similar collection in Copenhagen, I could not but covet for my own country a living museum on the same plan. There can be no question in America of restoring bygone fashions or preserving obsolescent types. Change is the very breath of our nostrils. But why not an American folk-museum to preserve the memory of vanishing phases of the national life? Old New England is passing away; the pioneer cabins of the Middle West are going one by one; the Western cow-boy life is dying out; and before many years the last relic of the gold-camps will pass forever beyond our reach. Why not bestir ourselves before it is too late? For, as they say in Sweden, "The day may dawn when all our gold cannot call forth the picture of a bygone age."

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LADY SKIPWITH. BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF MASTERPIECES IN AMERICAN GALLERIES—X

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TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF MASTERPIECES IN AMERICAN GALLERIES

LADY SKIPWITH

BY

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

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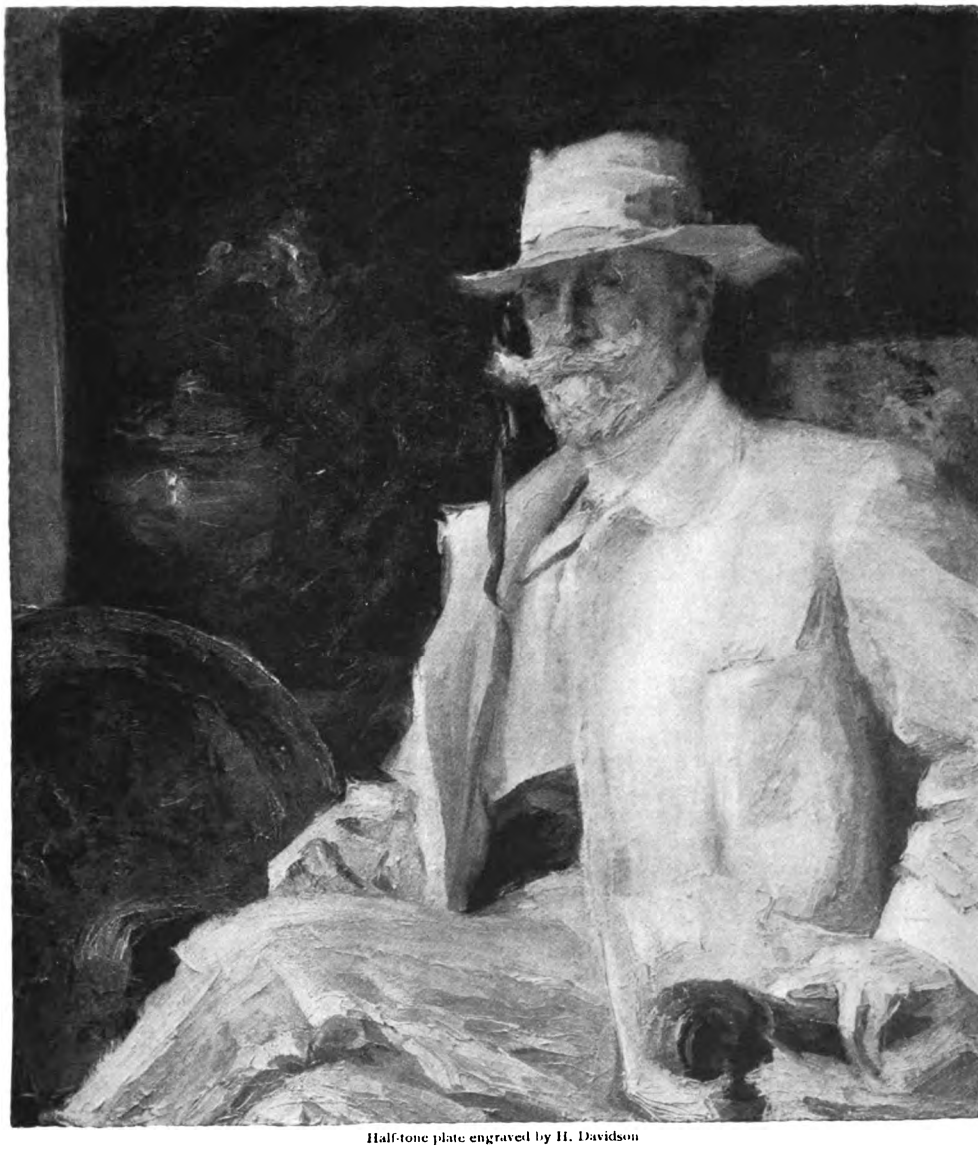

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

WILLIAM M. CHASE

FROM THE PAINTING BY ANNIE T. LANG

(EXAMPLES OF AMERICAN PORTRAITURE—XXIV)

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THE CHILD THAT IS DIFFERENT

BY RHETA CHILDE DORR

FOR a long time educational authorities in this country have suspected that the public schools were failing to educate the great mass of children intrusted to their care. It could not be denied that a very large proportion of children, after completing the eight-years course of the grammar grades, were unable to spell correctly, write legibly, or solve simple problems in business arithmetic. It has been demonstrated that an appalling number of children in every city fail of promotion year after year, and finally leave school having completed less than half the assigned program of work. These children simply mark time in the lower grades until they reach the limit of the compulsory school age, fourteen. They are graduated into unskilled industry, and live their lives through in a condition bordering on illiteracy.

The school authorities have known that their system must be faulty somewhere, and in the last twenty years the history of public-school management has been marked by a succession of reforms, or, rather, of repairs of the curriculum. To the classic "three R's" has been added a long list of first aids to mental indigestion. Doses of physical culture, manual training, free-hand drawing, nature study, domestic science, folk dancing, gardening, and directed play have been administered in the vain hope of stimulating children's capacity to absorb culture. Finally the schools added to their forces school physicians, nurses, home visitors. Through these diagnosticians strong light was thrown on the darkness of the situation. Through them it was made plain why, with all the vast and expensive machinery of the public school, few children receive a proper education, and why the great mass of children are hardly educated at all.

It was made plain that the school system was full of leaks, and the first thing, perhaps the only thing, needed was a stoppage of unnecessary waste. This is the discovery that modern business, modern industry, modern government, each in its own department, has made. In the case of the schools a large part of the waste occurs because, as has been proved by medical examination, fully one third of all children in the primary and grammar grades are physically or mentally incapacitated, or both. These children, approximately one third of all children under fourteen years of age, cannot keep up with the ordinary school curriculum, which is devised to meet the needs of perfectly healthy, normal, average, well-fed, well-cared-for youngsters. They lag, and, worse than that, they drag. The progress of the whole school system is impeded. The normal children are obliged to carry not only their own burden, but the burden of the laggards. The gait of the normal children has to adapt itself to that of the intellectually lame, halt, and blind. The result is that everybody limps.

At the command of their medical inspectors and nurses, all large and progressive schools systems have, within the last few years, established ungraded classes and separate schools for the benefit of children called backward or deficient.

At first, it must be admitted, these classes were simply dump-heaps into which were tumbled indiscriminately all children pronounced by their overworked teachers dull or incorrigible. Even at the present day too many such classes remain in the dump-heap stage of development. In them one finds, side by side, the child retarded by deafness, malnutrition, or plain poverty; the non-English-speaking child, the manifestly feeble-minded child, the moral pervert, and the sufferer from deep-seated nervous disease. Of course these unfor-

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tunates receive no benefit from their segregation. They further retard and injure one another.

Nevertheless, segregation of the abnormal, even in its first crude form, served a great purpose. It taught the educators that the most important thing in school was not the curriculum, but the child. It demonstrated that the great concern of education, of society itself, is not the normal child, but the child who is different from his fellows. In fact, it is not too much to say that the most important discovery in the history of modern education is the backward child. When we have isolated this child from his normal brother and sister, when we have studied him sufficiently, found out what he is and how to deal with him, we shall have gone far toward solving the whole problem of education.

All thoughtful educators acknowledge this. At the annual convention of the National Educational Association, held in Los Angeles in 1907, a special committee was appointed to study and report on the training of exceptional children. Since that time there has been a steady movement toward closer classification of abnormal types, finer and more scientific diagnosis of each individual case, and a more complete separation of children who are different not only from normal children, but from other types of different children.

The school people have accomplished much, especially in discovering and correcting physical causes of retardation, such as adenoid growths, hypertrophied tonsils, enlarged glands, defective teeth, incipient tuberculosis. They have discovered a large number of children who, partly deaf or blind, did not themselves know that they were thus afflicted. The best school physicians, nurses, and special teachers have learned to distinguish between a merely backward child and a true imbecile, unless, indeed, the child is very close to the border-line. Their efforts to restore the merely backward child to normal conditions have resulted admirably in a large proportion of cases treated.

Unfortunately, the public schools get only a certain number of exceptional and backward children. They get only the children of the poor. This being the case, there has been created a general impression that mental retardation is simply one of the dire results of poverty. The observer, visiting special classes in city schools, notes that almost all the retarded children suffer, or have suffered, from avoidable disease. They show signs of malnutrition and neglect. It seems apparent that their physical defects and their mental defects are closely related. The visitor sees in these public-school children evidences of a poverty which in many cases did contribute to mental deviation. What he does not see, and cannot see, is that the same mental deviation exists far above the poverty-line; that the intellectual and wealthy classes produce about as many feeble-minded, nervous, and atypical children as do the laboring classes. Perhaps they produce as many, perhaps more. That remains to be determined. All we know is that the modern home, over-refined, under-disciplined, highly tensioned, tends to produce an increasing number of children whose mental adjustment is faulty. These children have speech defects, memory lapses, obscure forms of deafness or blindness, deep-seated forms of nervous derangement. In the words of one great American neurologist, S. Philip Goodheart, they are possessed of astigmatic minds. The existence of these children is little known to the general public simply because their parents are financially able to conceal them. The general tendency is to do this.

A single example of the middle-class attitude toward mental variations in children will serve. A well-to-do family in an Eastern city had an only child who from infancy was delicate. As is usual in such cases, the boy was shielded from every rough contact with life, loved and cherished to excess, and of course never disciplined. At the age of twelve his ill health took a serious turn, developed into a clear case of epilepsy. The parents heard with horror the diagnosis of the consulting physicians. The child's illness, until then merely a source of sorrow and anxiety, now appeared in the light of a family disgrace. The first preoccupation was to throw about it every possible safeguard of secrecy. The boy's condition was concealed even from himself. Despite the advice of the physicians, the parents gave strict orders that no nurse, servant, or attendant should breathe the word epilepsy in the sick-room. The boy was told that

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his seizures, which rapidly increased in violence, were probably due to some simple disorder of digestion. In any case, this child, self-willed, spoiled, and intractable, would have been a difficult subject for treatment. Knowing nothing of his own condition, ignorant of his danger, he refused to coöperate with his doctors and nurses. Treatment of any sort became impossible. The story of speedy degeneracy need not be told here. The last hope of a devoted father and mother was extinguished; a boy's blighted career was brought to sudden and complete termination.

In the average family of the educated classes there is a deep-rooted theory that any mental variation carries with it a social stigma. A child with scarlet fever or appendicitis is pitied as an innocent sufferer, but a child whose mind gropes in perpetual twilight or whose nervous system is disorganized is regarded as a family skeleton. As long as possible the parents blind themselves to the condition, and when they can no longer deceive themselves, they seek to hide the unfortunate child. The family admits in private that it has a skeleton, but it does no more, as a rule, than lock the closet and draw a curtain in front of the door. During its early years, a dull or backward child of such parents is cared for tenderly, if unintelligently, by nurses and governesses. Then the parents look up a private school where, by paying a large bonus, they can assure themselves of extra attention—that is to say, coaching—for the dullard. It is a matter of common knowledge that many of the most exclusive and high-priced establishments harbor cases ranging all the way from slightly retarded children to mental and moral degenerates.

The backward child can hardly ever be helped in a private school, however excellent it may be, because what the backward child needs is not coaching, but expert observation and diagnosis. An example of this was noted at the Pedagogical Institute at Plainfield, New Jersey. The ten-year-old son of a physician, a man of standing in general medicine, was confided to the director, Dr. Groszmann, as a case of dull mentality. The child had brought dismay on his family by proving himself stupidly unable to learn the multiplication table. He could perform other arithmetical processes, but he could not multiply. Seven times seven equals forty-nine was beyond his powers. The child was sent to Dr. Groszmann because the parents had heard that he could teach where others failed. "Drill him, *drill* him hard," begged the afflicted father.

But clinical observation brought to light the fact that all the drilling in the world would never drive the multiplication table into that boy's mind. He literally could not multiply because an odd little arrest in brain development made it impossible to perform the mental act of multiplying. His case is not uncommon, and a few thousand years ago it was universal. The old Arabian astronomers, who made many marvelous discoveries and calculations, could not multiply. They arrived at their conclusions, which of course involved multiplication, by an elaborate set of tables of addition. This modern boy was modern in every way but one. In that one his development was back in ancient race history. Dr. Groszmann taught him to multiply by substituting in his mind new mental images for old. He taught him what the race taught itself through centuries of effort—that multiplication is simply a short cut through the process of addition. Gradually the child's own reasoning powers, which were normal, brought him out of his atavistic condition.

If you are in any doubt as to the existence of atavism in normal children, remember how, in extreme youth, you did all your "sums" by counting on your fingers. The noblest of Romans, in the brave days when Horatius kept the bridge, could not count any other way, unless it was by a complicated arrangement of knotted cords. The abacus of the Chinese is left-over evidence of how lately the power of abstract arithmetical thinking became part of the human brain.

Education in reading and writing is a late race acquisition. A thousand years ago the vast majority of mankind not only did not read, but probably could not learn. Did the great Charlemagne ever conquer the alphabet? He tried, one remembers, with all the powers of a splendid mind. It can scarcely be wondered at if an occasional child of to-day comes into the world with an atavistic blindness to written language. Thus it was with a boy thirteen years of age who, several years ago, was

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taken under observation in the clinic of Dr. E. Bosworth McCready of Pittsburg. The boy had been regular in his attendance at school since he was six years old. His teachers reported that he was apparently ambitious and anxious to progress, but that he had never been able to read or to learn anything that involved reading. It can easily be imagined that a conventional family would suffer deep embarrassment over a boy so singularly dull.

Prolonged observation of the boy demonstrated that he was not mentally deficient in any ordinary sense. His general development was normal, and he was intelligent in everything except his school work. He had good eyesight, and could read figures and the notes of a musical score. Very few letters of the alphabet, however, were intelligible to him, and the simplest word was worse than Greek. He was word-blind and almost entirely letter-blind. This boy may be taught to read, but it will not be in an ordinary school-room. His case is for the psychologist, and not for the class-teacher. Certain arrested brain-cells will have to be reached and stimulated and made to travel, so to speak, through a few thousand years of development.

This boy's case is not exactly unique. An English authority, C. G. Thomas, calculates that about one in two thousand of all London elementary-school children show word-blindness to a considerable extent. Letter-blindness usually accompanies this state, though not always. Figure-blindness is not uncommon.

There is not room here to record the variations from normal hearing to which children may be subject. We all know that some people are born tone-deaf and cannot distinguish between the highest and lowest notes of an octave. In the same manner some children are congenitally word-deaf. To their ears, speech is merely inchoate noise. They may hear the ticking of a clock, the faint chime of a bell, the distant sound of a footfall. They may normally react to most auditory sensations. To words, however, they are deaf; hence they never acquire speech. There is nothing the matter with their ears; the trouble is mental. The condition is grave, but it is not feeble-mindedness, as we once thought.

Word-deafness may be complete or partial. Dr. Lightner Witmer of the University of Pennsylvania has on record a case of partial word-deafness in a young man so far normal otherwise that he ultimately succeeded in completing a college course. This youth's speech displayed so many abnormalities that it was almost unintelligible. He could not hear, hence could not pronounce endings of words distinguishing singular and plural. For example, *grasp* and *grasped* sounded exactly alike to his ear. He clipped the endings of many words, confounded adjectives and adverbs, and mixed the sequence of most sentences. "There are twelve figures on the dial," he might have rendered, "The dial on twelve there are figures," or something equally absurd. Dr. Witmer greatly improved this young man's condition, and believes that it might have been brought to complete normality had he been taken in hand earlier. Probably his parents let false sympathy or false shame stand in the way of early treatment. Dr. McCready of Pittsburg had a most interesting case of word-blindness, which he lost after one or two interviews because, as the father explained, the boy suffered so much embarrassment over his defect.

The great importance of letting nothing interfere with early attention to speech defects and other deviations from the normal ought to be widely urged. Stuttering, not a defect in itself, but a common symptom of mental disturbance, is very often neglected for years. The parents are ashamed or apologetic; they call the child nervous, and try to overcome the stuttering at home. Later they take him to somebody who advertises a certain cure. The great public still believes that stuttering is a nervous affection of the organs of speech, and unfortunate children are still being "cured" by quacks. All kinds of mechanical means are used in these so-called cures, and every kind of embrocation, from croton-oil to chloroform, enters into the treatment.

As a matter of fact, stuttering cannot be cured, but it may be educated. The wisest specialist is in the dark as to the cause of stuttering, but it is well known that it is a central disturbance not of the speech organs, but of the nervous system. As such it is very often successfully treated.

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Stuttering cannot be overcome in the nursery, but it has sometimes been caused there. A little girl of four in a South Carolina home was described by her mother as "stubbornly left-handed." Fearing that in after life this might detract from her personal charm, the mother undertook to teach the child the use of the right hand. This she did by tying the left hand across the child's body. The effort was successful, the child soon became properly right-handed, but in the process of changing she mysteriously lost the power of speech. After months of silence the child was coaxed back into talking, but she had acquired a permanent stutter. It does not do to meddle with the human nervous system unless one understands it.

Admitting this danger, since 1905, a group of specialists in neurology have been organized in a national association for the study and education of exceptional children. In many clinics, hospitals, universities, and institutions the country over, members of the association are engaged in observing and recording a mass of facts concerning nervous and retarded children, most of whom would formerly have been called feeble-minded. The association maintains a central laboratory and observation clinic, situated on a crest of the Watchung Mountains near Plainfield, New Jersey. This is known as the Pedagogical Institute for Atypical Children, and is in charge of Dr. Maximilian P. E. Groszmann, founder of the association and pioneer in this country in the study of the different child.

It is in such institutions as this, and others like Dr. Lightner Witmer's in Philadelphia, Dr. McCready's in Pittsburg, and the one in connection with Clark University, Worcester, Massachusetts, that the nervous and mentally different child can best be treated. The home environment is rarely suited to the development of such a child. Indeed, it not infrequently happens that the home environment is the real cause of retardation. The neurotic child at home is sure to be over-indulged, spoiled, and petted; whereas he, more than other children, needs firm discipline, kindly exercised. Self-restraint and the ability to obey are first requisites in the building of intelligent will power.

Training in these institutions gives the child an opportunity to develop naturally, though slowly. Remembering that Balzac, Walter Scott, Daniel Webster, and the great educator Froebel were counted as dullards in their youth, the importance of allowing certain minds a slow development is manifest. A child who at fourteen is learning numbers may at forty compose a great epic or discover a new element. Through kindergarten methods, manual training, physical and industrial exercise, dancing, and military drill, the attention is arrested, the slumbering mind is roused, the wandering will recalled. Love of music is almost always present in childhood, and in neurotic children is often great. Through music, which, as the neurologist Barr remarks, "seems to be the one clue leading through the maze of the development of backward races," some children are successfully educated into normality. They are susceptible not only to its influence, but to its training. In certain cases of speech defects, where the speech-organs are weak and uncontrollable, practice with wind instruments has been found corrective.

Children who were formerly unsocial in their attitude toward others, who were disobedient, violent of temper, hysterical of utterance, became quiet, obedient, and gentle-mannered under the influence of chorus-singing and band-practice. They enjoy the music, and realize the necessity of perfect team-work for the production of harmony.

It is impossible, even if it were desirable, to describe except in a general way the methods employed in the treatment of mentally retarded children. Each case is unique and demands individual study. It is only by daily study, daily analysis of tendencies, daily adaptation of methods, that the specialist achieves his results. Sometimes the treatment is long drawn out. The trouble is often so deep-seated and obscure that months and even years are required to remove it. The substitutions and eliminations which must take place in the mind, and above all the development of the will, are matters of time, and call for the exercise of a patience little short of sublime.

There is a certain volume of knowledge concerning the diagnosis, if not the treatment, of mental deviation that de-

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serves to be popularized. Parents and teachers ought to have access to this knowledge as a part of their equipment. By the time a child reaches the age of six at least three fourths of his actions are the results of habits which he has formed. It is obvious that parents ought to know how to detect bad mental habits when they first appear. Teachers, especially teachers of young children, should have a thorough training in this direction.

A long list of danger-signals in young children ought to be familiar to all persons who are responsible for little people. Without morbidly dreading these signals, parents should constantly watch for their appearance in the nursery. A child who has an occasional outbreak of temper is probably normal, but a child subject to fits of violent temper who, while in those fits, destroys property or attacks other children, may possibly be the victim of psychic epilepsy.

Any exceptional behavior, if it assumes the form of a habit, should be regarded in the light of a symptom. A child who has habits of twitching, shrugging, sighing, chirping; one who is notably absent-minded, who never answers without first repeating one's question, should be examined for nervous disorder which will certainly grow worse unless checked. The child whose egotism is excessive, whose stubbornness or wilfulness is of an exaggerated type, should be carefully watched for other symptoms of hysteria. Defective teeth in very young children are invariably signals of deviation from the normal. They may point to serious hereditary disease or they may indicate malnutrition. In any case, unless relieved and corrected, they are liable to cause speech defects.

Left-handedness is not in itself a symptom, but if it is accompanied by a speech defect of any kind, it is certainly a danger-signal. The speech defect itself, unless caused by anatomical variations of the speech-organs, is a pronounced danger-signal, and if it is coupled with left-handedness, there is a strong probability of a lesion, or an arrested development in the speech-centers of the left brain.

Parents should specially distrust precocity in their children, and they should, instead of encouraging phenomenal musical talent or mathematical ability, find means to check the child's tendencies. Precocity is no sign of superior mentality. It is an indication of disease. No more is a good memory a certain sign of a bright mind. Imbeciles are often possessed of marvelous memories. But a bad memory, a defective or one-sided memory, may be a symptom of nervous affection. Quick changes from crying to laughter, rapid fatigue, drowsiness without apparent cause, insomnia, lack of motor control—all these are variations from the normal and deserve watching. There is such a constant interaction between the body and the mind that physiological conditions reflect psychological states, and vice versa.

Having noted any unusual symptom, an intelligent mother may easily make a few simple tests of a child's mental condition. The mother may, for example, sit down with the child and closely observe its play. If the child is found to be unable to perform acts of play which an average child of the same age finds natural, there is grave reason for suspecting trouble. A normal child of four or five years loves to play with blocks. Houses, barnyards, trains of cars, are built, often with considerable ingenuity. A child whose brain development is slow or faulty piles blocks in disordered heaps. A feeble-minded child can scarcely place one block on another intelligently, and cannot match picture or letter blocks at all. One of the surest tests of mentality comes in the form of sliced or cut-up picture puzzles. Use the simplest at first, progressing from the ordinary straight slips to the more difficult forms. Note the intelligence of effort and the time required to put the puzzles together.

Many tests of motor control may be made without rousing any suspicion on the part of the child. As a matter of play, shared by the parent, the child may be made to extend his arms straight out from the shoulders, and then with closed eyes to bring the tips of the fingers together in front. Another test is to close the eyes and walk forward in a straight line. A more difficult one is to close the eyes, turn around, and walk straight forward. Inability to approximate to these tests is a sign of incomplete control.

The celebrated French psychologist Binet, lately dead, devised a measuring-

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scale for intelligence, which, with important modifications, is used by neurologists and specialists in retardation to determine the psychological age of children. The Binet tests are fifty-six in number, and combine motor, sense, and intellect gages. By their means a fairly accurate diagnosis of a child's mental development may be made. If, for example, a child of ten responds only to tests suggested for children of eight or younger, a condition of retarded or arrested development is inferred. No reason exists why the simplest of these tests should not be known and applied at home by intelligent parents. They should be available through any physician of modern ideas.

It is not suggested that amateurs, even the most intelligent, do more than observe symptoms in children. As soon as parents have real reason to suspect a variation, however slight, they will of course seek medical advice. Too often, it is true, the general practitioner is blind to obscure forms of psychic disorder. A habit does not seem to him a serious matter, and he not uncommonly dismisses the parents' fears by assuring them that the child will outgrow it. Fortunately, psychological clinics are increasing, and will soon be established in every community. At the present time one need not travel a great distance to find specialists in mental and nervous variations.

People should not be afraid to regard these variations at least as calmly as they now regard physical illness. A symptom of nervous disorder, a defect of speech, a lack of control, no matter how serious they seem to the layman, may not be an indication of permanent mental disorder. The number of feeble-minded children is not large. By far the greater number of so-called mental defectives have been found to be merely retarded. They are capable of immense improvement, if not complete restoration to normality. The classification made by Dr. Groszmann, and accepted by the best neurologists, names as atypical the children who deviate slightly from the normal. This includes children whose progress in school is impaired through illness, lameness, minor deformities, slightly impaired vision or hearing; children of unusually rapid development, which means uneven development; "naughty," that is to say, troublesome children, and those who have been neglected. These children are really pseudo-atypical. They need some special care and attention, and usually hygienic and medical treatment. The true atypical child has been described in this article in the cases of word- and letter-blindness, word-deafness, atavism, and the like. The list is by no means complete, but it will serve to illustrate the condition.

The atypical child, whether his development is artificially retarded or actually arrested, will, if neglected, drop down to a much lower and more hopeless condition. He may become permanently defective, a burden on society. With change of environment and proper study and training, he may be fully restored. The age is too intelligent to excuse the physician, the parent, the teacher, who does not do his full duty, as far as he is permitted, toward such a child. The time is at hand when we may expect to see established, as Dr. Groszmann predicts, "A science of education, a science of parenthood, a science of teaching; when it will not be considered preposterous to give each child such minute care and study as will establish his full status."

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THE GHOST-SHIP

BY RICHARD MIDDLETON[1]

FAIRFIELD is a little village lying near the Portsmouth Road, about half-way between London and the sea. Strangers, who now and then find it by accident, call it a pretty, old-fashioned place; we who live in it and call it home don't find anything very pretty about it, but we should be sorry to live anywhere else. Our minds have taken the shape of the inn and the church and the green, I suppose. At all events, we never feel comfortable out of Fairfield.

Of course the cockneys, with their vasty houses and noise-ridden streets, can call us rustics if they choose; but for all that, Fairfield is a better place to live in than London. Doctor says that when he goes to London his mind is bruised with the weight of the houses, and he was a cockney born. He had to live there himself when he was a little chap, but he knows better now. You gentlemen may laugh,—perhaps some of you come from London-way,—but it seems to me that a witness like that is worth a gallon of arguments.

Dull? Well, you might find it dull, but I assure you that I 've listened to all the London yarns you have spun to-night, and they 're absolutely nothing to the things that happen at Fairfield. It 's because of our way of thinking, and minding our own business. If one of your Londoners was set down on the green of a Saturday night when the ghosts of the lads who died in the war keep tryst with the lasses who lie in the churchyard, he could n't help being curious and interfering, and then the ghosts would go somewhere where it was quieter. But we just let them come and go and don't make any fuss, and in consequence Fairfield is the ghostiest place in all England. Why, I 've seen a headless man sitting on the edge of the well in broad daylight, and the children playing about his feet as if he were their father. Take my word for it, spirits know when they are well off as much as human beings.

Still, I must admit that the thing I 'm going to tell you about was queer even for our part of the world, where three packs of ghost-hounds hunt regularly during the season, and blacksmith's great-grandfather is busy all night shoeing the dead gentlemen's horses. Now that 's a thing that would n't happen in London, because of their interfering ways; but blacksmith he lies up aloft and sleeps as quiet as a lamb. Once when he had a bad head he shouted down to them not to make so much noise, and in the morning he found an old guinea left on the anvil as an apology. He wears it on his watch-chain now. But I must get on with my story; if I start telling you about the queer happenings at Fairfield, I 'll never stop.

It all came of the great storm in the spring of '97, the year that we had two great storms. This was the first one, and I remember it well, because I found in the morning that it had lifted the thatch of my pigsty into the widow's garden as clean as a boy's kite. When I looked over the hedge, widow—Tom Lamport's widow that was—was prodding for her nasturtiums with a daisy-grubber. After I had watched her for a little I went down to the Fox and Grapes to tell landlord what she had said to me. Landlord he laughed, being a married man and at ease with the sex. "Come to that," he said, "the tempest has blowed something

[1] Richard Middleton, the English poet and man of letters, died in Brussels, December 1, 1911, at the age of twenty-nine, having made upon many good judges the impression of a writer of great promise.

His poems are to be collected for publication by Mr. Fisher Unwin, and another volume will be made of his prose work, consisting of stories, essays, studies of childhood, etc.

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into my field. A kind of a ship I think it would be."

I was surprised at that until he explained that it was only a ghost-ship, and would do no hurt to the turnips. We argued that it had been blown up from the sea at Portsmouth, and then we talked of something else. There were two slates down at the parsonage and a big tree in Lumley's meadow. It was a rare storm.

I reckon the wind had blown our ghosts all over England. They were coming back for days afterward with foundered horses, and as footsore as possible, and they were so glad to get back to Fairfield that some of them walked up the street crying like little children. Squire said that his great-grandfather's great-grandfather had n't looked so dead-beat since the battle of Naseby, and he 's an educated man.

What with one thing and another, I should think it was a week before we got straight again, and then one afternoon I met the landlord on the green, and he had a worried face. "I wish you 'd come and have a look at that ship in my field," he said to me. "It seems to me it 's leaning real hard on the turnips. I can't bear thinking what the missus will say when she sees it."

I walked down the lane with him, and, sure enough, there was a ship in the middle of his field, but such a ship as no man had seen on the water for three hundred years, let alone in the middle of a turnip-field. It was all painted black, and covered with carvings, and there was a great bay-window in the stern, for all the world like the squire's drawing-room. There was a crowd of little black cannon on deck and looking out of her port-holes, and she was anchored at each end to the hard ground. I have seen the wonders of the world on picture-post-cards, but I have never seen anything to equal that.

"She seems very solid for a ghost-ship," I said, seeing that landlord was bothered.

"I should say it 's a betwixt and between," he answered, puzzling it over; "but it 's going to spoil a matter of fifty turnips, and missus she 'll want it moved." We went up to her and touched the side, and it was as hard as a real ship. "Now, there 's folks in England would call that very curious," he said.

Now, I don't know much about ships, but I should think that that ghost-ship weighed a solid two hundred tons, and it seemed to me that she had come to stay; so that I felt sorry for landlord, who was a married man. "All the horses in Fairfield won't move her out of my turnips," he said, frowning at her.

Just then we heard a noise on her deck, and we looked up and saw that a man had come out of her front cabin and was looking down at us very peaceably. He was dressed in a black uniform set off with rusty gold lace, and he had a great cutlass by his side in a brass sheath. "I 'm Captain Bartholomew Roberts," he said in a gentleman's voice, "put in for recruits. I seem to have brought her rather far up the harbor."

"Harbor!" cried landlord. "Why, you 're fifty miles from the sea!"

Captain Roberts did n't turn a hair. "So much as that, is it?" he said coolly. "Well, it 's of no consequence."

Landlord was a bit upset at this. "I don't want to be unneighborly," he said, "but I wish you had n't brought your ship into my field. You see, my wife sets great store on these turnips."

The captain took a pinch of snuff out of a fine gold box that he pulled out of his pocket, and dusted his fingers with a silk handkerchief in a very genteel fashion. "I 'm only here for a few months," he said, "but if a testimony of my esteem would pacify your good lady, I should be content," and with the words he loosed a great gold brooch from the neck of his coat and tossed it down to landlord.

Landlord blushed as red as a strawberry. "I 'm not denying she 's fond of jewelry," he said; "but it 's too much for half a sackful of turnips." Indeed, it was a handsome brooch.

The captain laughed. "Tut, man!" he said, "it 's a forced sale, and you deserve a good price. Say no more about it," and nodding good day to us, he turned on his heel and went into the cabin. Landlord walked back up the lane like a man with a weight off his mind. "That tempest has blowed me a bit of luck," he said; "the missus will be main pleased with that brooch. It 's better than blacksmith's guinea any day."

'97 was Jubilee year—the year of the second Jubilee, you remember, and we had

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great doings at Fairfield, so that we had n't much time to bother about the ghost-ship, though, anyhow, it is n't our way to meddle in things that don't concern us. Landlord he saw his tenant once or twice when he was hoeing his turnips, and passed the time of day, and landlord's wife wore her new brooch to church every Sunday. But we did n't mix much with the ghosts at any time, all except an idiot lad there was in the village, and he did n't know the difference between a man and a ghost, poor innocent! On Jubilee day, however, somebody told Captain Roberts why the church bells were ringing, and he hoisted a flag and fired off his guns like a loyal Englishman. 'T is true the guns were shotted, and one of the round shot knocked a hole in Farmer Johnstone's barn, but nobody thought much of that in such a season of rejoicing.

It was n't till our celebrations were over that we noticed that anything was wrong in Fairfield. 'T was shoemaker who told me first about it one morning at the Fox and Grapes. "You know my great-great-uncle?" he said to me.

"You mean Joshua, the quiet lad?" I answered, knowing him well.

"Quiet!" said shoemaker, indignantly. "Quiet you call him, coming home at three o'clock every morning as drunk as a magistrate and waking up the whole house with his noise!"

"Why, it can't be Joshua," I said, for I knew him for one of the most respectable young ghosts in the village.

"Joshua it is," said shoemaker; "and one of these nights he 'll find himself out in the street if he is n't careful."

This kind of talk shocked me, I can tell you, for I don't like to hear a man abusing his own family, and I could hardly believe that a steady youngster like Joshua had taken to drink. But just then in came butcher Aylwin in such a temper that he could hardly drink his beer. "The young puppy! the young puppy!" he kept on saying, and it was some time before shoemaker and I found out that he was talking about his ancestor that fell at Senlac.

"Drink?" said shoemaker, hopefully, for we all like company in our misfortunes, and butcher nodded grimly. "The young noodle!" he said, emptying his tankard.

Well, after that I kept my ears open, and it was the same story all over the village. There was hardly a young man among all the ghosts of Fairfield who did n't roll home in the small hours of the morning the worse for liquor. I used to wake up in the night and hear them stumble past my house, singing outrageous songs. The worst of it was that we could n't keep the scandal to ourselves, and the folk at Greenhill began to talk of "sodden Fairfield" and taught their children to sing a song about us:

> Sodden Fairfield, sodden Fairfield,
> Has no use for bread and butter,
> Rum for breakfast, rum for dinner,
> Rum for tea, and rum for supper!

We are easy-going in our village, but we did n't like that.

Of course we soon found out where the young fellows went to get the drink, and landlord was terribly cut up that his tenant should have turned out so badly; but his wife would n't hear of parting with the brooch, so he could n't give the captain notice to quit. But as time went on, things grew from bad to worse, and at all hours of the day you would see those young reprobates sleeping it off on the village green. Nearly every afternoon a ghost-wagon used to jolt down to the ship with a lading of rum, and though the older ghosts seemed inclined to give the captain's hospitality the go-by, the youngsters were neither to hold nor to bind.

So one afternoon when I was taking my nap, I heard a knock at the door, and there was parson, looking very serious, like a man with a job before him that he did n't altogether relish.

"I 'm going down to talk to the captain about all this drunkenness in the village, and I want you to come with me," he said straight out.

I can't say that I fancied the visit much myself, and I tried to hint to parson that as, after all, they were only a lot of ghosts, it did n't much matter.

"Dead or alive, I 'm responsible for their good conduct," he said, "and I 'm going to do my duty and put a stop to this continued disorder. And you are coming with me, John Simmons."

So I went, parson being a persuasive kind of man.

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We went down to the ship, and as we approached her, I could see the captain tasting the air on deck. When he saw parson, he took off his hat very politely, and I can tell you that I was relieved to find that he had a proper respect for the cloth. Parson acknowledged his salute, and spoke out stoutly enough.

"Sir, I should be glad to have a word with you."

"Come on board, sir; come on board," said the captain, and I could tell by his voice that he knew why we were there.

Parson and I climbed up an uneasy kind of ladder, and the captain took us into the great cabin at the back of the ship, where the bay-window was. It was the most wonderful place you ever saw in your life, all full of gold and silver plate, swords with jeweled scabbards, carved oak chairs, and great chests that looked as though they were bursting with guineas. Even parson was surprised, and he did not shake his head very hard when the captain took down some silver cups and poured us out a drink of rum. I tasted mine, and I don't mind saying that it changed my view of things entirely. There was nothing betwixt and between about that rum, and I felt that it was ridiculous to blame the lads for drinking too much of stuff like that. It seemed to fill my veins with honey and fire.

Parson put the case squarely to the captain, but I did n't listen much to what he said. I was busy sipping my drink and looking through the window at the fishes swimming to and fro over landlord's turnips. Just then it seemed the most natural thing in the world that they should be there, though afterward, of course, I could see that that proved it was a ghost-ship.

But even then I thought it was queer when I saw a drowned sailor float by in the thin air, with his hair and beard all full of bubbles. It was the first time I had seen anything quite like that at Fairfield.

All the time I was regarding the wonders of the deep, parson was telling Captain Roberts how there was no peace or rest in the village owing to the curse of drunkenness, and what a bad example the youngsters were setting to the older ghosts. The captain listened very attentively, and put in a word only now and then about boys being boys and young men sowing their wild oats. But when parson had finished his speech, he filled up our silver cups and said to parson with a flourish:

"I should be sorry to cause trouble anywhere where I have been made welcome, and you will be glad to hear that I put to sea to-morrow night. And now you must drink me a prosperous voyage."

So we all stood up and drank the toast with honor, and that noble rum was like hot oil in my veins.

After that, captain showed us some of the curiosities he had brought back from foreign parts, and we were greatly amazed, though afterward I could n't clearly remember what they were. And then I found myself walking across the turnips with parson, and I was telling him of the glories of the deep that I had seen through the window of the ship. He turned on me severely.

"If I were you, John Simmons," he said, "I should go straight home to bed." He has a way of putting things that would n't occur to an ordinary man, has parson, and I did as he told me.

Well, next day it came on to blow, and it blew harder and harder, till about eight o'clock at night I heard a noise and looked out into the garden. I dare say you won't believe me,—it seems a bit tall even to me,—but the wind had lifted the thatch of my pigsty into the widow's garden a second time. I thought I would n't wait to hear what widow had to say about it, so I went across the green to the Fox and Grapes, and the wind was so strong that I danced along on tiptoe like a girl at the fair. When I got to the inn, landlord had to help me shut the door. It seemed as though a dozen goats were pushing against it to come in out of the storm.

"It 's a powerful tempest," he said, drawing the beer. "I hear there 's a chimney down at Dickory End."

"It 's a funny thing how these sailors know about the weather," I answered. "When captain said he was going to-night, I was thinking it would take a capful of wind to carry the ship back to sea; and now here 's more than a capful."

"Ah, yes," said landlord; "it 's to-night he goes true enough, and mind you, though, he treated me handsome over the rent,

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I 'm not sure it 's a loss to the village. I don't hold with gentrice, who fetch their drink from London instead of helping local traders to get their living."

"But you have n't got any rum like his," I said, to draw him out.

His neck grew red above his collar, and I was afraid I 'd gone too far; but after a while he got his breath with a grunt.

"John Simmons," he said, "if you 've come down here this windy night to talk a lot of fool's talk, you 've wasted a journey."

Well, of course then I had to smooth him down with praising his rum, and Heaven forgive me for swearing it was better than captain's. For the like of that rum no living lips have tasted save mine and parson's. But somehow or other I brought landlord round, and presently we must have a glass of his best to prove its quality.

"Beat that if you can," he cried, and we both raised our glasses to our mouths, only to stop half-way and look at each other in amaze. For the wind that had been howling outside like an outrageous dog had all of a sudden turned as melodious as the carol-boys of a Christmas eve.

"Surely that 's not my Martha," whispered landlord, Martha being his great-aunt who lived in the loft overhead.

We went to the door, and the wind burst it open so that the handle was driven clean into the plaster of the wall, but we did n't think about that at the time; for over our heads, sailing very comfortably through the windy stars, was the ship that had passed the summer in landlord's field. Her port-holes and her bay-window were blazing with lights, and there was a noise of singing and fiddling on her decks. "He 's gone!" shouted landlord above the storm, "and he 's taken half the village with him." I could only nod in answer, not having lungs like bellows of leather.

In the morning we were able to measure the strength of the storm, and over and above my pigsty, there was damage enough wrought in the village to keep us busy. True it is that the children had to break down no branches for the firing that autumn, since the wind had strewn the woods with more than they could carry away. Many of our ghosts were scattered abroad, but this time very few came back, all the young men having sailed with captain; and not only ghosts, for a poor half-witted lad was missing, and we reckoned that he had stowed himself away or perhaps shipped as cabin-boy, not knowing any better.

What with the lamentations of the ghost girls and the grumblings of families who had lost ancestors, the village was upset for a while, and the funny thing was that it was the folk who had complained most of the carryings-on of the youngsters who made most noise now that they were gone. I had n't any sympathy with shoemaker or butcher, who ran about saying how much they missed their lads, but it made me grieve to hear the poor bereaved girls calling their lovers by name on the village green at nightfall. It did n't seem fair to me that they should have lost their men a second time, after giving up life in order to join them, as like as not. Still, not even a spirit can be sorry forever, and after a few months we made up our mind that the folk who had sailed in the ship were never coming back; and we did n't talk about it any more.

And then one day, I dare say it would be a couple of years after, when the whole business was quite forgotten, who should come trapesing along the road from Portsmouth but the daft lad who had gone away with the ship without waiting till he was dead to become a ghost. You never saw such a boy as that in all your life. He had a great rusty cutlass hanging to a string at his waist, and he was tattooed all over in fine colors, so that even his face looked like a girl's sampler. He had a handkerchief in his hand full of foreign shells and old-fashioned pieces of small money, very curious, and he walked up to the well outside his mother's house and drew himself a drink as if he had been nowhere in particular.

The worst of it was that he had come back as soft-headed as he went, and try as we might, we could n't get anything reasonable out of him. He talked a lot of gibberish about keelhauling and walking the plank and crimson murders—things which a decent sailor should know nothing about, so that it seemed to me that for all his manners captain had been more of a pirate than a gentleman mariner. But to draw sense out of that boy was as hard as picking cherries off a crab-tree. One silly

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tale he had that he kept on drifting back to, and to hear him you would have thought that it was the only thing that happened to him in his life.

"We was at anchor," he would say, "off an island called the Basket of Flowers, and the sailors had caught a lot of parrots, and we were teaching them to swear. Up and down the decks, up and down the decks, and the language they used was dreadful. Then we looked up and saw the masts of the Spanish ship outside the harbor. Outside the harbor they were, so we threw the parrots into the sea, and sailed out to fight. And all the parrots were drowneded in the sea, and the language they used was dreadful."

That 's the sort of boy he was—nothing but silly talk of parrots when we asked him about the fighting. And we never had a chance of teaching him better, for two days after he ran away again, and has n't been seen since.

That 's my story, and I assure you that things like that are happening at Fairfield all the time. The ship has never come back, but somehow, as people grow older, they seem to think that one of these windy nights she 'll come sailing in over the hedges with all the lost ghosts on board. Well, when she comes, she 'll be welcome. There 's one ghost lass that has never grown tired of waiting for her lad to return. Every night you 'll see her out on the green, straining her poor eyes with looking for the mast-lights among the stars. A faithful lass you 'd call her, and I 'm thinking you 'd be right.

Landlord's field was n't a penny the worse for the visit; but they do say that since then the turnips that have been grown in it have tasted of rum.

YE WHO ARE TO SING

BY OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN

O SILENCE of all silences, where wait
Fame's unblown years, whose choir my soul would greet!
Graves, nor dead Time, are sealed so dumb in fate,
For Death and Time must pass on echoing feet.
No grass-locked vault, no sculptured winding-sheet,
No age-embalmèd hour with mummied wing,
Is bosomed in such stillness, vast, complete,
As wraps the future, and no prayer may bring
From that unfathomed pause one minstrel murmuring.

Yet never earth a lyreless dawn shall know;
No moon shall move unharped to her gray home;
No midnight wreathe its chain of choric glow
But answering eye flash rhythmic to the dome.
No path shall lie too deep in forest gloam
For the blithe singer's tread; no winds fore'er
Blow lute-lorn barks o'er unawakened foam;
Nor hidden isle sleep so enwaved but there
Shall touch and land at last Apollo's mariner.

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And soon shall wake that morrow's melody,
When men of labor shall be men of dream,
With hand seer-guided, knowing Deity,
That breathes in sonant wood and fluting stream,
Shapes, too, the wheel, the shaft, the shouldering beam,
Nor ceased to build when Magian toil began
To lift its towered world. What chime supreme
Shall turn our tuneless march to music when
Sings the achieving God from conscious hearts of men?

And one voice shall be woman's, lifting lay
Till all the lark heights of her being ring;
Majestic she shall take the chanted way,
And every song-peak's golden bourgeoning
Shall thrill beneath her feet that lyric spring
From ventured crest to crest. Strong, masterless,
She, last in freedom, as the first shall sing,
Who, great in freedom, takes by Love her place,
Wife, mother, more, her starward-moving self—the race.

Ay, ye shall come, ye spirits girt with light
That falls o'er heaven's hills from dawn to be;
Ye warders in the planet house of night,
Gliding to unguessed doors with prophet-key,
And out where dim paths stir with minstrelsy
Wordless and strange to man, until your clear,
Doubt-shriven strain interprets to the clay.
Oh, might I hear ye as the world shall hear,
Nearer, a poet's journey, to the Golden Year!

Dear, honored bards of centuries dim and sped,
Yet glowing ever in your fadeless song,
No dust shall heap its silence o'er ye dead,
No cadent seas shall drown your choral strong
In more melodious waves. I 've lingered long
By your brave harps strung for eternity;
But now runs my wild heart to meet the throng
Who yet shall choir. O wondrous company,
If graves may listen then, I then shall listening be!

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HOW EPHUM FIDDLED AND JIM DANCED

BY ABBY BENHAM HILL

WITH PICTURES BY CHARLES J. POST

A DANCE was in progress in the gin-house of the Fair View plantation. Uncle Ephum, in the dignity of starched linen and one of Marster's old, long-tailed coats, stood on a dry-goods box at the end of the great, dingy loft, handling his bow with deftness, and shouting off the figures of the cotillion in his usual autocratic tones. "I ain' none er dem settin'-down fiddlers," he was wont to declare, "ca'se I got too much erspec' fer my inster*ment,* I is, en I teks my hat off en stan's ter her ev'y time."

Numerous tallow candles, recessed upon a row of shelves between the huge, rough timbers of the unceiled walls, stuck into empty snuff-bottles and short-necked gourds, shed a flaring, sputtering glimmer upon the dancers. Up and down and around they whirled amid a cloud of flying dust. The old folks on the benches encircling the wall clapped their hands and patted their feet in time to the tune. Here and there a fat black mammy or aunty, in a split-bottomed chair from the "quarters," rocked and shook and swayed, drolly suggesting a quivering mold of coffee jelly.

"Promenade all!"

Uncle Ephum's voice foreboded tantrums, and pricking up their ears, the crowd looked about excitedly. With his wrinkled double chin crumpled severely on his fiddle, his bushy, white eyebrows meeting in a tremendous frown, his keen eyes squinted to a narrow gaze, the old man intently watched two of the dancers.

"Shashay all! Dat hick'ry limb 'hine de do' gwine git tuck down ef somebody don't look out," Uncle Ephum muttered to himself between the figures.

"S'lute yo' pardners! I boun' I gwine 'suade Jim Turner ter 'scuse his comp'ny ter Mimy, en I sho 'll l'arn dat gal ter pay 'tention ter her daddy's 'structions."

"Balunce all! I 's layin' mighty low now, but somebody gwine jump mighty high terrec'ly."

"Ter yo' places! De kittle on de fire simmer a long time 'fo' she b'il, but w'en she git good en ready, she b'il hard."

"Gran' right en lef'!"

As Jim Turner's hand grasped Mimy's in the last figure, he stooped, artfully pretending to stumble, and whispered something in her little, brown ear.

Uncle Ephum's simmering anger "b'iled." Slackening his bow across his fiddle-strings, he brought the dance to an abrupt end. Glaring at Jim, he remarked witheringly, "Ef some folks 'd ten' ter w'at dey 's tryin' ter do, maybe dey mout mek out ter dance 'stid er miratin' roun' lak a lame ca'f."

A snicker came from the other dancers. Mimy slunk behind her partner, giving Jim a frightened, appealing look.

Jim threw back his head, but sup-

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pressed the angry retort that rose to his lips. He turned to escort his partner to her seat, muttering, "It 'u'd be monst'ous lucky ef some folks's fiddlin' was good 'nough fer a lame ca'f ter dance ter."

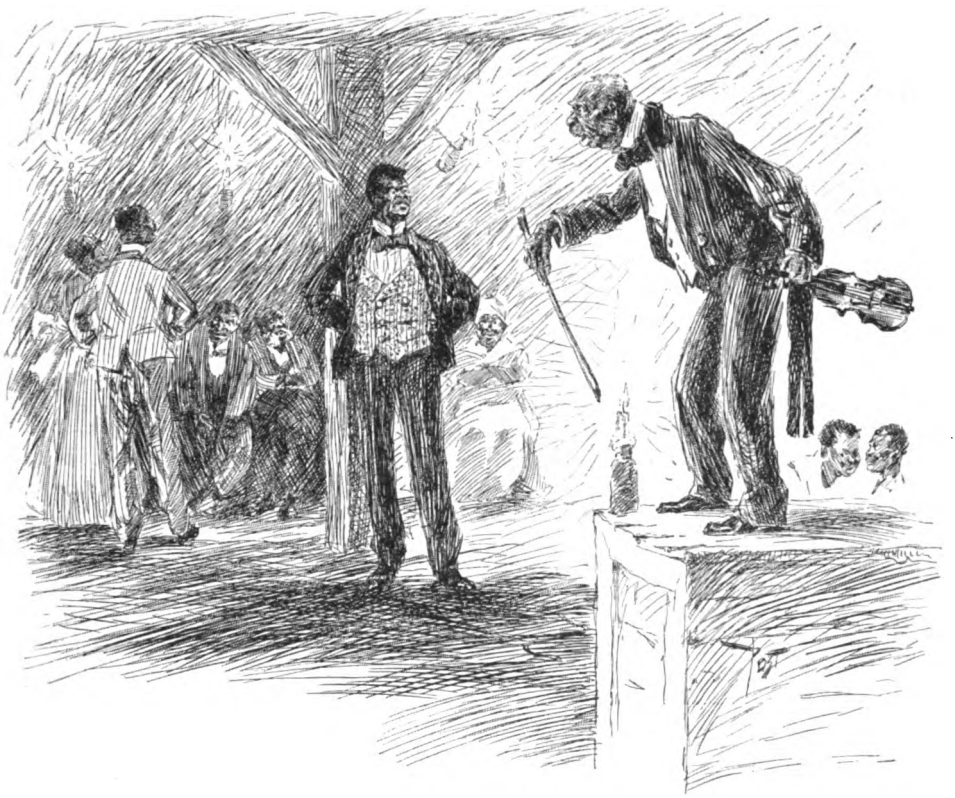
"I 'd lak ter see a triflin', no-'count, highferlutin' nigger dance better 'n I kin fiddle," said Uncle Ephum, shaking his bow furiously. "'Fo' de Lord! dat 's mun! Mek way! We 's livin' in cuyous times w'en young niggers sasses old pussons whar 's played de fiddle 'fo' dey was borned."

The other negroes fell back, appalled at Jim's audacity.

"Hear dat, mun?"

"'Fo' de Lord!"

"Now, dar!"



"'CL'AR DE FLO' DAR, EV'YBODY!'"

w'at I 'd lak ter see—I would fer a fac'!"

"You kin see it, Uncle Ephum," replied Jim, facing him defiantly—"you kin sho see it. Dat is, ef you ain' feared er w'arin' yo'se'f out," he added, with a sarcastic laugh.

"Cl'ar de flo' dar, ev'ybody! Cl'ar de flo' fer dis yer gemmun whar kin dance better en longer 'n Uncle Ephum kin fiddle." The old man, sputtering with rage, brandished his fiddle and bow as though he were shooing a brood of chickens out of the room. "Mek way dar, ladies en gemmun! Mek way! We 's livin' in cuyous times w'en young niggers sasses old pussons whar 's played de fiddle 'fo' dey was borned."

"If ever I 'spected ter see dis day!" These and other whispers and ejaculations ran round the loft.

In a moment the floor was clear, and the benches along the walls were filled with an eager, expectant crowd. White eyeballs rolled and shone as young and old exchanged loud, excited whispers or low-toned exclamations.

"I reckon de starch gwine git tuck out 'n Jim Turner now."

"'Pears lak Uncle Ephum fergits de cripplements er age."

"I lay it gwine be nip en tuck."

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That it would be a nip-and-tuck contest was the prevailing opinion; for, despite age and occasional rheumatism, Uncle Ephum's bow-arm was still vigorous, and his fame as the "ondurinest" fiddler in the country undiminished.

On the other hand, it was said of Jim Turner, "W'en he cut de pigeon-wing he fa'rly fotches de pigeons down off 'n de roos', en injin-rubber ain' nowhar w'en he kick de double-shuffle."

Jim stood straight and steadfast in the middle of the loft, tall, supple, sinewy, his head thrown back, his arms hanging loosely at his sides, his feet in position to begin.

His ornate manners and fondness for pink shirts and "c'lo'ne," specifically and inclusively condemned by Uncle Ephum as "highferlutin'," "triflin'," and "no 'count," won favor with the dusky damsels and the younger and more frivolous of the matrons; and to-night the pink shirts and c'lo'ne were supplemented by cinnamon-oil, applied to Jim's kinky head, and young Marster's velvet smoking-jacket, secretly borrowed for the occasion. But Jim's numerous rivals and the majority of the old folks leaned to the old fiddler.

Uncle Ephum, stiffly erect on the dry-goods box, his purple lips rigidly clamped together, was tuning his fiddle and twisting the keys so savagely as to call forth the remark from Big Sam, "He sho do think he got a-holt er Jim Turner's nake."

"I lay Jim gwine beat," one of Mimy's friends whispered in her ear.

"Oh, Lordy! ef he do, pappy gwine have one er his tant'ums sho," Mimy responded despairingly.

Uncle Ephum at last settled his instrument under his chin, balanced his bow for an instant, then brought it down across his fiddle-strings with a long, full, resonant sweep.

Jim made a low bow, involving the entire length of his flexible body, and came up just as Uncle Ephum started into a lively jig.

Lightly, easily, Jim tripped up and down, to and fro, adding fancy impromptu steps, springing high in the air, landing on his feet alertly, treading a nimble heel-and-toe, while the yellow dust rose about him in a luminous haze, until, as Uncle Zeke declared, "he fa'rly exembled one er dem jackermerlantums in de swamp."

Onlookers clapped and patted a low accompaniment, changing the tempo deftly when Uncle Ephum modulated into a slower tune.

Jim swung from end to end of the room in a tortuous, wavering line, swaying backward, forward, sweeping his arms above his head, bending his lithe length to the floor.

Aunt Susan, noticing her daughter's absorption, cried out sharply: "You dar, Mimy, w'y doan' you pay 'tention ter yo' pappy, 'stid er-settin' wid yo' eyeballs glued on Jim Turner lak he was a rattlesnake a-charmin' you? I nuver is seed sech outdacious insurance. You needs a p'inted argerfyin' wid, en I lay you gwine git it w'en yo' pappy done th'ough wid dat ar fiddlin'."

"Young folks is all alak dese days," put in Aunt Ca'line, with an authoritative shake of her white-handkerchiefed head. "Dey ain' got no erspec' fer ole pussons, en dey thinks dey knows mo' den all de wisdom er de laws en de prophets. W'at you reckon dat drap-shot Letty whar he'ps in de kitchin say ter me t' other day? She 'low 't ain' gwine mek a bit er diffunce ef you does stir cake backerds. Yas, 'm, dat w'at she 'low ter *me,* en me bin mekin' cake fer ole Miss mighty nigh twenty year', en ain' nuver stirred it backerds yit."

"Well, young folks is young folks," interposed Uncle Zeke, good-naturedly. "You got ter brek a young hoss inter de shaf's 'fo' he gwine ter go study. Expeiunce is de shaf's young folks is got ter git 'quainted wid. Dey r'ars en dey kicks en dey balks, maybe, but dey 'll trot study ez anybody atter w'ile. You mus' des drive 'em sort er quiet, en give 'em dar haid a leetle at de start. I ain' bin settin' on de box-seat er ole Miss's cairge forty year' fer noth'n'. Hosses en folks is might'ly alak in a heap er ways—yes, might'ly alak."

"I dunno, Brer Zeke," dissented Uncle Abrum. "I bin preachin' in de tabernickle er de Lord 'mos' ez long ez you bin settin' on de box-seat er ole Miss' cairge, en I declines putty strong ter Sis' Ca'line's 'pinion. Times ain' w'at dey use' ter was. Gals is mo' forrerder, en boys is mo' res'-lesser, en dey ain' sati'fied ter stay on de plantation whar de Lord sot 'em; but dey

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"'DEY AIN' GOT NO ERSPEC' FER OLE PUSSONS'"

pesters Marster ter hire 'em out in town, en w'en dey comes home, dey got all sort er fancy notions in dar haids, lak Jim Turner. Howsomedever, we mus' trus' in de Lord, Sis' Ca'line—we mus' trus' in de wisdom er de Lord."

A snickering and a tittering broke across Uncle Abrum's discourse. Uncle Ephum had slid into a quadrille tune; but Jim, not to be disconcerted by this manœuver, had bowed elaborately into space and was conducting an imaginary partner through the dance, as if a whole set were in position on the floor. Figure after figure he executed with many flourishes and shows of gallantry. When, at the "gran' promenade," he crooked his elbow and pranced round the loft, fanning his make-believe partner with his disengaged hand, young and old held their sides and screamed.

Uncle Ephum's face kept its imperturbability as he dashed off into a double-quick breakdown; but the top of his white-fringed head grew shiny with moisture, and looked, for all the world, like a huge, glossy chestnut.

Big drops rolled down Jim's face, and his pink shirt-collar flopped limp and crumpled about his bronzed throat. Treading the faster measure jauntily, he drew a yellow bandana from his pocket and mopped his forehead vigorously.

"Would you lak some c'lo'ne, Jim?"

"'Bleeged ter you, Sam," said Jim, glancing sharply at a big, black fellow lolling complacently against the wall beside Mimy. "Yit, bein' ez I ain' de spittin' image er a mud-turkle on a san'-bank, maybe I kin mek out."

Sam scowled. The rest of the negroes laughed and patted louder.

Like a north wind over a potato patch, Sam's voice had swept across Jim's excited brain.

Sam was Uncle Ephum's favorite among Mimy's beaus, and there he sat comfortably beside her, while he, Jim Turner, was tiring himself to death and losing her more surely with every step. He glanced furtively at Mimy, still and sorrowful, her little, brown hands pinched together in her lap. He thought of her appeal to him behind the wood-pile that morning. "Doan' you come nigh me to-night, Jim," she had sniffed, clutching his arms tightly; "ca'se ef you does, you gwine rile pappy twel he git in one

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er his tant'ums, en I sho is feared er 'im den."

Jim had reluctantly promised. All the evening he had kept far from her, devoting himself ostentatiously to several lively maidens from the neighboring plantations; but with every flutter of the big, blue bow on Mimy's frizzy head and every switch of her white muslin skirt it had grown harder and harder. Jim felt that he would go clean 'stracted if he kept away from her a moment longer.

"I 's a plumb tomfool," he said to himself, furiously, lifting his feet less and less briskly. "Ef Big Sam had a-sot a trap fer me, he could n' er fotch me whar he want' me no better."

The spectators, detecting the change in Jim's spirits, shook their heads dubiously.

"Jim Turner gittin' wo' out!" "W'at I done tell you?" "Dar 's many a hoss whar steps monstrous high en shows off mighty pyeart at de start, yit ain' got no mo' ondurance 'n a yearlin' colt." "Yas, Lord! I knowed Jim Turner wa' n't gwine git de uppers er Uncle Ephum."

These mutterings buzzed in Jim's ears irritatingly. He cut the pigeon-wing as though he had been stung by a yellow-jacket, then went into a vigorous double-shuffle, which renewed the confidence of his friends and discouraged his enemies.

But his feet throbbed and burned in young Marster's patent-leather pumps, and his throat felt dry and prickly. As he swallowed to moisten it, he thought of the spring behind the "quarters," where the water bubbled up into a basin of rock and flowed away in a tiny stream with a soft, cool noise. Somehow Jim associated Mimy with that spring, perhaps because they had met there at times, when she could slip down in the twilight, with Miss Bessie's pitcher as an excuse. Mimy's laugh seemed to gurgle in her throat like bubbling water, and her voice had a soft, drawling sound, like the stream as it slid over the pebbles, which reminded him of her little, white teeth.

"'DAR 'S MANY A HOSS WHAR STEPS MONSTROUS HIGH'"

Mimy's mouth was now shut piteously, like a sick child's. A pang of anguish shot through Jim's heart, and he faltered in his steps as he forecast the possible result of letting Uncle Ephum beat. It might mollify the old man, and help him to win Mimy in the end.

But the thought of the jokes and jeers that would greet his failure pricked him to a fresh spurt. That night's contest would pass into a plantation tale and be handed on from year to year as long as he lived.

On and on Jim danced, while on and on Uncle Ephum played. Here and there a candle flared and went out. In the gloom, the white eyeballs of the negroes along the wall shone like bull's-eyes of innumerable targets. The gilt beads round Mimy's neck and on her small wrists gleamed like faint sparks.

The chickens began to crow from the hen-house roosts. The quick, even tread of Jim's feet, the patting of many dusky hands the scraping of the fiddle, continued monotonously. Uncle Ephum stood less erect. His chin had slipped farther down on his fiddle, and he changed his weight from one foot to the other at shorter intervals. Jim's feet burned, his throat ached, and his breath came with a gasp now and then.

At last the window at the other end of the loft began to grow into a square of grayish light; still Uncle Ephum fiddled and Jim danced.

The small window-panes assumed separate distinctness against a slowly glowing sky, the shadows in the room retreated farther into the corners and up among the rafters. Jim could distinguish the negroes on the benches yawning and half-asleep, but still moving their hands me-

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chanically. Mimy's slim little body lay back against the wall with a heart-sick droop, and her eyes were fixed upon her lap. Jim saw tears dropping on her hands as the first red sun-rays darted through the loft. His heartstrings seemed to snap. Suddenly he stopped, clenched his hands, locked his jaws, and threw himself full-length upon the floor.

Above the exclamations, the pop of cat-gut sounded, and Uncle Ephum sawed a triumph on three strings, amid a clapping and stamping and loud "hoorays."

"You sho is a mighty good jedge er folks, Uncle Ephum; you 's allus said Jim Turner wa' n't no manner er 'count," said Sam Vance, flatteringly, extending his hand to help the old man off the dry-goods box.

"Dat 's so, Sam." Uncle Ephum waved him aside with his bow. "En w'at I says I stan's ter; yit I 'lows dar *is* folks mo' no 'counter 'n Jim Turner. Hit teks a passel er grit en ondurance ter come nigh gittin' ahaid er Uncle Ephum's fiddle."

Steadying himself on his trembling limbs, he threw back his head and cleared his throat noisily.

"You dar, Mimy, you run 'long home en mek a pot er coffee fer Jim Turner; he 's plumb wo' out. Mek it good en strong—en I 'll tek a drap wid 'im des fer comp'ny. Jim sho is wo' out—he is, fer a fac'."

THE ROAD TO LÜTZEN

(THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR)

BY LEONARD BACON

AY, who remembers that mad march,
  But sees again the plashing mud;
The fog slow-dripping from the larch;
  Our agonies of sweat and blood;

Their horsemen riding round our flank;
  Their signals on the mountain-side;
The laggards falling out of rank,
  And our waste camp at eventide?

No season then it seemed for sleep
  What time we lay upon our arms;
And yet what booted it to keep
  Watch in that tempest of alarms?

But when the fog grew thicker still,
  My eyes closed, and the dreams came by
In armies, and against my will
  I slept until the sun was high.

God! we rose fearless from that sleep
  With Death himself to hold and bind,
Nor cared what hosts were come to sweep
  Before our battle or behind.

And still I see how Gustav caught
  His gun, and shook it in the air,
And not a man of us but thought,
  "There never was a day so fair."

So with our spirits cleansed with rest,
  And healed with silence in the night,
We deemed defeat a worthless jest
  Begotten of unequal fight.

At nightfall we had surely fled,
  Poor hounds scarce worth the whipping-in.
At dawn we lifted up the head,
  And knew that Fate could never win.

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THE MUSE IN EXILE

BY WILLIAM WATSON

Author of "The Prince's Quest and Other Poems," "The Hope of the World and Other Poems," "The Purple East," etc.

ALTHOUGH in America an interest in literature, and in what has from ancient times been generally regarded as the highest department of literature, is much more widely diffused than in Great Britain, the fact, I fear, remains, that an increasingly large number of persons in all English-speaking lands are acquiescing in a scheme of life which excludes poetry altogether—a scheme of life in which the poet has no place at all. This is a state of things obviously bad for the poet, and I, for one, hold the opinion that it is not altogether good for his fellow-men. It is, at any rate, a state of things which, as a phenomenon of our time, deserves attention and study, and with regard to which one may perhaps profitably endeavor to forestall the future historian in his inevitable attempt to analyze and explain it.

Let me say at once that I reject altogether the explanation so frequently offered, namely, that poetry must of necessity recede before the march of her great competitor and supplanter, science.

Between poetry and science I can perceive no antagonism whatever. Nor do I believe it possible for any true poetic greatness to coexist with an attitude of hostility toward the advancement of knowledge. If I heard of a poet who, whether under theological or other influences, had cut himself off from the great avenues of enlightenment,—who, for instance, allowed himself to live in ignorance of the results of modern biological research as they affect the supremely interesting question of man's origin on this planet,—I should say: "This is a poet insufficiently interested in man and in life; a poet out of relation to man, out of relation to his time, and perhaps to any time"; and I cannot believe that such a poet could have anything really pertinent to say to his generation. The poet who is really a poet, however deeply he may strike root in the past, emphatically lives and moves and has his being in the present. There is nothing of the mustiness of antiquity about him. He is, and he ought to be, the latest and freshest flower of time. And the need for him is never so great as in an age exceptionally fruitful in scientific discovery. For the more we know of the plan and workings of this cosmos, especially in its astronomical relations, the more does it wear the appearance of a scrupulously and soullessly accurate machine; the more does it seem a merely ingenious contrivance, a magnification, on an infinite scale, of a design not inconceivably beyond the powers of a prodigious human engineer; the more does it seem a piece of illimitable, fantastic clockwork, rather terrifying in its adamantine regularity, and the greater becomes our need of that particular order of mind which never quite loses its consciousness of the soul behind the apparently mechanical springs; which cares about the springs mainly in so far as they seem to give evidence of a soul; and which translates into rhythm and melody the iron routine of the universe.

But I shall, perhaps, be told that the absence of a wide-spread interest in the writings of living poets—that is to say, those living poets whose medium of expression is the English language—must not necessarily be taken to imply the decay of interest in poetry as a whole. Shakspere, Milton, Wordsworth, Shelley, I shall be reminded, had never such multitudes of readers as now. And I am ready to admit that they never had such multi-

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tudes of *buyers*. And yet one would naturally suppose that a real interest in the poetry of past times would beget at least an intelligent curiosity as to how this great art is being practised and perpetuated by its living professors; and all the evidence goes to show that such an intelligent curiosity is confined—in Great Britain, at all events, whatever may be the case in America—to a constantly dwindling fraction of the people. With one exception, there is not a living English poet the sales of whose poems would not have been thought contemptible by Scott and Byron. With the exception of the apostle of British imperialism, Mr. Kipling, England's living singers succeed in reaching only a pitifully small audience. The fault, many persons hold, is in the poets themselves, but, for my part, I will not say that I share that view. Neither will I say that I totally dissent from it. But I will say this: the indifference of the reading public to contemporary poetry is, in my belief, partly due to the vagaries and perversities of a kind of critic who is not so much an expositor and interpreter of literature as a rather officious interloper between writers and readers. Lest, however, I should be misunderstood and should be wrongly supposed to depreciate not only the noble science of criticism itself, but that company of select minds by whom its best traditions are honorably upheld in our own day, let me hasten to explain my meaning with some approach to fullness.

In England—whatever may be the case in America—we have among us the critic with a bee in his bonnet; the critic who finds that it pays him to have a bee in his bonnet; the critic who has discovered that brilliantly unsound criticism is often more readable than criticism which is unbrilliantly sound; the critic who makes no attempt to understand the fundamental laws of taste and of art, but who has infinite confidence in his own crotchets, who gives a loose rein to his idiosyncrasy, or, let us say, erects his idiosyncrasy into a standard or a criterion; the critic who happens to have a temperamental preference for a certain kind or order of excellence,—perhaps not the highest kind or order,—and who judges everything that comes before him with sole reference to the degree in which it satisfies that particular test of his. Then there is the critic who sets an inordinate value on a certain kind of simplicity—a simplicity often as self-conscious and deliberate as the most highly elaborated ornateness, in fact, a simplicity which is one of the most artificial products of extreme literary sophistication. This kind of critic is offended by any richness or splendor of attire in which the poet has—perhaps appropriately—clothed his thought. We have, too, the critic who, at every opportunity, pits one great writer against another instead of appreciating the individuality of both; who plays off Wordsworth against Shelley, or Shelley against Wordsworth, instead of recognizing that the poetry of Wordsworth is a food, while the poetry of Shelley is a stimulant; that food is a more essential and indispensable thing than stimulants, while, nevertheless, stimulants, though not things one can live upon, have at times their value, and in short that the poet who feeds and nourishes us and the poet who fires and quickens us are alike performing, each in his own way, a noble service.

There is likewise that sort of critic of poetry (and he has been very much to the fore of late) who frankly dislikes and resents sound and solid workmanship, who would have every poetic picture painted with a few dabs and random splashes of color; who thinks it one of the signs of genius to be careless of finish and scornful of technic; who fails to comprehend that real inspiration can work hand in hand with careful craftsmanship, not extinguished or hampered by it, but informing and ennobling what would otherwise be but dull mechanic toil. There is also the critic who thinks that poetry is nothing if not progressive; who demands of every poet that he should mark some obvious advance upon the methods of his predecessors; who would have the poet to be always kicking against tradition and flouting the literary past. I find a very acute and stimulating English critic, John Mackinnon Robertson, lamenting that the later blank verse of Stephen Phillips shows no "progress" beyond his previous performances, the fact being that this poet's earlier essays in that measure had a happy audacity and unconventionality which he wisely carried no further than to their just and proper limits—those

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limits beyond which the only possible progress is a descent into mere eccentricity and formlessness. Some critics when they speak of progress really mean decomposition. In art, as in nature, there is such a thing as ripeness, and we all know what is the stage that succeeds to it.

Now I maintain that the total effect produced upon the reading public by this orgy of critical individualism is a most bewildering one, and that it makes seriously against the appreciation of what is good in contemporary poetry. People read in their favorite newspaper a highly laudatory review of the work of some new writer—a work really produced in response to a purely factitious demand created by a little coterie of reviewers who set an exaggerated value on certain literary qualities. The public buy some copies of this work, find in it no refreshment for their soul, nothing but what is odd or quaint or deliberately singular and audacious, and they come to the conclusion that the latter-day poet is a being who dwells apart from life in all its larger manifestations, a person uninterested in politics, in science, in sociology, in the progress of the human species, a dreamy, ineffectual, and generally neurotic creature, concerned chiefly with the manufacture of strange epithets and the analysis of his own equally strange and not very important emotions. Is it surprising that the great, serious, clear-headed, and simple-minded public, who can enjoy Shakspere and the Bible, imagine that contemporary poetry has nothing to give them which can in any way illustrate or clarify life—nothing which in any way says to them an intimate and helpful word?

For amid many doubtful and arguable matters, one thing is certain: the majority of cultivated men and women do not set any exaggerated value upon those subtle and singular odors and flavors in literary art which your professional critic is so sedulously in search of. Your professional critic is often like a medical specialist, who is more keenly interested in a remarkable and abnormal *case* than in the wider aspects of pathology or therapeutics. The typical intelligent reader does not share this purely professional curiosity; he is not so tired of the great writers of the past as to resent any natural and inherited resemblance to them in their successors. Rather is he pleased to see ancient ancestral lineaments reappear, and to find that the noble tradition in which he was nurtured is being nobly perpetuated.

Indeed, I am more and more convinced that there exists a large though scattered body of cultivated, intelligent, serious, but silent lovers of fine literature who are quite unswayed, quite untouched by the literary fashions of the hour; quite indifferent to the critical catchwords which are so often made to do duty in place of the laws and principles of taste and form. These unknown and silent lovers of fine literature are the real readers, the real critics, the real judges, by whose judgment in the long run the poet stands or falls. They are superior to the mere virtuosity of the professional connoisseur, for they are not blasé as he is, but have kept alive their original faculty of enjoying those writers who tread the great main road of the mind, who belong to the center party of literature, who do not loiter long in the by-paths, or fix their abode in some blind alley of thought or style. This nameless judiciary, sitting in permanent session, undistracted by the babble of coteries, is our nearest living approach to that ultimate court of literary appeal which we call posterity, and I venture to prophesy that before our century is twenty years older these serious lovers of serious literature will have largely augmented their numbers.

Nor would it surprise me if such an increase of their forces should coincide with some falling off in the relative numerical strength of the readers of prose fiction. The position of prose fiction is at present apparently so impregnable, its conquest of the public seems so complete, its attractions appear to occupy the field so unassailably, that most of us can hardly bring ourselves to conceive the possibility of the fall of the novel from its present high estate. And yet the novel, as we nowadays understand it, is a form of literature so modern, so recent in its origin (it dates virtually from the author of "Clarissa Harlowe"), that it must surely have been called into existence by some phase of taste which is itself also modern and recent, and which, born of an age, may pass with an age. For it is only in the hands of its very greatest masters that

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the novel can truly be called a form of art. In lesser hands it is not so much of an art as a game—the game of keeping up the ball of the narrative, of holding the reader's attention by alternately gratifying and piquing his curiosity, of resorting to innumerable shifts to which a really noble art would never condescend. The endless conversations, utterly unmemorable in themselves, trivial in matter and commonplace in style, by which the machinery of the story is largely kept going—all these have little to do with anything that can properly claim to be an art. The so-called realism, the colloquialism, the indiscriminate, slavish copying of life, as if everything in life had an equal value—all this is remote from any true function of art. For art is, above all, eclectic. It proceeds by a selective method, it fixes its eye upon large essential features of things, it refuses to have its attention frittered away upon a thousand accidental details. Think of the scores of great human stories in the Bible, masterpieces of narration, stories told with the consummate perfection of narrative art, with epic breadth, and with epic brevity; no verbiage, no long spun-out dialogue between the titanic actors in the drama; no chronicle of the expression of their faces or the tone of their voices in the manner of the modern fictionist, nothing but the huge elemental facts and events put before you with a huge, elemental simplicity. Now, that is the kind of narrative art that reaches and stirs us after thousands of years, not the kind of narrative art (if it can be called art) which preserves a faithful record of how the hero of the story coughed slightly at a moment of supreme crisis in his fate, or how the heroine at a similar juncture wore a sprig of primrose in a dress of some fluffy, white material.

In short, it is my opinion—an opinion, I confess, which is shared by few at present, and probably by no novelists, that the novel will pass away, or at all events will cease to dominate the situation, to tyrannize over the world of literature, as it now does. In international politics, at any rate in Europe, there is a mutual understanding which forbids any one great state to upset what is called the "balance of power" among the rest. The novel has really upset the "balance of power" among the republics and principalities of literature, and it is time that the balance was redressed. Fiction is really becoming the enemy of literature. The very word "literature" in most people's mouths has come to mean scarcely anything but novels and tales. We have had among us in England during the last quarter of a century some gifted novelists, but we have also had some very real poets—poets whose names and achievement, in my opinion, would add luster to any age or nation. They occupy scarcely any place in the public eye. They receive almost no substantial rewards and they are scarcely ever singled out for any sort of public honor. But they are everlastingly being told what feeble and degenerate successors they are to the poets who, now that they are dead, are called the Victorian Giants. Your novelist, as a rule, gets his due rewards in this life. Your poet, as a rule, does not. Now, it is no part of my purpose to attempt any estimate of the work of my poetical contemporaries in England. All that I shall do is to offer them my most sincere and heartfelt condolences on the hard fate which condemned them to be born there at all in the latter part of the nineteenth century. If you wish your poets to blossom and fructify as nature intended, you must give them some warmth and sunshine. If they grow up in an arctic environment of perpetual frost, a killing frost, do not expect from them the abounding harvest which only a summer sun can fully ripen.

The true function of the poet is to keep fresh within us our often flagging sense of the greatness and grandeur of life—a sense without which no man ever did anything great or grand. Like that Helen to whom Edgar Poe addressed in early youth some of his most exquisite verses—her whose classic beauty

> Brought him home
> To the glory that was Greece
> And the grandeur that was Rome—

like her, the poet recalls us, "brings us home" to a glory we are but too prone to lose sight of, to a grandeur we continually forget. But woe be unto him if he himself forgets that the ancient and only way in which he can truly perform this function is by marrying his wisdom to a

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worthy music, as the Grecian or Celtic or Scandinavian bard married his words to the strings of the harp or cithara! We have had poets among us who forgot this lesson, and their inevitable nemesis is to be themselves forgotten. Neither his intellectual brilliancy and subtlety, nor his wealth of fancy has saved Donne from the fate which overtakes all poets who lack the crowning grace of harmonious utterance.

Perhaps some of my hearers will say, "What about Browning?" Well, Browning's natural force and virility were so exuberant, his outlook upon life was so wide, the range of his sympathy was of such almost Shaksperean comprehensiveness, that he will doubtless survive among the outstanding minds of his generation. But I think he will survive as a huge mental and moral force expressing itself in meter by a kind of ironic accident. I know that he is regarded by many as a great thinker, but I cannot so regard him myself. I should rather describe him as a thinker of astonishing nimbleness and agility. The really great poets give you only the results of their thinking. He gives you the processes, which the great poets keep to themselves. He spares you nothing. He is like a builder who should erect a lofty tower and forget to remove the scaffolding. Very often, indeed, he seems to give us little at all but scaffolding. In Shakspere a single line will sometimes appear to sum up perhaps quite carelessly and casually, in an inferential fashion, a whole lifetime of brooding thought; but Browning thrusts his thought upon you with an eager insistency which is rather foreign to the habit of the great poets. But, then, as Lowell somewhere says, speaking of Pope, the question of whether he was a great poet is, after all, not of very pressing importance; for at any rate he was a great writer, and that is surely enough for us. Browning's roughness of style and harshness of versification were doubtless the expression of something rudely great in the man's nature, which disdained, as Carlyle disdained, the minor graces and refinements of literary art.

But what shall we say of those versifiers who consciously aim at a gratuitous ruggedness, which simply reeks of trickery and affectation? Among my countrymen at the present moment there are several such writers. I should imagine that if one of them happened in a moment of absent-mindedness to write a perfectly regular and smooth-running line, he would spend days and nights in torturing it out of shape and comeliness. When I read the barbarous jargon, which in some quarters is mistaken for ruggedly powerful diction, my remedy is to call to mind and inwardly repeat some passage from one of the great poets, where language and meter are employed with imperial mastery and yet with a perfect obedience to law—nay, in a spirit that rejoices in law and embraces discipline with ardor. I chant to myself a few lines such as those of Milton, about the fallen angels who

> Retreated in a silent valley, sing
> With notes angelical to many a harp
> Their own heroic deeds, and hapless fall
> By doom of battel; and complain that Fate
> Free virtue should inthral to force or chance.
> Their song was partial; but the harmony,
> (What could it less when spirits immortal sing?)
> Suspended hell, and took with ravishment
> The thronging audience.

There you have meter used with scrupulous and faultless regularity, and yet with such resource that no two consecutive lines are alike in structure or cadence or modulation. There can be no "progress" beyond versification like that. That is the sort of poetry which disdains all oddity and quaintness—the sort of poetry in which power is wedded to grace in perfect nuptial bliss. That is the sort of poetry which will "take with ravishment," if not precisely "a thronging audience," at least an audience of the best minds, as long as the race of man has its habitation on this planet.

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TOPICS OF THE TIME

ADVANTAGES OF ONE SIX-YEAR PRESIDENTIAL TERM

IT is remarkable that in the present political campaign the program of the "Progressives" has not long ago included a proposal to change the Presidential period from two possible terms of four years each to one of six or eight years with ineligibility, as provided by bills recently introduced in both Houses of Congress. For such a reform is certainly in line with their professed desire and purpose of giving to the people a more actual control of affairs. The power that may be and sometimes has been wielded by a President for his own reëlection, or for that of his chosen candidate for the succession, is enormous and constitutes a menace to the will of the people. It is, in part, to prevent such influence that the Merit System is urged in place of the Spoils System, and it is to the credit of our recent Presidents that by extending the operation of the former they have discarded the spoilsmen's view of the power of appointment,—though, to be exact, this power has often proved a boomerang. (Who was it that said that every post-office appointment made him six enemies and one lukewarm friend?) But, nevertheless, so long as there are many offices higher than the clerical class to be filled by the Executive and another term is in sight, Presidents will continue to have the temptation to associate the two in their minds. From Jackson to the present day the usage has been uniform, and uniformly objectionable, and it will always be so till we adopt a single term, with no hope of the prolongation or return to power.

The well-known disadvantages which each quadrennial contest produces, beginning two years before the election and lasting to the end of the term, are too important to be ignored. Among them are the intrigues pro and con which cause legislation to be considered from factional or political points of view instead of on its merits; the diversion of time and effort from the most efficient performance of the duties of the Presidency and of Congress; and the effect of the tradition (whatever it may lack of real basis) that a Presidential year is a bad one for business.

Let us imagine the reform accomplished. Think what the office would gain in dignity and worth; how free the President would be to plan and pursue his public policies exempt from partizan considerations, and how much freer members of Congress would be so to consider them; how independent he would be to stand for the people, of whom he is the chief exponent, because he is the only official elected by all the people. His fame and the opportunity of establishing it by great services, unthwarted by patronage or the hope of patronage, would be to him a daily inspiration, and, whatever might be thought of his policies, he would leave office with greater self-respect and a higher regard from his fellow-citizens of all political faiths than is now possible in the atmosphere of detraction in which a high-minded President must live. How long shall it be before this nation of "business men" awakens to the folly of permitting the personal equation to distract attention from the real business of government?

THE NEED OF MORE LYING AWAKE O' NIGHTS

THE centenary of Charles Dickens has been celebrated to little purpose if it has not accentuated in the public mind the chief moral service performed by that great teller of tales—the greatest creative imagination in fiction of the nineteenth century, with the possible exception of Scott and Hugo. (As Mr. Mabie said at the commemoration in New York: "When we think of Dickens we do not think of a shelf of books, but of a roomful of people.") This moral service lay in the awakening of the world to pity. Dickens more than any other writer was

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the father of the so-called humanitarian movement, which represents what we may call the contemporaneous spirit. In him the *vox humana* took on a dominant note, and whatever may be his literary faults or defects, his greatness lies in the fact that these could not obstruct his message to mankind. Reformers, like Cobden, there were, who fought for the lowly against the grinding cruelty of the Corn Laws, but Dickens, without the reformer's primal impulse, showed his fellows how their remoter fellows lived, and made a democracy of created characters of unforgetable vividness.

It would be strange indeed if in these days of the Dickens revival the thoughts of men should not be touched anew by the plight of the unfortunate, which for three quarters of a century has been increasingly the subject of anxious and devoted study on the part of the philanthropist and the sociologist. Great things have been done remedially and preventively to alleviate the situation, and still the poor we have always with us. And with wave after wave of immigration pouring upon our shores, we have increasingly to grapple with the world's perpetual problem: how to keep civilization from being dragged down by "the submerged tenth."

One has only to read the inspiring "Life of Josephine Shaw Lowell," recently issued, to see what the passion for humanity in one noble woman has been able to accomplish in bettering the dire conditions of slum and workshop. This volume might well be made a text-book in sociology in every college and university of the land. And along with it might go as a prescribed course the humanizing works of Charles Dickens.

For, though the defect of social reformers is still the excess of sentiment, which sometimes leads them to forget eternal laws, there is yet much need in this competitive world of the sense of pity —the remembrance of those in chains as being bound with them. Pity alone may be nothing more than a sort of sublimated moral snobbishness; what is needed is the pity that leads to social justice, the "goodwill" which, as Emerson says, "brings intelligence."

So much has been accomplished in the amelioration of elemental human needs and sorrows that one forgets how much is still to be done. The great combinations of wealth have brought to their organizers new responsibilities and new opportunities, not increasing the problem, but lessening it by enabling the unit of effort to be multiplied to the nth power. Many of the corporations, as we have recently remarked, have been touched with a new sense of duty toward their employees. New standards have established shorter hours, better conditions, stronger safeguards, and often higher wages. If public attention were not focused on the larger businesses, it might be found that minor combinations were doing proportionately far less for working-men and women.

However this may be, it remains that in the thick of our surging national activities there are grievances and sorrows and hardships that call on the more fortunate for pity, sympathy, and justice. Something more than the law of supply and demand must be kept in mind. The living wage must somehow be attained, not by the coercion of lawlessness, but by the coercion of conscience. We must have missionaries to the rich. There must be more lying awake o' nights on the part of capitalists and employers. The twelve-hour-seven-day system in the foundry, with its ruinous accompaniment of "speeding up," the deadly conditions of the sweat-shop and the tenement, the abnormal perils of mine and factory, must yield before the aroused sense of human fraternity that is taking possession of the world. There must be a revival of chivalry in men—to say nothing of gentlemen—to stand as a knightly shield before the innocence of their helpless sisters of the laboring class. Motherhood—the motherhood of the race—must have higher consideration in the economic plan, and the welfare of children, whether well born or ill born, must be sacredly guarded, till there shall be no appositeness in Mrs. Browning's lines:

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,
And *that* cannot stop their tears.
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
The young birds are chirping in the nest,

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The young fawns are playing with the shadows,
The young flowers are blowing toward the west—
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly!
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free.

Well for those who live by the toil of others—and who does not?—if they have no reason to lie awake o' nights in the conviction that their prosperity has been won, or is being sustained, by the blood and tears of their fellow-men.

STEPS TOWARD NATIONAL EFFICIENCY

THE PROPOSED NEW BUREAUS OF HEALTH, NATIONAL PARKS, AND CHILDREN

BILLS are pending in Congress,—indeed, as we write, are being actively pressed toward enactment,—for the creation of three new bureaus in the National Government. One aims at the establishment of a Department of Health; another is intended to set up a National Park Service; while the third would erect within the Department of Commerce and Labor a Children's Bureau. These measures have not dropped out of the sky. They are not to be classed with bills introduced "by request," in which even the Senator or Representative who stands sponsor for them takes no real interest. Nor can these proposals be set down summarily among the happy-thought ideas or fantastic notions which are pressed upon Congress by inconsiderate enthusiasts. Each of them has behind it long study and a serious purpose. Each has now a backing of intelligent public opinion. Taken together, they constitute an effort not to make a sweeping change in the Federal Administration, but to clothe it with certain specified powers, to confide to it a few definite tasks, and to render it more efficient and useful.

That the National Government ought to have a more active oversight of the nation's health has for years been the contention of the most enlightened physicians, sanitarians, and students of our social needs. One cannot find anywhere a discussion of the subject by experts in hygiene, or by investigators of the waste of life caused by epidemics and preventable diseases, which does not end by pointing out the lack of a full exercise of Federal powers in this matter. Already we have seen the steady growth of the movement to place the nation, instead of the separate States, in charge of all quarantine stations. Since 1893, when Congress passed an act "granting additional quarantine powers and imposing additional duties upon the Marine Hospital Service," many States have transferred their quarantine functions to the National Government, in some cases actually ceding sites, as in the instance of the Delaware Breakwater. But all this, important as it is, makes only a beginning of what could advantageously be done. Quarantine affects only disease in transit and at the border. Within the States, however, there are countless questions concerning infection and impure drugs and adulterated food and the whole range of public hygiene which could, in the opinion of our most skilled and sober authorities, be best intrusted to officials of the General Government, with a broad outlook over the entire country. Such a report as Professor Irving Fisher of Yale prepared for the Committee of One Hundred on National Health, dealing with "National Vitality, Its Wastes and Conservation," very naturally put first among the "things which need to be done," the exercise by the National Government of at least three functions affecting the public health: first, investigation; second, the spread of information; third, administration.

The case for a National Park Service may not seem so urgent, yet the arguments for it are convincing. They appeal not only to those who stand for efficient administration, but to lovers of natural beauty and those who think of our treasures in the way of scenic places and lungs for civilization as a great public asset. President Taft and Secretary Fisher have urged some kind of central authority in charge of the national parks, mainly for the sake of their better care. There are forty-one of these reservations, of which it is little to say that their possibilities have by no means been realized. They need to be made at once more accessible and more beautiful. To protect them

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from invasion is one thing,—that is a duty not hard of performance,—but to develop them is another. For the latter there is required a uniform and businesslike administration, guided by expert knowledge, and placed in the hands of disinterested officials under the Administration at Washington. The active interest taken in this project by the American Civic Association is amply justified by the large results which it would make secure.

An unusually valuable discussion was had in the Senate on the bill for creating a Children's Bureau. It finally passed, and was sent over to the House, on January 30, but not until after a thorough debate. With the objects sought, all Senators professed sympathy, but some made objection on technical grounds, and others argued strongly against certain details of the bill. One or two modifications were made in it, such as the provision that no agent or investigator shall, "over the objection of the head of the family, enter any house used exclusively as a family residence." This amendment aims to protect the dignity of the poor, and all social workers would agree that this is highly important. But still more important is it to give to the public the fruits of the large inquiry proposed. It is to be the duty of the Children's Bureau to investigate and report on the conditions affecting child life, such as the questions of infant mortality, orphanage, juvenile courts, dangerous occupations, accidents to children, and legislation concerning them in the various States. Here is admittedly a branch of administration in which we in this country are working more or less in the dark and at cross-purposes for lack of a central and directing agency. The very information which it is necessary to secure in exact form before cities and States can proceed intelligently to remove evils pressing upon children, is not now obtainable, and apparently cannot be got together unless we arm some organization like the Children's Bureau with power to collect and sift and publish it.

Indeed, the enlightening of public opinion, preparatory to action, is the great object and chief justification in the case of each of the new bureaus. Some protest that it is dangerous thus to centralize functions of government. But it is needful to see exactly what it is that would be centralized. It is not power—except as knowledge is power. And who can object to getting from Washington as much garnered information as possible, provided that the application of it be left to the localities concerned? John Stuart Mill was no advocate of governmental paternalism or centralization, yet in his essay on "Liberty" he pointed out the fundamental distinctions which we need to make. In one sentence he summed up the whole question, as it faces us to-day, declaring: "I believe that the practical principle in which safety resides, the ideal to be kept in view, the standard by which to test all arrangements intended for overcoming the difficulty [centralization], may be conveyed in these words: the greatest dissemination of power consistent with efficiency; but the greatest possible centralization of information, and diffusion of it from the center." There could hardly be a clearer statement of the rationale of the three new bureaus.

MR. WATSON'S DEFENSE OF POETRY

THE coming to America of William Watson, the distinguished poet of England, to take part in the Dickens commemoration in New York, and to give in Western cities, at Princeton University, and elsewhere, an address on poetry, together with the publication of it, in part, in this number of THE CENTURY, ought to give a perceptible impetus in this country to the study and appreciation of the art which, in Bacon's phrase, "was ever thought to have some participation of divineness." The time has gone by when it is necessary among us to apologize for poetry: it is those who do not care for poetry who must be apologized for. No one takes seriously the labored witticisms of the journalist, distracted for a topic, who has his fling at the verse of his day. Such permitted trivialities of certain editorial pages only serve to accentuate the great services which journalism has done to literature, and, thanks to which, there is a wide-spread and sincere interest in poetry not only in populous centers, but in the remotest corners of the country. Mr. Watson, if he were to remain among us, would find in universities, colleges, and clubs a serious interest not only in his own

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poetry, but in that of his countrymen, an interest which we doubt is shared—we are certain is not reciprocated—by similar institutions of England. Does Oxford, for instance, give to the consideration of Emerson and Lowell half the time which Harvard accords to that of Tennyson and Matthew Arnold? And is there any accredited poet of the nineteenth century on either side the water the appreciation of whom, as expressed by his "vogue," is not greater in America? Nevertheless, the indifference to poetry among many of our intellectual people is still extreme, and there are many readers who may well be touched by Mr. Watson's plea for "the Muse in exile" with something like shame for their apathy toward the great poets, and with regret for what they have missed by neglecting the builders of lofty rhyme who might have been their inspiring companions. This indifference leads one to apply to the Poet the words of this passage from Emerson's great "Threnody" on the death of his son (perhaps the high-water mark of American verse, but to how many totally unknown!):

For flattering planets seemed to say
This child should ills of ages stay,
By wondrous tongue, and guided pen,
Bring the flown Muses back to men.
Perchance not he but Nature ailed,
The world and not the infant failed.
It was not ripe yet to sustain
A genius of so fine a strain,
Who gazed upon the sun and moon
As if he came unto his own,
And pregnant with his grander thought,
Brought the old order into doubt.
His beauty once their beauty tried;
They could not feed him, and he died,
And wandered backward as in scorn,
To wait an æon to be born.

Like Sidney, Shelley, Emerson, Stedman, and others, Mr. Watson not only illustrates poetry, but defends it. His address has a fine tonic quality and will add to the self-respect of living American poets, to whom it will have the thrill and inspiration of a bugle-call. It reminds us that poetry is not a plaything of elegant leisure, but an art, with well-defined, if not rigid, purposes and principles, and an art withal related closely to our common human life. Mr. Watson rightly places emphasis on "harmonious utterance," the lack of which keeps such a tremendous intellectual force as Whitman from his full effect. Those who see in naturally refined and artistic expression only an academic method fail of appreciation of the severe beauty of style, which is so valuable in architecture. A slipshod or haphazard Parthenon is inconceivable.

Beyond Mr. Watson's own classic perfection of style,—a quality which has been beautifully illustrated in American poetry, notably by Dr. Parsons's "Ode on a Bust of Dante," Mr. Gilder's "Saint-Gaudens," and Dr. Weir Mitchell's "Ode on a Lycian Tomb," to mention a few among many examples,—his poetry reveals him as preëminently a thinker: he leaves no subject where he finds it, but brings to the consideration of each a veritable emotion of the mind. He gives us not only a large intellectual horizon, but sincerity, conviction, and courage—and are not these traits of vast use to this epoch of shifting sands? If anything else were needed to commend poetry to the sober attention of perplexed humanity, it would be the seer-like power, the authoritative word of divination, in the masterpieces of all ages, which are as much our property as they were that of our ancestors. Mr. Watson has embodied this sense of prophecy in a poem with which we may appropriately conclude:

THE SOVEREIGN POET

He sits above the clang and dust of Time,
With the world's secret trembling on his lip.
He asks not converse nor companionship
In the cold starlight where thou canst not climb.

The undelivered tidings in his breast
Suffer him not to rest.
He sees afar the immemorable throng,
And binds the scattered ages with a song.

The glorious riddle of his rhythmic breath,
His might, his spell, we know not what they be:
We only feel, whate'er he uttereth,
This savors not of death,
This hath a relish of eternity.

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OPEN LETTERS

ON THE RECALL FOR CLUBS

From a Prominent Clubman of New York to his Former Classmate, now in Seattle

Dear Frank:

I found yours of August 27 in my box at the Paradise Club Saturday night. As it was the night of the first general meeting after the summer vacation, the club was full, and I did n't get a chance to read it till the shank of the evening. But there were still some choice spirits left, and after I had enjoyed it, I ventured to reread to Judge Penryn and Walter McWyre the part that related to the political outlook and the newfangled Chinook notions which you are relying upon to thaw out the aristocratic coldness of the East. I wanted to see how the initiative, the referendum, and the recall would strike a distinguished jurist and an able lawyer, who, as members of our class of '96, would be not unsympathetic with anything coming from you.

By the way, it 's funny how you Eastern-born converts to Western ideas forget that anybody else on earth ever was interested in democracy. Penryn reminded me of that debate with you at the Webster Society, in our junior year, when you were all for Hamilton and he for Jefferson, and, by Demosthenes! you won! But, as we all know, Wisdom died last night, and left no testament. Pull up all the old-fashioned ideas by the roots and see if they are growing, if you want to, but don't imagine they have n't any roots or that no damage will be done in the process.

However, my dear fellow, I 'm not in a mood to discuss seriously such burning questions as whether we ought to have a Constitution,—"What 's a little thing like the Constitootion between fri'nds?"—but merely wish to pass on to you a suggestion evoked at the Paradise by your letter.

The principle of the recall being to allow people to exercise second thoughts who are assumed to have failed in the proper exercise of first thoughts, the conclusion that Penryn came to was that, however it might work as to judges, it would not be a bad idea in some other fields. McWyre reminded us that already it is being extensively used in matrimony in many other localities besides Reno, Nevada, though not so simply and easily as many wish. He also called attention to the fact that in the matter of our popular heroes the recall has worked so effectively as to require no legislation whatever. It has enabled the public, misled into admiration of the skill, courage, and accomplishment of a Dewey, a Sampson, or a Hobson, to set itself right as to the eternal inferiority of such every-day considerations to the rarer ones of taste.

Billy Morrison bluntly suggested that it would be well if the recall could be applied to millionaires, and quoted that old saying that "The good Lord showed what He thought of money by the kind of people He gave it to," whereupon Walter Sinsinberg, the vice-president of the Lard Trust and worth a cool—I might even say a cold—ten millions, said the recall might well be applied to Morrison's remark. Not so bad for the retort courteous! Whether this gave Penryn his cue, I can't say, but stretching himself out in an easy position, he drew a long breath and said that the most useful application he could see for the idea was for the reform of club membership. And as though he had been studying it for years, he proceeded to elaborate his plan.

A club, he said, is an organization which at first includes only those devoted to the cause, or closely related to the idea, which it represents. For a while all goes on swimmingly until, finally, by increasing its activities beyond its natural financial resources, it gets into deep water. To save itself, it then makes an imaginary extension of its scope into the penumbra of those who hover about clubs to which they do not properly

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belong and who are delighted to be associated, at the cost of a round initiation fee, with those who do.

"Take the Red-Haired Men's Club," said Penryn. "Any one remembers when it was a distinction to belong to it and wear the little red bronze medallion of the head of William Rufus pinned on the waistcoat. One did n't mind the derisive name of 'Ruffians,' in those days, for he had only to see the list tacked up in the club library of the famous folk of history who had red hair to have his pride stirred to endure anything. I remember on the staircase the copy of the Sustermans picture of Queen Elizabeth and the one of Schiller in the library, both with the color of the hair specially exaggerated by the restorer. But at last the funds ran low, and it being agreed that the object of the club was secure, it was decided to take in a few men with hair of a less marked color—say, of auburn. This was duly done till, by reason of death or resignation of the original members, the auburn-haired soon became a majority, and gradually, with the need of more funds, the hirsute tinge was fixed at brown, with a special honorary class of those who had had a 'red to sandy shade' in their youth, whatever might be the color of the maturer hair. I 'll do them the justice to say that they drew the line of exclusion at red wigs. Shortly after that banquet at the club to Mark Twain, the humor and incongruity of the name struck them, and then it was resolved to change it to 'The Well-Read Club,' and there for the present it sticks."

After a pause, Penryn went on:

"Just see the possibilities of the idea. The essence of the recall is to enable people to correct their own mistakes as well as those of others. It is an agent of humility. The people simply confess that they did not know their man—governor, mayor, judge. They 've not only found *him* out, but *themselves*. Having married at leisure, they want to repent in haste. Now, honor bright, is n't that about the situation of every club? We take at least a year—more often two—of solemn exclusiveness and detective-agency scrutiny to discover the eligibility of candidates, and what do we know about them, after all? And on what a slender thread hang their chances!

"A breath can make them, as a breath has made.

Do you suppose the music members of this club would tolerate a man with a touch of Debussytiveness in his composition, so to speak? Why, I 've known the directors to strain at the provinciality of one fellow and swallow the Brooklynciality of another! What do we know of people until we 've quarreled with them? And you know you can't quarrel in a club, whatever else you do. Really, there ought to be a motto on the seal of this club, running around the harp, and it ought to be, 'How did that fellow ever get in here?'

"Now, it is n't necessary to assume that one man in a club or one set of men is better than another in order to conclude, what we all know, that there 's an awful lot of dissatisfaction of this sort, and against this the only safety is in numbers. A small, select club soon becomes intolerable. A member's friends inside may be most agreeable, but what of their guests, their undetected friends from the outside? (It was Stedman who said he would die for his friends, but he 'd be hanged if he 'd die for his friends' friends—though, poet that he was, he was doing just that all the time.) With the biting cynicism of so much Gallic wit, the French say that, for some reason or other, every one is wishing for the death of at least one other person. I 'll not go so far as that, but I 'm sure—look me in the eye, Walter!—that every member of the Paradise would willingly return at least one of the club to Purgatory."

"Are n't you astonished at your own moderation?" broke in McWyre.

"Well, it 's better to understate the facts," went on Penryn. "And having made sure of the desirability, what an admirable method would be provided by the recall! Why, you 've only to mention it to awaken enthusiasm. Think what could be accomplished under guise of an honorable intention to correct one's earlier mistakes! It 's a sort of penance for one's sins, with the hair-shirt on the other fellow.

"Suppose, for instance, that instead of electing three new members per week, as at present, we should *dis*elect three. Would n't that put new life into the club at once, and give it a distinction worth striving for? As now, the directors would have charge of the nominations—only, of course, they could n't be posted in the library, as at present. That would n't be necessary; they could be carried in the ungrateful memories of us all. Letters recommending the recall would have to state cause and would be considered confidential, as is customary with spontaneous letters written nowadays in advocacy of candidates at their solicitation. How this would improve the conduct of the members! And on the nights of the voting, what full meetings of the club would be assured, what community of interest, when every member would feel that, as the saying is, 'any moment might be his next!' I tell you, fellows, the more I think of it, the more I believe it would do wonders in taking

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the sluggish repose out of the club as an institution and putting it into line as one of the great reformatory agencies of the country.

"Now, to come down to specifications—oh, I 'm not going to name any names. But you know that man with the green tie that—"

Just here a hall boy summoned the judge down-stairs to the telephone, and you 'll have to wait for the bill of particulars till I see him again.

As he left the room, Sinsinberg blurted out: "What a bore! Thinks he 's charging a jury. Why, d' ye know, under such a system, he 'd be the very first to go!" which shows me that under Penryn's despatch by bowstring there might be two strings to the bow.

All the same, there are obvious advantages to the recall, at least in clubs, if we 're willing to take the risks. Meanwhile, my dear Frank, instead of arguments, let 's have more evidence of *how it works* in civic affairs with you.

Pardon this prolix narrative; and if it is offensive, remember it 's my first offense.

Faithfully yours,

Sylvester Menlo

ON CERTAIN OBSTACLES TO THE HIGHEST ENJOYMENT OF MUSIC

From a Sculptor, with Practical Suggestions

Dear Mr. Editor:

You flatter me. I am not a musician, and while it was natural enough for me to speak to you of my ideas in regard to the presentation of music, there would seem to be a certain arrogance in my presuming to give them out for the edification of the multitude. However, such as they are, you are welcome to them.

As I told you, some years ago Mrs. —— spoke at one of the meetings of the —— Club in criticism of the music that is provided for the opening receptions of some of our art exhibitions. She felt that it was such an offense to the sense of hearing that it interfered with the pleasure of looking at the pictures.

It has seemed to me that the inverse is true of concerts—that the spectacle presented to the eye is so ugly and so out of harmony with beautiful music as to be a source of positive pain to many people. What is it that one is forced to see in an orchestral performance, unless he shuts his eyes, as some people do? A multitude of white triangles against a black background, with twice as many white dabs representing cuffs, and with here and there a bald head as a high light in the picture. To raise the eyes to the wall above seldom brings much comfort in our New York music-halls, for they are usually unpleasant in color and shabby from long inattention. Add to this the crowding together of an audience in a badly ventilated place, in a glare of electric light, and you have conditions from which Orpheus would flee in dismay and against which Melpomene would lift her beautiful voice in protest.

Why is it necessary to have so hideous a setting? I am sure something can be done about it, and as a beginning I would take one radical, if negative, step and put the musicians out of sight. Wagner did this with his orchestra in opera, and I believe Mr. Damrosch has talked of doing it in concert, though I think he has never carried out his intention. I know what a storm of protest this would cause from the professional part of the music-loving public, and even from some at least of those who are not musicians, because of custom and association. There is no doubt that there is a certain interest in seeing how the sound is produced, but it is a purely technical interest, and has nothing whatever to do with the enjoyment of the sound itself. It is analogous to the interest excited by seeing an artist paint a picture or a glass-blower make a bottle.

Music suggests beauty. The source of music should not be seen. In our imagination it comes from the sea or the sky or the clouds or the voice of a beautiful woman; not the woman who stands in the blaze of the footlights in the latest Paris gown, but the woman whom one's imagination instinctively conjures up when one hears a beautiful voice from an invisible singer.

I could go further in presenting the ideal concert than to hide the musicians. I would subdue the lights to twilight, and I would change the disposition of the seats to a more sympathetic arrangement. Finally, I would provide something in front of the audience that would harmonize with the mood inspired by the particular music rendered.

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Precisely what this should be I am not prepared to say, but I would be wary of displaying a picture or a sculpture, which, however fine, might be distracting, if not positively distasteful, to at least a part of the audience; and I would try to find something elemental,—pertaining to fire or water, earth or sky,—represented perhaps by a flaming altar with ascending smoke or vapor; or a noiseless fountain, illuminated by cool, changing lights; or flowers and trees; or one of the effects of passing clouds that modern photography has made possible—or the great pearl, the roc's egg that the genius of McKim, more potent than the genius of Aladdin, has hung aloft in the dome of Columbia Library. I am convinced that something should be offered to occupy the eyes, and something that would have in a way a hypnotic effect upon the listener, such as moonlight excites, because it is as true now as in *Jessica's* time that

> . . . soft stillness and the night
> Become the touches of sweet harmony.

There is another barbarism prevalent which I confess I do not know how to meet, and that is the noise of the applause —the clapping of hands and the general din —that invariably follows and frequently breaks in upon the successful rendering of a composition. It surely is incongruous that the waves of the most beautiful music that mortals can make should be rudely broken in this way, and I know there are many people to whom it often comes as a shock, and who would fain be left to continue in the trance into which the music has thrown them; but I also know that to most people applause is a spontaneous outburst not to be suppressed, and, moreover, it comes to the performer as the just recognition of his talent and success. To take it away would be to rob him of the sweetest reward of his work. Still, ordinary humanity has to get along without it. At any rate, in my perfect concert I would prescribe a moment's quiet between the last note of the music and the beginning of the applause. This might at least stop the mouth of the idiot at vocal concerts who shouts "Bravo!" before the song is finished.

I seem to hear my friend the musician, or more likely my closer friend the amateur, say, "But you talk like a Philistine. The real lover of music can enjoy it in any conditions." This is true, but to one of whom it *is* true, there are a ninety-and-nine whose enjoyment is sensuous and in great measure dependent upon favorable conditions. To these, good music under favorable conditions is preferable to fine music under uncomfortable conditions. I as a sculptor can find enjoyment in a statue or a picture though I have to stand in a pelting rain or a biting wind to see it, but I do not expect my non-professional friends to find pleasure in it in such inimical circumstances. Music is not alone, or even chiefly, for the enjoyment of the practitioner, any more than sculpture or painting; nor is its analytical or technical enjoyment the highest form of appreciation of it. I have become gradually aware that many so-called or self-called lovers of music are really

> not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds

at all, but have come to have a knowledge of what music should be, theoretically and technically, and find their pleasure in it from that source. To these unfortunates, as to a host of people who are not musical by practice or instinct, to be debarred from seeing how the music is made would be a deprivation which they would naturally resent, as also would that other host to whom a change in the presentation of music would be unwelcome as an innovation, the old method being filled with pleasant associations.

I can but believe that the whole plan and arrangement of the present concert-hall should be changed. It was not planned with reference to music at all, but came to be accepted as the proper thing from making use of some existing theater or public hall in which to hold a concert. It is time that the musician and the architect put their heads together and evolved a new plan, one in which the eye and the ear would supplement each other in presenting a perfect harmony of sight and sound.

Faithfully yours,

Daniel C. French.

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IN LIGHTER VEIN

Drawn by C. F. Peters

SPEED LOGIC

"Faster, Michael!—If anything happens, Father will pay your fine."
"Yes, Miss Helen, but will he serve me time?"

LINES TO A DELICATESSEN-MERCHANT

BY DEEMS TAYLOR

When twilight falls; when, through the heavens roaming,
The moon's pale crescent speeds the parting day,
Or, briefly, in the justly famous gloaming
I "home- [to quote] ward plod my weary way."
I mount the path,—the perfumed night falls cool,—
And wipe my rubbers in the vestibule.

But at my door what horrid news is waiting!
My wife relates, with pallid fortitude,
How cook, replete with drink intoxicating,
Decamped, and left us destitute of food.
No lurking crumb the empty pantry shields;
No sustenance the ravished ice-box yields.

Yet soft! What light through yonder window breaking,
With sudden splendor blinds my famished eyes?
Thy blessèd shop, O. Schmidt! once more awaking
Within my soul sweet visions of supplies.
I gaze, enthralled, half-rooted to the spot;
Then dartle down my door-yard like a shot.

Thy threshold gained, I pause, my senses dazzled
By sights and scents too radiant to abide;
Till thou, O. Schmidt, thine English somewhat frazzled,
Inquirest, "Vot you lige to haf to-nide?"
What I should like! When I, a starveling, knock,
Imploring succor, seekest thou to mock?

I purchase, lured by fleeting fancy fickle,
The agile shrimp, the erstwhile happy clam,
The mellow cheese, the lush and verdant pickle,
The Wienerwurst, the egg, the toothsome ham;
Nor do I scorn the close-confined sardine,
The blithe potato-chip, the bakèd bean.

Then homeward, to my waiting consort grateful,
With her the specter Famine to abash.
Then hey! the loaded fork, the heaping plateful;
And ho! the munching jaw, the loosened sash!
Thanks, thanks to thee, bold champion of the spit,
Blessed patron of the hungry, Otto Schmidt!

AS TO EYES

BY FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

Lady, better bards than I,
Poets of an elder day,
Seemed to love to versify
On "her eyes," or blue or gray.

'T is an oft-recurrent theme
For the bards who rhapsodize;
Not a one but used to dream
Of the loveliness of eyes.

Shelley, Tennyson, and Keats,
Swinburne, Byron, Moore, and Burns—
All had visual conceits,
All had various optic yearns.

Far from me to minimize
Elder, better bards, except
This: they spoke of lady's eyes
Haunting them what time they slept.

Envy I those troubadours.
I am such a helpless thrall,
Lady, when I think of yours,
I—I cannot sleep at all.

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LIMERICKS

TEXT AND PICTURE BY OLIVER HERFORD

VI—THE MISANTHROPIC CONDOR

SAID the condor, in tones of despair:
"Not even the atmosphere 's rare.
Since man took to flying,
It 's really *too* trying,
The people one meets in the air."

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HOUSEWORK "BEFO' DE WAH"

BY RILEY M. FLETCHER BERRY

WE expect much more of untrained servants to-day than the Southern slave-holders expected of trained ones. Even the less wealthy had so "many hands" to "make light work" that there was little weight of toil upon individuals, as the experience of a Northern woman in Baltimore at the close of the war will illustrate. She advertised, and anticipated no difficulty in securing the best of servants from the flotsam and jetsam of recently freed slaves, but this is the conversation which ensued between her and the two negro girls who first appeared:

"You can cook?"

"No, ma'am; we does n't know how to cook. Aunt Ca'line uh Aunt Nancy uh Aunt Sue they always done de cookin'."

"But of course you wash and iron?"

"No, ma'am; Aunt Pheenie an' Aunt Lucindy an' Annie May uh Sweetah-Rose done de washin' an' i'nin'."

"Well, you surely can do housework?"

"No, ma'am; Emm'line an' Aunt Mandy's Fanny and Sally Anne done dat."

"You waited on the table, did you?"

"No, ma'am; ol' Marsah he would n' neveh let nobody but Uncle Sam an' Uncle Abs'lom uh one o' theyeh boys do *dat*."

"But certainly you can mend or sew?"

"No, ma'am; Liza an' Luly Belle an' Aunt Viney's Jinny tended to mendin' an' sewin' an' puttin' clothes away, an' all *sich* doin's."

"Humph! Then I take it you washed windows and woodwork and floors?"

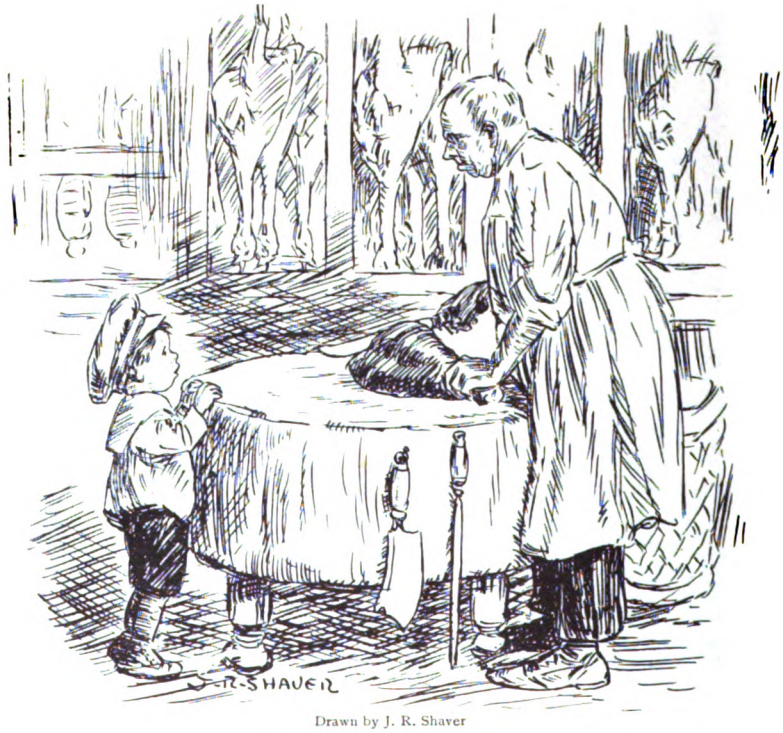
"No, ma'am; we nevah done no scru'in' of *no* kin'. De boys dey was plenty of 'em to do *dat*."

"You washed dishes, surely?"

"No, ma'am; Aunt Ca'line uh Aunt Sue's gyuhls hope 'em wid de dishes."

"Then, for mercy's sake, what *did* you do?"

"Why, me 'n' Judy hyuh we took tuhns shooin' flies off'n ol' Marsah."



Drawn by J. R. Shaver

THE HIGH COST OF LIVING

BOY: Mother 's awful mad with the Beef Trust.
BUTCHER: She is, is she? Then maybe I 'd better warn 'em to keep out of her way.

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